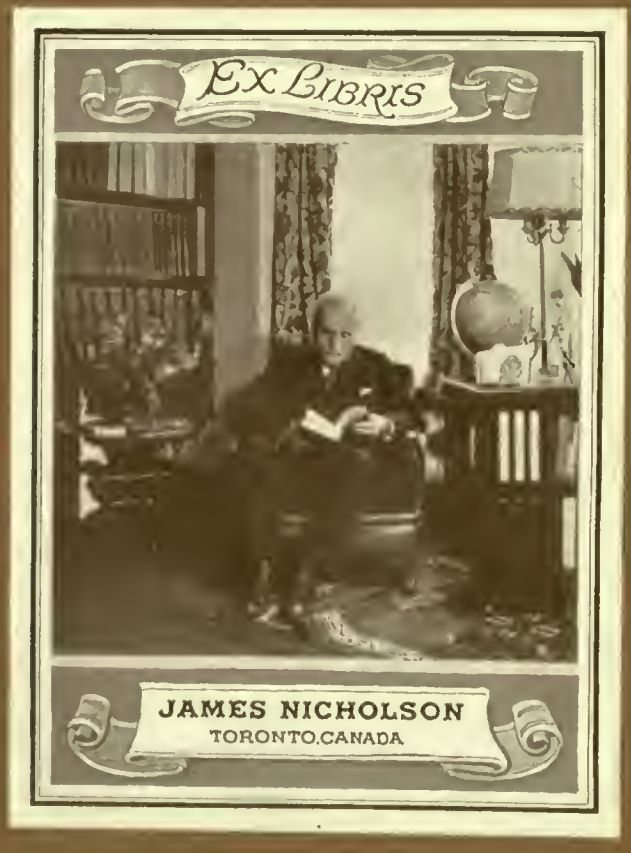



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Vol. CXXXIV.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1908.

punch

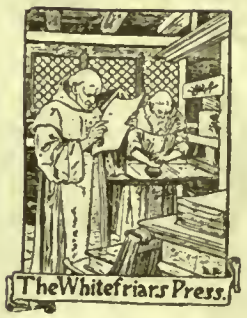


Vol 134.

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1908

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Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld.,
Printers,
London and Tonbridge.



CALENDAR FOR 1908.

January						
S	...	5	12	19	26	
M	...	6	13	20	27	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
Th	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	31	
S	4	11	18	25	...	

February						
S	...	2	9	16	23	...
M	...	3	10	17	24	...
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	..
F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	1	8	15	22	29	...

March						
S	1	8	15	22	29	
M	2	9	16	23	30	
Tu	3	10	17	24	31	
W	4	11	18	25	...	
Th	5	12	19	26	...	
F	6	13	20	27	...	
S	7	14	21	28	...	

April						
S	...	5	12	19	26	
M	...	6	13	20	27	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
Th	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	..	
S	4	11	18	25	...	

May						
S	...	3	10	17	24	31
M	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tu	...	5	12	19	26	...
W	...	6	13	20	27	...
Th	...	7	14	21	28	...
F	1	8	15	22	29	...
S	2	9	16	23	30	...

June						
S	...	7	14	21	28	
M	1	8	15	22	29	
Tu	2	9	16	23	30	
W	3	10	17	24	...	
Th	4	11	18	25	...	
F	5	12	19	26	...	
S	6	13	20	27	...	

July						
S	...	5	12	19	26	
M	...	6	13	20	27	
Tu	...	7	14	21	28	
W	1	8	15	22	29	
Th	2	9	16	23	30	
F	3	10	17	24	31	
S	4	11	18	25	...	

August						
S	...	2	9	16	23	30
M	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tu	...	4	11	18	25	...
W	...	5	12	19	26	...
Th	...	6	13	20	27	...
F	...	7	14	21	28	...
S	1	8	15	22	29	...

September						
S	...	6	13	20	27	
M	...	7	14	21	28	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29	
W	2	9	16	23	30	
Th	3	10	17	24	...	
F	4	11	18	25	...	
S	5	12	19	26	..	

October						
S	...	4	11	18	25	
M	..	5	12	19	26	
Tu	...	6	13	20	27	
W	...	7	14	21	28	
Th	1	8	15	22	29	
F	2	9	16	23	30	
S	3	10	17	24	31	

November						
S	1	8	15	22	29	...
M	2	9	16	23	30	...
Tu	3	10	17	24	...	...
W	4	11	18	25	...	...
Th	5	12	19	26	...	...
F	6	13	20	27	...	...
S	7	14	21	28	...	...

December						
S	...	6	13	20	27	
M	...	7	14	21	28	
Tu	1	8	15	22	29	
W	2	9	16	23	30	
Th	3	10	17	24	31	
F	4	11	18	25	...	
S	5	12	19	26	...	



MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

I.—If Captain Lackland seizes this opportunity of proposing to Miss Goldibags, what explanation will he give to the head keeper after the drive?



II.—Will Mr. B. rescue Mrs. B. before or after he lands his first salmon?



MR. PUNCH'S PROBLEMS.

III.—Is "*Your* beater, I think?" the correct thing to say in the circumstances?



IV.—Is it better to be first and get the odd corners and be disturbed by the others, or to be last and find all the best places taken?



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER.

Visitor (whose hand has been forced). "AND WHEN *IS* YOUR BIRTHDAY, TOMMY?"
Tommy (who has been parentally warned never to fish for birthday presents). "OH, IT'S OONE BY A LONG TIME--A YEAR NEXT SATURDAY."



Old Nurse (to young lady who is going to New Zealand). "SO YOU'RE OOING AWAY TO ONE OF THEY COUNTRIES, MISS MARY, WHERE THEY HAVE DAY WHEN WE HAVE NIGHT, AND NIGHT WHEN WE HAVE DAY?"
Miss Mary. "YES, NURSE."
Old Nurse. "EH, IT WILL TAKE YE SOME TIME TO GET ACCUSTOMED TO THE CHANGE!"



NOW THAT MOTORS ARE SWEEPING THE CHILDREN OFF THE ROADS, THE RAILWAY TRACKS REMAIN THEIR ONLY AVAILABLE PLAYGROUND. AT LEAST YOU KNOW WHERE YOU ARE WITH A TRAIN.



Real Burglar (to guest, who has been told "not to mind any noise he may hear in the night, as it will only be the boys playing a practical joke"). "NAH THEN, WHERE'S YER MONEY?"

Guest. "NOW, LOOK HERE, YOUNG SIR. YOU THINK YOURSELF VERY FUNNY, DON'T YOU? BUT I SHALL CERTAINLY TELL YOUR FATHER IN THE MORNING!"

TO A FORTUNATE BABE,

TO WHOM, HOWEVER, ONE GREAT GIFT HAS BEEN DENIED.

INFANT, whose orbs—the blue of bluest china—
Scan with a like dispassionate regard
Your toys, your Christmas-tree, your dolly *Dinah*,
And me, the motley bard;

Little you dream (nor could it be expected
Of one so innocent, so freshly green)
How near—had history's course a shade deflected—
Our kinship might have been.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was younger,
And wore a figure less maturely blown,
I loved your Granny with a wasting hunger
That gnawed me to the bone.

She was a girl of more than common merit;
When I would jest she smiled from ear to ear;
Also she promised shortly to inherit
£5,000 a year.

Judging from well-directed sighs and glances
(Mute testimonials), I deemed that she
Deftly reciprocated my advances;
But—it was not to be!

Her captious father clumsily collided
With our arrangements, castled high in air;
Without consulting me, the brute decided
That I must woo elsewhere.

I thought to drown myself, but Heaven stayed me,
No river being handy but the Cam;
Therefore instead I took an oath that made me
The celibate I am.

My lady did the like, but hers was broken;
She wed Another One—I can't think how;
And you are here to-day, a living token
Of Granny's fractured vow.

Infant, I blame you not at all, nor grudge it,
Though fair the gale that on your future blows,
Promising health and beauty and a budget
Rosy as your own toes.

And yet, whatever favour Fortune's hand adds,
One grace you lack that must be missing still:
You might have counted me among your Grandads—
And now you never will!

O. S.



Conductor (leaning over side to watch passenger alight, stamps foot vigorously for driver to go on. No notice being taken, stamps again, and again. Finally shouts). "'AVE YER OORN TO SLEEP, BILL, OR WHAT?" *Irate Old Gentleman (apparently in great pain).* "THAT WAS MY *FOOT* YOU WERE STAMPING ON!" *Conductor.* "OH, WAS IT? I *THOUGHT* IT FUNNY BILL COULDN'T 'EAR!"



Rear Drayman (to driver of dray). "GO ON—TALK TO 'IM, MATE!"
Bussy (in exaggerated astonishment). "STREWF, 'ENERY, I NEVER SEE SUCH A THING BEFORE! THEY'RE *BOTH* OF 'EM AWAKE!"

A DAY IN TOWN.

Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadowes (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals.



The lovely summer weather of yesterday gave town a very cheery look, and many fashionable folk were out and about early in the day.

Lord Savile Rowe was to be seen strolling down Bond Street, while His Highness the Maharajah of Jhellypot Jemjar (accompanied by one or two gentlemen of his suite) made several purchases in the same thoroughfare.



At the luncheon hour all the smart restaurants were filled to overflowing.



During the afternoon the sunshine brought many well-known people to the Park. Among them was to be seen Mrs. Spicer (in a wonderful confection from Paris), who was holding an animated conversation with several friends—while Lady Gwendolyn Jobkins was walking with her husband.

A DAY IN TOWN.

Pictured by Miss Daisy Meadowes (of Hopshire) from descriptions in the Society Journals.



During the afternoon, also, Society flocked to the bazaar in the grounds of Fleecingham House, where the great attraction was the magnificent display of "lingerie" by the Countess of Frillaby.



Many important functions took place last night. Everybody in town seemed to be at the Duchess of Crushington's reception. Her Grace, who was blazing with the famous Crushington diamonds, welcomed her guests at the head of the grand staircase. Lady Cattham-Young, who had given a "boy and girl" dinner for the occasion, brought on her guests in a body. Later on there was dancing in the sumptuous ball-room.



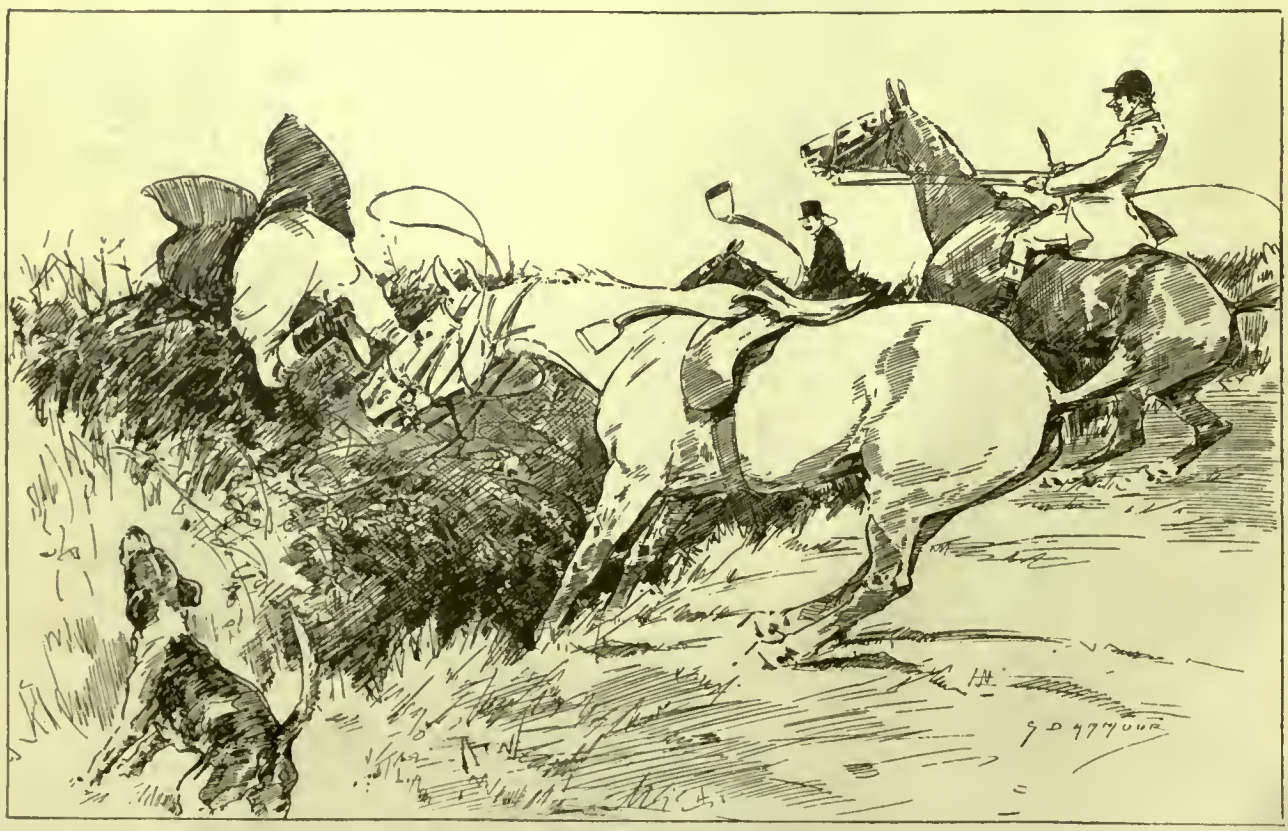




Towards midnight a number of guardsmen appeared on the scene, while Mrs. "Hoppy" Skipton, who came on from the Opera, was a conspicuous figure.



"IN THE ADVERSITY OF OUR FRIENDS WE OFTEN FIND SOMETHING WHICH DOES NOT DISPLEASE US."



"NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE."



"MOUNTAINS MAY BE REMOVED BY EARTHQUAKES."



AWKWARD SITUATION OF YOUNG LUMPKINS, WHO, HAVING INADVERTENTLY SHOT A FOX, HAD CAREFULLY HIDDEN IT. UNFORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, HIS RETRIEVER HAD NO SUCH FALSE MODESTY



Colonel (home after long absence abroad, to his sister and hostess). "WHAT'S THAT THING YOU'VE GOT OVER THERE? IS IT A MINOR POET, OR A PIANO PRODIGY, OR WHAT?" *Hostess.* "THAT? OH, THAT'S ONE OF OUR SMARTEST YOUNG BLOODS."
Colonel. "THEN, WHY DON'T HE GET HIS HAIR CUT, AND TRY TO LOOK LIKE A GROWN-UP MAN?"

TO AN UNPOPULAR YEAR.

O you that from the first
Have steadily been cursed
As just about the worst
In mortal ken,
Upon whose watery way
The sun diffused no ray,
Barring, perhaps, a stray
One now and then—

Sweet Weather, fare you well!
Tho' there be few to swell
The dirge, or raise the knell,
Accept, I beg,
This (tho' the metre 's hard)
Small tribute from a bard
As bald as bladdered lard,
Bald as an egg.

The joys that others greet
As excellent and sweet,
Long days of quivering heat
And brassy skies,
But aggravate my woes,
That am, from start to close,
A skating-rink for those
Infernal flies.

As, when the young stars wake,
Th' unerring wildfowl make
A bee-line to the lake;
As the dry mule,
Freed from his toilsome pack,
Unless you hold him back,
Finds, by a happy knack,
The nearest pool;

So to my candid pate
These insects congregate,
Come early and stay late,
From far and near;
They leave the sunny wall,
They find the ceiling pall,
They do not seek at all
The chandelier;

Only to this gay spot
They come, and falter not;
Such is my yearly lot,
My summer woe;
Their everlasting buzz
Would rile the Man of Uz;
And being tickled does
Annoy me so.

Wherefore, tho' some complain,
Finding your cold and rain
Go sorely 'gainst the grain
(As well they might!),
In that you made a clean
Sweep of those flies, I ween
This Orb has rarely seen
A year more bright.

Also I make this plea:
That other years may be
As beastly, and as free
From this my ruth;
That shall be all my pray'r,
Being (from loss of hair)
Bare as a boot is bare,
Bald as the truth.

DUM-DUM.

IN an action brought against the owner of a dog which had bitten a child, the defence was put forward that it was the child's fault, as he had attempted to take away a bone from the dog. Upon cross-examination it transpired that the bone referred to belonged to the child's leg.

THE MAKING OF A SHORT CHRISTMAS STORY.

(With acknowledgments to the Christmas numbers of our contemporaries. NOTE.—As usual, readers of the story may safely disregard the pictures, while admirers of the pictures would do well not to have their attention distracted by the story.)

YULETIDE!

London at Yuletide!

A mantle of white lay upon the Embankment, where our story opens, gleaming and glistening as it caught the rays of the cold December sun. An embroidery of white fringed the trees; and under a canopy of white the proud palaces of Savoy and Cecil reared their silent heads. The mighty river in front was motionless, for the finger of Death had laid its icy hand upon it. Above—the hard blue sky stretching to eternity; below—the white purity of innocence. London in the grip of winter!

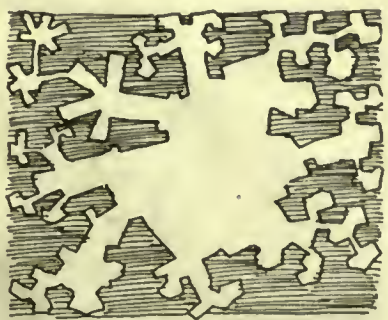
[EDITOR. *Come, I like this. This is going to be good. A cold day, was it not?*

AUTHOR. *Very.*]

All at once the quiet of the morning was disturbed. In the distance a bell rang out, sending a joyous pæan to the heavens. Another took up the word, and then another, and another. Westminster caught the message from Bartholomew the son of Thunder, and flung it to Giles Without, who gave it gently to Andrew by the Wardrobe. Suddenly the air was filled with bells, all chanting together of peace and happiness, mirth and jollity—a frenzy of bells.

The Duke, father of four fine children, waking in his Highland castle, heard and smiled as he thought of his little ones. . . .

The Merchant Prince, turning over in his Streatham residence, heard, and turned again to sleep, with love for all mankind in his heart. . . .



SNOW-FLAKE
ENLARGED 25,000,000 TIMES

The Pauper in his workhouse, up betimes, heard, and chuckled at the prospect of his Christmas dinner. . . .

And, on the Embankment, Robert Hardrow, with a cynical smile on his lips, listened to the splendid irony of it.

[EDITOR. *We really are getting to the story now, are we not?*



LITTLE JIM'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS MORNING.
(Facsimile of Coloured Supplement already exhausted.)

AUTHOR. *That was all local colour. I want to make it quite clear that it was Christmas.*

EDITOR. *Yes, yes, quite so. This is a Christmas story. I think I shall like Robert, do you know?*]

It was Christmas day, so much at least was clear to him. With that same cynical smile on his lips, he pulled his shivering rags about him, and half unconsciously felt at the growth of beard about his chin. Nobody would recognise him now. His friends (as he had thought them) would pass by without a glance for the poor outcast near them. The women that he had known would draw their skirts away from him in horror. Even Lady Alice——

Lady Alice! The cause of it all!

His thoughts flew back to that last scene, but twenty-four hours ago, when they had parted for ever. As he had entered the hall he had half wondered to himself if there could be anybody in the world that day happier than himself. Tall, well-connected, a vice-president of the Tariff Reform League, and engaged to the sweetest girl in England, he had been the envy of all. Little did he think that that very night he was to receive his *congé!*

What mattered it now how or why they had quarrelled? A few hasty words, a bitter taunt, tears, and then the end.

A last cry from her—"Go, and let me never see your face again!"

A last sneer from him—"I will go, but first give me back the presents I have promised you!"

Then a slammed door and—silence.

What use, without her guidance, to try to keep straight any more? Bereft of her love, Robert had sunk steadily. Gambling, drink, morphia, billiards, and cigars—he had taken to them all; until now in the wretched figure of the outcast on the Embankment you would never have recognised the once spruce figure of Handsome Hardrow.

[EDITOR. *It all seems to have happened rather rapidly, does it not? Twenty-four hours ago he had been——*

AUTHOR. *You forget that this is a* SHORT *story.*]

Handsome Hardrow! How absurd it sounded now! He had let his beard grow, his clothes were in rags, a scar over one eye testified——

[EDITOR. *Yes, yes. Of course, I quite admit that a man might go to the bad in twenty-four hours, but would his beard grow as——*

AUTHOR. *Look here, you 've heard of a man going grey with trouble in a single night, haven't you?*

EDITOR. *Certainly.*

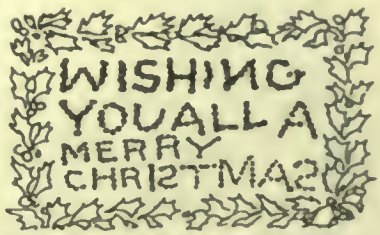
AUTHOR. *Well, it 's the same idea as that.*

EDITOR. *Ah, quite so, quite so.*

AUTHOR. *Where was I?*

EDITOR. *A scar over one eye was just testifying—— I suppose he had two eyes in the ordinary way?*]

——testified to a drunken frolic of



A PRETTY DEVICE EASILY WORKED IN HOLLY LEAVES & BERRIES

an hour or two ago. Never before, thought the policeman, as he passed upon his beat, had such a pitiful figure cowered upon the Embank-

ment, and prayed for the night to cover him.

The——

He was——

Er—the——

[EDITOR. *Yes?*

AUTHOR. *To tell the truth I am rather stuck for the moment.*

EDITOR. *What is the trouble?*

AUTHOR. *I don't quite know what to do with Robert for ten hours or so.*

EDITOR. *Couldn't he go somewhere by a local line?*

AUTHOR. *This is not a humorous story. The point is that I want him to be outside a certain house some twenty miles from town at eight o'clock that evening.*

EDITOR. *If I were Robert I should certainly start at once.*

AUTHOR. *No, I have it.*]

As he sat there, his thoughts flew over the bridge of years, and he was wafted on the wings of memory to other and happier Yuletides. That Christmas when he had received his first bicycle . . .

That Christmas abroad . . .



The merry house-party at the place of his Cambridge friend . . .

Yuletide at the Towers, where he had first met Alice!

Ah!

Ten hours passed rapidly thus . . .

* * * * * .

[AUTHOR. *I put stars to denote the flight of years.*

EDITOR. *Besides, it will give the reader time for a sandwich.*]



"IT WAS CHRISTMAS DAY." (*See previous page.*)

Robert got up and shook himself.

[EDITOR. *One moment. This is a Christmas story. When are you coming to the robin?*

AUTHOR. *I really can't be bothered about robins just now. I assure you all the best Christmas stories begin like this nowadays. We may get to a robin later; I cannot say.*

EDITOR. *We must. My readers expect a robin, and they shall have it. And a wassail-bowl, and a turkey, and a Christmas-tree, and a——*

AUTHOR. *Yes, yes; but wait. We shall come to little Elsie soon, and then perhaps it will be all right.*

EDITOR. *Little Elsie. Good!*]

Robert got up and shook himself. Then he shivered miserably, as the cold wind cut through him like a knife. For a moment he stood motionless, gazing over the stone parapet into the dark river beyond, and as he gazed a thought came into his mind. Why not end it all—here and now? He had nothing to live for. One swift plunge, and——

[EDITOR. *You forget. The river was frozen.*

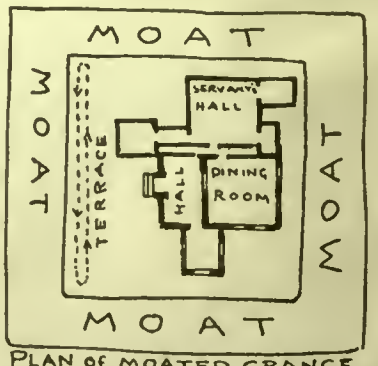
AUTHOR. *All right, I was just going to say that.*]

But no! Even in this Fate was against him. *The river was frozen over!* He turned away with a curse . . .

What happened afterwards Robert never quite understood. Almost unconsciously he must have crossed one of the numerous bridges which span the river and join North London to South. Once on the other side, he seems to have set his face steadily before him, and to have dragged his weary limbs on and on, regardless of time and place. He walked like one in a dream, his mind drugged by the dull narcotic of physical pain. Suddenly he realized that he had left London behind him, and was in the more open spaces of the country. The houses were more scattered; the recurring villa of the clerk had given place to the isolated mansion of the stockbroker. Each residence stood in its own splendid grounds, surrounded by fine old forest trees and approached by a long carriage sweep. Electric——

[EDITOR. *Quite so. The whole forming a magnificent estate for a retired gentleman. Never mind that.*]

Robert stood at the entrance to one of these houses, and the iron entered into his soul. How different was this man's position from his own! What right had this man—a

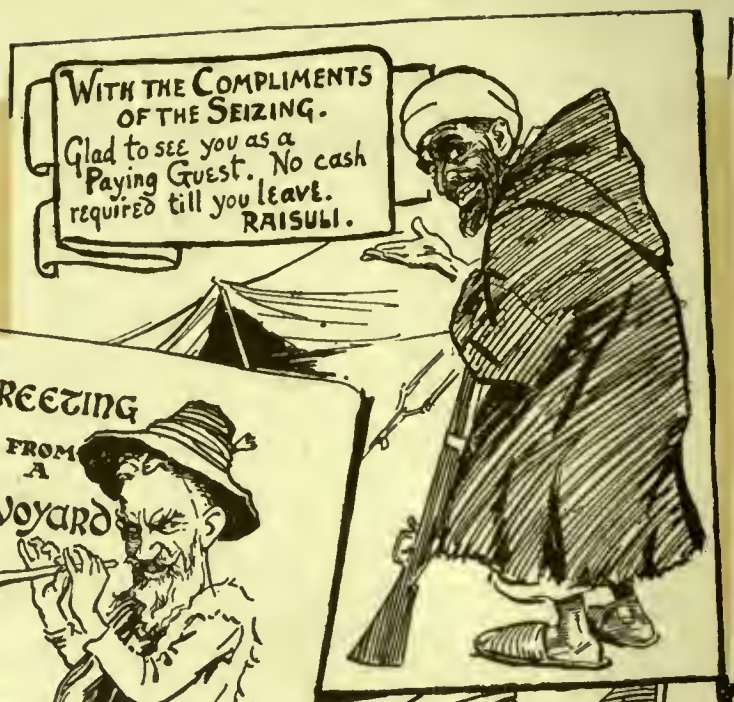


PLAN OF MOATED GRANGE
DOTTED LINE SHOWS GHOST'S PROMENADE

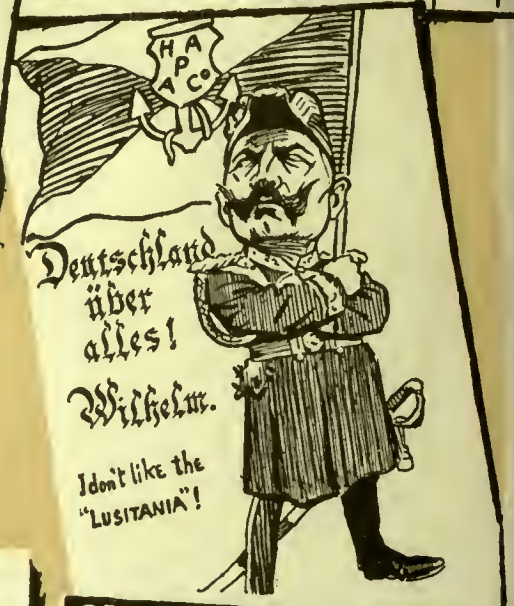
perfect stranger—to be happy and contented in the heart of his family, while he, Robert, stood, a homeless wanderer, alone in the cold?

Almost unconsciously he wandered

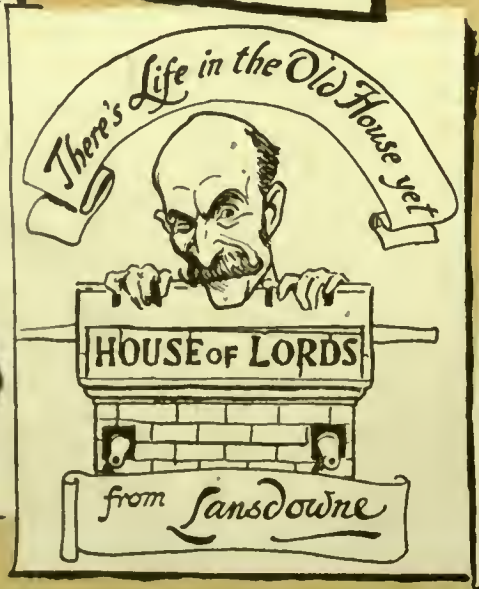

Down with the Daily Mail.
WINSTON GREETS YOU FROM ONE OF HIS COLONIES.

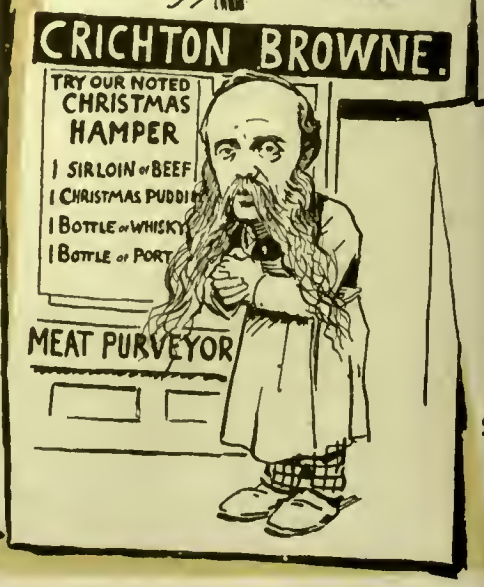

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEIZING.
Glad to see you as a Paying Guest. No cash required till you leave.
RAISULI.


GREETING FROM A Savoyard
Please note my new address. I am no longer attached to the Court owing to Socialist principles.
G.B.S.


H A P A C.
Deutschland über alles!
Wilhelm.
I don't like the "LUSITANIA"!


The Rev. R. J. Campbell wishes you a merry Christmas and a Happy New Theology.


There's Life in the Old House yet
HOUSE OF LORDS
from Lansdowne


CRICHTON BROWNE.
TRY OUR NOTED CHRISTMAS HAMPER
1 SIRLOIN OF BEEF
1 CHRISTMAS PUDDING
1 BOTTLE OF WHISKY
1 BOTTLE OF PORT
MEAT PURVEYOR

B.P. del.



FOR CELEBRITIES."

down the drive, hardly realising what he was doing until he was brought up by the gay lights of the windows. Still without thinking, he stooped down and peered into the brilliantly lit room above him. Within all was jollity; beautiful women moved to and fro, and the happy laughter of children came to him. "Elsie," he heard someone call, and a childish treble responded.



"Within all was Jollity."

[Editor. *Now for the robin.*

Author. *I am very sorry. I have just remembered something rather sad. The fact is that, two days before, Elsie had forgotten to feed the robin, and in consequence it had died before this story opens.*

Editor. *That is really very awkward. I have already arranged with an artist to do some pictures, and I remember I particularly ordered a robin and a wassail. What about the wassail?*

Author. *Elsie always had her porridge* upstairs.]

A terrible thought had come into Robert's head. It was nearly twelve o'clock. The house-party was retiring to bed. He heard the "Good-nights" wafted through the open window; the lights went out, to reappear upstairs. Presently they too went out, and Robert was alone with the darkened house.

The temptation was too much for



a conscience already sodden with billiards, drink and diabolo. He flung a leg over the sill and drew himself gently into the room. At least he would have one good meal, he too would have his Christmas dinner before the end came. He switched the light on and turned eagerly to the table. His eyes ravenously scanned the contents. Turkey, mince-pies, plum-pudding—all was there as in the days of his youth.

[Editor. *This is better. I ordered a turkey, I remember. What about the mistletoe and holly? I rather think I asked for some of them.*

Author. *We must let the readers take something for granted.*

Editor. *I am not so sure. Couldn't you say something like this: "Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall?"*]

Holly and mistletoe hung in festoons upon the wall.

[Editor. *Thank you.*]

With a sigh of content Hardrow flung himself into a chair, and seized a knife and fork. Soon a plate liberally heaped with good things was before him. Greedily he set to work, with the appetite of a man who had not tasted food for several hours. . . .

"Dood evening," said a voice. "Are you Father Kwistmas?"

Robert turned suddenly, and gazed in amazement at the white-robed figure in the doorway.

"Elsie," he murmured huskily.

[Editor. *How did he know? And why "huskily"?*

Author. *He didn't know, he guessed. And his mouth was full.*]

"Are you Father Kwistmas?" repeated Elsie.

Robert felt at his chin, and thanked Heaven again that he had let his beard grow. Almost mechanically he decided to wear the mask—in short, to dissemble.

"Yes, my dear," he said. "I just looked in to know what you would like me to bring you."

"You 're late, aren't oo? Oughtn't oo to have come this morning?"

[Editor. *This is splendid. This quite reconciles me to the absence of the robin. But what was Elsie doing downstairs?*

Author. *I am making Robert ask her that question directly.*

Editor. *Yes, but just tell me now—between friends.*

Author. *She had left her golliwog in the room, and couldn't sleep without her.*

Editor. *I knew that was it.*]

"If I 'm late, dear," said Robert, with a smile, "why, so are you."

The good food and wine in his veins were doing their work, and a pleasant warmth was stealing over Hardrow. He found to his surprise that airy banter still came easy to him.

"To what," he continued, "do I owe the honour of this meeting?"

"I came downstairs for my dolly," said Elsie. "The one you sent me this morning, do you remember?"

"Of course I do, my dear."

"And what have you bwought me now, Father Kwistmas?"

Robert started. If he was to play the *rôle* successfully he must find



[To carve—cut along dotted line.]

something to give her now. The remains of the turkey, a pair of fingerbowls, his old hat—all these came hastily into his mind, and were dis-

missed. He had nothing of value on him. All had been pawned long ago.

Stay! The gold locket studded with diamonds and rubies, which contained Alice's photograph. The one memento of her that he had kept, even when the pangs of starvation were upon him. He brought it from its resting-place next his heart.

"A little something to wear round your neck, child," he said. "See!"

"Thank oo," said Elsie. "Why, it opens!"

"Yes, it opens," said Robert moodily.

"Why, it 's Alith! Sister Alith!"

[EDITOR. *Ha!*

AUTHOR. *I thought you 'd like that.*]

Robert leapt to his feet as if he had been shot.

"Who?" he cried.

"My sister Alith. Does oo know her too?"

Alice 's sister! Heavens! He covered his face with his hands.

The door opened.

[EDITOR. *Ha again!*]

'What are you doing here, Elsie?" said a voice. "Go to bed, child. Why, who is this?"

"Father Kwithmath, thithter."

[EDITOR. *How exactly do you work the lisping?*

AUTHOR. *What do you mean? Don't children of Elsie's tender years lisp sometimes?*

EDITOR. *Yes; but just now she said "Kwistmas" quite correctly——*

AUTHOR. *I am glad you noticed that. That was an effect which I intended to produce. Lisping is brought about by placing the tongue upon the hard surface of the palate, and in cases where the subject is unduly excited or influenced by emotion the lisp becomes more pronounced. In this case——*

EDITOR. *Yeth, I thee.*]

"Send her away," cried Robert, without raising his head.

The door opened, and closed again.

"Well," said Alice calmly, "and who are you? You may have lied to this poor child, but you cannot deceive me. You are *not* Father Christmas."

The miserable man raised his shamefaced head and looked haggardly at her.

"Alice!" he muttered, "don't you remember me?"

She gazed at him earnestly.

"Robert! But how changed!"

"Since we parted, Alice, much has happened."

"Yet it seems only yesterday that I saw you!"

[EDITOR. *It* WAS *only yesterday.*



"AS HAROLD LISPED 'A MERRY KWITHMATH TO YOU, THIR!' GALLOPING DICK'S PISTOL DROPPED FROM HIS REMORSEFUL HAND."
(Drawing left over from last year.)

AUTHOR. *Yes, yes. Don't interrupt now, please.*]

"To me is has seemed years."

"But what are you doing here?" said Alice.

"Rather, what are *you* doing here?" answered Robert.

[EDITOR. *I think Alice's question was the more reasonable one.*]

"I live here."

Robert gave a sudden cry.

"Your house! Then I have broken into your house! Alice, send me away! Put me in prison! Do what you will to me! I can never hold up my head again."

Lady Alice looked gently at the wretched figure in front of her.

"I am glad to see you again," she said. "Because I wanted to say that it was *my* fault!"

"Alice!"

"Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you? If you knew what my life has been since I left you! If you knew into what paths of wickedness I have sunk! How only this evening, unnerved by excess, I have deliberately broken into this house—your house—in order to obtain food, and (who knows?) perhaps even more than food? If you knew, I——"



WASSAIL BOWL

With a gesture of infinite compassion she stopped him.

'Then let us forgive each other," she said with a smile. "It is Christmas day, Robert!"

He took her in his arms.

"Listen," he said.

In the distance the bells began to ring. A message of hope. It was Christmas Day

[EDITOR. *I thought Christmas Day had started on the Embankment. This would be Boxing Day.*

AUTHOR. *I 'm sorry, but it must end like that. I must have my bells.*

EDITOR. *Then you must make it the 24th when the story opened.*

AUTHOR. *That would spoil everything. Let 's leave it as it is. You can explain somehow.*

EDITOR. *That 's all very well. I have a good deal to explain as it is. Some of your story doesn't fit the pictures at all, and it is too late now to get new ones done.*

AUTHOR. *I am afraid I cannot work to order.*

EDITOR. *Yes, I know. The artist said the same thing. Well, I must manage somehow, I suppose. Good-bye. Rotten weather for August, isn't it?*] A. A. M.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

HARRY, when you proposed to me
last night
In that blunt clumsy way of yours,
although
It was not unexpected, I took fright
And answered No.

The wedding-ring has terrors for me,
Harry;
Its apparition set me in a whirl;
But, all the same, I don't want you
to marry
Some other girl.

The very thought torments me;
though prepared,
Nay, satisfied, to face the world
alone,
What would my future be should
yours be shared
By Grace or Joan?

Don't look upon the thing as settled,
will you?
Why should we, either of us, suffer
pain?
And I, for one, can't eat or sleep
until you
Ask me again.



Recognising the fact that all forms of holiday have become played out, and the cry is for Novelty, the Brigands' Holiday Capture Syndicate, Ltd., have secured tracts of lonely land, such as Beachy Head, for the formation of Brigands' Camps.



Several eminent Brigand Chiefs from Italy, Albania, Greece, Morocco, &c., have been engaged.



Visitors arriving will be arrested, blindfolded, and taken to the interior of the camp.



And there introduced to the Brigand Chief who happens to be on duty.



Musical evenings will be arranged.



And among the amusements provided will be predatory expeditions (by arrangement with neighbouring farmers).



At the end of his holiday, the visitor, after paying his ransom and tipping the assistants, will be allowed to depart.

THE BRIGANDS' HOLIDAY CAPTURE SYNDICATE, LTD.

MINCE-MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artiste.)

A MEAN multi-millionaire who suffered terribly from sea-sickness on his way back to New York, has, it is said, demanded a rebate off his fare, claiming special terms as a "returned empty."

***

We are sorry to hear of the illness of one of our most interesting centenarians. The poor fellow, who lately celebrated his 102nd birthday, now fears he will not make old bones.

***

It is wonderful what appetites—and digestive powers—folk have in the provinces. We came across the following notice in a Birmingham hotel:

YOU ARE REQUESTED TO BOLT YOUR DOOR BEFORE RETIRING TO REST.

***

"Renaissance Pudding" is the attractive item which caught our eye recently. It is certainly more subtle than "Resurrection Pie."

***

There have been several cases recently of bridegrooms failing to put in an appearance at the marriage ceremony, and this is pointed to as one more sign that pluck is a fast-vanishing quality among us. Careful brides are now insisting on their *fiancés* having understudies.

***

"The Majority take So-and-So's Pills," says an advertisement. Personally we are not anxious to join the Great Majority.

***

A certain American plutocrat who has amassed his wealth in a very questionable way, is about to retire from business, and it is said that, attracted by the name, he has made the Duke of SUTHERLAND a tempting offer for Dunrobin Castle.

***

It has been asserted that more than half the motor accidents which occur are caused by the moustache. Men who have absolutely no capacity for the calling become chauffeurs simply because they will not then be compelled to shave like other servants. Our experience, however, is diametrically opposed to this. It seems to us that all chauffeurs have a peculiar affection for the close shave.

***

Edwin and Angelina, having a number of calls to pay, hired a cab by the hour. The obviously discontented cabby drove them, as is usual in such circumstances, at a funeral pace. "Never mind," said Angelina, brightly, "it 'll take him longer to do his hour, and serve him jolly well right!"

***

"A Musical Extravagance" was the descriptive sub-title which a theatrical manager recently gave to a production of his. The excuse the Public made for staying away was that they could not afford extravagances in these bad times.

***

A gentleman responsible for certain sensational novels writes to the proprietors of a fountain pen: "I have written all my books with your pen. It is certainly a great boon to the author. I use nothing else." Here and there you get an author who uses brains as well.

***

A distinguished literary lady whose name is prominently associated with a cosmetic, is, we hear, now engaged on a great poem to be entitled "Hair-washa."

***

A regrettable affair is reported from the Zoo, as the result of which the Skunk and the animal in the opposite cage do not speak to one another now. The Skunk, the tale goes, was asked how he was. "Not very well. I have a cold," he said, "and can't smell." At which his neighbour cried, "Hooray!" If we may say so, we think it absurd for the Skunk to be so touchy.

***

A dear old lady on reading a description of some Golf Links which were stated to have eighteen holes, wondered why it was that the proprietors did not put the place in repair.



HARD TIMES.

She. "VERY CHEAP THESE MOTOR BUSES, AIN'T THEY, BILL?"

He. "YUS. YER OOT TO WALK A LONG WAY TO SAVE A PENNY NOWADAYS, AIN'T YER?"



A FINE AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK.

MUCH ALARM HAS BEEN FELT LATELY AT THE SPREAD OF THE EAST END ACCENT IN CIRCLES WHERE ONE WOULD LEAST THINK TO FIND IT. DEEDS WILL DOUBTLESS FOLLOW WORDS, AND NEXT SEASON SUCH SCENES AS THESE MAY BE CONFIDENTLY EXPECTED.



SATURDAY NIGHT IN PARK LANE.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON WINSTON'S STATE VOYAGE.



THE "WINSTON WALK" IN CENTRAL AFRICA.
(The effect on the natives of a visit from the Rt. Hon. W. Churchill.)
"Oh, why do dey call me a Winston boy—Winston boy—Winston boy?!!" etc., etc.



Winston (to local King). "You remind me a little of dear old Elgin. Might I try your crown on?"



Our artist has never had the pleasure of meeting an Okapi in real life, so he feels there may be something wrong somewhere.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ROOSEVELT

WHEN HIS TERM OF OFFICE IS CONCLUDED?



Will a Music Hall Syndicate offer him a three-years' engagement in Europe, at £500 a week, for a fifteen-minutes' turn of bronco-busting, revolver-shooting, &c.?



Will the Bishop of London, in recognition of his muscular Christianity, give him a curacy in the Shadwell or Wapping district, with the prospect of working his way up the river to something better?



Will he become a City Alderman and eventually rise to the title and dignity of Sir Theodore Roosevelt, Bart., Lord Mayor of London?



Or will he accept an invitation from the Emperor of Sahara to act as Deputy Emperor, under the name of Tedi-Rozuv-el-Tin, during his Majesty's visits to Paris?



Conjuror (to Harry, who has kindly stepped up to assist with the card tricks) "NOW, SIR, YOU KNOW WHAT A PACK OF CARDS IS?"
Harry (determined not to be made a fool of). "I KNOW WHAT A PACK OF CARDS *ARE!*"



Golfer (to excited pedestrian, who has been already driven into by couple coming in opposite direction). "FORE!"
Excited Pedestrian. "ORL RIGHT, GUV'NOR! YOU AIN'T GOT A RABBIT BURROW 'ANDY, 'AVE YER?"



THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN.

His Worship the Mayor of Higginborough (to African traveller, after lantern lecture). "NOW, THESE 'NATIVES' YOU SPEAK OF, 'AVE THEY ANYTHINK EQUIVALENT TO OUR GREAT MUNICIPAL BODIES?"



YE MERRIE CHRYSTMASSE DINNER.

Queen of the Revels. "DON'T YOU REALLY FEEL THAT WE'RE BACK IN THE DEAR ROMANTIC OLD DAYS?"
Father Christmas (after fifteen minutes of silent torture). "PERKINS, UNHOOK THIS BEARD!"



SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.



Tourist (*who has been patiently listening to abuse of the rich and plans for betterment of things in general*). "BUT, MY GOOD MAN, IF THESE CHANGES WERE CARRIED OUT, IT WOULD MEAN A TREMENDOUS SOCIAL UPHEAVAL."

Old Man (*slapping his thigh*). "DEMME, I'D RISK IT!"



THE CHRISTMAS SERMON.

Little Girl. "DADDY, DOES HE KNOW THAT WE DINE AT ONE?"



Helpful Boy (to gentleman who has fallen while trying to jump on a motor bus). "IT 'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR—'ERE 'S ANUVVER ONE COMIN'!"

THE OPEN ROAD.

SWATHED like a mummy in his furs
Sits Mammon at the wheel,
And onward, ever onward spurs
His steed of flame and steel.
The monster moans and hums and purrs,
And, as the life within it stirs,
Makes ready for its meal.

The song-bird, stricken in mid air,
It grinds into the mire;
The squirrel scurrying to its lair
Dies 'neath the deadly tire;
And golden summer's pageant rare
That makes the hedgerows fine and fair
It blasts with smoke and fire.

And, as its note of savage pride
Is tuned to screaming pitch,
Age, bent and bowed and heavy-eyed,
It spurns into the ditch,
Digging more deep at ev'ry stride
The gulf, already yawning wide,
Between the poor and rich.

It taints the freshness of the dawn,
The fragrance of the night,
The veil by dewy darkness drawn
It rends with blinding light.
And nymph and dryad, fay and faun,
Flee from its hateful pathway, strawn
With trophies of its might.

No open road remains secure
From Mammon's fell attack;
No obstacle can he endure,
No warning turns him back;
But racing over down and moor
He turns the playground of the poor
Into a railway track.

Such are the thoughts that in me rise,
Such fury in me grows,
When choking dust assails my eyes
And choking fumes my nose;
Till, scorning to be mild or wise,
My indignation rashly flies
Beyond the bounds of prose.

With Tories of the truest Blue
Till now identified,
I find the motoring Yahoo
Has made me change my side,
And, growing *capable de tout*,
I join the bottle-throwing crew
With GRAYSON for my guide.

And yet, should Mammon ever deign
To take me in his car,
The maggot works within my brain,
I chafe at check and bar;
I reck not of the maimed and slain;
I only know that I am fain
To travel fast and far.



THE SPIRIT'S WILLING.

Loafer. "'Old yer 'orsh, Mum?" *Lady.* "No, thank you." *Loafer.* "Can I *run* anywhere for yer, Mum?"



A TRUE BRITISH SPORTSMAN.

The Convalescent. "I'm much better now, nurse. Will you please put me at the window? I feel I could kill a fly."



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.



DELEGATION.

DEAR old New Year! Thy coming used to find
Me given more or less to introspection,
Which is undoubtedly a state of mind
That means for most of us profound dejection.

"Can naught curtail," I whined, "that crescent bunch
Of tradesmen's bills with which my desk is freighted?
And can't my breakfast hour from that of lunch
Be even slightly differentiated?"

To-day I meet thee with unruffled brow,
Thy advent casts no more a shadow o'er me;
I know from long experience that thou,
Dear old New Year, wilt solve these riddles for me.

TO ENGLAND IN 1908.

Dedicated to the author of "Forty Singing Seamen," by one of them.

[The following verses are modelled on the metrical scheme of a poem appearing in Mr. ALFRED NOYES's new volume (BLACKWOOD) and entitled "To England in 1907; a Prayer that she might speak for Peace." For those who have never read this fine outburst of optimism, a brief quotation may serve to illustrate Mr. NOYES's motive and method.

> The poor and weak uplift their manacled hands
> To thee, our Mother, our Lady and Queen of lands:
> Anguished in prayer before thy footstool stands
> Peace, with her white wings glimmering o'er the sea.
>
> Others may shriek whose naked frontiers face
> A million foemen of an alien race;
> But thou, Imperial, by thy pride of place
> O, canst thou falter or fear to set them free?
>
> * * * * * *
>
> Speak, speak and act! The sceptre is in thy hand;
> Proclaim the reign of love from land to land;
> Then come the world against thee, thou shalt stand!
> Speak, with the world-wide voice of thine own sea.]

Now, England, stretch the dismal pall above
The dead year's hopes of universal love;
While to her ark returns the futile dove
Disconsolate o'er the grey diluvial sea.

This was that year of Conference at the Hague,
And the results I find extremely vague;
Rumours of War still raven like the plague,
And still Bellona goes it strong and free.

I bade you speak for Peace, and speak you did,
Trying your best to do as you were bid—
Waste words, as when a cuttle-fish (or squid)
Mottles with squirted ink the indifferent sea.

Did you not promise in the open Press
To build no fewer than one ship the less
If they, the Powers, would sign a joint address
Making the entrance to Millennium free?

None with a like authority could speak.
You are an island: you are thus unique;
Safe as a cert behind your narrow streak
Consisting, all the way, of sundering sea.

Some folk have frontiers—always such a bore;
It means a slavish lust for local gore;
But you, with Ocean's barrier round your shore,
Imbibed at birth the trick of being free.

By land, as on the brine, you take the lead;
Your patriot heirs are bred of manhood's breed,
Each one (per cent.) prepared to die at need
Rather than lose his lien upon the sea.

Yet, England, what availed your wistful cry?
Judge, if you please, by Germany's mute reply:
She lays her keels regardless—we know why:—
To jump our claim to set the nations free.

And shall we hear that menacing voice dictate
Liberty's terms within our seaward gate?
Let nineteen-seven go! Here 's nineteen-eight!
We 'll teach them who 's entitled to the sea!

You, as I said before (and say again,
For fear the rest should fail to read it plain),
Have the sole right, as Mistress of the main,
Will they or nill, to say they *shall* be free.

Enough of words. Build *Dreadnoughts* two to one;
And let your children, every mother's son,
Shoulder the rifle, prime the rakish gun,
And fling this shattering challenge o'er the sea:—

"'Tis ours to stamp the world with Freedom's brand!
Love us, or we will blow you out of hand
Into the *Ewigkeit*. So understand,
We mean, this way or that, to make you free!"
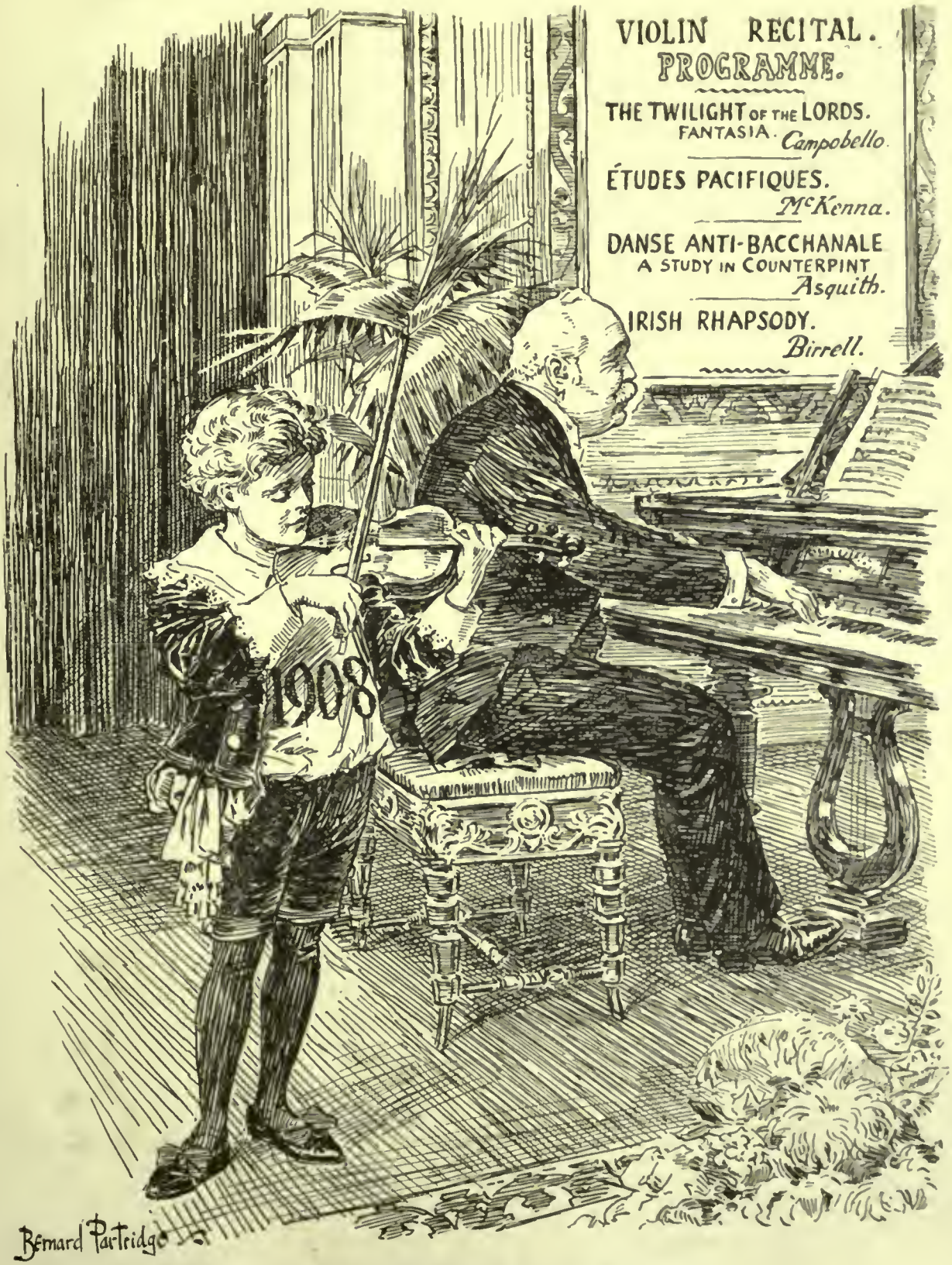
Thus shall the reign of Peace be shortly due,
Based on a general funk, superbly blue,
Or else because there 's no one left but you
Upon an otherwise unpeopled sea.

O. S.

THE TREE.

I HAVE not written much lately. We have all been busy getting ready for Christmas, buying presents for people, and keeping the secret, and wondering who 's going to send us presents and what they 'll be like, and doing up the house in holly and misletoe. We hung a bit of misletoe to the chandelier in the hall, and I went to Mrs. AUSTIN and told her somebody wanted to see her—somebody she knew very well, but I wasn't to mention his name. She said she must make herself tidy, but I told her he couldn't wait more than half a minute and she must come at once. So she came, and when I got her under the misletoe I took a good jump at her and gave her a kiss, a regular smacker. She couldn't make it out, but I told her to look up, and then she knew. She said she never did see such a owdacious young spark in all her born days, but she didn't mind really. I tried Miss WILLS next. I got her under a picture on which we 'd stuck some misletoe, and then I got on a chair and tried to kiss her, but I missed her face and it landed on her shoulder. She didn't mind either. NINA said if JIM tried to kiss her she would plunge a stiletto in his something heart. I think the word was recarrent, or something like that. I hadn't heard it before, and when I asked NINA she said she wasn't quite sure how it was spelt. She said she had once heard it in a theatre. The man who had that heart, she said, was a villain.

But the best joke we had was the Christmas-tree for everybody—for us and the servants and all. It was to be at half-past four, and we were all to have tea together in the dining-room afterwards. The tree was in the school-room upstairs. We 'd covered it all over with presents, and there were a lot more laid on the floor under it and on the earth round about. It was in a box. There were candles all the way up it, and strings of silvery balls, and all the things they put on Christmas-trees. NINA was the Spirit of the Season. She was a real fairy this time, and no mistake. She had a muslin dress and a pair of wings, and a wand done up in silver paper. First the servants all came in. There was Mrs. AUSTIN, and ELIZA the parlourmaid, and JANE the housemaid, and ETHEL the kitchenmaid, and TOM the boy who does the boots and knives. MACBEAN, the gardener, came with his little girl EMILY, and JIM came from the stables. Mum was there, too, and Uncle DICK and Aunt MARGERY. They were spending Christmas with us. All the servants sat round the wall on chairs and never said a word. They were all dressed in their Sunday best and looked very uncomfortable, especially MACBEAN and JIM. JIM had got on a black coat and very tight trousers, and a stiff collar and a red tie with a great big horse-shoe pin stuck in it. He didn't seem to have any of his jokes left. He didn't laugh at all!



THE INFANT PRODIGY.



RURAL INDEPENDENCE.

Vicar. "A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU, GILES."

Giles. "RIGHT O!"

when I asked him if he fancied the looks of any of these fillies. That 's the way JIM speaks in the stable, but when I said it to him in the school-room he only wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said nothing. When he sat down I thought his trousers were going to crack, but I 'm sorry to say they didn't.

Well, they all sat there as glum as possible, and every now and then Mum said a word to one of them and they whispered something back. Mrs. AUSTIN was in black silk, and she looked hotter than ever. First NINA came in and she danced round the room, and then she stopped in front of the tree and said a bit of poetry. She said it was a glad season and everybody was joyful. Happiness was spread all over the earth, and the people in it were having heaps of mirth. She said she could hear the sounds of rejoicing and laughter, and she told them now was the time to throw care away and join in revelry on this festal day. It was something like that, and she did it very well, but they all sat there quite silent till Uncle DICK said, "Bravo, little 'un," and then they began to clap their hands and whisper to one another. Then NINA went and sat on Mum's lap, and there was a loud knock at the door. I knew who it was and dashed to open it, and in came Santa Claus—Dad, of course, but I didn't tell the rest. He thought I didn't know him, but I recognised his eyes, and I saw his own moustache under the white one. Besides, I 'd heard him talking about it with Mum. He 'd got on his brown dressing-gown, with cottonwool on it for snow, and a long white beard and a red cap with holly on it, and he really did look rather old and jolly. The servants laughed a bit when he came in, but it didn't last long. Dad came up to the tree and said in a funny voice—"What scene of riotous revelry is this? Do I, indeed, behold my old friend, MACBEAN?" Everybody looked at MACBEAN, and MACBEAN looked as if he didn't see anything. Then Dad went on:—"I have a gift for MACBEAN," and he gave him the wrong parcel, which was a little doll in a bath meant for EMILY; but it didn't matter. Dad went on talking and giving away presents off the tree, mostly wrong, and at last he shouted out, "Do my eyes deceive me? No, they do not. It is, it is Mrs. AUSTIN. Say, fair one, shall we tread a stately measure together?" Then he pranced up to Mrs. AUSTIN and got her off her chair and did a dance with her. This set them all off. JANE and ELIZA simply screamed with laughter, and JIM got hold of ETHEL and MACBEAN took NINA, and when Dad and Mrs. AUSTIN tripped up and fell down, I never saw anything like it. It was ripping. Afterwards, when Dad and Mum and Uncle DICK and Aunt MARGERY went away, we all went to the dining-room and had the most gorgeous tea, and they all talked away and kept laughing like mad. JIM was the worst of the lot, but he never tried to kiss NINA. He kissed everybody else, and they all slapped his face. It was a very jolly evening.

R. C. L.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CHIMNEY-PIECE.

WE don't know his real name, but we have decided to call him ARTHUR. ("Sir ARTHUR," I suppose he would be.) He stands in bronze upon the chimney-piece, and in his right hand is a javelin; this makes him a very dangerous person. Opposite him, but behind the clock (Coward!), stands the other fellow, similarly armed. Most people imagine that the two are fighting for the hand of the lady on the clock, and they aver that they can hear her heart beating with the excitement of it; but as a matter of fact the other fellow doesn't come into the story at all. Only MARGERY and I know the true story. I think I told it to her one night when she wouldn't go to sleep—or perhaps she told it to me.

The best of this tale (I say it as the possible author) is that it is modern. It were easy to have invented something more in keeping with the knight's armour, but we had to remember that this was the twentieth century, and that here in this twentieth century was Sir ARTHUR on the chimney-piece, with his javelin drawn back. For whom is he waiting?

"It all began," I said, "a year ago, when Sir ARTHUR became a member of the South African Chartered Incorporated Co-operative Stores Society Limited Ten per cents at Par (Men only). He wasn't exactly a real member, having been elected under Rule Two for meritorious performances, Rule One being that this club shall be called what I said just now; but for nearly a year he enjoyed all the privileges of membership, including those of paying a large entrance fee and a still larger subscription. At the end of a year, however, a dreadful thing happened. They made a Third Rule: to wit, that no member should go to sleep on the billiard table.

"Of course, Sir ARTHUR, having only got in under Rule Two, had to resign. He had, as I have said, paid his entrance fee, and (as it happened) his second year's subscription in advance. Naturally he was annoyed . . . .

"And that, in fact, is why he stands on the chimney-piece with his javelin drawn back. He is waiting for the Secretary. Sir ARTHUR is considered to be a good shot, and the Secretary wants all the flowers to be white."

At this point MARGERY said her best word, "Gorky," which means "A thousand thanks for the verisimilitude of your charming and interesting story, but is not the love element a trifle weak?" (MARGERY is a true woman.)

"We must leave *something* to the imagination," I pleaded. "The Secretary no doubt had a delightful niece, and Sir ARTHUR's hopeless passion for her, after he had hit her uncle in a vital spot, would be the basis of a most powerful situation."

MARGERY said "Gorky" again, which, as I have explained, means, "Are such distressing situations within the province of the Highest Art?"

When MARGERY says "Gorky" twice in one night, it is useless to argue. I gave in at once. "Butter," I said, "placed upon the haft of the javelin, would make it slip, and put him off his shot. He would miss the Secretary and marry the niece." So we put a good deal of butter on Sir ARTHUR, and for the moment the Secretary is safe. I don't know if we shall be able to keep it there; but jam does as well, and MARGERY has promised to stroke him every day.

However, I anticipate. As soon as the secretarial life was saved, MARGERY said "Agga," which is, as it were, "*Encore!*" or "*Bis!*" so that I have her permission to tell you that story all over again. Indeed, I should feel quite justified in doing so. Instead I will give you the tragedy of GEORGE, the other fellow (no knight he), as she told it to me afterwards.

"GEORGE was quite a different man from Sir ARTHUR. So far from being elected to anything under Rule Two, he got blackballed for the St. John's Wood Toilet Club. Opinions differed as to why this happened; some said that it was his personal unpopularity (he had previously been up, without success, for membership of the local Ratepayers Association); others (among them the Proprietor), that his hair grew too quickly. Anyhow, it was a great shock to GEORGE, and they had to have a man in to break it to him. (It 's always the way when you have a man in.)

"GEORGE was stricken to the heart. This last blow was too much for what had always been a proud nature. He decided to emigrate. Accordingly he left home, and moved to Kilburn. Whether he is still there or not I cannot say; but a card with that postmark reached his niece only this week. It was unsigned, and bore on the space reserved for inland communications these words: *The old old wish—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.*"

"But what about the javelin?" I asked MARGERY. (This fellow had a javelin too, you remember.)

"Gorky," said MARGERY for the third time, which means——

Well, upon my word, I don't know what it means. But it would explain it all.

Meanwhile Sir ARTHUR (he was in *my* story, you know) is still waiting for the Secretary. In case the butter gives out, have I mentioned that the Secretary wants *all* the flowers to be white?

A. A. M.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MADAME TETRAZZINI's last message to the British people has, we understand, created a profound impression on the Cabinet, and her spirited advocacy of Old Age Pensions has greatly encouraged Mr. ASQUITH. On the subject of Tariff Reform her guarded utterances have disappointed the Editor of the *National Review*, who has indeed gone so far as to describe her as a candidate for the fiscal Mandarinate; but, on the other hand, the followers of Mr. BALFOUR hail her as a welcome recruit. It is reassuring to hear that there is no foundation for the rumour which attributed to her the intention of standing for the Presidency of the United States.

Madame TETRAZZINI's gigantic and pyramidal success has, not unnaturally, set the tide once more flowing strongly in the direction of Italianised nomenclature, and in the course of the next year quite a number of well-known artists have decided to make a fresh start under new and picturesque aliases. Prominent amongst these are Madame CLARA TONNELLATA and Signor BIZZARROGUADO, Signor ENRICO UCCELLO, and Signor PLUNCHETTO VERDI, who must not be confused with his namesake Signor CHENSALE VERNI, the characteristic name adopted by Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

An interesting correspondence, arising out of the recent publication of Professor METCHNIKOFF's epoch-making treatise on "The Prolongation of Life," has lately been appearing in a Bessarabian contemporary. Discussion having arisen as to what calling was most conducive to longevity there has been an almost universal consensus of expert opinion in favour of Italian opera chorus singers. It is believed that at this moment there are several singers still alive who took part in the first per-

formance of *Don Giovanni*, and it is on record that on one occasion, at a gala performance at the Paris Grand Opera, NAPOLEON, pointing to the chorus, observed to JOSEPHINE that twenty centuries looked up at them from the stage.

The valuable services rendered by the "BALFOUR Political Choir" at Coatbridge, on the occasion of a recent Unionist demonstration addressed by Mr. ALFRED LYTTELTON, remind one that several other similar institutions are in existence. Prominent amongst them are the "BIRRELL Anti-Coercion Choral Society," which makes a specialty of the "Ranz des Vaches" and "O GINNELL go and call the Cattle home."

A fresh evidence to the popularity of Sir EDWARD ELGAR is forthcoming in an unexpected quarter. We understand that in temperance circles his famous melody is now invariably sung to the words "Band of Hope and Glory."

We are glad to be able to supplement Dr. HANS RICHTER's gratifying announcement as to the forthcoming performances of the *Ring* in English at Covent Garden, by giving a complete list of the cast, which, according to authoritative information, will be as follows:—

RHEINGOLD.

Wotan—Mr. MOBERLY BELL or Mr. H. E. HOOPER.
Loge—Mr. BERNARD SHAW.
Donner—Mr. FULLER-MAITLAND.
Froh—Will be presented by Mr. FROHMAN.
Mime—LITTLE TICH.
Alberich—Mr. OSCAR ASCHE.
Fafner—Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.
Fasolt—Sir GEORGE MARTIN.
Fricka—Mr. HARRY RANDALL.
Freia—Miss VESTA TILLEY.
The Rhinedaughters—The Sisters FINNEY.

DIE WALKUERE.

Siegmund — Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
Sieglinde—Miss EVIE GREENE.
Fricka—Mr. HARRY RANDALL.
Hunding—Mr. BEERBOHM TREE.
Wotan—Mr. H. E. HOOPER or Mr. MOBERLY BELL.
Brünnhilde—LA MILO.

DIE WALKUEREN:—

Waltraute—Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Gerhilde—Miss BILLIE BARLOW.
Ortlinde—Miss MARGARET COOPER.
Schwertleite—Miss JULIA NEILSON.
Helmwige—Miss MADGE VINCENT.
Siegrune—Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.
Grimgerde—Miss MARIE LLOYD.
Rossweisse—Miss LOUIE FREEAR.

SIEGFRIED.

Siegfried—Mr. HARRY LAUDER.
Brünnhilde—LA MILO.
Wotan—Mr. ARTHUR WALTER.
Erda—HAPPY FANNY FIELDS.
Mime—LITTLE TICH.
Fafner—Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE.
Stimme des Waldvogels — Miss ETHEL HENRY BIRD.

GOETTERDAEMMERUNG.

Brünnhilde—LA MILO.
Grane—PERSIMMON.
Siegfried—Mr. HARRY LAUDER.
Hagen—Mr. GEORGE ROBEY.
Gunther—Mr. GUNTER (of Berkeley Square).
Gutrune — Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER.
The Three Norns—Mrs. JOHN WOOD, Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, Mrs. BEERBOHM TREE.



SOCIAL DISTINCTIONS IN THE COUNTRY.

Elderly Sportsman. "I SAY, BOY, JUST TELL ME WHERE THE BEST INN IS, WILL YOU?"
Boy. "WELL, THERE'S THE WHEELER'S ARMS ON THE GREEN WHERE THE CYCLISTS AND THE MOTOR FOLKS GOES, BUT WHERE THE GENTRY MOSTLY GOES IS TO THE FOX AND 'OUNDS UP THE TOWN."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Admiralty has decided to carry out a series of tests of modern magazines on the old battleship *Colossus*. The favourite at present is *The Pall Mall Magazine*, owing to the fact that it is publishing Mr. H. G. WELLS's "The War in the Air."

***

The most wonderful metamorphosis of recent times is about to take place. The War Office in Pall Mall is to be converted into a club-house for Automobilists—the apostles of speed.

***

"The Berlin Board of Education, by making the study of English compulsory in all its higher schools, has," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, "laid one of the strongest corner-stones of the temple of universal peace." There is no doubt that all those persons who study our language end by respecting a nation of which every member can speak it more or less fluently.

***

"I go to gaol more cheerfully than I ever went to Westminster," said Mr. GINNELL. One asks oneself whether his reception by his new colleagues will also be more cheerful.

***

"Dr. HENRY COWARD," says *The Glasgow Herald*, "has been appointed conductor of the Glasgow Choral Union, in succession to Mr. JOSEPH BRADLEY, who is going to New Zealand to conduct the concerts of the Sydney Philharmonic Society." But why take all this trouble? Surely he could conduct the Sydney Society just as well from Glasgow as from New Zealand.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Times* to complain of the number of murders there have been recently, the perpetrators of which have been undiscovered. It is, we think, a nice question whether the time has not now arrived when murderers should be compelled to register themselves.

***

Sometimes there is a windfall, and one comes across a charivarium ready-made. A *Daily Chronicle* reporter was accorded an interview last week with Mr. CHARLES WOOD, the brother of Mr. ROBERT WOOD; and Mr. CHARLES WOOD, in discussing the offers received by Mr. ROBERT WOOD from theatrical managers, remarked, "I suppose that this is, in a sense, the penalty of greatness."

***

Sir MATTHEW NATHAN, the new Governor of Natal, has already, it would seem, felt the influence of environment. According to a contemporary he appeared recently at a Government House reception in brown boots and a bowler hat—a costume which approaches curiously near to that of the Zulus.

***

A well-known publishing firm recently addressed Mr. ZANGWILL in the following terms:—"Dear Sir,—We venture to send herewith a prospectus of Professor CHANDLER'S new work in the English Literature Series, as we think that you may be interested to know that reference is made to your name in these volumes." Mr. ZANGWILL felt flattered until he looked at the prospectus. The title of the work was "The Literature of Roguery."

***

Dr. EDWARD WESTERMARCK, in an address on the evils of our present marriage system, spoke approvingly of a custom prevalent among various Bechuana and Kaffir tribes whereby a youth is prohibited from marrying until he has killed a rhinoceros. As a precautionary measure the specimen in the Zoological Gardens is now being guarded night and day by detectives.

***

Let us hope that the following paragraph from *The Standard* contains a *non sequitur*:—

"BY SEASHORE AND COUNTRYSIDE.

BRIGHTON.

Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the well-known author, has been presented with an illuminated address for assisting the police in the arrest of a burglar. From his bedroom window Mr. Kernahan saw a constable struggling with a man, and promptly went to his aid. Brighton will be remarkably well off this season for pantomimes."

***

"A butterfly has just been caught in Victoria Road, Scarborough," reports *The Express*. Further details are not yet to hand, but it is believed that the prisoner was captured while trying to enter a gentleman's private residence through an open window.

***

"At the Hippodrome, last night," we read, "Mr. BRANSBY WILLIAMS presented a tabloid version of DICKENS'S "Christmas Carol." Why not re-name this production "The Christmas Caramel"?

***

A coloured gentleman writes to point out a remarkable misprint in a recent number of *The Daily Mail*, where an article was headed "A Wonderful Berry Year," instead of "A Berry Wonderful Year."

"Society," says *The Lady's Pictorial*, "is looking for a novel form of entertainment. Let hostesses issue invitations bearing the request that every lady shall bring her 'pet aversion.'" The only obstacle we see in regard to our contemporary's proposal is that so many ladies would have a difficulty in getting their husbands to come along.

***

A Bargoed tradesman and his wife are, according to *The Western Mail*, in sorrow. The wife composed a Limerick line which the husband described as "rotten," so it was not sent in. An identical sentence won a prize of £155. Still, the husband's opinion could not have been more strikingly confirmed.

***

A lady writes to a contemporary to say that in the course of her shopping she often has a farthing returned to her in her change, and that she makes a practice of leaving it on the counter for the assistant. Ourselves, we always hand it to the manager, with a request that he will see that it is equally divided between all the assistants.

***

"The '365' Series of Cookery Books provides," according to advertisement, "dainty and appetising dishes for each meal for every day in the year," but it seems to us that purchasers of these volumes will be face to face with a tragic situation on the 29th of February next.

THE APPEAL REASONABLE AND SEASONABLE.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—I am a little girl named MARION DOLBY. My father is a barrister, and my mother is very pretty, and lived at Chislehurst before her wedding. I have three brothers and two sisters. My brothers are named GUY, JACK and PATRICK. My sisters are named EVA and MARGUERITE. I am twelve, and the oldest of the lot. PATRICK is the youngest—he is five. It is because I am the eldest that I am writing to you, because the eldest always has to do things; but as a matter of fact I don't mind doing it at all, because the others write so badly, and EVA can't even spell Teusday right. It was decided in our own particular attic, which we share with a hot-water cistern, yesterday that I should write to you in the hope that during the new year 1908, when I shall be thirteen, you will try to think of some plan to prevent us getting as many of the same presents. This

Christmas it has been perfectly absurd. I will tell you the list:—

ME.

3 sets Diabolo. (I hate Diabolo now.)
2 mechanical Diabolo players, to wind up.
4 dolls. (I am not fond of dolls any more.)
3 *Peter Pan* story-books.
2 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACKHAM.
1 *Alice in Wonderland*, by ROBINSON.
1 Golliwog book. (I am too old for this.)
6 other things that don't matter.

GUY.

2 sets of Diabolo. (He hates it.)
1 clockwork train.
3 paint-boxes. (He can't paint.)
1 top. (Much too clever for him.)
1 puzzle. (He is too old for puzzles.)
Etc.

JACK.

4 sets Diabolo.
3 *Arabian Nights*.
2 LANG fairy books.
1 theatre. (He is not clever enough for this.)
1 gun. (This is very dangerous.)

PATRICK.

2 sets Diabolo. (He is too young to play.)
3 clockwork Diabolo players.
4 sets of swords and helmets.
2 clockwork trains.
1 paint-box. (A very good one, much better than mine.)
Etc., etc.

EVA.

3 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACKHAM.
2 *Alice in Wonderland*, by WOODWARD.
4 *Peter Pan* story-books.
2 work-baskets. (She never works.)
1 *Golden Treasury of Poetry*. (She hates poetry.)
5 Diabolo sets.
Etc., etc.

MARGUERITE.

2 *Peter Pan* story-books.
1 *Alice in Wonderland*, by RACKHAM.
3 *Alice in Wonderland*, by WOODWARD.
5 Diabolo sets.
2 clockwork Diabolo players.
Etc., etc.

Dear SANTA CLAUS, if you read these lists carefully you will see that they are very silly. Another thing is that we have none of us got exactly what we really hoped for. The one thing I wanted was a clay man's head to sow grass on. GUY wanted a lot of pieces of iron to put together into a crane. JACK wanted a ticket-collector's outfit. PATRICK wanted a clockwork mouse. EVA wanted a book called *The Playmate*. MARGUERITE wanted a doll's perambulator. If you read the lists carefully you will see that none of us have got anything like these.

That is why I write to you, and as I don't know your address I send the letter to *Mr. Punch*, who of course knows it.

Your sincere friend,
MARION DOLBY.



Margaret (to young brother—coaxingly). "OH, WILLIE, ARE YOU AN ANGEL?"
Willie. "NOT IF IT'S ANYTHING UPSTAIRS."

"FENCING IN THE DRUCE VAULT."
Pink poster.

This sounds like the little affair of honour between *Romeo* and *Paris* in the Capulet vault.

More Fiscal Arithmetic.

"In 1890 the excess of foreign manufactures imported to this country over British exports to those markets was £68,600,000, while last year the excess was just over £61,700,000—a decrease in our net exports to foreign countries of £6,900,000."—*The Morning Post.*

Pausing a moment to congratulate the writer on the accurate way in which he has discovered the difference between the two sets of figures, and admitting as we pass that figures are only illustrations, and that good round numbers are of more importance than those "d—d little dots" (as a Tory Chancellor once called decimal points), we still feel it our duty to put the following question to *The Morning Post*:—"If father was four feet taller than TOMMY in 1890, and last year was only one foot taller, is it absolutely certain that TOMMY has *decreased* three feet in those seventeen years?"



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

Jarge (who has fallen a victim to his curiosity to know if the ice would bear). "'ELP! 'ELP! PULL ME OUT! I CAN'T SWIM, I TELL 'EE!"
Farmer (rising to the emergency). "OH, JARGE, I CAN'T A-BEAR TO SEE THEE DROWN!"

[*Thus stimulated, Jarge contrives to escape a watery grave.*

ERGOPHOBIA.

[It is reported that there are fifty inmates of Wandsworth Workhouse who are so comfortable there that they refuse to go out to look for work.]

FIFTY work-sick paupers we,
Work-sick with a right good will;
Fifty years hence we shall be
Fifty work-sick paupers still.

Thrice and four times blest the mortals
Who reside within these portals,
For the quarters they are cosy
And the living it is high;
Here in luxury we batten
While we watch each other fatten
On a diet adiposy—
How we make the victuals fly!

In the morning we awaken
To the hiss of eggs and bacon,
While a whiff of fragrant kippers
Scents the early morning blast.
Oh, distinctly appetising
Are the odours that are rising
As in dressing-gown and slippers
We descend to break our fast.

There are some who tell you fables
Of the Trocadero's tables
Close to Piccadilly Circus,
Of the Carlton or the Ritz;
With a smile I hear the stories
Of their culinary glories,
For the *menu* at the work'us
Knocks the others into fits.

Why, oh why then should a chappie
Leave a home where he is happy
In the undisturbed possession
Of a life so passing fair?
In the *dolce far niente*
Of this house of peace and plenty
Let him ply the sweet profession
Of the pauper-millionaire.

Fifty work-sick paupers we,
Work-sick with a right good will;
Fifty years hence we shall be
Fifty work-sick paupers still.

The Motor-Bus Lullaby.

Rock-a-by, baby, in the house-top,
When the bus comes the cradle will rock,
When the bus passes the house-top will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle and all.

The Journalistic Touch.

"The cold north-east wind blowing on the diving board from the four corners of the earth in no way upset the competitors."—*Daily Mail.*



LEAP-YEAR;

OR, THE IRREPRESSIBLE SKI.



First Golfer. "I SAY, OLD MAN, THAT'S ROTTEN GOLF." *Second Golfer.* "YES; BUT IT'S THUNDERING FINE CROQUET. WHAT?"

OUR DECLINING DRAMA—AND HOW TO RESTORE IT.

(A Paper which will not be read before the Stage Society.)

THERE is no doubt about the decline. We hear complaints from all quarters of a disastrous Theatrical season. Serious, well-constructed, and thoughtfully written plays, after delusively enthusiastic first-nights and sympathetic encouragement from the Press, expire in a fortnight or three weeks, amidst tepid applause from houses principally composed of "paper." And Dramatists and Managers can't imagine what it is the Public *do* want. It may be presumptuous, but I am going to attempt to enlighten them. I may even succeed in showing them how such calamities may be avoided in the future. It seems to me that Managers do not sufficiently realise the change that has taken place of recent years in the habits and tastes of the community. Some of them do, no doubt, but the majority do not. Take the hour at which they begin their performances, for instance. Some plays begin as early as nine, or even at eight-thirty, and the audience are actually requested to be in their seats before the curtain rises on the first Act!

That means dining at half-past seven, and hurrying over dinner at that. Now really, it is all very well for actors and actresses to dine at unholy and unfashionable hours—it is a penalty attaching to their profession—but they can hardly expect any really smart audience to make a similar sacrifice to art—or, if they do, the result is apt to be disappointing.

Now I have a suggestion which would, I venture to say, dispose of the whole difficulty in the simplest fashion. This is *my* solution. Provide every West End theatre that does not possess one already with a first-class restaurant, and (this is where the novelty comes in) enable theatre parties to dine luxuriously and at leisure in the auditorium itself, and *during the performance*. I don't claim absolute novelty for this idea. On the Continent the floor and balcony of Variety Theatres are often provided, as everybody is aware, with little tables, at which the audience sit and enjoy beer and sausages. Beer and sausages of course would scarcely attract the Stalls and Dress Circle over here. A London Manager would have to do his Public better than that, but, provided that he engages a *chef* with a Parisian reputation, and that his charges are unconscionable enough to be *chic*, he need not be in the least apprehensive as to the reception of his play. That will be sure of a run, whatever its intrinsic merits. Indeed, the less it distracted the attention of the diners, the better would be its prospects of remaining in the bill. For the fact is, Dramatists as a class have been getting too much ahead of their audiences of late. They have grown, if they will pardon my saying so, too artistic and intellectual for the General Public. Which is why the General Public goes to music-halls instead. Let me explain. Would a modern Dramatist open his play nowadays with a dialogue between two domestics explaining the general situation? He would rather die than be guilty of such a solecism. The critics would be down on him at once. The consequence is that the unfortunate audience has to make everything out for themselves, and only the Pit and Gallery, who have dined early and done digesting, are in a favourable position for doing so; and even they require the support

of continuous chocolates. Soliloquies and asides, too: when a character indulged in them, you knew at once what he or she was driving at, you had a key to the motive. But soliloquies and asides are alike forbidden now, so you have to guess the kind of people the characters really are, which is frequently almost impossible.

Admitting that this mental strain is desirable in an entertainment at all, it would at least be alleviated by the simultaneous enjoyment of a really *recherché* little dinner, followed, naturally, by a cigar or cigarette. The more enlightened Managers are already willing to permit smoking during a performance, if the audience so desire; but this is a half-measure which I fear will not attract the class of patrons most worth winning.

Only allow your *gourmet* to finish his cigar on the spot where he has originally dined—which (according to my proposal) will be the space now occupied by the stalls—and he may regain a taste for the Drama. I do not promise that he will applaud, unless the curtain can be timed to descend between the courses, but he will certainly come again if the *menu* and the wines prove up to the mark.

And there is another advantage about this suggestion of mine. It will deprive the Dramatist of one of his greatest grievances. At present, as he frequently laments, he is compelled to unravel a complicated plot in the brief space of two hours or two and a half at most. Under my proposed arrangement he could begin, say, at 8.15, and go on till a quarter past twelve, without inconveniencing anybody, since the majority of the audience would probably remain to sup in the theatre, instead of adjourning to a restaurant, as at present. I should not advise him to drop his final curtain *later* than 12.15 (or 11.45 on Saturdays), because, of course, the lights would have to be lowered a quarter of an hour before closing time, while the bills were being presented and paid. But a good many social problems could be thrashed out on the stage in less than four hours without boring any audience—I mean, if my system were adopted.

Well, if Managers can't see their way to adopting that, I have another as good, perhaps even better: Everybody must have observed one increasing tendency of the age we live in—its strong desire to turn even its pleasures to some pecuniary advantage. The present Public is an educated Public; it loves to employ its intellect in arithmetical calculations, in literary competitions. But its thirst for mental improvement does require stimulating by, at all events, the possibility of a prize in hard cash. It delights in a sensational romance, but it reads one with far greater avidity if the publisher will but offer a reward to the first purchaser who can divine its secret. And no prudent person would launch a new literary journal—be the staff the most brilliant and popular journalists procurable, and the contents precisely what the public is craving for—without offering the hope of a permanent income for life as some inducement to become a subscriber. We see a similar method employed even in developing the popular taste for such necessaries as tea and cigarettes.

Very well, then. Apply these methods to the Drama, and you will soon see the nation once more becoming alive to its importance. Let some enterprising West End Manager advertise a series of rewards on an ascending scale, something on these lines:—A prize of one guinea, or, better still, a souvenir—to the playgoer who sends in the best summary of the plot of the current piece; another of £50 to the one who guesses most correctly the amount of the gross receipts at the end of each week; £3 a week during the run of the piece to the writer of the best reply to the question why he or she likes the performance; and £5 a week for life, with admission to the Royal box on every alternate Monday, to the author of the Worst last line to a Limerick composed by the fireman of the theatre.

Only try this, and if it does not bring about the Renascence of the British Drama, I am very much afraid that nothing will.

This is my advice. You may call it too idealistic, unpractical, wanting in knowledge of human nature—anything you like. I offer it for what it is worth. I make *no* charge for it. F. A.

OUR TURN.

SISTERS, arise! Now dawns the magic year
Designed for our relief by ancient fables;
Man's autocratic rule is out of gear,
The season of *our* mastery is here;
In short, the hour is ripe, the road is clear,
To turn the tables.

To arms! For twelve long months (my dears, it 's grand!)
We need not chafe and scheme and fret to please him,
'Tis *his* to come to heel at *our* command.
Let there be no mistake, but understand
We have him in the hollow of our hand
With power to squeeze him.

Up, then, and enter smartly on the fray,
Don't bide your time too long or be too clever;
The sun that lights nineteen-nought-eight won't stay
Eternally, so, sisters, make your hay;
Harvest your humbled husbands while you may;
It 's now or never.

The Land of the Free.

Many people have imagined of late that there is no crime which cannot be committed in America with impunity; but this is by no means the case. According to *The New York Times*, CHARLES SMITH, who "laughed at a Newark (N.J.) policeman in a derisive manner on Thursday night," has just been fined 20 dollars. In giving judgment, "the Court said that mocking a policeman meant mockery of the established social system. Such action was immoral. . . . SMITH said that he didn't mean to be immoral." My *dear* SMITH!

According to *The Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* the attack at Grimsby on a Rabbi (or, as another contemporary has it, a Rabbit—the details still lack confirmation) had an unexpected sequel:—

"The rev. gentleman was conveyed home, where he is now under medical treatment. Result: Motherwell, two goals; Third Lanark, one goal."

The policy of the Irish Members in urging that Gaelic should be the recognised language of their country is a remarkably short-sighted one. In *T. P.'s Weekly* we read:

"Lord K.'s inventions, notably that of his invaluable mariner's compass, were almost innumerable."

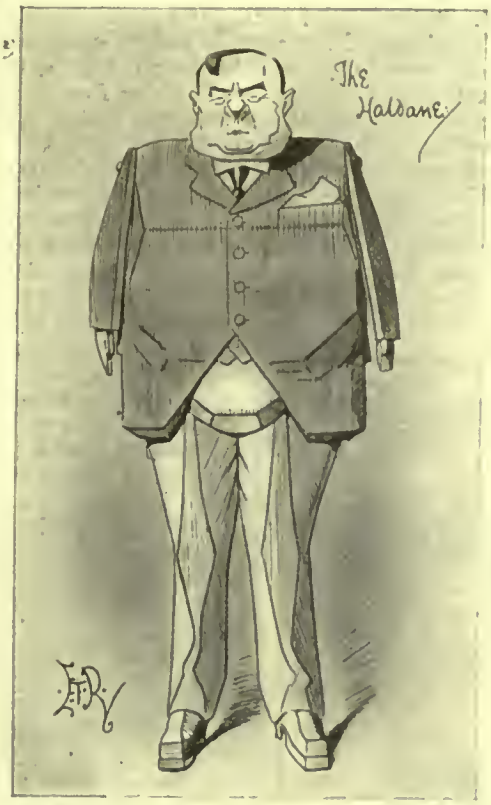
You could never have put it just like that in Gaelic.

"No; there is the spectre at the board, that eternal Dull Care that rides behind the horsemen—to remember our Virgil—the 'Memento more' of the Egyptian feast."—*Dublin Evening Herald.*

The writer's memory seems so uncertain that it would perhaps be a pity for him to "remember more,"

MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. IV.—ANOTHER MEDLEY OF CELEBRITIES.





"THE CALL OF THE LUNGS."

JACK MANCHESTER (NEW YORK).

(A Study in Criticism after Some American Publishers.)

WE have little hesitation in saying that this is a book to be read. Even more than this world-famous story-teller's other latest work, trenchant as that is with humour and understanding, *The Call of the Lungs* will be the most talked of book of the season. *John Sprod* is a man—a strong, tender, hot-veined man. He is shooting Indians in Idaho when he meets *Lady Gwendolen Cholmondeley-Colquhoun*, who, wholesome and sweet and human woman that she is, weary of the inanities of effete society, longs for a vital feeling of the big forces that are animating the boundless West. She has disguised herself as an old Indian war-chief, and single-handed has held at bay through the interminable Arctic - like winter seven regiments of United States troops. When spring breaks she has once more the old tired feeling of her race. Seated among her piles of scalps she has just finished her fifth Manhattan cocktail one evening when she hears a voice calling to her from across the boundless prairie hundreds of miles away. It is strong and tender and vital. It is *John's* voice, and it calls "Gwen." It is a clash of races, and her deep, vivid, passionate nature responds. In a moment he looms beside her, a real living thing, his big, soft, pulsing arms about her, in all the thrill of rich, tender fiction. The book is big; it burns hot with harsh but hopeful truth. The title is not new, suggesting as it does *The Call of the Wild*, *The Call of the Blood*, etc.; but we do not hesitate to assert that *The Call of the Lungs* will make, if possible, an even bigger splurge than these.



"The Essex and Suffolk had a merry burst of twenty-five miles."
East Anglian Times.

There 's no stopping them in Essex or Suffolk.

THE HOLIDAY STAGE.

I AM sure that Mr. WALKLEY must before now, in one of his parenthetic discourses on the Greek drama, have instructed us about that sense of "a bursting subjectivity" (SCHLEGEL'S phrase, I fancy) which an ancient audience derived from the illusion of being in the secrets of the high gods. And something of the same feeling helps, if less consciously, to expand the chests of a first-night audience at a Drury Lane Pantomime. As we watched, through the gloom of a primeval chaos, the shifting of natural scenes, the movement (up and down or sideways) of forests, the reorganisation of landscapes, the adjustment of the orbs of night or day, we seemed to be assisting at the very sources of cosmic evolution.

"We caught for a moment the powers at play."

This flattering thought remains among the deepest impressions stamped upon my mind after witnessing the first performance of *The Babes in the Wood*. Let me say at once that the Hellenic note was not sustained. I missed the political allusiveness of the Aristophanic *parabasis*. The topical element that was once the pride of our Pantomimes seems to have yielded to purely spectacular claims, thus reflecting the modern phase which gives Matter the preference over Mind. On the other hand, I enjoyed two pleasant disappointments. (1) I found that the legend of *The Babes in the Wood*, though the theme of *Robin Hood* got thrown in gratuitously, was sustained with an unwonted consecution of argument. At almost any point it was possible to recognise easily that the subject was neither *Cinderella* nor *Robinson Crusoe*. (2) I gathered from my programme that the Management's threat to dispense with the Harlequinade (as plaintively recorded in a cartoon of *Mr. Punch's* last issue) was a false rumour. I was thus able to rejoice in spirit (for my body had retired at a reasonable hour) with the half-dozen precocious children that figured in a packed house. (P.S. I hear that the Harlequinade was cut out after all.)

That was a pretty scene in Lollipopland where the ballet simulated a fascinating variety of toothsome sweets. Of these the *marrons glacés* served as a very happy comment upon the humour of the pantomime, for seldom have I had the satisfaction of recognising so many frosted chestnuts among the *jeux d'esprit*. In the scene of Indigestion that followed (as the night succeeds the day) one wondered how the names of the makers of patent medicines came to be omitted from their bottles. Certain descriptions of soup, soap, cakes, and even a weekly journal (read by a robber) had in previous scenes been advertised with a most refreshing frankness.

Mr. WALTER PASSMORE, as the Male Babe, was pleasantly diverting,



Johnnie. "HOW PROVOKING! NOW MY TROUSERS ARE CREASED THE WRONG WAY!"

but the best lines were given to the *Baroness*, Mr. NEIL KENYON, who delivered them in braid Scots, *très sec*. I can quite understand that the eternal fitness of things demanded that she should be a man; also why the *rôle* of the Babes' *Governess* should be assigned to Mr. HARRY FRAGSON (for how else was he to work his French songs in?); but I don't so clearly see why, in the *Robin Hood* section, that swashbuckler villain *Lord Hugo* (not the CECIL) should be played by a lady with a thin pipe of a voice. But I do not expect to understand everything at a pantomime. Among the things I really did grasp with intelligence was a rough-and-tumble fight between *The Robbers*, Messrs. DREW and ALDERS, a delightful burlesque of the stage duel.

I do not feel that I can do full justice to the performance, as I was only present for about three hours. But I shall pay several further visits of the same duration, and thus hope eventually to cover the whole ground.

Since I saw *Peter Pan* two years ago there are not many improvements to record, but then how could there be? Miss SYBIL CARLISLE is a great advance upon the previous *Mrs. Darling*. Perhaps the most graceful figure upon the legitimate stage of to-day, she here communicates a touch of pathos which, if not perfectly maternal, is the next best thing. Miss PAULINE CHASE may perhaps want something of the subtlety of others who have played the title-*rôle*, but she has the quality of perpetual boyhood; in this she shows a consistency which Mr. BARRIE himself might envy. I missed in the new interpreter of *Hook* that air of fallen nobility which Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER imparted to this deplorable character. Mr. MATTHEWS, as *Darling père*, seemed a little sorry for himself in the kennel scene; and I am not surprised. It is the play's weak spot, defiantly preserved. For the rest, the adorable *Wendy* persists, like *Peter* himself, in refusing to grow older by a single hour. O. S.

WHEN TO SHOOT A BURGLAR.

[In view of recent correspondence in a contemporary regarding the right rules of etiquette for the reception of burglars, *Mr. Punch* offers the following advice for the guidance of his readers.]

SHOOT THE BURGLAR INSTANTLY

1. If he betrays any desire to discuss the fiscal problem.

2. If he is jumping on your chest with hob-nailed boots.

3. If he is leaving the house with all your nether garments under his arm.

4. If he talks like any of the burglars in magazine stories.

REFRAIN FROM SHOOTING

1. If he is moving towards your rich uncle's bed-room. (In this case the prerogative of taking first shot belongs to your uncle. Better that the burglar's feelings should be hurt by apparent neglect than that your rich

uncle should be offended by your interference.)

2. If your bulldog has the burglar by the throat. You might disturb the noble animal.

3. If your teething infant has just gone to sleep. The burglar might be a father himself, and would respect your motive.

4. If you are on the verge of bankruptcy. A timely burglary accounts so neatly for the disappearance of portable property.

5. If you couldn't hit a hay-stack at ten yards. The burglar probably could.

6. If your wife is a Suffragette. Leave him to her—unless you apprehend the wrath of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Burglars. (But see next section.)

ASK THE BURGLAR TO SHOOT FIRST

1. If your wife is a Suffragette.

2. If you are heavily insured against accident. Point out to the burglar that a bullet through the calf would give you a six months' trip down the Mediterranean.

IN DOUBTFUL CASES

1. Do not shoot till you have warned the burglar.

2. Do not tell him that he is running a risk of the gallows.

3. Remind him that, if he kills you, Mr. HALL CAINE and Mr. BART KENNEDY will almost certainly publish psychological studies of his demeanour in the dock. He will probably burst into tears at the thought, and go home a sadder and a better burglar.

On this same theme a correspondent communicates the following useful hints:—

It is not necessary to wait for a formal introduction before entering into conversation with a burglar, but it should be remembered that he is by nature something of a recluse, and may possibly resent any interest, however intelligent, which may be taken in his work.

A little thought will readily suggest suitable conversational openings. For instance, noticing that he has his jemmy with him, you may inquire, "And how is little JAMES?"

In case of a dispute it is not usual to offer the burglar the choice of pistols or swords. If he has his own weapon with him he will probably prefer to use that.

As to the exact moment for pulling the trigger, a polished burglar will always utter the word "Fire" in an audible voice when he is ready.

Some authorities hold that a burglar may be shot at sight. This is risky, as he may possibly be a guest from a neighbouring house party.

To obviate errors in this direction it is becoming the fashion for all properly qualified burglars to wear when on active service all their tickets-of-leave and other orders and diplomas.

In big burglar shoots dogs are frequently used, but it is considered ostentatious to employ loaders.



Fourteen-stone Scot. "COME AWA NOO! HURRY UP, YE WEE RAT, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE THANKSGIVIN' SERVICE!"

AUTRES PAYS AUTRES NOELS.

SCENE.—Café Anglais, Paris.

TIME.—Christmas Day, 8 p.m.

Dramatis Personæ.—Various English People.

He. Well, what have you been doing?

She. We have been to the Renaissance.

He. Ah, yes, the *Enigme Intime*. What did you think of it?

She. Very disgusting.

He. Oh, yes, of course, disgusting; but what did you think of it?

She. There 's no doubt about its being strong. The most powerful thing I ever saw, I think.

Another She. I never saw anything quite so cynical. Of course one doesn't want even a woman to do such things, but when it 's a man——

He. Oh, yes, of course.

She. That 's what I thought. For a man to be like that. Perfectly disgusting.

He. Are you going again?

She. Oh, I don't know. Very likely. VENER is so fine.

Another She. What did you do last night? *Le réveillon?*

He. Yes, and I *réveillé* till all hours. It was a quarter to seven when I got into bed. I felt as tired as—as an English postman.

She. Ah, an English postman. I had almost forgotten them. What a time they must have been having this morning!

He. Well, we are well out of it all.

Omnes. Yes, indeed.

Another She. Where are you going to-night?

He. Oh, to the Moulin Rouge. One must be gay at Christmas.

All. Yes, gay at Christmas!

Glimpses of Great Lives.

More light on A BECKET from the schoolroom:—

"Thomas Becket used to wash the feet of leopards and misticants, and stutted himself of food."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. TUCKWELL'S *Reminiscenees of Oxford* (SMITH, ELDER) carry him back to the Thirties, a distance which leaves few living contemporaries. The fact almost requires sworn testimony for its acceptance. On the verge of fourscore, when the life of ordinary man is but labour and sorrow, Mr. TUCKWELL preserves and displays almost boyish high spirits. It is the salt of humour, best of antiseptics, as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once said, that has preserved the springs of youth. He has keen scent for a humorous story, which happily suffers nothing in his hands. His good things illuminate every page, and are told with that brevity which is essential to success. As adventures are to the adventurous, so quaint incidents and odd personages come in the way of a man of humour. Gifted with a marvellous memory, Mr. TUCKWELL recalls the *bons mots* of Dons, the escapades of undergraduates, in an Oxford to-day as extinct as the Heptarchy. Incidentally, unpretentiously, he adds to literature some valuable portrait-sketches. PUSEY, with whom he often walked and talked; NEWMAN, for whom he had less personal affection; THOMSON, later Archbishop of York; gruff-mannered TEMPLE, whose highest ambition was a college living or the head-mastership of a public school; MARK PATTISON, with his life of "abrupt precipitations and untoward straits," and JOWETT, the "little white-faced lad with shrill voice and cherub face," who won a Balliol Scholarship—all live again in these pages, sketched by a master hand, which, though sympathetic, is uncompromising. Of PUSEY and NEWMAN there are reproduced rare pen-and-ink drawings, a portrait of PUSEY in the Thirties, and NEWMAN in 1841. Of HAYMAN, for a brief time head-master of Rugby, Mr. TUCKWELL writes: "He was a pleasant fellow and a good scholar, though what the waiter in *The Newcomes* would call a 'harbitrary gent.'" It is with diffidence I venture to suggest that for once Mr. TUCKWELL stumbles in his reminiscences. Wasn't it FORSTER whose character a cabman, hustled in the matter of his fare, summed up in the familiar phrase, to the great delight of CHARLES DICKENS?



A riverside villa during the recent floods.

Householder. "WELL, WHAT IS IT, MARY?"

Mary. "PLEASE, SIR, THERE'S A MAN JUST COME IN A PUNT. SAYS HE'S CALLED FOR THE WATER-RATE."

The Letters of Edward Lear (FISHER UNWIN) would have been twice as good if the book had been half as long. Lady STRACHEY, with loyal, well-deserved, but in effect disastrous adulation of the author of *The Book of Nonsense*, finding a pile of letters addressed by him to his friends CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, and Lady WALDEGRAVE, has tumbled them all out into a stout volume. The relations between LEAR and the member of the House of Commons whom some of us remember as Chief Secretary for Ireland were intimate and affectionate. LEAR, when he had a moment to spare, took up his pen and babbled. With judicious selection the book, not at its best ranking high amongst published correspondence of eminent men, would have been readable. There is, for example, a delightful account of the company LEAR happened upon at a riverside inn on the Thames. For the most part the correspondence runs on the following lines, quoted from a letter written from what the writer—such a wag!—spells "Hupper Seemore Street, Portman □". "O mi! how giddy I is. Perhaps it is along of the cliff of Ain Giddi; perhaps of the glass of sherry and water close by—only I ain't drank it yet." When LEAR is not thus determinately funny he is very good. Writing about an idiotic sermon he happened to hear in a country church he asks a question which has often occurred to less gifted persons: "Why are men allowed to talk such nonsense unsnubbed in a wooden desk, who would be scouted in an ordinary room?" LEAR is happily unconscious of his share in creating the current craze for the balderdash known as Limericks. It would be a meet punishment for him to know that whilst he received only £125 for his first *Book of Nonsense* £300 or more is paid to the prize-winner in the weekly contests of enterprising newspapers.

With E. GRANT RICHARDS as accessory before and after the fact, Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS has committed, or at least has published, *The Unpardonable Sin*. From the safe harbourage where the critics ride peacefully at anchor he has sailed out into the troubled seas of fiction, fearless of its rocks and shoals. It is a brave act, even for a DOUGLAS, but I question its wisdom. At first all is plain sailing. The opening scenes of his novel—the boyhood of his Irish-Methodist hero and the religious riots which dispute with ship-building the honour of being the chief industry of Belfast—are admirably conceived. But after that he is blown out of his course by the treacherous wind of Imagination. To the black-coated preacher enter a Scarlet Woman, the most beautiful and wealthiest lady in the world, who has met more monarchs than even Mr. LE QUEUX. On the Thames Embankment, somewhere about where the Savoy and the Cecil and the Savage now stand, she out-Vaticans the Vatican with a building which includes a cathedral bigger than St. Peter's, besides an opera-house, a theatre, art galleries, concert-rooms, terraced gardens, and goodness knows what else, and instals her little Methodist lover, who has meanwhile married another, as its Pope. And the rest is love and jealousy and extravagant absurdity. I am afraid Mr. DOUGLAS must try again—unless, like a good cobbler, he elects to stick to his last.

TITLE FOR A JUDGE IN A MOTOR-CAR RACE.—Petrolius Arbiter.

NEW YEAR SECOND THOUGHTS.

SECOND thoughts are best.

I had grave doubts about most of those good resolutions last week, and now I know I was hasty and impetuous.

Nothing done in a hurry is ever any good.

I will not be in a hurry again this year.

As to "scrupulous honesty in word and deed," I wonder. That was rather a rash undertaking. After all, as JOHN MORLEY and several other persons have said, compromise is a necessity of life—particularly civilised life. And as CHARLES LAMB, and perhaps others, have said, the truth is not for all: many men do not know what to do with it when you hand it to them, so I will let that clause go. I make no promises, but I will try to maintain a decent level of verity.

Early rising again. One can overdo that kind of thing very easily. Who am I to get up so long before other people? Before the world is warmed? Why be so arrogant? The early riser is always a conscious saint: he grins through his halo as though it were a horse-collar. Of all the minor offences of human nature self-satisfied rectitude is the most irritating. I will get up early when I want to, and undertake to do no more. It is enough. My belief is it is too much.

Then there is smoking. Why on earth I made that solemn vow to reduce my smoking I cannot now conceive. What is there about smoking to be so virtuous over? A harmless soothing habit. I consider that tobacco has averted thousands of domestic difficulties that might otherwise have proved very trying. And it is not as if I have ever smoked too much, except very occasionally. Let us forget what I said about smoking.



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."
SHAKSPEARE.

And drinking too. Why was I suddenly so excited about a little harmless claret? Moderation hurts no one, and I have never been anything but moderate, and yet there I am, an ordinary sane man, so carried away by an excess of pious promises on the first day of the year that I suggest drinking wine in future only at dinner.

Why should my poor body be humiliated like that at home? Ridiculous. But the whole business of the first day of the year and its good resolutions is ridiculous.

Why the first day of the year?

Yes, indeed, why?

It is a purely arbitrary selection of day. It is quite on the cards that Midsummer Day is the real first of the year, counting backwards. Who decided that January 1 should be that day I have no notion.

And why January?

Why not any other month?

As a matter of fact every man's new year begins differently — on his birthday—and that is the real time to make good resolutions.

My birthday is December 20. I have been premature. I should have waited till then.

I will wait till then.

A number of well-known people have contributed to a contemporary their "Hopes for 1908." If Mr. ALFRED NOYES had been among that number we have no doubt that his hope would have been "To meet the Editor of the *Irish Times*." For this is how that paper quotes one of his most touching poems:

"'And far away in lonely homes the
lamp of hope is burning,
All night the white-faced women
wait with aching eyes of prayer,
All night the little children dream
of father's glad returning;
All night he lies beneath the stairs
and—dreams no more out there.'

Only a real artist can get such an effect of quietly hopeless tragedy."

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT COLD.

TIME was, SEPTIMIUS, back some decades three,
While yet I had the makings of a hero,
When I would crow for very mirth to see
The glass descend below the line of zero;
When, to the blast impervious, I would go
Steel-shod across the ringing plains of ice,
Fretting their polish (purposely or no)
With many a quaint device.

'Tis otherwise to-day; this bitter snap
Threatens to petrify my skating muscles,
To parch my humours, corrugate my sap,
And cause a poverty of red corpuscles;
Torpid with cold, my veins no longer hum
Ecstatically with the coursing blood,
And, if I fell, I know that I should come
A most infernal thud.

Bucolic sportsmen, such as have a hide
Of the consistency of rhino leather,
Or he that wears a nose already dyed
May wallow in this "seasonable" weather;
Young people may allege it makes them fit,
And cheery elders say, "It might be worse;"
I 'm neither young, nor cheery, so I sit
Inside my grate and curse.

Mind you, I 'm not a grumbler; I respect
(Broadly) the rules of Nature and of Reason;
I hope I should, on principle, reject
A dish of strawberries gathered out of season;
And, if I overheard the cuckoo's sign
Uttered, in error, on a winter's day,
I should pretend I hadn't, and decline
To give the bird away.

I am not exigent, nor claim to bask
Just now in punts at Maidenhead or Marlow;
But is there not some happy mean? I ask;
Must I be forced to fly to Monte Carlo?
Must I, against my will, be driven to roam
In that lone alien clime, who might have done
My honest toil contentedly at home
At 40° in the sun?

O. S.

LETTERS OF MARK.

THE Post Office High Court sat yesterday to try criminal cases. The judges took their seats on the mail-bags at 8.0 a.m. Great interest was shown in the trial of ALF. GUMLICHER, 19, post-office clerk, of Little Pipley-on-the-Pond (three words) under Floodwater. GUMLICHER was accused of having postmarked a letter in such a manner that not only the name but the date was illegible. The prisoner, having complained of cold, was accommodated with a newspaper wrapper, but was cautioned to leave the ends open. He pleaded "not exceeding," and conducted his own defence.

The first witness for the prosecution was the postmistress of LPP (under FWR). She had often had to caution the accused about the dangerous clearness of his date-stamps, and always felt sure in her heart of hearts that he would come to a bad end. (The witness was here reminded that her communication must be confined to formal matter only; anything in the nature of a letter would necessitate, etc., etc.) The witness, continuing, said that when she first caught sight of the incriminating envelope, with its ghastly post-mark shouting the accusing message, she nearly swallowed a parcels label. She never saw such a horrid sight in her life. Every letter and figure could be read with the naked eye. When she confronted the prisoner with it he blushed like a pillar-box.

The accused in his defence said that at the time of the alleged crime he was of unsound mind, having been engaged in deciphering an inland telegram written by a lady with the office pen and blotted on the office pad.

After a space (provided for that purpose) the Lord High Judge of Registration-Fees, wearing the Blue Cross of St. Martin's, charged with two D's copper, arose and informed the Court that the jury, having carefully balanced the evidence and found it overweight, had made out a bill against the prisoner. That miserable malefactor was thereupon, whereas, and hereinafter sentenced to become one of the public, and to read three country postmarks a day.

The prisoner was carried out insensible.

THE PRINTER'S ANGEL;

OR, THE PERFECT TYPE.

SWEET ERMYNTRUDE JONES has two beautiful eyes,
Their colour is azure, the same as the skies.

Her eyes: 

Pure Grecian her nose is, and moulded with grace;
And *never* was nose more in keeping with face.

Her nose: 

Her lips are *so* soft, and as rich as red tulips;
And the breath they emit has the scent of mint-juleps.

Her lips: 

Her teeth are as pearls and I take them to be
Just as good as the best that come out of the sea.

Her teeth: 

Like the bright burnished gold of Aurora her hair is;
And twiddles in curls like a fay's or a fairy's.

Her hair: 

Then her wee shelly ears—ah! how graceful each turning—
But hush! or I set these appendages burning.

Her ears: 

Oh could I the wealth of the Indies command,
I 'd forfeit it all for sweet ERMYNTRUDE'S hand!

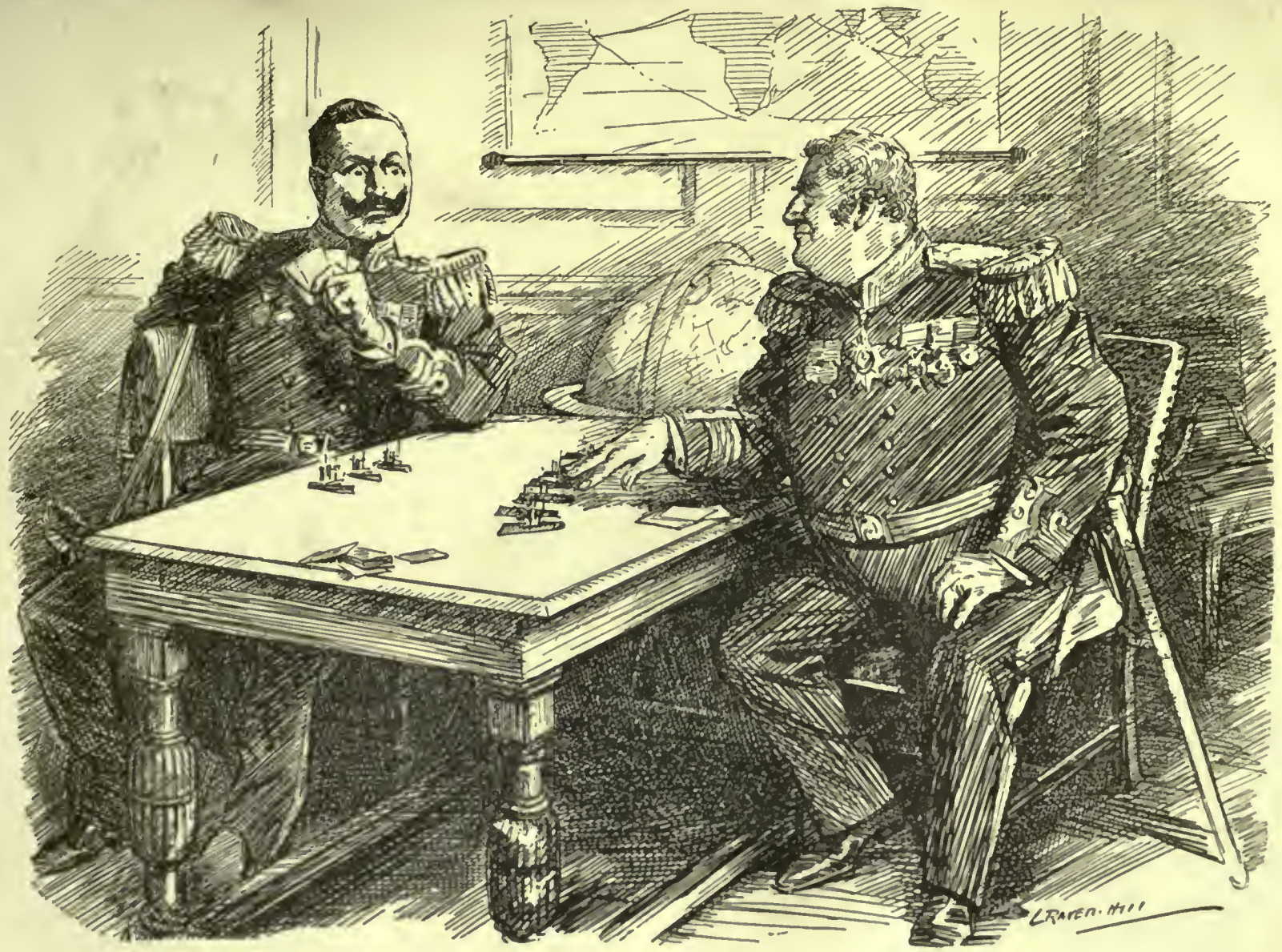
Her hand: 

And, were I sole monarch from Croydon to Crete,
I 'd lay down my sceptre at ERMYNTRUDE'S feet.

Her feet: 

"'HOW TO READ THE MENU.'—This little book will prove of much use to the majority of people who are in the habit of dining in style. It has been compiled for the purpose of assisting the diner to easily acquire the method of translating the French menu in a few hours."
The Broad Arrow.

But anybody can translate the menu in a few hours. What we can never do is to decide on the spur of the moment, and under the eye of the waiter, between *crème d'orge* and *cure-dents*.



POKER AND TONGS;

OR, HOW WE'VE GOT TO PLAY THE GAME.

KAISER. "I GO THREE *DREADNOUGHTS*."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO ILL-FEELING, I RAISE YOU THREE."

DEFERRED EXECUTION.

POOR old picture! There, staring us in the face, is just the very piece of bare wall that would have fitted it; and yet it will never, never know what it really is to be hung, much less to be hanged.

It is, by the way, partly the picture's own fault. There is clearly no sense in wanting to be hanged, much less in wanting to be hung. Hanging is the very last thing that one reserves for one's worst enemy. I daresay that even I have on occasion desired someone to be hanged, but, speaking to memory, I have never actually hanged anybody. The most harsh thing to say to a person who has incurred your wrath is, "You be hanged," unless you are that sort of brute who would say, "You be. . ." But, no—that is unthinkable. I am sorry I ever suggested it. If I thought you would talk like that, I could never write another article for you to read. Promise me you never will. If you did and I heard you, I should go straight and tell the Editor. (I once began a poem:—

> The nicest-mannered men I know,
> Although it is myself that's said it,
> Are those terrumpty-umpty-o
> Whose lot in life it is to edit.

I should not trouble to complete the third line, if I were you. If you did, you could not hope to win a prize, and we should only stick to your sixpence.) And so we come round again to the subject of the picture.

I came into possession of the Flat on January 3rd, 1907, arriving at 8 p.m. with a kettle and a dozen pictures. By 9.45 p.m. I had hung—hanged—hung eleven of the pictures, and written home:—"Arrived safely. Kettle tired, but otherwise complete. Practically finished hanging pictures. Love. JACK." Then I determined to smoke a well-earned pipe before completing the job. But you know how one pipe leads to another, and another leads to bed.

On January 4th, at 8.25 p.m., I was on the point of hanging the twelfth picture when something told me not to. Think how welcome, when things began to pall, the sight of a fresh picture would be! "All right, something old man," I conceded, "though I am determined to hang it to-morrow, I will let us off to-night."

On January 7th, at 8.43 p.m., I broached the question again, but came to the conclusion that it was foolish to expect one to write to one's best girl *and* hang one's pictures on the same evening.



PLEASURES OF THE SYNDICATE SHOOT.

Manager (to latest member). "YOU'RE NUMBER SIX, I THINK? WILL YOU GO AND STAND BY THE OAK-TREE AT THE CORNER?"

Latest Member (with dignity). "I'M BLOWED IF I WILL! I PAID SAME AS YOU, 'AVEN'T I, AND I'LL BLOOMIN' WELL STAND WHERE I LIKE!"

On January 10th, at 8.50 p.m., I could not help thinking that, dash it all, I had the place on a three-years' lease, and surely a man could hang one picture in two years and three hundred and fifty-five days! And how about the extra day in 1908?

On January 16th, at 8.55 p.m., I got ready to hang the picture, but wanted the rest of the picture-cord to tie up a parcel.

On January 24th, at 9.1 p.m., I made up my mind to hang the picture.

On February 5th, at 9.15 p.m., I thought it would be a good thing to do a little picture-hanging.

On February 28, at 9.37 p.m., I thought "How about that old picture?"

On March 31st, at 9.57 p.m., I said to myself, "Look here. We really must—but, by Jove, it's nearly ten o'clock!"

On May 17th, at 10 p.m., I said, "Old fellow, we are going to bed now; but let us hang that picture to-morrow, shall we?"

On June 4th, the glorious Fourth, at 11.33 (ah! but that was *A*.m.), I bought some more picture-cord. Mind you, I do not generally put on side, but there are times . . .

Somewhere among the less familiar a.m.'s of August 1st I went off for my holiday. Restless energy is perhaps the most glaring of my many

merits, and I will not deny that I put myself to some trouble and expense to notice how pictures ought to be ha—, hu—, hanged. (There is this to be said for that other unmentionable word, that if one did want to use it, one would not have to worry about grammar. One would simply say "Be . . . ," and there one would be. There would be no need even to consider the possibility of "Be dumn." But then, of course, one never *would* use it.)

On September 1st (m.) I returned, but wasn't going to let myself spoil a good holiday by hanging pictures on the last evening of it.

On November 5th (there is something inspiring about that day) I saw that the picture must now be suspended, but I could not find the cord.

It is now nearly midnight on December 31st. To-morrow will be the first day of the new year, and the next day will be the second day of the new year. So we shall go on for 366 days till we get to next 31st of December, which will be the last day of the new year. The day after that will be . . . But why drag in days when we are talking about pictures? I have taken the picture in question from its resting-place, and am condoling with the dear old man on his bad luck. Stroking his tired old back, I find the cord neatly tied on him all ready for use. Whoever tied it there? . . . No, No. It is very kind of you to suggest that, but I protest that I was never equal to it. It cannot have been I. If only we had found this out on November 5th, who knows what might have then happened? Who knows but that . . ?

There! I have dropped the whole sordid affair.

Hang the thing!

Yes; that, of course, is what we have been trying to do all along. But how can one hang a picture which bears all the unmistakable signs of being smashed to smithereens?

Very well. Then there is no way out of it but—". . . . the thing!"

"To learn how to trill "r," open the lips, keep them quite still, lift the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and say *urr-r-r-row*. Aim for a continuous roll of the consonant; it will soon come. This exercise should be practised before a mirror. Above all, watch that the lips don't close to *oo*; that is the weak spot, not the tongue."—*Musical Herald.*

This new game should bring mirth and happiness into many a cheerless home.

TO MY GREAT-GRANDSON, HAROLD.

I HAVE written it out like this. No doubt the legal terms are all wrong, but I understand that, so long as the butler writes his signature across the penny stamp in witness thereof, it doesn't really matter how you put it.

"This is the first Will and Testament of Me. I being of sound mind and body do hereby dispose of my worldly goods as follows, to wit. I will and bequeath my bank balance of £5 2*s.* 7*d.* to. . . and my pianola to. . . and my bicycle lamp to. . . and the alleged rabbit 'Vercingetorex' together with the hutch thereof to. . . and the. . . and. . .

"*And I do hereby will and bequeath to my great-grandson* HAROLD *the short story of* 4,000 *words, entitled 'The Missing Octave,' to be used by him as seems best to him.*

"*January* 1, 1908."

I.

I wrote *The Missing Octave* in the first week of January, 1904. That year, you remember, was a leap year, the first since 1896. You shall hear what good use I made of that eight years' interval.

JACK was my hero. Handsome he was, of course (for was not ELEANOR in love with him?), twenty-four years of age, and moderately well-to-do. ELEANOR was twenty-two, and as pretty as you like. An excellent match.

So, anyhow, thought JACK. At the very beginning of the story there he was on his knees, asking ELEANOR to marry him. ELEANOR (the dear) would have said "Yes," I am sure, but at that moment the door opened (now we are coming to the plot) and NEWTON came in.

NEWTON was the Other Man, and had all the characteristics of Other Men. In a few impassioned phrases he proposed, and was rebuffed. (JACK meanwhile had retired. He was always a sportsman.) "Ha!" said NEWTON, "you love another."

"Yes," said ELEANOR simply.

Now mark the craftiness of NEWTON. He didn't say at once that, if it was JACK, then she might like to know that he had been in prison twice for forgery, and was even now engaged to three other people. No, he took a different line altogether.

"Charming boy, JACK," he said. "You would never think to look at him that he was only sixteen last birthday."

ELEANOR was flabbergasted (if one may use such a word of such a charming girl). In the first place you can't marry boys of sixteen without the consent of their parents; and, in the second place, it *is* rather a shock when you have always considered a person to be about twenty-four (twenty-four seemed a great age in those days) to find that he is really still at school, and has been promised a pony in the holidays if he is top of his form in Latin.

To tell the truth, one of the reasons why ELEANOR had loved JACK was because he was so boyish, and yet with it all had a certain manly dignity. (It was in a magnificent soliloquy that she dwelt upon this.) Now when you *are* only sixteen boyishness is nothing out of the way; on the other hand, manly dignity looks rather like priggishness. So ELEANOR had to readjust all her ideas; and she was still readjusting them, with unhappy results for JACK, when that gentleman returned. (NEWTON had gone by this time. He wasn't a sportsman; but he was playing Bridge, and had only come in because he was Dummy.)

ELEANOR was a reasonable girl, and she had decided to ask JACK if NEWTON's disgusting observation had any truth in it.

"Were you sixteen last birthday?" she fired at him, as he came in.

Now you have already guessed that JACK was born on February 29, 1880. Of course he was really twenty-four; but a hero cannot prevaricate, and on his last proper birthday in 1896 he *had* been sixteen.

"Yes," he said, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Then," she said, "I cannot marry you."

* * * * *

Of course it all came right in the end. Somebody let the secret out, and she found she loved him more than ever. There was just one other hitch, though. JACK had sworn that, having been refused once, he would never ask her again. (I like his spirit.) Things seemed at a deadlock, and it looked as though the marriage wouldn't come off after all. Then she remembered suddenly. It was Leap Year.

She went on her knees.

"JACK," she said, "will you marry me?"

"Thank you," said JACK. "I don't mind if I do."

II.

That was the story. On January 10, 1904, I sent it to an editor, enclosing a very large stamped addressed envelope for the cheque. He returned the story in a week; and, being (like JACK) of a spirited nature,

I would not offer it to him again, but tried it on somebody else, once more backing it both ways. . . .

By February 29 I had tried most of the magazines in London. It seemed then too late, for people were beginning to forget that it was Leap Year. But I did not despair. So long as 1904 lasted (I swore) I would do my best for that story. And so it was not until the 29th of December that *The Missing Octave* came back from *The Fortnightly Review* for the last time.

I put it away in a drawer. In eight years' time, I said, when the next Leap Year comes, I will try again. By that time, perhaps, the public will have been educated up to my story.

* * * * *

Now then, you see the horrible tragedy of it. Only *four* years have passed, and yet here we are again in another Leap Year. My story is now useless. If JACK is really twenty-four he would have been as old as twenty on his last birthday, and I am sure ELEANOR would not refuse him for that. On the other hand, if he were sixteen in 1904, he would only be twenty now, and ELEANOR would never have let herself fall in love with him. No, I *must* have my eight years' interval. Why, the title alone demands that.

I don't know much about Leap Year, but I know it has something to do with the earth going round the sun, and I think MERCATOR'S Projection comes into it. Also Pope GREGORY. I believe *he* is the man I want to meet. We were going along quite calmly with Leap Year every four years, and then in comes GREGORY with a wonderful idea for leaving out Leap Year once every hundred years. Of course I know that but for this my story could never have been written; but it is annoying when you *have* written it, and are confidently looking forward to the applause of the critics to find that——

But GREGORY has always been a spoil-sport. I remember his powders in the nursery.

III.

Well, I have done the only thing possible. I have made my will, and left my work to my great-grandson HAROLD. By 2004 he should be just beginning his literary career. How he will startle the critics with his masterly short story, entitled *The Missing Octave!* What would I not give to be there to read the reviews!

"At one bound he takes his place in the ranks of the acknowledged masters of this difficult art."—*Times.* "A brilliant work, brilliantly executed."—*Telegraph.* And so on.

Of course a few slight alterations in matters of detail may have to be made in my story. Bridge, for instance, may not be played so extensively then as now; possibly JACK would appear a little *outré* in saying "I don't mind if I do." But the main scheme is for all time; and if HAROLD has inherited anything of his great-grandfather's genius the details may be left to him with confidence.

This will be in 2004. At least I suppose so. But I have a horrible suspicion that some other Pope has already dodged in with the suggestion that once every *thousand* years Leap Year should go in again. I don't know, but it would be just like him.

Of course in that case HAROLD will be unable to get my story printed; but you will note that in my will I have left it to him "to use as seems best to him." No doubt he would leave it to *his* great-grandson, so that in 2104 the great work would appear.

But that does not concern me. I have left *The Missing Octave* to my great-grandson HAROLD, and when the time comes he will know what to do with it. He will know better than I what are Leap Years, and what aren't.

His name will be HAROLD, because by that time only HAROLDS will be allowed to write for the Press.

A. A. M.



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"SAY 'WHEN,' OLD MAN."

Spare the Boot, and Spoil the Child.

"The chief feature of the game was the clever kicking of the visitors' backs, who nursed their forwards with great judgment."—*The Manchester Guardian.*

"The large spectacles that he wore half-way down his hooked nose did not disguise the fact that the latter were red with weeping."
"Daily Mail" Feuilleton.

"Nose" is one of those deceptive words which sound plural but are really singular. Hence the grammatical error.

CHARIVARIA.

A MARKED revulsion of feeling among the lower classes in favour of the House of Lords is reported as a consequence of the Ducal Burglary at Lord CHOLMONDELEY'S house, its neat execution being much admired in certain quarters.

***

We hear that, in accordance with custom, the Duke of WESTMINSTER'S guests, although only amateur housebreakers, have been invited to go on the stage. A most flattering offer has been made to them to take part in *The Forty Thieves*.

***

And from America comes a report that a prisoner who was being tried on a charge of murder begged a jury, the other day, to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty, on the ground that the death sentence would mean for him the loss of a prospective Music Hall engagement of great value.

***

The Scottish Miners' Federation has rejected a proposal that employers shall be forced by law to collect the subscriptions for the men's unions. It was felt, we understand, that it would be absurd to make two bites at a cherry, for the day will, of course, arrive soon when the masters will themselves have to pay the subscriptions.

***

The War Office, *The Military Mail* informs us, is to be known in future as the Army Office. It is denied that the reason is that the authorities realise their inability to manage a war. More likely the change is intended as a sop to the Peace party.

***

The prosecution of a Hoxton tailor for blasphemy is arousing a great deal of interest, and, if the man is convicted, Mr. HALL CAINE, it is said, will immediately take action against a number of his detractors.

***

By the way, Mr. HALL CAINE is to write a book on the DRUCE Case. The gifted author's first advance advertisement appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week under the title "The Druce Grave Desecration: Mr. Hall Caine's Passionate Protest."

***

Theatre agents report a scarcity of actresses who are willing and qualified to take the part of "Principal Boy." This is one more example of the increasing unpopularity of our sex, due no doubt to the propaganda of the Suffragettes.

***

The exemplary sentence of twelve months' hard labour has been passed on a woman for a series of frauds on policemen in all parts of London. We trust that this punishment will serve as a warning to any others who are proposing to take advantage of a peculiarly helpless and simple-minded body of men.

***

Several angry demonstrations have taken place during the cold snap against those persons who had been asking for seasonable weather.

***

And there was an unusually large number of dog fights last week. The reason given by the disturbers of the peace when remonstrated with was that one must do something to keep oneself warm.

***

BARNUM'S famous show has been bought by Mr. RINGLING, who announces his intention of introducing many improvements. BARNUM'S was merely the Greatest Show on Earth. Mr. RINGLING'S is to be the Greatest without any qualification whatever.

***

A feature of a ball given by a Philadelphia banker the other day was the liberation during the evening of 500 butterflies. Another millionaire, we hear, has already decided to signalise the opening of the fur-coat season next year by giving a Moth Ball.

***

An American professor having discovered that music has a remarkable influence on the growth of flowers and plants, many brutal fathers are now insisting that their daughters shall practise the piano in the garden.

***

We have received a letter from "An Animal Lover," pointing out that nothing is done for our horses in the way of extra clothing in the winter, and suggesting a close-fitting tailor-made costume to cover them completely. Made of bright blue or scarlet plush, such costumes would undoubtedly do much to brighten our streets, and be a comfort to poor Dobbin.

***

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, it is announced, has already decided on his plans for next Christmas-tide. About December 20 he will produce at the Aldwych Theatre a fairy play entitled *Cinderella*. We trust that no one will crib his idea.

***

Overheard outside a certain Music Hall:—"Who 's this ZBYSCO they 're advertising?" "Don't know. A trick zbyscist, I suppose."

***

"Mr. WILLIAM FULTON JACKSON, the General Manager of the North British Railway, has a unique record," says *The Railway Magazine*. "He has walked the entire length of the North British Railway." We believe, however, that the Manager of one of our Southern Railways also frequently walks the whole length of his line when in a hurry.

TO A PARTING GUEST.

CRAZE of Bedlam, ere we part,
Let me open out my heart.
Must you go, so lately come?
Have you ceased indeed to hum?
Hear my prayer, if this be so:
Don't come back, Diabolo.

By the bobbin-bump which now
Decks my diabolic brow;
By my silver-mounted sticks
(All for twenty-two and six);
Do I care? Well, frankly—no!
Not a toss, Diabolo.

By the ode I wrote in praise
Of your quaint, elusive ways;
By the verb I used, alack!
When the postman brought it back;
By the fashions' ebb and flow,
I 'll be brave, Diabolo.

Go (don't think I really mind),
Go, nor leave a wrack behind.
Take the bobbin, take the string,
Take the whole confounded thing.
Take my parting word, and go
To the *real* Diabolo!

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

BY DR. WILL ANDREWSON.

THE recent cold snap, rendered doubly severe by the long prevalence of vernal weather in the early winter, has once more revived the perennial question—How to keep warm.

Financiers, *impresarios* and successful novelists remain faithful to furs. But we cannot all belong to one or other of these favoured classes. We may, if the painful truth must be told, be in a position to claim relief on earned income within the £2,000 limit. And then the question arises in all its insistent and strenuous urgency—How are we to keep rude Boreas at bay?

Perhaps the best, because the cheapest, way of solving the difficulty is that which has been put forward by a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. His communication, which is dated Reading, runs as follows:—

"At the beginning of the present spell of cold weather I got my tailor to make me a vest of brown paper to be worn under my waistcoat. I now find that my new paper garment keeps me so warm that in my walks abroad I



Foreman. "NOW THEN, WHERE ARE YOU FOUR CHAPS GOING TO?"
First Workman. "WE'RE GOIN' TO GET THIS 'ERE PLANK SAWN UP AT THE SAW-MILL."
Foreman. "WHAT PLANK?"
First Workman. "WELL, BLOW ME, BILL, IF WE AIN'T GONE AND FORGOTTEN THE PLANK!"

can dispense with an overcoat, and suffer no discomfort, however keen the wind may be."

This, so far as it goes, is most satisfactory. But it must not be forgotten that we are threatened, according to some well-informed authorities, with a paper famine which may very well raise the price to a prohibitive figure. Secondly, we believe it to be the case that the best West End tailors are by no means inclined to encourage the practice, and charge as much for the brown paper article as that made of cloth. Thirdly, it crackles.

But other substitutes are not wanting. Readers of the works of the late Mr. EDWARD LEAR will remember a touching poem which narrated the experiences of "an old man in the kingdom of Tess Who invented a wholly original dress." Whether the Tess referred to was any relation of Mr. HARDY'S ill-starred heroine, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, we are not prepared to say. But the peculiarity of this costume was that every portion of it was eatable. Acting on this suggestion, we have ascertained that the hottest thing in the world is a jam omelette, and that it would be quite possible to construct a waistcoat of this material which would serve the double purpose of warming the body and satisfying the hunger of the wearer.

Another substance, which from its impenetrable texture is admirably adapted to keeping out the cold, is glass. We do not recommend it for ordinary clothes owing to its fragility, but for bed-clothes it is excellent, forming a most agreeable alternative to a blanket, and enabling the sleeper to resort to the simultaneous use of pane and counterpane. One word of caution, however, should be added. People who repose in glass beds should not walk in their sleep.

In a matter of this sort we can never go far wrong if we observe the habits of the most intelligent animals. The case of the bee is very instructive. Who has ever heard a bee sneeze? Certainly not Mr. MAETERLINCK. Indeed, we greatly doubt whether Lord AVEBURY himself has succeeded in detecting an apian sternutation. From this immunity to catarrh enjoyed by the denizens of the hive it is easy to see that a peculiar virtue resides in the cellular method of construction to which they are addicted. Anyhow, we believe that it might be well worth anyone's while to experiment with an inner waistcoat of honeycomb.

Commercial Foresight.

"The New Game of Diabolo.
Good assortment of Table Glass, China, etc."—*Advt. in "Seaford Chronicle."*



Mother. "GEORGE, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU MENTION DADDY IN YOUR PRAYERS."
Teddy (from the bed). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'LL SEE TO THAT!"

WHERE WOMAN REIGNS.

["Two hundred young women wanted to join party going British Columbia ('the Garden of Canada'); ideal climate and favourable social conditions."—*Advt. in "The Daily Mirror."*]

I KNOW of an Eden across the blue waters
That sighs for the daughters
Of fair Mother EVE,
Where apricots ripen for dear sweet-and-twenty,
Where peaches in plenty
Their glories achieve.
There limitless cornfields lie yellow and sunny,
There warbles the mavis and gambols the bunny—
A land that is flowing with milk and with honey,
And scented with bowers
Of flowers.

If joys such as these do not make you feel frantic
To cross the Atlantic,
JEMIMA and SUE,
Remember, fond lovers are sighing to mate you,
Brave bosoms await you
And hearts that are true.
There women rejoice in their regal positions,
Rejecting their numberless wooers' petitions—
Ah, think of the glorious social conditions
Where maids need not tarry
To marry.

There women are still the pursued, not pursuing—
The men do the wooing
And not the fair maids,
Nor need they allure with their forward caresses,
Like bold G. B. S.'s
Unmannerly jades.
There bold TOMMY ATKINS is only too willing—
No maid need entice him with bribes of a shilling
To taste the rare pleasures of cooing and billing—
He joys in his duty
To Beauty.

The Journalistic Touch.

"At Monreale, four miles away, all the windows within a radius of half a mile were broken."
The Daily Telegraph.

"Is there such a thing as heredity?" we ask in grave doubt, because in a current Limerick Competition 5 Scotts, 4 Moores, 2 Brownings and a Shelley have won prizes.

"Upper part of two or three Rooms, with or without attendance, required in best position for professional purposes."
The Abingdon Herald.

This advertiser has the appearance of being an aeronaut, or else he lives by catching flies on ceilings.



THE LIMERICK GOOSE.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL. "IT 'S A SILLY BIRD, AND WANTS ITS NECK WRINGING; BUT IT LAYS AN EGG THAT JUST SUITS *ME!*"

[In Three Quarters of the Financial Year the Post Office has earned a larger increase than was estimated for the whole year. This prosperity is partly attributable to the Limerick craze, with its enormous demand for sixpenny postal orders.]



A DARK ASPECT OF "LITTLE MARY."

Lodging-house Keeper (to mild Hindu law student, who is seedy). "WELL, SIR, WHERE DO YOU FEEL ILL? IS IT YOUR HEAD?"
Mild Hindu (groaning). "NO, MRS. JACKSON, IT IS NOT THE HEAD; IT IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR 'BLACK MARIA.'"

THE RECITATION.

THERE was an entertainment in the village hall last Wednesday night, and Mum let NINA and me go to it, for a great treat, with Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN had been to lots of them before, so she knew all about them, but it was the first one NINA and I had ever been at. Dad and Mum were dining out that night, so there was no dinner at home. The entertainment was for the church organ.

We got there in jolly good time, and sat in the third row. The programmes were twopence each, and I bought three, and gave one to NINA and one to Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN said "You 're quite the little gentleman, Master HERBERT;" and NINA said, "He 's not so bad for nine, but he 's got a lot to learn yet." I think she was a bit angry because she wasn't performing herself. She said the only way to enjoy such performances was to view them in a critical spirit. I said "Yes," but I don't know what she meant. She did it by whispering, "How absurd!" every now and then when they shouted rather loud. Those were the bits I liked, and so did Mrs. AUSTIN.

About a quarter of an hour after we got there Mr. WILLOUGHBY, the Vicar, came on to the platform and sat down behind a little table. Mrs. AUSTIN said, "He 's in the chair," and I said, "Anybody can see that," and then NINA started explaining that if anybody was in the chair it meant he was the ruler, and everybody had to obey him. Mr. WILLOUGHBY hadn't anything to rule with, except a jug of water and a glass, but he looked all right, and we all clapped our hands. Then Mr. WILLOUGHBY got up and began to speak. He said he wasn't going to say much, because Chairmen oughtn't to. Everybody knew, he said, why we were there, and it was very gratifying to see the room so well filled. He wanted those who were standing at the back of the hall to come and sit in the front row, where there was lots of room. Then he stopped, but nobody moved. "Come up here, GOSLING," he said, "and you too, DEACON." GOSLING is the Sunday name of our JIM, and DEACON is the Vicar's gardener. They shuffled about, but at last JIM came along, looking awfully red, and DEACON came with him, and some others, and we all cheered like mad, and laughed. JIM told me afterwards he 'd be even with the Vicar for picking him out like that. He said he thought he 'd take his name off the Men's Club; but he hasn't.

Well, the Vicar went on for about ten minutes, telling us all about the organ and how splendid it was going to be. Then he sat down; but he got up again directly, and said the choir would sing "Men of Harlech." They

did it jolly well. MACBEAN is in the choir. He sings the deep parts, and I could hear him roaring out some of his words long after the rest had finished. Mrs. AUSTIN said that was the way of the Scotch all the world over; and NINA said he oughtn't to sing Scotch in a Welsh song; but I didn't care. I thought he sang best of the lot.

Next we had a song called "Some One," which was sung by Miss JULIET HICKSON. She was dressed in white, with her arms bare, and she said she was weary of waiting all alone. She said everybody's heart was cold and unfeeling, and if it wasn't for some one she would just as soon be dead. She went on like this for a bit, and then she got to a verse where she said a light was breaking, and, lo, someone had appeared, and the world was changed. She screamed it out. It went right through me. Then she finished up very happy, because love had consoled her, or something of that sort. I didn't like it very much.

The third thing was a recitation by Mr. JOSEPH EVANS. I know him quite well. He's got a big house close to ours. He's a fat little man with a very jolly red face. When the Vicar called him up Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Now you'll hear something that'll make you laugh, Master HERBERT. He's the funniest reciter I ever did hear," and she began to laugh herself. Everybody else began to laugh too, and when Mr. EVANS came on the platform the whole place was laughing and cheering. Then he began. The name of the piece wasn't printed, but of course we all knew it was going to be funny. Mr. EVANS put his hand up to his head as if he was listening to something and then he called out at the top of his voice, "Stop thief!" This set them all off laughing more than ever; but Mr. EVANS didn't seem to like it much. He frowned at them and shook his head, but it made them worse. JIM had got his head back and his handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, and Mrs. AUSTIN was nudging me and saying "There, didn't I tell you? There isn't anyone like him," and she was rolling about with laughing. Then Mr. EVANS went at it again. It was about a man who had stolen a loaf of bread because his family was starving, and the police were after him as fast as they could go. JIM and the rest of them never stopped laughing, and at last I laughed too. It was awfully funny to see Mr. EVANS tearing up and down the platform and keeping on shouting. By the time he got to the bit about the police catching the man Mr. WILLOUGHBY was laughing as hard as he could, and Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Oh! take me out, someone, do; I shall crack my sides if this goes on," and at last Mr. EVANS finished, and we all said, "*Encore, encore,*" but he wouldn't come on again. The rest of the entertainment was very good, and we got home at ten o'clock.

Mr. EVANS called on Mum the next day. I went in to see him with NINA, and NINA said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. EVANS, for making us all laugh so much yesterday;" but Mr. EVANS didn't seem pleased, and Mum gave NINA a look. After he'd gone Mum told us he was very angry. He hadn't wanted to be funny, she said, because he was tired of funny pieces, and the one he did last night was tragic, and nobody ought to have laughed. So it was all a mistake. I think it's a pity Mr. EVANS didn't tell us he wasn't going to be funny.

R. C. L.



SUMMONED TO ONE OF THE "COURTS."

The following notices, amongst others, were recently issued in *The Gazette*:

Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

Summonses are issued about three weeks before the date of each Court, and should it not be convenient for a lady to attend the particular Court to which she is summoned, it will be open to her to make her excuses to the Lord Chamberlain in writing, when her name can, if desired, and if possible, be transferred to another list. . . . It is not according to rule, unless under exceptional circumstances, for ladies to attend Court more than once in three years. . . . When making application ladies are requested to state approximately the time of year that will be most convenient for them to attend a Court. . . . ALTHORP, *Lord Chamberlain.*





MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. V.—LORDS OF THE ISLE AND THE SEAS.

THE UBIQUITOUS MICROBE.

THE microbe, though invisible to ordinary eyes,
For activity is difficult to beat;
By a baleful omnipresence he atones for lack of size
And is singularly nimble on his feet.
Against his machinations there is no effective screen,
For there 's nothing that he will not do or dare;
It is vain to doubt his presence just because he isn't seen,
You must take it as a fact that he is there.

His object is to get about and cover lots of ground,
And in this his perseverance is sublime;
Where you least expect to find him he is certain to be found
In bunches of a billion at a time.
You may dive below the billow, you may navigate the air,
The result in either case will be the same;
Wherever you may get to you will find that he is there,
With a local habitation and a name.

He is borne upon the blizzard, he is wafted by the breeze,
He can travel in the snowflake and the rain,
And although he takes advantage of conveyances like these
He will often sit beside you in the train.
In the way of locomotion there is nothing comes amiss,
'Tis a hobby he rejoices to pursue,
And if he has a motto it must certainly be this:—
"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

But he 's useful is the microbe, and should ever he decline
His presence would be sorrowfully missed;
The spectacled professor would indubitably pine
And (as such) would discontinue to exist.
He would languish in the army of the chronic unemploy'd,
For what calling could he possibly embrace,
Who, unskilled in any industry, has hitherto enjoy'd
The exhilarating pleasures of the chase?

Fine-weather Friends.

"Christmastide in Kendal passed off very successfully, the weather, though not of the orthodox character, being suitable for getting about amongst friends of an open and Spring-like character."—*Kendal Mercury.*

The Morning Post on "Politics at the Cape."

"The truth of the middle path is often nearer the whole truth than that of either side. . . . But the middle way is straight and narrow. It escapes with difficulty the encroachments of either side. It is tortuous and beset with thorns. Especially is the position of those who guide their followers along the middle way one of difficulty and almost inevitable disaster."

So it would seem.

A GREAT CRITIC AT HOME.

(With acknowledgments to "The Chronicle," which has recently published a characteristic interview with Sir W. S. Gilbert by Mr. Bram Stoker.)

My conversation with Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, the famous dramatic critic, publicist and Scandinavian scholar, was held partly in the study of his beautiful house, partly as we walked about the grounds of his richly-wooded estate, Longbow Chase, which occupies a commanding position on the summit of Arrow Hill.

Mr. ARCHER has enormously enhanced the value of his property, chiefly in the way of adding to its picturesque effects. Amongst these is a lovely little lake, resembling Lucerne in its configuration, where in the summer time, Mr. ARCHER and his friends swim daily, sometimes two or three times a day, for Mr. ARCHER is a life member of the Bath Club, and an intimate friend of MONTAGU HOLBEIN, JABEZ WOLFFE, and other pioneers of the natatory world. In the winter excellent wild-duck shooting is to be had on the lake, and a richly caparisoned duck punt is moored to a pier, which the family retainers, Scandinavians to a man, have considerately christened Pier Gynt.

As the house stands on the top of the Hill of Arrow the views from it are finer than if it stood on the flat. The house itself is large, standing entirely in its own grounds, and contains many fine and commodious apartments, furnished with taste and stored with objects of "bigotry and virtue," to use the witty phrase of the owner. The great drawing-room in particular is a veritable treasure-house of artistic souvenirs. On one table is a great ivory goblet (Gothic), of the seventh century. The tusk from which it was carved must have been enormous, probably that of a mammoth or perhaps a mastodon. On another table is an exquisite piece of carving, representing the historic feat of WILLIAM TELL. In the hall, a splendid apartment, measuring 40 ft. by 24 ft., there is a colossal statue of IBSEN and a huge model of a Viking ship, resting on a sea of green glass, and measuring 16 ft. from the beak to the tail. On fine days Mr. ARCHER loves to launch this ship on his lake, and pilot his guests round its shores, shouting at intervals "Heiatoho!" and other suitable Scandinavian expletives. On one of these occasions Mr. WALKLEY fell overboard, and narrowly escaped death at the teeth of a pet shark—the favourite dish of the Vikings—which had escaped from its moorings.

In other rooms of the house are interesting souvenirs of episodes in the owner's career as a critic, traveller and man of letters. In the belfry is a beautiful bronze model of the original Bell of New York. In the conservatory, a palatial building, recalling in its contours the Great Exhibition of 1851, are a clump of camellias, planted by ALEXANDRE DUMAS *fils*, in the branches of which may be seen disporting itself a graceful little monkey, the gift of IBSEN, which answers to the name of "Brand." A special feature of the smoking-room is a replica of SARAH BERNHARDT'S coffin, presented by the great *tragédienne* herself.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER is a stalwart man of just six feet high. Though no longer in his *première jeunesse*, he still retains much of the alert and athletic vigour of his youth. He can still toss the caber over the roof of his castellated mansion, and is the champion spool-catcher of the Pinner Diabolo Club.

"And your own criticisms?" I asked. "How many of these have you written?"

"I think the exact number is 4,763."

"Roughly speaking, how many words would that mean?"

"Well, allowing an average of 800 words for each notice, that would work out at 3,810,400."

"What," I asked, "is the tendency of the modern stage?"

"Forward—distinctly forward! In fact, from the days of AESCHYLUS onwards there has been a continued development of the better class of play."

Here Mr. ARCHER quoted with great gusto a passage from the *Agamemnon*, in the original Greek, accompanying himself on the pianola, an instrument on which he is no mean performer.

When the last strains died away, "What is your opinion," I asked, "of the relative prospects of tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, with a winning smile, "is a large question. But, as SHAKSPEARE said, 'All the world 's a stage,' and there is surely room in it for diverse manifestations of the dramatic impulse. Personally, I think that they will all go on; but I do not wish to dogmatise."

"What is your opinion of the comparative merits of SADA YACCO, ELEONORA DUSE, SALVINI and GEORGE ROBEY?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, "is a question best answered in the words of the Icelandic proverb '*Dnim ruoy nwo ssenisub.*'"

"Are you a believer in the value of the revolving stage?"

At this moment, just when Mr. ARCHER was beginning to assume his most expansive and communicative manner, a telegraph boy suddenly hove in sight and handed mine host an orange-hued missive. Breaking open the envelope Mr. ARCHER checked a Norwegian imprecation, and remarked, "This is really most annoying; but I am suddenly summoned to attend a private rehearsal of GRANVILLE BARKER'S new play," and with a cordial handshake he leapt on to his motor bicycle, leaving me disappointed at the abrupt termination of our momentous interview, but more than ever impressed by the fascinating personality of England's premier dramatic critic.



HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

COULDN'T THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PERMIT DOCTORS TO COPY THE HOUSE-DECORATORS, AND ADOPT THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS?

MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE COLUMN.

PROBLEM No. 1.

A RETIRED military officer, with a small pension and a large heart, started to walk from his suburban villa to the local railway station, a distance of two miles and a quarter. Having breasted about three hundred yards, at a rate of 100 yards per minute, he was accosted by what at first sight appeared to be a singularly fruity specimen of Weary Willie, who on investigation, turned out to be one of his own ex-soldiers, whom in happier days he had often led on to victory or confined to barracks, as opportunity arose. So heartrending was the tale of woe loosed upon him by this veteran that he divided his total available capital into two equal parts, with one of which he relieved the sufferer's distress. Moving on with ringing invocations to the high gods pealing in his ears from the gratified Regimental Relic, he got over another 400 yards at four miles an hour, when he came upon (or was come upon by) another of the same species, whose piteous case was even more deplorable than that of his former comrade in the field or at defaulters' drill. The Philanthropist poured half his remaining funds into the gaping pockets of the Victim of Fortune, and proceeded on his way at 180 yards per minute, with pæans clattering about his ears like diabolo reels in a slum. Before he reached the station he underwent this agonising ritual on five more occasions, making seven in all; they occurred at about equal intervals, and he quickened his pace in arithmetical progression after each pause.

On arrival he owed ninepence.

(*a*) How much did he start with?

(*b*) Ought he to get off Income-tax? (Pensions are earned income.) Why? Why not?

(*c*) Had the train gone?

(*d*) What did No. 7 get out of it?

HARD CASE.

A., the above Almoner, had been given the money by his wife for the purchase of such domestic stores as could be bought more cheaply in town. She is morbidly frugal and a rigid disciplinarian.

What should A. do?

PROBLEM No. 2.

I am going to take my Saturday bath. The hot water is obtained from a geyser (pronounced *gay-zer*, not *gee-zer*, which means an unalluring female.) This machine is formed by seven concentric circles of gas-jets, with one jet in the middle. As far as we can count, there appear to be forty-nine or fifty-one of them on the outer ring.

Can anyone tell me how many gas-jets there are altogether?

I want to know this, as I have a bet on it with a fellow-lodger. We have often counted, but we never get the same result twice running. I might mention that once we started counting, and covered each jet, as it was ticked off, with a small piece of paper. In the warmth of the argument, however, my opponent gesticulated too eagerly, and inadvertently turned on the gas, with the result that all the bits of paper were blown away.

PROBLEM No. 3.

Two stations, seven miles apart, are connected by a perfectly level and perfectly straight single line of railway. A train, weighing 200 tons, and going at eighty miles an hour, leaves one station at the same moment that another train of the same weight and at the same speed leaves the other. Each train wants to get across to the other station, you understand.

(*a*) Which train will meet the other first?

(*b*) Which would you rather not be in?

PROBLEM No. 4.—FOR THE BRATS.

My First is like dear Daddy, my Second isn't.

Well?



A MODEST REQUEST.

"PRAY DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU; BUT WHEN YOU GO—IF IT'S NOT TROUBLING YOU TOO MUCH—WOULD YOU BE SO VERY KIND AS TO POST THIS LETTER? IT *MUST* GO TO-NIGHT. IT'S MY *BURGLARY INSURANCE!*"

A *Strand Magazine* poster enquires "Can criminals be cured by surgery?" The old plan of amputation at the neck was sometimes effective.

Testimonials to a Lahore Jeweller.—Extracted from an advt. in *The Madras Daily Mail*:—

"The Rings are too much beautiful (and the stone sparkling like the glistening sun).

The Necklaces maketh the Bosom swell and scotheth the savage breast.

The Charms are charming to the Perfection.

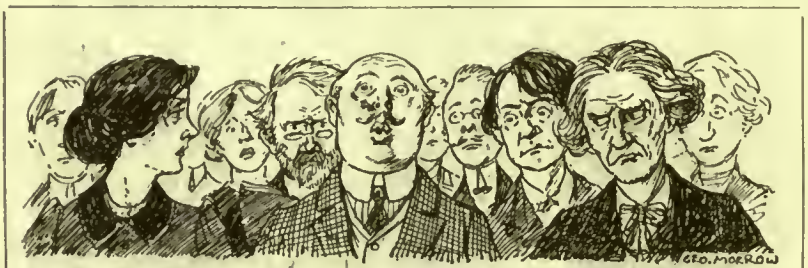
The Brooches are looking very much lovely, and lastly.

The Prices are much cheap which is becoming to the Pocket."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE no hesitation in calling *Who's Who 1908* (A. & C. BLACK) the most interesting romance of the year. Perhaps there are rather too many characters introduced, but these are all so well drawn that this fault may be forgiven. One of the first people we meet is Professor CLEVELAND ABBE, A.M., F.R.Ast.Soc., F.R.Met.Soc. (the author is here a little obscure), and we learn with pleasure that his was the hand which in 1889 gave the world the ever-famous *Determination of the True Amount of Precipitation*, and in 1906 the no less celebrated *Trade Winds and the Doldrums, Met. Zeit. Hann-Band.* It is on page 1 that we hear about this, and it is not until two thousand pages have passed that we first meet Sir EDWARD WITTENOOM (Wattename!). Meanwhile much has happened. MARIE HALL—no relation to CORELLI CAINE—has revealed her secrets to us. Mr. LE QUEUX has confessed that his recreation is "Practising with a revolver," showing that he is in complete sympathy with his characters; and KEBLE HOWARD owns that his is "Sleeping," showing that he is in no less complete sympathy with his readers. The hero of the book seems to be ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE—at any rate, the author devotes more space to him than to any of the others. *Coptic Martyrdom of George of Cappadocia* was one of his publications, but it is doubtful whether it will really live. *The Blessing of the Water on the Eve of the Epiphany (with the Marquis of Bute, K.T.)* has more of the immortal ring about it. Quite a minor character, etched in with the hand of a master, is the Rev. PATRICK MORRIS. "*Address:* Falkirk, N.B.," is all that we are told about him, but it bears upon it the stamp of truth, and the man seems to live before us. But in such a book as this it is invidious to make distinctions between the different characters. The author has treated them all with a loving hand, and he makes us feel that they are real people.



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION AT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT WHEN MR. TOOTLES RECOGNISES A FAMILIAR PASSAGE.

More Pages from the Day Book of Bethia Hardacre (CONSTABLE) is a diary to be kept on a shelf convenient to the hand, and dipped into every day. As was written of *Britannia's Pastorals*, a prime favourite with MILTON and BETHIA HARDACRE, "to lovers of our old poets it will always be a favourite lounging book." Every page is a delight, being starred with unread or unremembered passages from poets whose names are to the present generation more familiar than their writing. Dealing with the matchless epitaph on Lady PEMBROKE, "SIDNEY'S sister, PEMBROKE'S mother," BETHIA, concurring with modern authorities, assigns the authorship, not to BEN JONSON, who long enjoyed the fame, but to WILLIAM BROWNE. In the MS. of BROWNE'S poems, stored in the library of the British Museum, the immortal verse is supplemented by a second stanza, which HAZLITT attributed to Lord PEMBROKE. By comparison it is abjectly poor, feet of clay added to a form fashioned of purest gold. BETHIA, having examined the MS., is reluctantly obliged to admit that it is all in the handwriting of WILLIAM BROWNE. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND, to give BETHIA HARDACRE her proper name, has, like the bee, roamed over the pleasaunce of early English poetry, and spreads her wealth of honey in this book. Envious of her leisure, I am grateful for the opportunity of sharing its prizes.

Mr. OWEN RHOSCOMYL is epic in manner. He is fond of rhythmical repetitions, and his heroes smile "grey" smiles (a feat, by the way, which, to irreverent minds, may possibly recall the "last phase" of the Cheshire Cat). In *Vronina* (DUCKWORTH) there are times when this heroic method is altogether admirable, more especially when Mr. RHOSCOMYL is describing, with an almost combative enthusiasm, the grandeur of Cymric scenery; and times when it is less so, as, for instance, when he says, "Dark all her dress was, and dark her hat above it." I think I could have put that more simply, though it suggests a rather happy way of adding interest to our Court and Society columns. The story deals with that mystic emotionalism which made possible the strange scenes of the "revival" in Wales, and is conducted to a violently dramatic conclusion. The best chapter (a truly beautiful piece of word-painting) is that which treats of Llangoel church and its minister. *Vronina* must not be lightly read out loud by the unsympathetic Saxon, for he will probably make mistakes in passages like this: "'Ina! Ina! Cariad! yngharia i' — the words that carry their measure and meaning in the thrill or the chill of the tone they are uttered in."

Humbug Rhymes (SISLEY) is a delightful book. With the verse written by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, and the coloured pictures contributed by Miss WINIFRED BURNAND, it presents attractions far exceeding the average of this form of literature. Whether the rhymes were written for the pictures or the pictures drawn for the rhymes is a family secret I refrain from prying into. The result is purely pantomimic in its treatment and effect. Miss BURNAND has more than a touch of hereditary humour and is rapidly making her mark in the department of art to which her genius directs her.

TO A TOWN NIGHTINGALE!

O Thou that, sitting on my neighbour's tiles,
Warblest at night, when all the world is still,
Wait but till I my blunderbuss may fill—
Chanting thy golden melody the whiles.
Like that sweet bird whereof the poets sing
So freely, thou descendest not to strive
With day's rude clamour, but dost ever hive
Thy tuneful store to make the darkness ring.
Here now I send thee, as an offering meek,
Sweet Singer, for thy many nightly lays,
My contribution for the whole past week,
Such gifts as I, thy worshipper, can raise;
Some tacks, *plus* sundry nails, a slug or two.
And now the cap! Good-bye! Adieu! Adieu!

NATURE NOTES.

By DR. SILLYBEE.

THE circumstantial or conclusive evidence put forward by Mr. DIGBY PIGOTT in *The Times* as to the existence of luminous owls in Norfolk is only one more proof, if proof were needed, of the unsuspected marvels with which the country teems.

Taking the case of luciferous fauna first, it must never be forgotten that to the late Mr. EDWARD LEAR belongs the credit of first discovering that rare but radiant creature, the Dong with the luminous nose. It is much to be feared that this species has now become extinct, though a correspondent in *The Spectator* recently stated that his aunt, an elderly lady living in a hermetically sealed bungalow in the Never Never Land, has seen a Dong with a bulbous nose engaged in a deadly triangular duel with a Wallaby and a Dingo in the back blocks of Mazawattee. Unfortunately she omitted to mention which, if any, was the survivor of this terrible combat.

Mr. LEAR, it will also be remembered, was the last, and possibly the first, man to see that strange amalgam of the vegetable and animal life, the Co-operative Cauliflower, which gave such a remarkable impetus to the movement started by the Rochdale Pioneers.

Happily, however, while the older types disappear, their places are taken by an increasing number of new and even more marvellous beasticles and birdlings. Among these the luminous owl is only one, and by no means the most significant, of what may be called the thaumaturgic neo-fauna of advanced civilisation. Thus we may note in passing the emergence of a new and patriotic type of Cow in Ireland which, on the authority of those who claim the best right to speak on its behalf, positively revels in being driven for miles along the roads away from its pasture. The way in which these animals enter into the spirit and fun of the cattle-drives is something indescribably touching, and on one occasion recently in Westmeath it is credibly asserted that a handsome young heifer "mooed" out the melody of "We won't go home till morning" in such a way as to be distinctly recognised by a prominent member of the United Irish League.

A notable and pleasing feature of the new animal world is the number of species rejoicing in the possession of Christian names, a fact which of itself speaks volumes for the progress of civilisation. Thus of late years we have witnessed the rise of the Annie Swan, a charming and thoroughly domesticated fowl, which is in great request at tea parties; the Clarence Rook, an industrious creature whose literary activities seem to indicate some kinship with the Secretary-bird; and the Richard Whiteing, a benevolent and somewhat "mystical monster marine" with pronounced Socialistic tendencies.



"CATCH AS CATCH CAN."

Driver. "NAH THEN, 'ACKENSMIDT! GET BACK ON TER MAT!"

Drawing the Long Bow; or, History Brought Nearer.

The Liverpool Daily Post represents the Duke of WESTMINSTER as saying, in the course of an address at the opening of an institute with rifle range attached: "A matter of two hundred years ago, on every village green, the lads of the village were to be seen every evening practising with their long-bows and cross-bows, and these became the men later on who helped to win the victories of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt." (Applause.)

Charity Indeed.

"Mrs. Filmer, of High Street, Rochester, is thoughtfully providing a dozen meals a day to twelve necessitous children."—*Rochester and Chatham Journal.*

Even *Oliver Twist* would probably be satisfied with such an allowance.

The Daily Express told a realistic story the other day of a young man who walked about after dark pursuing his studies by the light of the street lamps.

"In his pocket," said the *Express*, "he carries a German phrase-book. When he pauses under the street light he commits a phrase to memory and repeats it over and over again."

This was all very well, but the police were bound to misunderstand him sooner or later, and so we were not surprised at coming across in our *Express* this additional item of news:

"A man was fined 5*s.* at the Tower Bridge Court yesterday for using improper language to a lamp-post."

The road to success is indeed beset with difficulties.

THE DROOD CASE.

MANY sportsmen must have regretted the result of the opening of the DRUCE grave, and none more than Messrs. TREE and COMYNS CARR, for one mystery breeds popular interest in another. Not that there was ever really any mystery to be solved by the audience at His Majesty's. When it reached them across the footlights it was already in a state of solution, for the adapter had had his dear mind divided between two first-class dramatic traditions: (1) Never keep a secret from your audience; (2) Hold their interest to the end. Between these two principles he had to decide, and he decided for the former. This meant that the edge was taken off the keenness of our appetites for the rest of the play, and the interest was largely confined to a contest of wits between two actors, Mr. TREE as *Jasper*, and Mr. HAVILAND as *Grewgious;* and very admirably was it fought out across the table in the first "Tableau" of Act III., the best in the play.

Whether Mr. CARR'S ingenious solution was the one designed by DICKENS it is not for me or any other living detective to say; but it is certainly supported by the original tale's insistence upon *Jasper's* passion for opium, and it is known that DICKENS had laid himself out for something *hors ligne*, and would not have been content with a common murder or a vulgar accident.

Before the curtain rose a lady in the stalls was heard to hazard the conjecture: "It 's *Vanity Fair*, isn't it?" Can it be that Mr. CARR had over-rated the public's familiarity with the original fragment? though Mr. HALL CAINE, I understand, admits that the works of DICKENS sell three times as fast as his own; and he would be the last to bring this charge against the nation if he were not reluctantly convinced of its truth.

Certainly, for those who had never read or had forgotten the story, the scene outside the Cathedral in Act. I. (a really exquisite picture) was rather bewildering with its variety of characters in all sorts of unexplained relationships to one another.

The costumes of the early-Victorian, pre-crinoline period were very piquant. The *petite* Miss AUGARDE was admirably served by hers in the rather colourless part of *Rosa Bud*. (Dear old DICKENS, and his "canting" names! Where, oh where, is the humour of yester-century?) Mr. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE, too, with his lithe figure and fine-drawn, feverish face, was very picturesque. But this period is not for all types of beauty; and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, for one, was a good way outside the picture. Nor was Mr. BASIL GILL any too well suited by the fashion of his environment. One remembers him an attractive object as *Aumerle* and as *The Darling of the Gods;* but both in facial and vocal adaptability he is curiously unaccommodating.

I must not forget how the *Durdles* of Mr. ANSON and the *Grewgious* of Mr. HAVILAND relieved the ambient gloom with their respective styles of humour—rotund and angular.



MR. BASIL GILL (*Edwin Drood*) *to* MR. TREE (*Jasper*). 'I have never seen that look in your eyes before!"

Voice from the Pit. "Then what were you doing in all the other plays?"

Edwin Drood's mystery may, in the authorised version, have been a great one, but the question how, in its adapted form, it is to sustain a very strong grip on the popular imagination is a greater mystery still. Mr. TREE'S own personality, be it never so versatile and brilliant, is not of itself enough to carry off a play which makes hardly any appeal to one's humanity.

I except the orchestra from this criticism. As I entered in the midst of the overture they were playing a Christmas hymn, and I joined in as well as I could, not having the words with me.

O. S.

TITTLE-TATTLE FROM THE TEMPLE.

Now that the Courts are once more sitting the problem of what to do with our judges is becoming again acute. Formerly it was only considered necessary to provide a few cases for them to try and let them do the rest. Nowadays, however, something more is needed. One can hardly expect DARLING J., for example, to be content with a mere party and party case. He must have special witnesses (theatrical preferred) and a supply of limelight, otherwise it is felt that he is not being properly dealt with. But, extraordinary as it may appear to the average layman, these things are ruled altogether by chance, and it is as likely, so careless are the authorities, that a really humorous cause providing plenty of opportunities for first-class "gags" will be assigned to judges like BUCKNILL or JELF JJ., as to the man specially designed by Providence and Lord HALSBURY for the purpose.

The question of the work assigned to each of the Judges for performance is nearly equalled in importance by the problem of where they are to be put to perform it. As our readers know, during the last term accommodation was found for one Judge in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and for another in a temporary structure in the Central Hall. But surely this state of things cannot be permitted to continue. The other Judges, it is said, are extremely annoyed that two of their brethren are given such legitimate opportunities for grumbling, whilst they have to fall back upon the time-worn complaints that their courts are not theatres, and that the ventilation is wrong anyway.

Several leading "silks" are amongst those who have promised to take part in the forthcoming London pageant. It is not yet known what parts are to be assigned to them, but the report that Mr. DANCKWERTS, K.C., has refused to represent one of the Princes who were murdered in the Tower is certainly premature.

The rumour that in future Mr. HALL CAINE will write, for *The Daily Mail*, descriptive articles of all our more engaging criminal cases has aroused the activity of the Criminals' Protection Association. It is proposed to take steps to put an end to this practice as tending to encourage undue competition in crime.



"EXPRESS" SPEED.

MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON (*new Managing Director of "The Times"*). "I'LL MAKE HIM HUM!"



FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

He. "ANYBODY TAKIN' YOU DOWN TO FEED?" *She.* "No."
He. "SHALL WE TODDLE DOWN TOGETHER?" *She.* "RIGHT O!"
He. "WELL, WE'D BETTER BARGE ALONG AT ONCE." [*They barge.*

MEDITATIONS IN THE "MAMMOTH FUN CITY."

By a Mild Hypochondriac.

FEELING unusually low this afternoon. Perhaps a little "Mammoth Fun" may cheer me up. Though, now I come to think of it, Mammoths' notion of genuine fun must have been rather rudimentary.

Am in Fun City. Military band, several orchestrions connected with "Razzle-dazzles," and musicians belonging to Morocco Village, all in full blast. I suppose a Mammoth would find it stimulating. Somehow it depresses *me*.

Discover Circus going on in Main Hall. Stand in outer ring and see Show for nothing—from prudence, not parsimony. Easier to go away as soon as I've had enough of it. Mons. EMILIONE is introducing Baby Elephant and Horse. Elephant evidently attached to Horse, but only Horse's high breeding enables him to conceal his strong antipathy to Elephant. How like so many human companionships! Must resist this tendency to melancholy . . . Baboon, irreproachably turned out in shiny hat, blue coat, white cords and top boots, is riding donkey over fences. His seat is perfect—he even looks round at Ring-master while taking jumps. If *I* attempted this I should come off. And yet I don't suppose that Baboon has had anything like the education and advantages *I've* had. Humiliating, this!

Clown in ring now, with Boxing Kangaroo. Clown, I can't help thinking, too serious over it. Still, if I were called upon to box with a Kangaroo, *I* should be serious. Much too fond of sparring with its hind-leg. . . .

Young lady cyclist has just turned back-somersault, sitting, from saddle of her bicycle to that of another just behind her. To think that I possess a vote, while she is denied all voice in the government of her country! That's the worst of circuses—they give one such a sense of one's own incompetence.

Circus over. However, plenty of other amusements. Might visit the Great Morocco Village, to begin with. Some Touareg women (at least I *assume* they are Touaregs), their eyes and teeth flashing in their burnt-almond faces, are sitting by the entrance, with tiny fuzzy-headed Touaregs at their knees. A coal-black native (who may be a Mehari, for all I know) is gazing entranced at the dancing in front of a Cinematograph Show. Perhaps it represents his idea of a Mohammedan Paradise. Another Mehari is seated motionless on camel. Something supercilious and sneering about this camel's expression, as if it didn't consider entertainment inside worth the extra sixpence. And yet surely instructive to see these Saharan tribes, with all their "Curious Rites," their "Devil Dance," and so on. Of course they would be no novelty to a camel. But suppose I went in and found myself the *only visitor*? So uncomfortable to be looking on, all alone, at a Devil-

Dance! Can't explain it, but, on catching the camel's eye once more, find it has put me off. For the present, at all events. I can always come back. . .

There is at least *one* person here as lonely as myself! At the end of a small enclosure I find a painted canvas frame with two oval holes in it. Through one of these I observe a portion of a dusky countenance (burnt-corked, I *think*), and a gleaming eye which regards me with a certain wistfulness. For a penny, so I gather from the placard, the owner of that eye will put his head through the hole and allow me the privilege of shying three hard wooden balls at him. None of the public seems to be patronising him, and I am sure he feels it. Shall I have a penn'orth—just to encourage him? It would be a humane action—for I 'm not likely to hit him—and yet I cannot bring myself to cockshot a fellow-creature in cold blood, even for Charity's sake! So I pass on. He was beginning to have hopes of me, and I have failed him!

Come upon "Oscillating Staircase," all the steps of which are joggling violently up and down. You can climb up and down them as much as ever you please. It is only threepence. If I was *quite* sure it would exhilarate me I might; but no, better not—it isn't so very long since I lunched. . .

Join a group that has collected round a low platform. They are mostly school-children, and are staring at the "Turkish Tom Thumb," as he sits in a tiny wicker chair, selling photographs of himself on postcards. Whenever his attention is called away the children look at one another and suppress a giggle. Then, as he turns round, they resume their preternatural solemnity with extraordinary suddenness. There is no charge for seeing him. I gaze at him, too—but (I hope) without rudeness.

The T. T. T. takes no notice of any of us. He merely hands the postcards and pockets the pennies for them with silent and impassive dignity. He can hardly be three feet high, and yet he makes me feel insignificant beside him. If *I* had to sit there, selling my own portraits in a circle of saucer-eyed children, should I preserve the same magnificent air of detachment? I doubt it. And, small as he is, he can converse, as a novice informs me, in no less than seven languages, while *I* can't always converse even in my own! However, he is a silent little polyglot at present. I feel I ought to make some remark, and draw him out, but I don't know—so difficult to begin. Anything in the nature of a platitude would be fatal. And I know those confounded children would begin giggling again. I pass on once more. After all, if I had spoken he might have snubbed me.

Arrive at "Katzenjammer Castle." Almost tempted to go in. Advertisement outside assures me that "everybody comes out laughing," and I notice several people leaving with, at all events, the after-glow of a grin on their faces. But what if Mammoth Fun inside took the form of practical joking? On reflection, stay outside. Still, I *do* wish sometimes that I had just a *little* more enterprise! . . .

Another gratuitous show. Two Indian Jugglers on small stage, performing basket trick with native boy. Cannot imagine how so stout a youth manages to dispose of himself while juggler is jumping on basket and prodding all round with sword; but it can't be comfortable for him. And what an existence—to be perpetually compressed into a basket of limited dimensions, to lie curled up like a whiting at the bottom, while a sharp sword is poked all round, then to be painfully extracted, and go through it all over again! There must be moments when he longs for a larger, free-er life! Wander on, in search of something to raise my spirits. . .

Shall I put down a penny and take a rod in the "Electric Fishpond"? The first who lands six metal fish wins a prize. People of all ages are angling with enthusiasm. I 've a good mind to join them. . . I *should* have, too, if only the voluble lady who presides over the competition hadn't pressed me to try my luck before I was quite ready. But I am no fisherman—very likely I shouldn't have won anything. And if I had, would the mere accident of contriving to hook six metal fish before anyone else have dispersed my gloom for long? . . . Hardly, I fear. . . What shall I do next? Might try to find a person of the name of "JOHNSON." My official programme contains a photograph of him, and says he is here in disguise, and if I can only recognise him and bring him captive to the Exhibitions Advertising Co. they will give me £20 in exchange for a Token he is carrying. When I come across him I 've merely to ask, "Are you JOHNSON?" and he will own up. Chance for enterprise here; but how if I recognise somebody who *isn't* JOHNSON?—might end in awkward scene. And if I *did* succeed in spotting him, I should look such an ass leading him captive. I don't even know where to lead him to, and a crowd would be sure to collect. No, I haven't seen anyone in the least like the photograph yet; but if I did I really believe I should look another way. Even £20 may be earned too dearly! . . .

I have spent three hours here; but I am still depressed. Which is odd, because everybody else seems to be enjoying Mammoth Fun immensely. Perhaps a mistake to come here and mammoth all by myself. It 's not as if I were in the mood for mammothing either. I think I will go straight home now, and take my tonic.

F. A.

THE FAIRY.

"IF you gobble your food as fast as that
You 'll choke, and there 'll be an end of you;
It 'll stick in your throat, and you 'll die—that 's flat—
And your mother and I don't want you to."
But four-and-a-half, she seemed resigned,
And she spoke in a tone that was pert and airy:
"Good gracious," she answered, "*I* don't mind;
I 've always *wanted* to be a fairy."

Then, murmuring half to herself, she said,
"I shall fly about with a pair of wings;
I shall never, no never, go to bed;
I shall eat a lot of the nicest things.
There 'll be jam for breakfast and jam for tea;
I shall never wear goloshes or mittens;
And Polly, the parrot, will come with me,
And John, the dog, and the tabby kittens.

"I think we shall have no end of fun,
With any amount of dolls and arks,
And a chocolate-cake and a currant-bun,
And a bottle of glue—it *will* be larks!
But "—here she wrinkled her baby brow—
"You must both come, too, and we 'll fly together;
And it 's rather cold for a fairy now,
So I think I 'll wait till it 's summer weather."

Zoological Note.

"A furious lizzard raged over Dartmoor and the greater part of North Devon on Saturday."—*Bristol Evening Times.*

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. I.

The adoption of a Socialistic policy in aristocratic circles is likely to be attended by jarring incidents until custom familiarises the change. For instance:—

THE SOCIALIST DUKE AND THE ACCOMMODATING BUTLER.



The Butler. "POST JUST COME IN, YOUR GR—ER—C-C-C-C—COMRADE!"
The S. D. "P-PUT 'EM DOWN, AND BE D——D TO YOU, COMRADE!"



The Butler. "NOW THEN, COMRADE, ALL TOGETHER! HEAVE HO!"
The S. D. "CONFOUND YOUR IMP—ER—I MEAN, THANK YOU, COMRADE!"



The Butler. "COME, COMRADE, ANOTHER GLASS WON'T HURT YOU BEFORE YOU JOIN THE MISSUS."
The S. D. "ALL RIGHT, COMRADE, IF YOU'LL HAVE ONE WITH ME."



The Butler. "WELL, NIGHT-NIGHT, COM."
The S. D. "TOOTLE-OO!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE announcement of the new management of *The Times* was followed by many reassurances. Mr. PEARSON'S half-penny daily is not to appear with the new heading:

The Daily Express
(with which is incorporated
The Times).

Nor is it contemplated to reduce the price of *The Times* to three halfpence.

***

We are in a position to deny the interesting rumour that by a process of exchange Mr. MOBERLEY BELL is to take over the management of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget*.

***

We cannot help admiring the beautiful optimism of the promoters of the forthcoming London Pageant. Only one scene, according to the synopsis which has been published, will be a water scene.

***

The Express on the 4th inst. published:—

HOW TO KEEP WARM.
COLD WEATHER ADVICE FROM EXPERTS.

Among those who gave advice was Mr. GAMAGE, whose huge fire recently attracted so much attention.

***

WOMAN IN RED.
MYSTERY STILL UNRAVELLED.

These were the misleading headlines of an article in *The Daily Telegraph* of the 3rd inst., which coldly went on to state:—"To-day the mystery seems as far from solution as ever." Of course we quite agree that "ununravelled" is an ugly word, but what's wrong with "Mystery still ravelled"?

***

M. ALEXANDRE DUVAL, the proprietor of the well-known Paris restaurants, has written the music for an operetta, for which M. CARRÉ has supplied the book. The fact that M. DUVAL did not call in our Mr. JOSEPH LYONS for the libretto is no doubt due to professional jealousy.

***

Interviewed on the subject of the wrecking of the St. Lazare Station in Paris by a number of passengers who were infuriated by the late arrival of the suburban trains, a prominent official of our South-Eastern Railway is said to have remarked that fortunately English people were not so excitable as the French.

***

The THAW Trial is now in its second year, and is proving as attractive as ever, and we see no reason why it should not continue to attract for many years to come.

***

Lloyd's News (under the same proprietorship as *The Daily Chronicle*, which delights to refer to certain of its political rivals as "the Yellow Press") announces as one of its attractions a life of the ex-convict LEE, with the title "The Man they could not Hang."

***

"The Man they should not Hang" hopes to make his appearance later on at the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

***

Some milkmen in South-West London have started a musical society, with the object of making the milkman's cry melodious. There still remains grand work to be done by founding choral societies among the porters who announce the names of our railway stations.

***

A coroner refused to allow a child to give evidence last week because, when she was asked if she knew what would become of her if she told a lie, she said she did not know. That seems scarcely the way to encourage the young to continue to speak the truth.

***

Collier's Weekly makes the novel suggestion that the American Navy might, in the event of insufficient white Americans coming forward, be manned partially by black Americans. These would certainly have one great advantage. They would not show the dirt during coaling operations.

***

"A Constant Reader" writes to a contemporary:—

"Sir,—In a heated discussion recently, in which I took part, the subject being 'Who is the most popular novel writer (English-speaking) in the World,' we could not come to a satisfactory conclusion. Being a constant reader of 'The Daily News,' it was decided that I should write and ask the opinion of 'The Daily News' readers."

If our idea as to who will be voted the most popular novelist be correct, would it not be a kindly act on the part of *The Daily News*, in emulation of another journal, to offer him (or her) a free trip to some remote country?

***

Professor ARTHUR KAMPF, of Munich, in discussing picture forgeries, has, according to *The Sunday Times*, made the interesting statement that "art swindlers existed as far back as 400 years, and that at that period plenty of false Rembrandts were offered to the public." This gives one some idea of the devilish cleverness of these fellows. That they should have been able to copy the work of REMBRANDT one hundred years before he was born is a pretty good testimonial.

***

The Army Council has decided that the slouch hat as a protection for the soldier against the sun is not required in the United Kingdom. This is the sort of thing that sours the weather.

TUNING UP ALL ROUND.

Now that Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON is at last comfortably installed in his Directorship at the National Gallery, England may confidently anticipate a new reputation among the artistic peoples. "Painted by hand, are they?" were the first words of the new Dictator as he passed through the rooms on his motor bicycle. "Well, we can show them something better than that on our new rollers." The happy result is that in place of the antiquated and outmoded REMBRANDT and REYNOLDS the walls of the Trafalgar Square Gallery will very shortly be bright and gay with three-colour-process blocks of all the new men and a number of snappy photographs to boot. The Misses DARE, we understand, are already preparing an assortment of new poses for the National Gallery camera.

Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON'S term of office at the Mint is expected to be fraught with some piquant changes. The old coinage will, it is conjectured, completely vanish, with the exception of the half-penny, which is to be produced day and night in the interests of newspaper readers. Mr. PEARSON'S revolution embraces the supersession of the sovereign and the introduction of a new coin to be known as the nimble ninepence.

Rumours to the contrary notwithstanding, it is now pretty clear that the inventor of missing word competitions who is to take over the control of the Zoo is Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON. In fact that gentleman admitted as much in an interview yesterday. "I do not deny it," he said, "nor do I affirm it." One thing is certain and that is that if Mr. PEARSON has his way the Zoo will be a very different place. None of the slower animals will be allowed to remain at all, the sloth being the first to get notice. The snakes will have to grow arms and legs, or quit. The camels must lose their humps.

"We cannot carry all that dead-weight," were Mr. PEARSON's own words, or *ipsissima verba*, as they say at Winchester, the grey old Gothic school whose motto is "Hustlynge makyth hay."

The financial position of Oxford and Cambridge has grown so unsatisfactory of late years that universal relief has been caused by the public-spirited and patriotic action of Mr. C. A. PEARSON in accepting the task of reorganising the two Universities. The details of this colossal scheme are not yet published, but we understand that he proposes to effect an amalgamation of the two institutions under the title of Cam-Ox University, the undergraduates to be known in future as Oxtabs, and that in place of the annual contest on the Thames a single boat, manned by representatives of both Universities, will row against time from Mortlake to Putney.

Some natural tears were shed at the Royal College of Music when it was made known that Sir Hubert Parry had resigned his directorship in favour of Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON, but already the *nouveau régime* is working smoothly and to the perfect content of all the students. Immense satisfaction was expressed at the announcement that in future harmony, composition and musical history would disappear from the curriculum, and that every pupil must take up the pianola as a first study. Mr. PEARSON has wisely resolved to dispense with the services of all teachers of singing, and to rely exclusively on instruction by the gramophone. With the economies thus effected he hopes to be able to hold out sufficient pecuniary inducement to Mr. SOUSA to warrant his joining the staff of the Royal College as Professor of Orchestral Playing and Platform Deportment. Another admirable feature of the scheme of reorganisation is the provision of instruction in a number of interesting but neglected instruments, such as the banjo, the ocarina, the Welsh harp, the penny whistle, the pan pipes, the post-horn, and the mouth-organ.

Acute disappointment was experienced in Bloomsbury when it became known that, owing to his other engagements, Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON had reluctantly declined the offer of the Chief Librarianship of the British Museum. But this feeling has been considerably assuaged by the welcome announcement that the Trustees have gratefully acted on Mr. PEARSON's suggestion and entrusted the post to his gifted colleague, Mr. PETER KEARY. Mr. PETER KEARY, who entered on his new duties last Thursday, has already effected a complete revolution in the musty galleries of the Bloomsbury Knowledge Box, as it will henceforth be known. The Reading Room has been converted into a splendid Restaurant, in which the tables are ranged round the walls, leaving most of the space free to be used as a skating-rink or a ballroom. All books published since the foundation of *The Daily Express* have been destroyed, a special suite of apartments has been equipped for the accommodation of Limerick competitors, and pigeon-shooting goes on gaily in front of the main portico.



Mother. "GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?"
Child. "BOBBY AND I TUMBLED INTO THE POND."
Mother. "BUT WHERE'S POOR BOBBY?"
Child. "OH, I EXPECT HE'S OUT BY NOW."

Feminine Fashions for January.

"The honest eyes [of a stree'-arab], regarding her, swept disconsolately over his ragged nether garments, then raised themselves in speechless surprise to hers."
Westminster Gazette.

"The Daily Mail" Arithmetician again.

"To-morrow's match will be the seventieth match of the series. England have won 33 to Australia's 29, while 15 have been left drawn."

"A cricket match being played on the Polo Ground on Wednesday there will be no golf on that day."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

And the poor fellows who turn up for ice-hockey will be disappointed of their game too.



CONSOLING.

Passenger. "BOATMAN, HADN'T WE BETTER BAIL HER OUT? SHE'S HALF FULL OF WATER."
Irish Boatman. "OOH, NIVER MIND, SORR. SURE SHE'LL RUN OVER WHEN SHE'S QUITE FULL!"

THE SECOND TEST MATCH.

PEARLS OF GREAT PRICE.

(By Cablegram.)

Melbourne, Wed., 11 A.M.

NOBLE has won the toss. His face is wreathed in smiles. FANE looks serious but determined. The match has begun. It is anybody's match. Every man is doing his best. RHODES is bowling with his left hand.

4 P.M.

Who will win? Five runs have been made in the last hour. The excitement is terrific. The fielding is getting slack. HARDSTAFF has gone to sleep in the long-field. The wicket-keeper is wearing gloves.

Thursday, 3 P.M.

It is still anybody's game. It is giant against giant. Long-on is standing up. Who will win?

Friday, 2 P.M.

The efforts to keep the runs down have succeeded. Only one run was made before luncheon to-day. It was an overthrow. Australia is gaining ground. The result is doubtful.

Saturday, 3 P.M.

JONES has arrived. He has lost two stone during his illness. A change has come over the game. CRAWFORD has bowled a no-ball.

5 P.M.

JONES has already recovered 10 lbs. Either side might win. The spectators applauded a wide vigorously.

Monday, 3 P.M.

JONES has regained two more pounds. The end is approaching, and both elevens are awake. The strain is beginning to tell. Four leg-byes (all run) were scored this morning. Australia has a chance. So has England.

Tuesday, 11 A.M.

Still impossible to say who will win. A tie is probable. JONES weighed out well this morning.

2 P.M.

JONES has not been weighed since last cablegram. The match is coming to a close. Ladies are fainting. The finish is the thing. What will it be?

OUT OF IT.

["In a recent 'bus accident the money collected by the conductor was scattered in the road and picked up by the crowd.' *Daily Paper.*]

I VIEW with envious mind
Folk who contrive to find
Small change of any kind
Dumped in the highway;
I wonder how they woo
Fortune, and win her too—
Why doesn't such a *coup*
Ever come *my* way?

Lo! where a motor-bus,
Charging a wall and thus
Checking its impetus,
Skids all awry there,
Fires the conductor out,
Show'ring his pence about—
Shillings as well, no doubt—
Why wasn't *I* there?



RELIEVED.

MUTINY VETERAN. "ARE YOU CHARITY?"
FAIR STRANGER. "NO, I AM GRATITUDE, COME TO PAY MY DEBT."

[Lord ROBERTS has appealed to the public for funds to ensure the independence and comfort of every Crimean and Indian Mutiny Veteran at present in the workhouse. Contributions may be sent to Messrs. Cox and Co., Charing Cross, S.W., to the account of the Veterans' Relief Fund.]



Scotch Keeper. "THAT'S A VERRA FINE CAR YOU HAVE GOT."
S.-K. "SHE WAD BE A VERRA POWERFU' CAR WHATEVER?"
Chauffeur. "OH, IT AIN'T A BAD CAR."
C. "OH, NO, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT."
S.-K. "I WASS NOT JUDGIN' BY THE SIZE. I WASS JUDGIN' BY THE SMELL!"

DISILLUSIONED.

SOMEHOW I thought that when 1-9-0-7
  Was with its fathers duly numbered,
Its corpse interred, and all its errors shriven,
  And masses for its soul's peace sung and said,
Much more felicitous would be my state
Quite early in the course of Nineteen-Eight.

People had buttressed me in this fond hope
  By giving the glad hand, the antique wish
For happiness within the New Year's scope;
  Yet somehow several things occurred to dish,
Even before the Daft Days' mirth was spent,
My confidence in speedy betterment.

I find it still as difficult to rise
  Before the day is lit, and (partly) warmed;
The morning fog still stings and blinds the eyes;
  By those LAST NOTICES I 'm still alarmed,
In which collectors say naught can content 'em
Now, save a superadded ten *per centum*.

Even my tailor, whom I always thought
  A man of some originality,
Cites outworn items which he says I bought—
  He may be right, but still it seems to me
That "Compliments" look somewhat insincere
Upon the old account he sent last year.

Still are they trying to try HARRY THAW
  With "new effects" upon the same old charge;
Still last year's jokelets make the Pit guffaw;
  PRIBBLE, the Office Bore, is still at large;
Still at my gate the same old organ halts,
Unwinding still the "Merry Widow" waltz.

* * * * * *

To me it seems indubitably clear
We might as well be living in last year.

With regard to a recent French train robbery we have the following information from Carmelite House:

"As soon as the six cash boxes in a somewhat battered condition had been replaced in the van . . ."—*Daily Mail.*

"The five cash boxes somewhat battered were replaced in the van . . ."—*Over-seas Daily Mail.*

The difference in the number is obviously to save weight in the over-seas edition.

A contemporary states that "the chief feature of the December issue [of *The University Magazine*—McGill and Toronto Universities] is 'Ad Universitam,' Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING'S characteristic address to the students of McGill." Pedantry is abhorrent to *Mr. Punch*, but he does hope that a word like *Universitam* is not really "characteristic" of Mr. KIPLING'S Latinity.

THE BREAKING POINT.

I AM suffering from a new disease, and I seek a remedy.

I grow thin under the infliction. My nerves are giving way. I am utterly weary of it.

Its name is HALL CAINE.

There seems to be no escape.

I go to a bookshop, and ask to see some books, and the shopman insinuates a volume into my hand, *Cobwebs of Criticism*, by HALL CAINE. It is a shrill plea for the sanity of the mob, and I do not want it.

I am taken to the theatre, and the play is *The Christian*, by HALL CAINE.

I open *The Chronicle*, and find an article by a Mr. BEGBIE daring to question if Mr. HALL CAINE'S chromo-lithographic view of Christianity is a true one, and asking if there is not a finer ideal than he puts before the playgoer. I shudder as I think of the morrow.

I open *The Chronicle* again, and find Mr. HALL CAINE rioting in reply, the exponent of Christianity once again resting his case on the plaudits of the mob, and falling into Billingsgate over his critic—thus exemplifying his fitness to provide a perfect example of the Christian ideal for footlight consumption.

There is a murder case of a peculiarly sordid character. The trial lasts for several days, the case breaks down, and the accused man is acquitted, to the delight of the mob, who attempt to maltreat one of the witnesses for the Crown, a woman. Who is it that from the well of the court passes up a request for the prisoner's autograph? Mr. HALL CAINE.

I open *The Daily Mail*, and find two columns devoted to a high-pitched character sketch of the acquitted man. Composed by whom? By the mob's staunch friend and flatterer, Mr. HALL CAINE.

The DRUCE case at last draws near its end, and the grave is opened, revealing its pathetic secret. At last it is known, after months of costly litigation, that there really was a Mr. T. C. DRUCE. I open *The Daily Mail*, and find that the Editor has received a communication from Mr. HALL CAINE, so poignant and plain-spoken that it cannot be printed, claiming to have known all the time that intimate fact which has just come so dramatically to light, and hinting that before very long his gifted pen will inflict upon the world his own version of the whole romance, either for the reader or the playgoer.

The DRUCE case ends, and the papers print their reports. I open *The Chronicle*, and find a portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE leaving the court. I open *The Mirror*, and find a portrait of Mr. HALL CAINE leaving the court. I open other papers, with the same result.

I walk along the Strand, and meet a gaping crowd following a theatrical figure with long red hair and an opera cloak. It is Mr. HALL CAINE, attended, I presume, by a bodyguard of his own darling public, obstructing the way of modest men.

And I ask where is this going to stop. Are we to be saddled for ever with this intrusive pervasive gentleman? Is his passion for the limelight to be gratified for ever? Is it not time that the closure was ordered, and a close time for Mr. HALL CAINE prescribed?

Sherlock Holmeski.

What might have been another inexplicable "Railway Mystery" has been happily averted by the shrewd intuition of *The Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent in the Russian capital. This gentleman wires: "At noon yesterday, at a station about 370 miles from St. Petersburg, a sleeping-car took fire, possibly through the ignition of inflammable objects there." The "possibly" marks a delicate sense of restraint, but amidst the bewildering mass of conflicting hypotheses that will rise to the speculative mind, we believe that the *Daily Telegraph's* Special Correspondent has hit the right nail on the head after all.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—As a keen lover of animals, I wish to enter a vigorous protest against the almost universal custom of placing our harmless *Porifera domesticata* (the common bath sponge) out on the window-sills during the present very severe weather.

Surely the fact that it belongs to the lowest form of animal life is but a poor excuse for this inhuman cruelty? Might not the attention of the Hon. STEPHEN be drawn to the matter with advantage, or that of the League which supplies the bonnets to 'bus horses? If hunting is stopped by the frost these gentlemen will possibly have spare time to ameliorate the condition of the most humble and at the same time useful of our dumb friends.

I am, dear sir, yours truly,
A LOVER OF THE LITTLE BROWN SPONGE.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—Of course I know that schoolboys are not supposed to have any feelings—just because we keep them to ourselves and don't make a fuss when they're trampled on—but I really think that attention should be called to an objectionable practice now prevalent among tradesmen, which is exceedingly painful to us all. All we want to do is to enjoy our holidays in peace, and yet the latter half of them is entirely spoilt by the absolutely indecent way in which the approach of school is rubbed into us from all points of the compass by tradesmen's advertisements. "School Outfit" circulars pour in upon our people by every post, and the same beastly legend is placarded on each side of every tradesman's van in the street—even *coal carts*—and no tailor's or outfitter's window is considered complete without a waxwork show of little swines dressed up in tweed or Eton suits—"For school wear."

Let grown-up people put it to themselves. How would a man who shortly expected to go to prison like it, for instance, if on every hoarding he was faced with advertisements for handcuffs or leg-irons? or, if he was going to have an operation, how would he feel if his mothers and aunts insisted on discussing the prices of surgical appliances and gravestones in his presence?

Yours furiously,
SMITH, mi.

The World Knows little of its Greatest Men.

"It is not so well-known that he saw active service in the Burmese Exhibition of 1886-7."
Civil and Military Gazette.

And there is many an unknown hero in West Kensington to-day who saw active service in the Balkans Exhibition last summer.

Thin Ice.

The skilful way in which the Government skips over the difficult places in its endeavours to represent the People's Will is generously recognised by *The Daily Mail*, which published a poster recently:

"CABINET PROGRAMME FOR NEXT SESSION.
WHERE TO SKATE."

Advertising Candour.

"FOR SALE, Brindle Bull Mastiff Dog; demon guard; fond of poultry."
—*Hull Daily Mail.*

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LONDON PAGEANT.



1. THE EVOLUTION OF THE LONDON COSTER.



2. ROBERT OF SCOTLAND (YARD) DISCOVERS THE METROPOLITAN AREA.



3. SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON, AS A PAST MASTER OF THE A T, IS ELECTED LIFE-WARDEN OF THE TURNERS' COMPANY.

BRAMBLE.

PERSONALLY I like *Bramble* (the funny man in my new novel). He is so genuine. And then he says such extraordinary things. "Do you never take exercise, *Mr. Bramble?*" a friend inquired. "Sometimes I stretch!" That is only on page 9. I rather think he improves later on.

Yet though I fully recognise that *Bramble* is one of my most perfect creations, it is perhaps better that we should not see *quite* so much of one another. To tell you the truth, *Bramble* wants all the stage to himself. At the beginning of each chapter, I say, "This is a serious novel. (*A Study in Temperament* I am going to describe it.) *Bramble* is a funny man. There is no denying it. He is a funny man. His duties are clear. 'To relieve by a few humorous touches the tense emotions of the reader.' But nothing about staying in for three chapters, is there? No, *Bramble*, you must keep out of it for a page or two."

And does he? Well, the fact is, I am afraid that *Bert Pleydell* (hero) is not pushing enough. He gives way to *Bramble* so. It is like this. *Bert* and *Angy* (heroine) open chapter. *Angy* makes shy advances. *Bert* thinks it over. *Angy's* advances become more noticeable. *Bert*, suddenly fired with passion, pours forth 1,500 words of tumultuous—or at least he should do. What usually happens is that after *Bert* has been at it for a paragraph or so he cools down—wants to analyse his emotions and all that kind of thing. I tear up his speech, take a clean sheet of paper and—— Then I remember that tale I heard at Scarboro' last year. And there is *Bramble* waiting at my elbow.

I have put *Bert* off five times already. Anyway, I start on the plot to-morrow.

Really *Bramble* seems to have a knack of turning up at the most awkward places. Chapter XII., for instance, which gives the funeral of *Little Dai*. Of course he ought to be there, having kept her alive four days with his inexhaustible store (53 pp.) of humour. Still, I think he overdid it. When I showed that chapter to GATES (GATES writes those impressionist sketches in *The Cerebellum*) he asked, "Why not bury *Little Dai* between Chapters XI. and XII.? Then *Bramble* would be late for the funeral."

I must get rid of *Bramble*.

Chapter XIV. shaped up much better than I expected. There was a little trouble with *B.* at first. But after I had let him have twenty-one pages to give his experiences of buying a dog, he went to the Club or somewhere, and *Bert* and *Angy* had the stage to themselves. Near the end *Bert* says, "When we meet in that To-morrow, and look back into the black vista of Yesterday, and see the light of former gladness brighten the——" I think that was a jolly lucky idea, my sending *Bramble* to the Club.

In future I shall keep *Bramble* for the beginnings of chapters only.

I am afraid some of the chapters are horribly long. To-day I see my publishers, Messrs. SPOONER and WHITEHEAD.

My dear *Bramble*! You must know that I would do anything sooner than give you pain. You remember how in Chapter III. I purposely cut down *Angy's* illness because it clashed with your trout story. Look how I behaved over the funeral too! But there 's SPOONER—a fellow who reads *Slaps;* and WHITEHEAD—a poor creature with no sense of humour. They say—— Oh, it 's too terrible! Of course there 's no need for you to suffer unnecessarily. Just about half a paragraph. Then —"*a peaceful smile lit up the calm features; but the lips did not move.*" I expect it will upset *me* for the rest of the day.

Unless—I hardly like to mention it. But SPOONER suggested it. "Supposing he had some terrible affliction," SPOONER said, "something that would force him to renounce humour once and for all." You remember the tale of HENRY and the *White Ship*. Think it over, *Bramble*.

Somehow, I knew that he wouldn't. "A life without humour, never!" *Bramble* declared. "Rather a ten-page death." His devotion to his art is very touching. I shall miss him terribly, I know. But there 's SPOONER. Let me see, how shall I do it? A motor-bus accident? Ugh! Perhaps *B.* would be in the midst of one of his best stories. No, I must think of a humorous death. He would like that, I know.



Mistress (engaging new servant). "WHAT ABOUT YOUR REFERENCES?"
Servant. "I'VE TORN THEM UP."
Mistress. "I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT."
Servant. "I THINK YOU WOULD IF YOU'D READ THEM."

All is well! There is something wrong with one of *Bramble's* lungs. (Never heard of a funny man having lungs before. But that shows how original are my ideas.) He is saved. But he must leave for the Cape at the end of Chapter XXII.

Most of the characters were down at Old Swan Pier—ah! I must alter that—to see *Bramble* off. As the liner swung into mid-stream *B.* waved his hat and shouted, "Not good-bye! Not good-bye!" (He was thinking of my next novel.)

Now I can arrange for *Beauchamp's* suicide.

It was a good idea of mine to send *Bramble* off before the suicide. But I missed him horribly at the inquest. A very dull affair.

Something wrong with *Bert*. He



Oldest Inhabitant. "YOU SEE, SIR, 'OW THE PLACE 'AS CHANGED. WHEN I FUST COOMED 'ERE I 'AD LOTS O' FRIENDS; BUT NOW THERE BE NO ONE LEFT TO HOBNAIL WITH!"

has got into the way of breaking off in the middle of a paragraph. Seems to have lost all interest in the book too. I do miss *Bramble*.

Angy is growing tired of her long engagement. Doesn't receive *Bert's* love caresses as she used. "Why can't we be married privately?" she inquires each morning. "Then *Bert* need not be kidnapped, and——" Oh! bother the plot. I do miss *B*.

I must tell you about that fellow *Bramble*. He is writing *long* letters home. The touches of humour are delicious. And the tales of Colonial life!

"Northern League match, at Arbroath. All the goals were scored at the east end posts and in the first half. Result:—Arbroath, five: Lochgelly, two."—*Scotsman.*

This is a bad lie, on the face of it.

The Commercial Instinct.

From an advt. in a contemporary:

"NATIONAL PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION
for
MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.
Applications for Agencies invited.
Sold only in labelled tins, price 7½*d.* and 1*s.* 1½*d.*"

"O wert thou in the Cauld Blast!"

"DAVIOT CURLING CLUB DANCE.—Party who left Pair of Dark Blue Trousers can have same on applying to the President."
Aberdeen Free Press.

This advertisement seems to have some bearing on the following:—

"How to dress in the Ballroom."
Daily Mirror.

But why not miss a dance or two and get it done outside?

"The Coming Storm.
EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.
An Acceptable Wedding Present."

This singularly felicitous touch is taken from an advt. in *The Daily Graphic*.

Oratorical Finality.

Col. Sir WILLIAM SERGEANT, C.B., on Mr. HALDANE's scheme for a territorial army:—

"Suppose the Regulars should last only three months, where should we be? By no means."—*Volunteer Service Gazette.*

"Fresh Woods."

"FURNITURE.—It is impossible to value your mahogany bureau from the particulars you give. The only way is to have it seen by an expert. It may be mahogany or it may be Sheraton."—*London Opinion.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Younger Set (CONSTABLE) is Mr. R. W. CHAMBERS's second adventure in the romance of modern American Society, and it is an extremely good story. Its best situation is the accidental meeting of a divorced couple. The looseness of the marriage-knot over there seems to be a source of great embarrassment to New York hostesses; you never can remember who has been separated from whom. A pity that the author should have spoilt the consistency of his methods by a commonplace episode out of melodrama, severing his Gordian knot with an improbable revolver whose utility is obvious from quite a long way off. Mr. CHAMBERS is happiest with some of his minor characters, such as *Nina* and *Drina*. His heroine is almost incredibly virginal; and his hero is always threatening to become a prig through no fault of his own, but just because the author insists on italicising his probity and manliness—qualities that are best illustrated without comments from the showman. In the same way some of his characters protest too much that their society is "thoroughbred," a dreadful epithet which good-breeding, taking itself for granted, can always afford to dispense with.

Mr. CHAMBERS has a great resource of language; but he is too facile, and should set himself to curb both the volume and the flamboyancy of his eloquence. I am glad to note that in his present novel he has checked a bad habit of sneering ignorantly at English manners. He makes only a single reference to us, and so commits only one error in this connection. There is talk of an American duchess leading an "Insular invasion" against the hearts of Transatlantic heiresses; and Mr. CHAMBERS speaks of the "thin red line" of our "needy" Household Cavalry. He doesn't seem to have heard of The Blues.

The hero in Mr. WILMSHURST's clever illustrations, which are very beautifully reproduced, belongs to a handsome type, but it is of British and not American growth.

The Old Peabody Pew, I 'm bound to state
(From CONSTABLE'S—KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN), offers
A not remarkably attractive bait
To folk with modest coffers.

The tale is human, humorous, refined,
After the author's most delightful manner;
But dear at—to my mercenary mind—
Three shillings and a tanner.

'Tis true the pages have their margins packed
(Most have, at least) with decorative glory,
Yet that but serves to emphasise the fact
There 's precious little story.

"Once there were a man and a mouse and a goat and a lion and a crocodile"—this, I think, was the opening of *Bruno's* story to the reluctant frogs, and Mr. STONE is nearly as abrupt in method at the beginning of *Scars* (HEINEMANN), for in the first two chapters we are introduced to about a score of characters, with nothing much to guide us as to their different degrees of importance. Once we get them sorted out, however, the plot runs finely. I think this is the author's first novel, and he has chosen a rather daring subject, for his hero, besides being an Etonian, a cricketer, and a good fellow all round, has inherited a very bad kind of homicidal mania. Moreover, since a great part of the book is occupied with the careless gaieties of public school and Varsity life the tragedy is vastly deepened by contrast—as if one should run across the Pelopidæ wearing morning coats in Bond Street. I feel bound to mention this rather bad-tempered Greek family, because Mr. STONE himself displays a strong academic bias, and two of his characters even quote HORACE at a Christ Church ball. But, whether it is owing to admiration of the classic drama or not, he has certainly given us a very awe-inspiring picture of *πρώταρχος Ατη* in a *milieu* where we hope the lady is not often to be found.



THE PRINCIPAL BOY WHO WOULD *NOT* GROW OLD.

Lord WANTAGE was not in the Navy or the Church, nor was he a barrister. Otherwise, as soldier, volunteer, Red Cross Knight, farmer, landlord, Member of Parliament, statesman, company-chairman, lord-lieutenant and peer, he played most of the parts open to an English gentleman, and played them with consummate skill. His V.C. was gained, of course, in what have been called Crimeval times; but though his active career began as long ago as 1854 he was still working hard for our soldiers in South Africa when the present century dawned. All this and much more of interest may be gathered from *Lord Wantage, V.C., K.C.B.* (SMITH, ELDER), the memoir compiled by his faithful and helpful wife. And that none may deem her prejudiced by wifely devotion read what FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has said of him:—

"Lord Wantage is a great loss—but he has been a great gain. And what he has gained for us can never be lost. It is my experience that such men exist only in England. A man who had everything (to use the common phrase) that this world could give him, but who worked as hard, and to the last, as the poorest able man—and all for others—for the common good. A man whose life makes a great difference for all. *All* are better than if he had not lived, and this betterment is for always—it does not die with him. That is the true estimate of a *great* life."

It does *Mr. Punch's* heart good to read of the giants of his own generation.

By Col and Cap.

Under the head of "Winter Sports at Chamonix," *The Standard* makes the following remarkable statement:—"The departure of the Alpine regiments from Argentière for Chamonix by the Colonel de Balme took place early in the morning." After this it would not surprise us to hear that the Mediterranean Fleet has been seen executing manœuvres round Captain St. Martin.



Betty (who has just heard the story of Gelert). "AND DID THE MAN REALLY KILL THE DOG, DADDY?"
Daddy. "YES. YOU SEE HE THOUGHT IT HAD KILLED HIS CHILD."
Betty. "WOULD YOU DO THE SAME IF DON KILLED BABY?" *Daddy.* "CERTAINLY."
Betty (very thoughtfully). "POOR OLD DON!"

THE SOUL OF WIT.

Rolling Hall,
Leicestershire.

DEAR RICHARD,—I know you like to hear of a good joke now and then that you can sketch for your paper. Now this really happened. The old sexton at Little Pipley, old JOE GREEN, is a bit of a character, and his wife, who was the Thornby Lodge gardener's wife before she married GREEN, is rather a crotchety old body, and old JOE you must know is a bit too fond of his drop on a Saturday night, and the old lady being of the Thornby JENKINSON stock and of course a strict T.T., when her worthy spouse goes off to the Black Swan with his boon companions, or rather I should say when he comes home again, the domestic felicity of the GREEN household is wont to become somewhat ruffled; in fact, the old couple have words. Well, one Sunday morning after one of these rows the Vicar and old JOE ran across one another close by the broken spout on the north side of the church—you know the spot—and said, "Well, JOE, you 're looking very *grave* this morning. I hope there 's nothing the matter at home," or "the matter with MARTHA," or something like that. So old JOE turned round, with one of those knowing winks of his, I expect, and said, "I wish she was in HER *grave*," and off he stumped to distribute the collection bags without another word!!! The Vicar told me this himself. I should put "A Fact" on the top if I were you. Everybody I have told it to has been immensely amused at it. Mind you get the broken spout in.

Believe me, your affec. uncle,
JAMES C. HEVYTHWAITE.

P.S.—We must have you down here when your picture of the joke comes out, so let me know what week it will be.

First Answer (burnt).

Chelsea.

DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Thanks for kindly sending me the story about JOE GREEN and the Vicar. I will try it on the Editor; but it is very difficult to tell exactly what they will like, so I hope you won't be disappointed if it doesn't appear. Very likely they may have another sexton-joke on hand with a drawing already done; or for a number of reasons it might be inconvenient to put it in. If they *should* happen not to accept it, you might send it to GEORGE, and he could turn it into a short story for one of the magazines. I should like very much to go down to Rolling and see you all again. Would some time next month suit you?

Second Answer (sent).

MY DEAR UNCLE JAMES.—Many thanks for that capital joke of yours. I can just imagine old JOE's face. I shall be delighted to accept your kind invitation for the early part of next month, which is about the time the joke would appear. Love to everyone.

Your affectionate nephew,
DICK.

A CANDIDATE FOR AN OLD AGE PENSION.

As down a country lane I strode,
With sweet and rural thoughts inspired,
I saw a tramp beside the road
Who looked a little tired.

Upon the ditch's marge he lay,
And, as I read his visage clear,
Something within me seemed to say,
"This man is full of beer."

I progged him gently in the side:
"What is your story? I would know."
"I 'm Weary WILLIE," he replied,
Adding the words "What O!"

"A simple, homely name," said I;
"Myself, when still a tender brat,
Was so addressed for short. But why,
Why 'Weary'? Tell me that.

"Is it excess of manual toil,
Followed by mental strain, perhaps,
With burning of the midnight oil,
That causes this collapse?"

He answered with a pleasant smirk:
"Don't go and fret yourself, ole pal;
I never done a stroke o' work,
Not me, nor never shall."

"You labour not," I said, "and yet
Men call you 'Weary'? Pray suggest
How you acquired this epithet
Implying lack of rest."

"That 's right," he said; "I earn no wage;
It 's just the hangin' round about
Waitin' to touch a ripe old age
That fairly wears me out.

"Five bob a week for bed and board
If I can only keep alive
To get the Government's reward
For reaching sixty-five.

"Yus, Weary WILLIE 's got to wait
Some thirty years, poor patient bloke,
To pouch his pension. Tell yer, mate,
Me 'eart is well-nigh broke!"

I ventured: "Do not deem me rude,
But how do you expect, my son,
To win your country's gratitude
For duties left undone?"

"The Rads," he answered, "run the show;
No questions asked about the past;
It 's like a little Heaven below—
There ain't no first nor last!"

"You hint," said I, "of halcyon days,
And fields that flow with milk and rum;
But how do they propose to raise
The necessary sum?"

"Guv'nor!" said he, "*we* 'll get the stuff;
There 's always fools as toil and spin;
They 'll pay the taxes fast enough,
And that 's where *I* come in!"

* * * * * *

I left him prone beside the path,
Weary with yearning, year by year,
For Merit's glorious aftermath,
Yet full of hope and beer.

O. S.

SWANS IN ADVANCE.

(An Exercise in the New Advertising.)

MR. LONG JANE begs to inform his patrons that he will open the Publishing Season by starting four new Authors from The Oddly Read, viz.:—

A NEW ARISTOPHANES	F. J. Gander	LOVE AND THE TINSMITH
A NEW CLASSIC	O. I. E.	MACKENZIE REDIVIVUS
A NEW SAINTE-BEUVE	R. A. Gosling	ROMANCE AND MODERNISM
A NEW SHAKSPEARE	L. Anser	GREEN THOUGHTS

Mr. LONG JANE believes that these books are more than perfect, and will run through the season, or at least part of it. The following are the particulars:—

I. The New Aristophanes.

By this title the publisher confidently designates Mr. F. J. GANDER, the author of *Love and the Tinsmith*, a work full of the robustious essence of Twentieth-Century Humour. What the great satirist, wit and jester ARISTOPHANES did for the gay pleasure-lovers of ancient Rome, that will Mr. GANDER do for all those readers in our own day who, like the publisher, possess what has been called the fourth of the great cardinal virtues—Humour. Make a note of *Love and the Tinsmith*, to be published on January 29 by the new ARISTOPHANES.

II. The New Classic.

The publisher is conscious that it is unusual, except among publishers, to hail a new writer as a classic, but Sir THOMAS BROWNE, PATER, R. L. S., W. J. LOCKE, and Mr. MONEY-COUTTS were once new writers, and he claims for O. I. E. (those being the initials under which his latest discovery wishes to conceal his identity) that he has written a book worthy to be placed along with the writings of such authors, and worthy also to be placed with any writer of antiquity that can be named, not excepting the divine PLATO. *Mackenzie Redivivus* by O. I. E. (ready January 29, price 7*s.* 6*d.* net) may by some be voted precious. It is certainly intimate, like all the best books, yellow or otherwise. But discerning critics will see its masterly power and delicacy, and appreciate its new style, from which the publisher has already learnt much. It stands apart from all other books, not only because it is published at The Oddly Read, in itself a hall-mark of distinction, but also by reason of its truth, its soul-battlings, in a word its classicalness. Remember the author's initials, O. I. E.

III. The New Sainte-Beuve.

We come now to the amazing critical work of Mr. GOSLING, author of *Romance and Modernism*, that astounding collection of penetrating search-lights. What do you think Mr. GOSLING does? He takes a few conspicuous tendencies of the age—the scientific spirit, self-consciousness, democracy, realism, pessimism, effrontery, bombast, and so forth, with which all of us are acquainted—and shows how almost every new book may be regarded as a symptom of health or disease in the social organism. He does really. The publisher has called Mr. GOSLING the new SAINTE-BEUVE, but he might equally well have called him the new MATTHEW ARNOLD. By whatever name his wonderful book (to be published on January 29—the red letter day of the year—price 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is called it would smell as sweet.

IV. The New Shakspeare.

Some weeks ago the well-known Editor of a distinguished weekly declared he had discovered a new poet—a real genius. On his being asked if the poet's name was ANSER, his astonished reply was "Yes." "I thought so," was the retort; "I have just accepted a



PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

ICARUS (*watching the triumphant flight of Mr. Farman*). "CONFOUND THE FELLOW! WISH *I* 'D THOUGHT OF THAT!"





"COMING! COMING!"

First Lady (accidentally meeting second ditto at party). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU *never* COME TO SEE *me!*"
Second Lady (with emphasis). "MY DEAR! I'M *always* COMING!"

volume from him entitled *Green Thoughts*, and one of the most distinguished living writers wrote me a spontaneous letter drawing attention to Mr. ANSER as 'not only a poet, but a poet of very great and original powers. . . . I mean, this is really that *rara avis*, a man of genius.' Could coincidence farther go? Other equally distinguished persons with the same spontaneity having said similar things, the publisher has no longer any hesitation in calling Mr. ANSER the new SHAKSPEARE. Note the date of the publication of Mr. ANSER'S book, *Green Thoughts*—January 29. O that day! What a day for intellectual England! Price 5*s.* net.

If any one is in need of further particulars in advance Mr. LONG JANE will be happy to give them. His stock of superlatives is continually being replenished.

THE HOLLOW REED.

WHAT was it doing, my gold-nibbed Pen,
Here in the Fleet by the river,
Turning my tablecloth into a fen,
Scattering ruin and casting blots,
Till the cream-laid note was covered with spots,
Like a man that is cursed with a liver?

Something had clogged my gold-nibbed Pen,
In its secret chamber lurking;
The blue-black liquid was deep in my den,
And pages of lyrics were floating about,
And the blotting-paper had all run out,
Ere I got the reservoir working.

I took it to pieces, my gold-nibbed Pen
(How silly it looked in sections!);
I twisted the top, like the neck of a hen,
And scraped it clean with a hard bleak knife,
And filled it over *The Sporting Life*
And the "Saturday League Selections."

This is the way, I said, O Pen
(And I laughed low down in my gizzard),
And the chances are only a couple in ten
To make your insolent humours stop;
And, putting my mouth to the hole at the top,
I blew like a prairie blizzard.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pen,
Is a pipe with wads of cotton;
And oh! how I wished you had been one then!
For the poignant shock of the draught I drank,
As I inadvertently sucked your shank,
Is a thing I have never forgotten.

A downright beast was my gold-nibbed Pen;
And although my aunt (the giver)
Would probably murmur "Just like men,"
And shed for the cost of the thing a tear,
I have chucked it away by the Waterloo Pier,
From the parapet into the river.

THE COMPLETE CONVERSATIONALIST.

"Do you reverse?" asked my partner.

"We will, if you 're keen," I said; "but as a matter of fact I generally get a back-fire when I put in the reverse. If you like we 'll throw out the clutch for a moment."

"That would be a good idea," she said; "and, when you put it back again you might put it back a little bit higher up, if you don't mind. And perhaps it would be as well if we got on to the second speed. . . . Thank you, that 's much better."

We went round the room twice under the new conditions, and then steered into the garage.

"What about a little petrol?" I suggested.

"Oh, no thanks."

"No petrol. Well, let 's find a cool place, and talk. It 's so hot here."

We discovered an excellent draught and sat down in it, while I fanned myself—I mean my partner—vigorously.

"Shall we talk about the DRUCE case?" I said.

"Oh, please not."

"Right you are. Only I thought I ought to ask you. Ripping—I mean rotten weather, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The weather is rather rotten."

"Oh, I think it 's rather nice."

"That was what I said first. Ripping weather. Which is your favourite waltz?"

"I 'm not quite sure. Not that last one."

"Oh."

There was a short interval for meditation.

"Do you know many people here?" I tried again.

"No."

"I always think that when you only know a few people it 's rather rotten—I mean ripping."

"Yes."

"There ought to be," I said, having thought the matter out very carefully, "some fun when Parliament meets again."

"I suppose so," said my partner.

I blew my nose for a moment.

"Have you tried," I asked anxiously, "this new Auction Bridge? They say it 's better than the ordinary game."

"Oh?"

"Yes. So they say. Have you had any skating lately?"

"Oh yes."

"Yes. You 'll let me know when I 'm getting warm, won't you? The Test matches are rather exciting, aren't they?"

"What did you say?"

"We 're up to T now. Test matches. Are you interested in the Test matches?"

"I don't quite understand."

"I am trying to find your subject, and I don't think you 're helping me much. Did I ask you if you had seen *The Merry Widow?*"

"I really don't know."

"Then we shall probably get to that under W. I say—do tell me—are we going to talk, or aren't we?"

My partner smiled for the first time.

"I rather thought you *had* been talking," she said.

"Yes, but you aren't helping at all. If I 've got to talk by myself all the time I 'd much sooner recite a small piece to you. Or if you 've got a box of matches on you I can show you a trick."

My partner woke up suddenly.

"I 'm very sorry I have been so dull," she said, "and I wish I had a box of matches on me; but if you only knew how tired a girl gets of being asked which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the DRUCE case, you would forgive me."

"I am very sorry I have been so voluble," I said; "and I wish you had a box of matches on you, because it 's a really good trick; but if you only knew how tired a man gets of being expected to ask a girl which is her favourite waltz, and what she thinks of the DRUCE case, you would pity me."

"Then all these awful questions were for my sake entirely?"

"Entirely. Particularly the one about Parliament. I never spoke to any of the others about that; it was a special line for you. You know, it was an awful shock to me when you refused to talk about the DRUCE case. I was in despair for the moment. Luckily I thought of the weather. We agreed it was ripping weather, didn't we?"

"As a matter of fact," said my partner, "I know somebody who has a cousin whose gardener has shares in the DRUCE Company, so I am really very much interested in it all. But, as I told my other fourteen partners, I have been to eleven dances since Christmas, and there are limits. May I have my fan back before you break it?"

"I 'm afraid I mistook your character altogether," I said. "You know there are three ways of making conversation at a dance. You talk about the DRUCE case and your favourite waltz—that 's one; or yourself—that 's two; or anything that comes into your head—that 's three. You wouldn't give me a lead so I had to have a dash. Unfortunately I hit upon the first."

"You 'll have to try again, won't you?"

"I suppose I shall. Let 's take the next method. Would it interest you to hear that I am a drysalter?"

"Is that a good thing to be?"

"I don't know. It sounds such a thirsty profession. And that I am a hundred and four, and was educated at Giggleswick and Gonville, and have seventeen brothers, and can catch it two hundred and thirty-eight times?"

"It is most frightfully exciting, certainly," said my partner, "only as I shall never see you again after this waltz——"

"Quite so. Then we pass on to the third method, and I say anything that comes into my head."

"Well?"

"Well, then—may I have the next dance?" A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"THE KING," says *The Westminster Gazette*, "will give two large dinner-parties at Buckingham Palace shortly after the opening of Parliament. Only men will be invited." Surely this fear of demonstrations by Suffragettes is being carried to unnecessary lengths?

***

It is again rumoured that the next budget will include a tax on cyclists, each of whom will have to take out a pedaller's licence.

***

"I have never believed," says Mr. H. G. WELLS in *The New Age* "that a Socialist Party could hope to form a Government in this country in my lifetime: I believe it less now than ever I did." One can almost understand a man being a Socialist in these circumstances.

***

Mr. HENRY FARMAN has won the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize by a circular flight, in Paris, of 1630 English yards in an aeroplane. Mr. FARMAN is a countryman of ours, and it was a pretty and patriotic idea of his to fly English yards.

***

We understand that the entrance fee for *The Times* Limericks will be three shillings, and not sixpence, so that wealthy persons and poets holding high office will be able to compete without loss of dignity.

"What is Fame?" is said to have been the despairing cry of Mr. THAW upon hearing a would-be juror declare that he had never heard of the THAW case before.

***

Lord DELAMERE, the big game hunter, has made the following statement to an interviewer:—"East Africa is a wonderful country, but please make it clear that I do not advise emigration. It is not a country for small people." The paper which publishes the interview then goes on to give us some idea of the size of Lord DELAMERE, telling us that he is farming 100,000 acres near Nairobi, "and holds 1,200 head of cattle and 15,000 sheep." This is, indeed, a wonderful arm-stretch.

***

We extract the following from *The Daily Mail*:—

"Mr. Plowden (to witness): Ah, I am afraid you are in advance of the age. We have not got sixp nny cab fares yet. They are on the way, but have not come yet. They are like some other things ladies would like to get, but they have not come yet. (A laugh.)"

Now what we want to know is this: Why only one laugh? What were the rest of the officials doing? Surely they were committing contempt of Court.

***

The War Office officials, against whom certain members of the public never tire of declaiming, would like it to be known that, according to a paper read before the Physiological Association of Berlin, there is a German Government official named ARNHEIM, who has been continuously asleep since June 10, 1904.

***

An advance notice of the Dress Exhibition, which is to be held shortly at Earls Court, states that "The lot of the lone widow is not to be forgotten, for attractive styles of mourning will be set off by pretty faces." Personally we think that this is a pity; it will tempt ladies who visit the show in the company of their husbands to cast ugly looks at these obstacles.

***

Two men have been fined at Atherstone for assaulting a football referee. This decision that the act was an illegal one has come as a nasty surprise to football spectators all over the country, and is considered an unwarrantable interference with an old-established sport.

***

A question answered:—

"How Much is Enough?

This correspondence must now cease."



THE HILLSIDE TEE.

Colonel Chutneigh. "SEEMS TO ME (*pour*) THIS WHATTERMATCALLIT WHERE YOU DRIVE OFF IS THE ONLY DECENT THING THE COMMITTEE'S DONE ON THE WHOLE LINKS. DEUCED CONVENIENT FOR TEEING UP YOUR BALL. WHY THE DICKENS CAN'T THEY MAKE 'EM ALL LIKE IT?"

At the time of writing the Manchester cotton dispute is still unsettled, both sides refusing to give way. The masters are as stubborn as the spinning mules.

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"Because of their respect for work," says the *Gaulois*, "Americans preserve their moral strength and their moral health." But surely there is no one with so great a respect for work as the British workman, who will frequently hesitate to touch it, so far does he carry the idea?

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In consequence of the loss of *prestige* suffered by this country owing to the disastrous defeat in Australia it has, we hear, been decided to lay down an additional *Dreadnought* at once.

Though it is true that the General Meeting of a society is often the scene of much strong language and heated argument, yet it is possible to take too gloomy a view of what may happen. He is a pessimist who announces, as did the Secretary of the Royal Ordnance Factories Friendly Society, that

"The Annual General Meeting
will be hell
on Saturday next."

Commercial Candour.

From a catalogue advertisement of Mycenæan Pottery, "contemporary with the Homeric Age":—

"These interesting relics from the distant dawn of history are probably fully three hundred years old."

Mr. CARY GILSON is reported in *The Birmingham Daily Post* as follows:—

"There was a story of a temporary master at Rugby, whose 'L's' the boys proposed to consider doubtful, and who, on calling on a boy named Hale, was astounded to see the entire class rise in their places and begin to construe at once."

If the letter had been H and the boy's name HALL, anybody could have seen the point. But all really brilliant stories avoid the obvious.

THE THIRD TEST MATCH.

(By Cablegram.)

Adelaide, Friday, 12.15 P.M.

The Englishmen have taken the field. With the exception of FANE, HUTCHINGS, CRAWFORD, HOBBS, GUNN, BARNES, HUMPHRIES, and FIELDER, they have all recovered from their recent exertions. The heat is tremendous. It will suit the Cornstalks, who should win.

5.20 P.M.

England undoubtedly holds the advantage. HILL is seriously indisposed. BRAUND, RHODES, and HARDSTAFF have slight touches of sunstroke. Will it get hotter? HILL is worse.

Saturday, 12.30 P.M.

The thermometer is already 104 in the shade. Will it go on rising? CLEM HILL is in bed. Three doctors are holding a consultation. Australia cannot escape defeat.

6 P.M.

The luncheon interval was prolonged while the players had their temperatures taken. A chart will be published. Twenty-two certificated masseurs have arrived. England is playing grimly. CLEM HILL's condition is serious. ROY HILL is fielding. England must win.

Monday, 5.30 P.M.

A great sensation has been caused to-day. MCALISTER seemed profoundly satisfied when given out l.b.w. CLEM HILL is no better. ROY HILL fielded brilliantly this morning. The heat is terrible. Australia has no chance.

Tuesday, 2.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL is much worse. The doctors are giving up hope.

4 P.M.

CLEM HILL is batting magnificently. Frequent delays have been caused to-day by players retiring to be massaged. Owing to strike of masseurs the luncheon interval was again prolonged.

5 P.M.

HILL has been missed at mid-off. In his effort to catch the ball BARNES broke his flask of ammoniated quinine. The game was delayed while he changed. Much sympathy was felt for BARNES. The thermometer registers 109. A large crowd is watching it. Will it continue to rise? HILL's doctors have held three consultations in the last hour. The Englishmen cannot hope to win.

5.45 P.M.

A tent has been erected near the wickets for the convenience of HILL's medical attendants. Much time is consequently saved. A large crack has appeared on the pitch.

9 P.M.

The pitch has been massaged and treated with cold-cream.

Wednesday, 2.30 P.M.

Consternation prevailed this morning. The umpires asked if they were paid by the match or by the day. FIELDER is in bed to-day. He hopes to make a hundred to-morrow. BARNES was also anxious to rest, but could not be excused. A collection is being made for CLEM HILL.

6 P.M.

The collection for CLEM HILL has amounted to thirty-three clinical thermometers, seven sponges, and a bottle of emulsion. Some unpleasantness has been caused by ROY HILL asking for a share. FANE's temperature is sub-normal. The game has made little progress lately. By how many runs will Australia win? ROY HILL did not bat.

Thursday, 1.30 P.M.

CLEM HILL has not fielded to-day. It is nice to see ROY HILL again. The thermometer is 115. The end came quite suddenly. FIELDER made one. This was very disappointing after his illness.

BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

(NEW STYLE.)

THE *Turbine* has just celebrated the second anniversary of its first appearance in the crowded arena of journalism, and, as the result of despatching a number of telegrams to well-known people, is in the happy position of being able to publish many spontaneous messages from its well-wishers. These tributes to the extraordinary longevity of a paper which has unflinchingly striven to advocate Liberal principles in their most acute and uncompromising form are not unnaturally a source of profound satisfaction to the conductors of this journal.

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN:—
I consider *The Turbine* to be by far the best penny Liberal morning paper published in London.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN (Poet Laureate):—
I raise my glass, brimming with sparkling Vouvray,
To hail the genius of the Street of Bouverie.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL:—
Your paper is sorely needed in Central Africa. Why not start special editions for the Pygmies and the Cannibals?

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST:—
Male journalism does not appeal to me. But if I were a miserable man I suppose I should subscribe to *The Turbine*.

Mr. NAT GOULD:—
I have seen many two-year-olds, but none with an action quite like that of *The Turbine*.

The Hon. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S.:—
Best wishes. I hope you will be able to knock a few more knots out of the tangled skein of party politics.

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN:—
Presents his congratulations.

Mlle. ADELINE GENÉE.
I am never *gênée* when I read your sparkling criticisms.

Mr. H. BEERBOHM TREE:—
Hearty congratulations. But I wish you would change the title to *The Treebune*.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER:—
Heaven prosper your splendid efforts and those of your noble contributor, Mr. G. R. SIMS, to promote the cause of social reform.

Professor ELIE METSCHNIKOFF:—
I am greatly interested in an anniversary which proves that you have achieved longevity without senility.

ZBYSCO, the famous Galician athlete:—
You is a great paper. I wrestle with your leaders daily.

A Sincere Well-wisher writes:—
How time does fly! It seems only yesterday that your first number appeared. Well, well.

Subscriber from the very first number:—
May you live long and prosper! What I like about your sparkling columns is the dramatic gossip by the frolicsome W. A. Whatever other changes you may be contemplating, my daughters and I implore you to retain him.

Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON.
I like everything about you but your whiskers. One ought not to have whiskers at the age of two.

THOMAS ELWES:—
I cannot think of a better paper. Please quickly renew your six-months'-gratis offer.

BERTIE FLUTTER:—
Is it *Tribune* or *Turbine*? I wish you would kindly let me know, as there is a bet on it. Anyway, I wish you many happy returns of the day.

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 2.



HER GRACE, LORD ALGERNON, AND HIS SISTERS INVITE MR. "BERT" HAWKINS (OF BERMONDSEY) AND HIS FAMILY TO DINNER IN PARK LANE. THEY AFTERWARDS TAKE THEIR GUESTS TO THE HALL FOR A GAME OF HOP-SCOTCH, A KNOWLEDGE OF WHICH SPORT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY ACQUIRED BY THE DUCHESS FOR THE OCCASION.



THE "BERT" HAWKINSES SUBSEQUENTLY RETURN THE INVITATION, AND ENTERTAIN THEIR VISITORS, AFTER A SUMPTUOUS HIGH TEA, TO A LITTLE MUSIC IN THE DROIN'-ROOM.



Sergeant (to very awkward squad). "OH, YOU BEAUTIES! I WONDER WHERE YOU'D BE IF I WAS TO SAY 'DOUBLE'!"

THE WINTER DAY.

THIS little space of misty winter day,
How like a flash it goes;
From its late rising to its early close,
How swift it passes and is rolled away;
Yet we can make it hold
All new delights and high enchantments old,
And children's voices, and their pretty sport,
The keener, being short;
The while
With winsome smile
And song and laugh, in mere excess of joy,
The noisy troop their little limbs employ;
And, though the sun, the pale and hazy sun,
Hangs low beyond the hill,
And the north wind blows chill,
They brook no rest as o'er the white-rimed lawn they run.

And now it comes,
The breakfast-time of birds,
The chosen moment for the scattered crumbs
And due enticing words.
And soon a feathered riot is afoot,
A dusky welter on the whitened lawn
Of little shapes that from the early dawn
Watched to be sure of this their daily loot:
Thrushes, and blackbirds, and a jostling crowd
Of bob-tailed purple starlings, and a cloud
Of sparrows, and that high aristocrat
In red and brown,
The comfortable, fat,
Round robin who looks down,
Hopping apart, on all this eager noise
And these too fevered crumb-devouring joys.

And next on the frozen marsh at ease
We glide on our gleaming skates,
While some of us cut our Q.'s and threes,
And some of us cut our eights;
And some of us scrape and others scratch,
While ever the surface rings
To the swift appeal
Of the sharp-edged steel,
And even a laggard can fairly match
The pace of a pair of wings.
And somebody tries to make a loop,
And doesn't he stagger and twist and stoop!
He throws up his arm, and then goes plump
On the broad of his back with an awful bump.
And still, while the skaters are gliding and toiling,
The little boys keep their pot a-boiling.

And now we 're home to our heart's desire,
A jolly tea and a crackling fire,
And a round of stories to close the day
In a land that 's peopled with elf and fay.
And it 's always a chorus of "More, more, more,"
Till suddenly some one raps the door;
And then the very last word is said,
And they 're up and away and off to bed. R. C. L.



PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

FIRST CONFEDERATE. "HERE COMES OUR MAN. GOT YOUR STICK READY?"
SECOND C. "DON'T YOU WORRY, I'LL KNOCK HIM OUT."
FIRST C. "GOOD! BUT REMEMBER ARTHUR'S ORDERS—NO OSTRACISM."

[It is reported that some ardent Tariff Reformers, calling themselves "The Confederates," have gone still further than the gentleman here depicted, and have sworn to prevent any Free Trade Unionist being even selected as a Candidate by the Conservative Association.]



"OWING TO A PREVIOUS ENGAGEMENT."

First Sportswoman (after jumping a stile). "COME ALONG. DO HAVE A TRY!"
Second S. "OH, IT'S ALL VERY WELL FOR YOU. BUT I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK!"

TETRAZZINI'S NEW TRIUMPH.

(By Marconigraph.)

NEW YORK, true to its reputation as the capital of boss ideas, is going characteristically wild over TETRAZZINI.

There has been nothing like it since HARRY LAUDER, and interest in the THAW case is now practically non-existent. People talk TETRAZZINI from morning to night, and in their sleep.

The *queue* at the Manhattan Opera House begins at daybreak, and by breakfast time there are enough people to fill every seat three times. The cheapest seats are five dollars each; first lap seats are ten dollars, and second lap thirty. There is, however, likelihood that the sale of laps will be stopped by Mr. ANTHONY COMSTOCK, even if the inability of the original seat-holder to see anything does not bring the habit of sitting in laps into disrepute.

The rush for the high-priced seats is equally phenomenal. Failing to get them, strong men weep and strong women shriek; weaker vessels become as mad as THAW'S relatives.

A clerk who embezzled fifty dollars last week was acquitted when he pointed out that he wanted the money to buy a back seat for *Traviata*.

Mrs. STUYVESANT KIPPER has named her pet chow, for which she gave twenty thousand dollars, Tet, in honour of the *prima donna*.

A well-known fancy store on Broadway is doing enormous business with a lacquer article known as the Zini Tea-tray, which sells readily for ten dollars, although it is worth, perhaps, only as many cents.

TETRAZZINI teas, at which these trays are used, are now all the rage. The guests have to sing the highest note they can between each mouthful or sip.

The papers have nothing but praise for the great singer. *The World* heads its article "Better than the Best," while *The Tribune*, more staid but equally enthusiastic, begins its praises with the words, "Nightingales are now back numbers."

On Wall Street such is the rage for opera and the great singer that men converse and carry on their business solely in recitative.

Mr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW has given up making after-dinner speeches.

Mr. CORTELYOU, who began life as a professional musician, has resigned politics in order to study for the operatic stage.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON was in the stalls the other night with a view to appearing as *Otello* to TETRAZZINI'S *Desdemona*.

THAW, denied the opportunity of hearing TETRAZZINI, has asked to be transferred from the Tombs prison to Sing-Sing.

WAGNER'S *Tetralogy* is to be renamed the *Tetrazziniology* in the hope of inducing the *diva* to study the *rôles* of *Brünnhilde* and *Sieglinde*, which she has hitherto neglected.

Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR is writing a new novel called *The Larynx*, which he has dedicated to Madame TETRAZZINI.

President ROOSEVELT is taking singing lessons.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE NINE-FIFTEEN.

AT first I used to encourage that Guard's advances. I would offer him my last night's papers, and buy an occasional Minstrel Entertainment ticket; whilst he, in his turn, gave me much of the earlier history of Clapham Junction. He was the fore end of the nine-fifteen. I was a Second-class Season. So, in a way, I belonged to him.

In time he grew to assume a certain amount of authority. "*Here* you are, Sir," he would say each morning. And I knew that he had selected the compartment in which he wished me to travel. Sometimes I changed into another at the next station. But that annoyed him, so I gave it up.

Now, if I *have* a weakness, it is for an empty smoker. It is a silly fancy, I know—but there it is. But he liked me to have plenty of young society. If there happened to be a compartment containing nine schoolgirls anywhere in the train, he would find it for me. Failing this, he favoured a corner seat opposite the Ladies' Working Guild. You have probably never heard of the Guild. The L. W. G. was about twenty-seven, tall, brown hair. She always did crochet. Always the same pattern. I believe she was working a lawn cover.

Of course I ought to have put my foot down and insisted on an empty smoker—every Monday, let us say. But I kept on putting it off. "After my holidays," I said. Then, "after His holidays." While He was away at Yarmouth, quite frequently I travelled in a *third smoker*—a thing which He would never sanction.

The morning for the blow for freedom arrived. I deliberately chose an empty smoker. I heard the old familiar voice—"*Here* you are, Sir." My boot was on the footboard. Suddenly the train jerked. (He was not a man to stop at trifles.) The next I remember, we were passing through a tunnel, two miles down the line. I was lying on the seat of a non-smoker. The L. W. G. was bathing my head with eau-de-Cologne.

After that I am afraid my action was indefensible. The Ladies' Working Guild, *and* the tunnel, *and* the eau-de-Cologne. Three distinct warnings. A wise man would have caught the eight forty-five in future. Of course it *does* seem a shame to arrive in town half an hour earlier than you need. But then, there 's heaps to see in London. I am convinced there are dozens of rooms in the British Museum that I have never done properly.

As it was, I pitted my strength against His. "After all, He is only a guard." I repeated this sentence to myself all the way to the station. "After all, He is only a guard. He is only a guard. Only a g——" The nine-fifteen was late that morning. I treated Him to a frigid stare. I entered an empty compartment.

Empty? Comparatively empty, I should have said. Empty to all appearances from the outside. She had dropped a stitch or something of the kind, and was searching under the seat. I believe I helped her to find it. Anyway, I remember, quite a number of people thought the compartment was empty at Raynes Park.

It was after this that the Guard first revealed His art. You have no doubt seen a conjuror force a card. He holds out the pack and invites you to take *whichever you please*. He pushes the ace of clubs towards you. You parry. Ace of clubs retires. "Perhaps the gentleman would like one from the bottom of the pack. . . . *Thank* you."

The ace of clubs!

So each morning my Guard forced the L. W. G. compartment. As the train steamed in I would carefully notice position of ace of clubs. Fourth from guard's-van. Guard would *apparently* recommend fifth. I dodged, meant to jump in sixth, grew flurried, got on the wrong side of fifth—ace of clubs again!

At the end of three months (perhaps it was only three weeks really) she used to open the door and wave her parasol *before the train stopped*. You can't miss a parasol.

Now, I put it to you, there was only one course open to me after this. I must miss the nine-fifteen every other day. "If I see her only three times a week," I told myself, "she will, in time, forget me." In years to come we should meet as mere old friends. "Do you remember those pleasant little chats we used to have?" I should say. "What! In the nine-fifteen. Shall I ever forget them?" "Ah, that reminds me . . . My wife—The Ladies' Work—er—Miss SMYLES."

Have *you* ever tried to miss a train every other morning? You walk to the station at 7·5 miles an hour. Buy a paper and wait while the boy changes your sovereign. Count the change twice. Add halfpenny and ask for gold at the booking-office. Meet your sovereign again. Listen impatiently for train to leave. Ask after ticket-collector's rheumatism. Arrive on platform. Nine-fifteen steams into station. The train you missed was an empty goods!

Later on I decided to miss *two* a week—that is, an average of two. If I caught five nine-fifteens one week I would only catch three the next. Through May this plan answered pretty well. I was frequently rewarded for my perseverance by some such greeting as: "I waved yesterday. Oh, you missed it. Naughty boy! And I had some wool to wind. Never mind. Hold out your hands."

Through June and July I am afraid I grew rather slack. For at the end of the latter month I had still one or two June trains to miss.

Then—one morning—in August—I asked her—to—our Tennis Fête.

I pitted my strength against HIS. And I have won. For I travel by the nine-fifteen now—*in a smoker*. The Guild (to which I am now a kind of Treasurer) is no longer a season-ticket-holder. A strange coldness has arisen between the Guard and me. I believe it was over the wedding. He was there, but right at the back of the church—in the free seats. Perhaps He thought He ought to have given me away.

THE FATAL FLU'.

With CLEMENT HILL robust and well
Big scores the English innings swell;
But early promise comes to *nil*,
We 've not a chance with CLEMENT ill.

If——?

"The only thing is, is it not a litt'e premature if, as our gossip (quite unbeknown to himself in this public place) let slip, for our benefit it is true, that a certain very well-known, highly-popular, and distinguished owner of a seat in the Upper House, a man, too, who has held high office at Court, was really married only last week, and at a regist y office, to the charming widow who has several handsome grown-up daughters, some of them married!"—*The Free Lance.*

As the same journal neatly puts it in another paragraph, "*Cela va s'en dire.*"

Journalistic Candour.

"Unless our interpretation of public feeling is more than usually astray."—*Daily Telegraph.*

(Cries of "No, no!" "Impossible!")

Billiards and How to Play it.

"The great thing with Diggle is that in getting just enough strength he never gets too little."—*Daily Mail.*

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

A CORRESPONDENT whose initials are G. B. S. has sent me a long and interesting letter on clothes in general, and one remark of his is particularly worth quoting. He says, "I agree with a great many things that you say and a great many you do not." Of course it would be extraordinary if so great an authority on dress agreed with everything I said; but he goes on to say that he does not hold with me as to the extravagant prices charged by many West End tailors. Opinions may differ as to whether 19*s.* 11*d.* for a lounge suit is too high a price. A suit made of the very best superfine sackcloth suiting, with sandpaper lining, cut by a first-class firm, and made up with the best Seccotine, would not be too dear at 19*s.* 11*d.*; but it is a question whether you cannot get a suit that would look as well and wear as well for less money.

During the recent cold spell I was constantly being asked, What are the warmest kind of side whiskers? Personally I think the cheapest and most becoming are the "Electric Seal Reversible Druce Fringes," that are on view at Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON'S well-known Chevelure Emporium in Albemarle Street. They are to be had at all prices and in all colours, and anyone calling at any hour and asking for them will be warmly welcomed.

I wish to add something on the subject of masculine *lingerie*. It is quite a mistake to think the artificial shirt front, or "Little Richard," must necessarily be white. On the contrary, grey to black are the prevailing tones, and the bonzoline variety with collars attached, if these optional addenda are desired by the wearer, are by far the most suitable, as they need not be entrusted to the tender mercies of the *blanchisseuse*, but can in extreme cases be simply brushed. Care must be taken, however, not to go too near to an open fire while wearing them, and it is advisable for smokers to remove them before lighting their cigars, cigarettes, or pipes, as the case may be.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE LONDON PAGEANT.



4. FIRST CASE OF INFLUENZA IN LONDON. H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK DEVELOPS SYMPTOMS OF THIS COMPLAINT, AFTERWARDS TO BECOME SO FASHIONABLE, WHILE GIVING SITTINGS TO A SCULPTOR FOR HIS COLUMN IN WATERLOO PLACE.



5. IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE SEDAN-CHAIR. COMING DOWN CAMPDEN HILL TO A PARTY AT HOLLAND HOUSE.

The weather forecast in *The Sunday Times* for the South of England recently ran as follows:—

"E. winds, light or moderate inland, but refreshing on coast."

Mr. Punch begs to suggest other formulæ for the Meteorological optimist:—

ENGLAND, S.W. — N. winds. Heavy rain, very good for the complexion.

ENGLAND, N. — Quite a jolly little waterspout on the coast; grand chance for a cinematograph.

SCOTLAND, E. — Excessively cold, fatal to microbes.

From *The Cork County Eagle's* report of the Dunmanway Petty Sessions:—

"Mr. O'Riordan—To use a Latin expression that's 'Argumbentum ad absurdum.'

Mr. Kennedy—It's 'argumentum ad hommo.'"

"*Je ne pense pas*," to use a Swedish catchphrase.

True Charity.

"Lord Ripon will give his dinner to the Liberal peers on January 28."

Westminster Gazette.

DRURY LANE AGAIN.

Mr. Punch, having done a grave injustice to the Drury Lane Management when he inaccurately asserted that the Harlequinade was to be dispensed with, commissioned me to pay penance on his behalf at the shrine of Pantomime. So I came to supplement my first-night visit; paid like a true penitent for a stall round the corner; and proved by my own eyes the error of *Mr. Punch's* allegation. The Harlequinade was distinguished by an extraordinary agility, which failed, however, to stir the audience very deeply. Perhaps we are all older than we used to be, children included, or it may be that the spectators had exhausted themselves before my arrival. Certainly there was little enthusiasm in a big house over the later scenes. But no one should miss the dry humour of Mr. NEIL KENYON, who is worth all the other actors put together. *Robin Hood* is a handsome figure, and sings a number that lacks nothing in loyalty; but the soprano voice of this gallant outlaw was too thin to carry the excellent sentiment of the words.

Even now, after two visits, I have not covered the whole ground of this mammoth performance; but there is time yet, for *The Babes in the Wood* are a brace of sturdy infants, and bid fair to see the winter out.



THE HEALTH FOOD RESTAURANT.

THE LIFE OF THE JUNIOR CLERK.

"THIS INDENTURE," writes the Junior Clerk.

It is a Wednesday. The afternoon is a drowsy if a bright one. The office (which for the most part has but just returned from a more than adequate lunch) is peaceful. There is a blessed absence of hustle and a welcome silence prevails over the electric bells. The speaking-tubes wear an air of innocence, and even the telephone is for the moment subdued. The drone of electric trams in the next street but one adds to the general feeling of contentment. No one is working except the Engrossing Clerk, and he continues his methodical copying only because he feels restless if otherwise engaged.

The Junior Clerk, refreshed by his siesta, thinks that he must do something, and yet is unwilling to undertake too great a responsibility.

"THIS INDENTURE," he writes therefore, "was made the day of ." So far he feels he may go without committing himself. Though he has but a vague idea what an indenture may be, experience has taught him to rely implicitly on that preface. When every other word in his drafts has been scratched out, those words have a thousand times been allowed to remain. Even in the unlikely event of their being for once wrong, not he but the person who detects the mistake will have to find the right ones. That clinches the matter, and, adding the word "between," the Junior Clerk knows that he has earned a rest. His thoughts wander to his aged parents in the North. How thankful he is that he is not an orphan! Were he an orphan, his thoughts would not be able to wander to his aged parents in the North. He would in fact have to go on working, and if there is one thing that junior clerks hate it is work.

While he is still engaged in meditating on the possibilities (general and specific) of parents, the telephone recovers from its apathy and rings its bell. The instrument is complicated by an immoral invention known as the Private Exchange. During a disastrous career, I have often tried to explain things, but shall never be so foolish as to try to explain this. It *purports* to be a means of connecting any room in a building with any other room or with the general exchange; it appears to be a mad complication of wires, plugs and bells; it *is* only one more device contrived for the demoralisation and ultimate destruction of telephone clerks. Now, the Junior Clerk, besides being the son of Northern parents, is also a Telephone Clerk.

The Junior Clerk hears the ring (and the telephone means that he shall), removes the receiver, arranges the plugs, and, with the view of eliciting important information from some person or persons unknown, asks, "Are you there?" There is no answer, so that the Junior Clerk, whose legal training has taught him at once to spot a *suppressio veri*, is pretty certain that there is someone there. "*Are you there?*" he whispers again and again and again. Finally, after a vast amount of sarcasm, sometimes humorous, more often vile, but always unavailing, he feels that he must do something active. There is only one handle to turn, and he turns it.

It is here that the Private Exchange comes into play, thinking no doubt that the telephone *per se* is not an adequate irritant. When junior clerks *do* give way to their passions they are not particular to a turn or two of the handle. When Private Exchanges *do* make practical jokes, they do their utmost to make their jokes thorough. . . . The Junior Clerk is still turning, when, purple in the face, the Senior Partner bursts into the room.

Whatever senior partners cannot do, they can, at any rate, talk . . . .

The Junior Clerk is still young and susceptible. Moreover, as there are five holes and five possible plugs, it is morally certain that in making his second selection from the twenty-five possible combinations he will in his agitation hit on another wrong 'un. This time it is the Cashiers' Department, and cashiers are not without a less subtle but still effective elo-

quence. They are, however, much too busy a class to come down to the clerks' office; they expect the clerks to receive all communications (professional and personal) *per* telephone. In this instance that expectation is doomed to disappointment. The Junior Clerk hurriedly removes all the plugs, so that no one is now in communication with anyone else. The Cashier's affectionate messages are merely earthed. But on second thoughts the Junior Clerk determines that the Cashier is not too great (save in his own eyes) for the retort which has just suggested itself. The plugs are replaced, the bell rung, and voice given to the Junior Clerk's repulsive epithets. But the Private Exchange is one too many for him, and has now got him through to the Original Caller.

There are five important facts about this Original Caller:—(1) He is an important client. (2) He has been waiting all this time for an answer to his original call. (3) The telephone has just been ringing with some harshness in his ear. (4) He is a senior partner himself in another firm. (5) He is now in direct communication with the Junior Clerk.

These sordid negotiations have waked the office, and one half wants the telephone instantly, the other half wants the Junior Clerk at once. Neither half hesitates to make its wants known. The Senior Partner is still brooding over his wrongs, and he has come to the conclusion that he has left things unsaid which he ought to have said. He is therefore ringing his bell for the Junior Clerk. The Managing Clerk does not like to seem less busy than anybody else, and is blowing with all a managing clerk's impatience and sweet unreasonableness into the Junior Clerk's whistle. Clamoured for, threatened, but more especially abused, the Junior Clerk feels that little is needed to complete his woes. That little is at once supplied by the young lady at the General Exchange. "Are you there?" she interrupts. Yes, the Junior Clerk thinks he is there. "Don't go away," she snaps; and the harangue is continued amidst the increasing din of bells, whistles and human shrieks.

* * * * *

It is a Thursday afternoon. The office, having for the most part returned from a lunch even more adequate than yesterday's, is at peace. There is no suggestion of hustle; and bells, speaking-tubes and telephone are silent. The drone of the trams is more soothing than ever, so that even the Engrossing Clerk is asleep. The Junior Clerk wakes gradually, and starts working leisurely. "THIS INDENTURE," he writes (it is the same indenture), "was made the day of between ." His thoughts wander to his maternal grandparents in the West. He is just thanking his stars that his mother was not an orphan, when the telephone bell rings . . . .



Vicar. "JOHN, DO YOU—ER—EVER USE STRONG LANGUAGE?"

John (guardedly). "WELL, SIR, I—I MAY BE A LITTLE BIT REERLESS LIKE IN MY SPEECH AT TIMES."

Vicar. "AH, I'M SORRY, JOHN. BUT WE WILL CONVERSE ABOUT THAT SOME OTHER TIME. JUST NOW I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE PLUMBER'S AND SETTLE THIS BILL OF FOUR POUNDS TEN FOR THAWING OUT A WATER-PIPE AND YOU MIGHT JUST TALK TO THE MAN IN A CARELESS SORT OF WAY, AS IF IT WERE YOUR OWN BILL!"

The sporting expert of a Sunday paper is of the opinion that a certain jockey is "the smartest in the four hemispheres." It is a pity to overdo the thing like this.

The discoverer of a specific for asthma who is the plaintiff in an action for alleged libel against *The Lancet* was surely ill-served by his parents when they gave him the name of QUACKENBUSH in baptism. It seems a thousand pities that Mr. PLOWDEN should not have tried the case. It is a great chance lost.

"Though 'the honour' seems to be a detail of small value, experience in match play has proved over and over again that he who can hold by the advantage is bound in the end to wear down and to defeat even the most stubborn opponent."—*The Field.*

We believe this to be true.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EDITH WHARTON could have made two books out of *The Fruit of the Tree* (MACMILLAN), or, better still, perhaps, have left the bitterest part of the crop ungathered: for there is a point where we almost refuse to accept the tragedy that depends upon coincidence, and feel inclined to cry out that fate could never have been so unfair as the author. Progress, as Mrs. WHARTON exhibits it to us, may work terrible havoc with the lives of individuals. We have *Amherst*, a mill foreman, young, attractive, and keenly interested in improving the economic condition of operatives. He marries *Bessie Westmore*, the mistress of the mills, and the carrying out of his reforms causes an estrangement between them. Afterwards his wife is thrown by her horse, and has to be kept alive in intense agony (a horror only made possible by the advance of medical science) in the hope of her husband's return, until at last her nurse, yielding to an impulse of mercy, administers an overdose of opiate. But that nurse is *Justine*, who had attracted *Amherst* before his marriage, and raised this very problem of euthanasia at the beginning of the book. Later, when these two are married, the secret is revealed, through a doctor who had loved *Justine*, gone to the bad, and now attempts to levy blackmail; and thus, though there is no suggestion of sinister motive in *Justine's* action, a situation almost Zolaesque arises. It is needless to say that the book is well-written. Mrs. WHARTON'S name is a guarantee of sterling workmanship. But it is just, I think, because the characters are so likeable in their simple relations that one's sympathy becomes dulled by a crisis so improbable. Even allowing for the ruthless irony of the gods, it doesn't seem quite fair.

The Comments of Bagshot (CONSTABLE) are marked by the moderation of tone, the sound commonsense, the accurate knowledge, and the insight into problems of life that make the leading article in *The Westminster Gazette* a necessary study for all, irrespective of party politics, who are concerned with public affairs. Relieved from a sense of editorial gravity, Mr. SPENDER indulges in flashes of quiet humour that enliven every page of the book. As ADDISON evolved *Sir Roger de Coverley* out of his inner consciousness, making him a real personage outside the realms of fancy, so the Editor of *The Westminster* has created a gentleman with strong opinions, clear views, a turn for epigram, a touch of the pragmatical, and called him *Bagshot*. As a specimen of his manner I quote at random (not because it is the best) his comment on the classes:—"The shallow rich talk much of the turbulence of the poor and their tendency to agitate. It is the patience of the poor which most strikes those who know them." This is, of course, not new; but it contains a great truth and is well said.

Prodigals are generally attractive people, and *The Prodigal Nephew* (DUCKWORTH) is no exception to the rule. Yet when *Mr. Alfred Munney* arose and returned to his uncle and aunt, *Noscy* and *Mrs. Harris*, who kept a little general shop in the village of Crampford, his reception was hot rather than warm, and he was at once kicked out into the street, without any mention of the subject of veal, partly because his relatives failed to recognise him, and partly because he had asked his aunt, who happened to be an ardent temperance reformer, for a drop of beer. Luckily for him, *Jim Bailey*, the betrothed of *Laura Barrow*, whose Christian name he was wont to rhyme with "'E do adore her," stumbled upon him in the outer darkness, and hailed him as the *deus ex machinâ* of whom he stood sorely in need. For *Laura* had declined to name the day until he (*Jim*) should bring her *Farmer Holt's* old hoss as a wedding-gift. Now the old hoss was the apple of *Peter Holt's* eye, whereas his shrewish daughter, *Milly*, was the crumpled rose-leaf in his *ménage*. In order to secure the apple *Jim* had offered to take over the rose-leaf as well, and, when *Alfred*, the Prodigal, appeared on the scene, was busily engaged in searching for someone whom he might induce to relieve him of the human half of his bargain. Further than this I do not think I ought to give away the plot of Mr. "JUDSON BOLT'S" amusing book, which is suitably illustrated by Mr. FRED BENNETT. I do not recall Mr. "BOLT'S" name as that of a humorous writer, but he certainly has a gift that way, otherwise he could not remind me, however faintly, of Mr. W. W. JACOBS and the famous SOMERVILLE-ROSS combination.



Callous Scot. "HOOT AWA!"

Cricket Notes.

"The failure of this tour to date has been the inability of our team to press home an opportunity, to take an advantage at the flood with both hands and hammer it home."—*The Globe.*

Still, as Mr. C. B. FRY says in another place, "We need not despair yet of losing the rubber."

"The object of the new Act is to prevent the employment of boys in hawking or selling newspapers, milk, or other things under 14 years of age."—*Barrow News.*

As, for instance, eggs.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Under-Secretary for the Colonies has announced the postponement for another two years of the Government's serious attack on the House of Lords. It is to be the principal feature of the Session of 1910, and will therefore unfortunately clash with the invasion for which Mr. LE QUEUX has fixed the same date.

***

It is again rumoured in Liberal circles that Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE is to be lowered to the Peerage.

***

The feeling between this country and Germany continues to improve. A number of German officers have recently been paying us visits. Their sole object in doing so, it is said, is to remove the reproach which has so often been levelled at us that there are no reliable military maps of our island in existence.

***

"Whilst the editors of *The Historians' History*," says an advertisement, "are ready to condemn a mere drum-and-trumpet history, they cannot blind themselves to the fact that wars and conquests play a most important part in human affairs." For instance, the Great Book War, which has had such a remarkable effect on our Times.

***

The latest news of Kaid MACLEAN is that his release is now believed to be only a matter of a few years.

***

"The heart's desire of any 'Varsity captain," says the Cambridge correspondent of *The Sunday Times*, "is to thrash Oxford, or *vice versâ*." We don't believe this.

***

The same correspondent says:—"In reply to 'Quis,' boxing is not to be included in the list of events at the Olympiad." Now, seeing that the Olympiad is the period between the various celebrations of the Olympic Games, some colour is lent to the rumour that more attention is given at Cambridge to Mathematics than to the Classics.

***

FRANCOIS ETTORI, a Marseilles tram-conductor, has murdered a passenger who pressed for the change due to him, FRANCOIS regarding the request as a reflection on his honour. Asked by a representative of *Punch* whether such an incident was possible in London, a well-known tram official replied that it was unlikely to happen in North London, but he could not answer for the South London men, who were notoriously hot-blooded.

***

There would seem to be no limits to the power and arrogance of the Press. Trial by Newspaper has for some time been an established institution. *The Daily Telegraph* has now taken to conferring honours on His Majesty's subjects. Twice on a recent occasion our go-ahead contemporary referred to "Sir" RUFUS ISAACS.



BROWN'S CITY TRAIN WAS TWO HOURS LATE IN THE FOG THE OTHER DAY, AND THIS IS THE FIRST THING HE SAW ON HIS ARRIVAL IN TOWN.

***

A man has been fined £5 and costs at the Gateshead County Police Court for shooting at gas-lamps while passing through the district in his motor-car. This is scarcely the sort of treatment to encourage us to become a nation of marksmen.

***

Apropos of Mr. Justice DARLING's recent remarks on handwriting, a contemporary declares that illegibility is one of the signs of greatness. Unfortunately, with many persons it is the only sign.

***

"Eight of the boys attending the Leighton Buzzard County Council schools," it is announced, "have never been absent for six years." This seems a queer thing to brag about.

***

The Manager of the Universal Patents Bureau has informed an interviewer that he intends later on "to fill a long felt want by publishing a journal for inventors." But surely he has been anticipated by certain of our halfpenny newspapers?

***

Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN is crossing the Atlantic on the *Mauretania*, and he intends, it is stated, to pay special attention to the possibility of mid-ocean performances by theatrical companies. If the idea is proved to be practical politics the name of the liner will, we presume, be changed to the *Entertainia*.

***

Lord LIMERICK's appeal to winners of Limerick prizes to contribute to the charities of Limerick City has met with no response. This is regrettable. In view of the crimes committed in the City's name we consider that some reparation is due to it.

***

An Indian official has invented a contrivance by means of which a machine-gun can be fired practically without noise, and it is prophesied that doctors will soon be recommending a visit to a battlefield as a rest-cure for persons whose nerves have been shattered by the din of our motor omnibuses.

***

Socialism again! Street orator: "Yuss, there ought to be no poor. We ought all to be wealfy, and the wealfy ought to be starvin' like us."

Religious Persecution in Jersey.

The Constable of St. Lawrence in *The Jersey Evening Post*:

"Owners of dogs must declare to me in writing the number of dogs they own and pay two shillings and sixpence for one and five shillings for every other kept in the same house. Non-conformists will pay DOUBLE."

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF MR. HANS BAMBERGER.

RECENT advices from Valparaiso give a full account of the terrible experiences of Mr. HANS BAMBERGER on his voyage last summer from China to Peru. While passing through the Straits of Magellan the steamer containing the famous violinist was driven ashore by a tidal wave, and immediately a posse of Tierra del Fuegians swooped down on the crew and passengers and carried them off into the interior. Shocking to relate, with the sole exception of Mr. BAMBERGER, every single captive was immolated to gratify the notorious predilection of the Fuegians for cannibalism. Him, however, they spared solely on account of his musical genius, for they are devoted to the art, and insisted on his playing BACH'S *Chaconne* over and over again to drown the shrieks of the victims. Mr. BAMBERGER remained in the cannibal camp for nearly nine weeks, suffering great privations, as there are no daily papers or interviewers in Tierra del Fuego, and his cruel captors insisted on cutting his hair once a fortnight. Finally, however, on his contriving to convince them that if anything happened to him his father-in-law, who was an Alderman on the London County Council and Deputy Lieutenant of Lundy Island, would bring pressure to bear on the British Government to send a punitive expedition, they consented to let him go, and provided him with a swift catamaran to continue the voyage to Callao. Mr. BAMBERGER, it must never be forgotten, is the husband of CLAUDINE, the daughter of Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, and is the father of those charming triplets so happily named STEINWAY, ERARD, and BECHSTEIN BAMBERGER.

A strange experience befell Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER on their recent visit to Paris. Mr. BAMBERGER, as is well known, never travels without a magnificent parcel-gilt sitz-bath, which was presented to him by the EMPEROR MENELEK, and on this occasion was filled with costly jewels, including several superb tiaras, snuff-boxes, diamond-hilted shoe-horns, etc. Amongst the young couple's luggage there also happened to be an enormous wooden box filled entirely with Press cuttings relating to the family tree of the bride. The luggage passed through the *douane* all right at Calais, but in the transit to Paris a gang of thieves broke into the luggage van and made off with their booty. On arriving at Paris Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER were at first petrified with horror on discovering that the precious box was gone. Their relief can better be imagined than described when it turned out that the thieves had only abstracted the bath with its contents and that the priceless collection of Press cuttings was still safe.

Troubles never come singly, and this extraordinarily gifted couple had barely recovered from the shock when they were prostrated by an even more agonising calamity. On Saturday week a children's fancy-dress ball was held at Kensington Town Hall, to which their charming trio of olive branches were, of course, invited. That night, it will be remembered, was remarkable for a sudden and very dense fog, and as the BAMBERGER triplets—still wearing the costume appropriate to their impersonations of MOZART, BACH, and BEETHOVEN—were returning home in their 3-cylinder overstrung trichord upright grand pram, the chauffeur (an exiled Hungarian Count) lost his way in the mazes of Campden Hill and was held up by a mahalla of brindled Doukhobors, who, after chloroforming the chauffeur, carried off his precious charges. For three days and three nights the distracted parents, assisted by all the talent of Scotland Yard, searched every nook and corner of Soho. On the fourth day, when they were on the point of giving up the quest in despair, the triplets suddenly arrived home safe and sound, having been rescued by a group of Armenian Hentchakists who had a hereditary vendetta against the Doukhobors. Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, who had been decimated with grief, has resolved to celebrate the event by starting a new paper, to be called *The Daily Bamberger*, in which the remarkable and unaccountable experiences of his daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren will be duly recorded by the best writers. Sir POMPEY, it will be remembered, is a fourth cousin of the Earl of BOOTERSTOWN, and his wife is a sister of Captain "HUGHIE" SHYSTER, the M.F.H. of the Tufton Hunt.

Just as we go to press the dreadful news reaches us that Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER, their three children, Sir POMPEY BOLDERO, and Captain SHYSTER have been swallowed up in a waterspout while yachting off the coast of Mull. No details have yet reached us, but an unconfirmed rumour reports that the entire party have been safely deposited in the neighbourhood of Dunrobin Castle. This seems almost too good to be true, but we must hope against hope that the illustrious virtuoso has been once more spared to illuminate our drab world with his inimitable adventures.

OLIVIA AND I.

I TOOK up OLIVIA'S knitting and prepared for action.

"Which do you prefer," I asked, "spot or plain?"

OLIVIA has a way all her own of raising the bluest eyes in the world. She does it quite slowly and gravely, and then, just at the end, you catch a glimpse—a glimpse, no more—of a small, amused angel looking mischievously at you through the gates of Paradise.

"I suppose you mean pearl or plain?"

I admitted that that was what I might have meant.

"Plain," said OLIVIA; "it isn't a stocking, you know." This with a suspicion of contempt.

"Isn't it?"

"No, it 's a silk tie."

I decided to take the bull by the horns.

"Are you knitting it for me?"

She shook her head.

"Confound those Deep Sea Fishermen!" said I.

OLIVIA smiled—a fantasia in two dimples. "It isn't for them, either."

I sighed and dropped two stitches. A Deep Sea Fisherman I should not have resented—they hardly count—but I was not prepared to forgive anyone else.

"As a matter of fact," said OLIVIA, "that tie has been promised for ages—simply ages. I beg your pardon, what did you say?"

"Nothing of any moment," I answered, with a tinge of bitterness.

"And last night," she continued, "HUGH was here to dinner."

I groaned, and dropped three stitches.

"You remember HUGH, don't you?"

"No one could possibly forget him," I replied ungraciously.

"Well, just as he was going away, he said, 'Oh, OLIVIA——'"

"Impudent young dog," I muttered.

She regarded me reproachfully. "How can I tell you if you keep interrupting? You know, we 're cousins only three times removed; there 's no reason why he shouldn't call me OLIVIA."

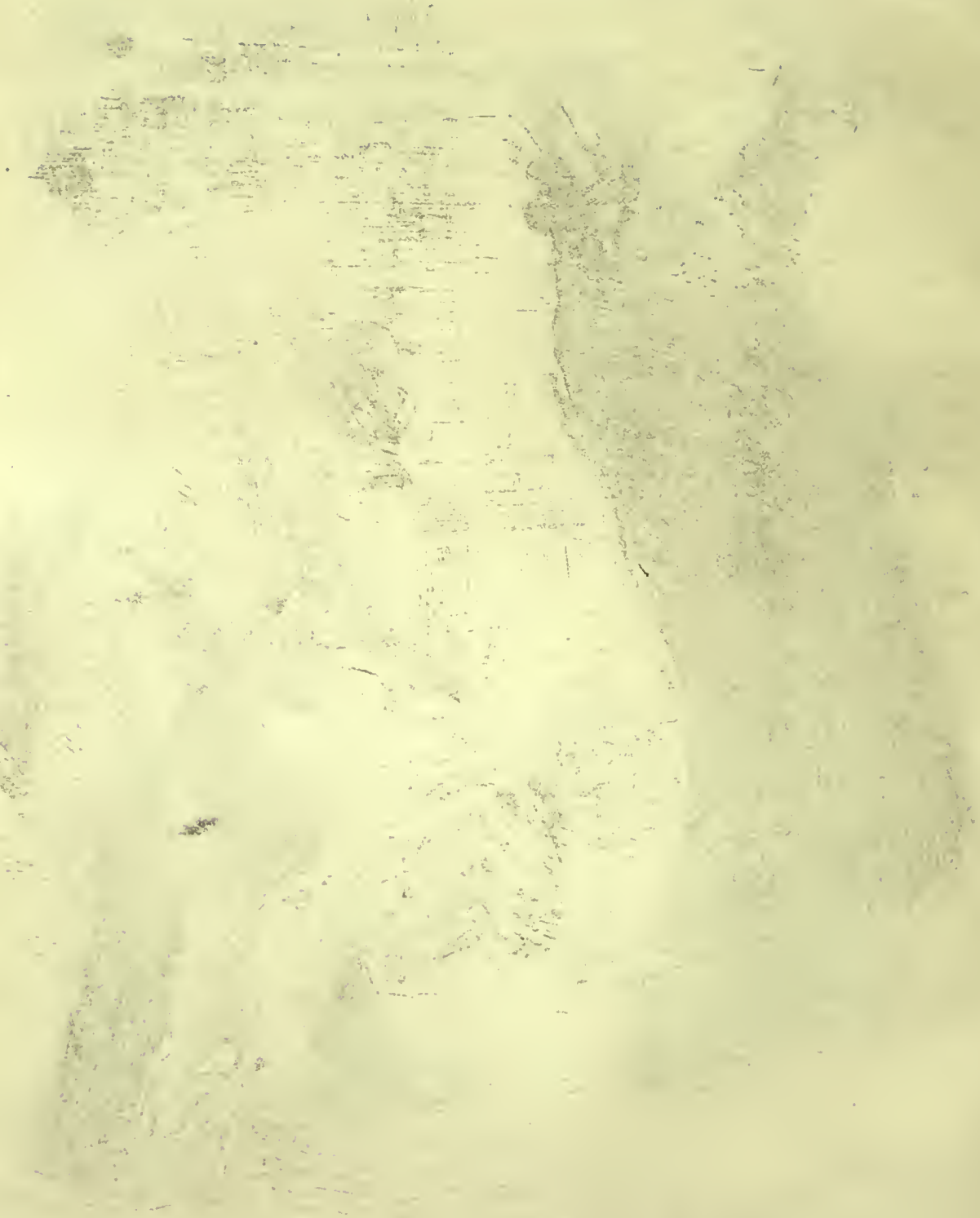
"How many times removed?"

"I know it 's either three or four," she answered doubtfully, "but I 'm not quite sure which."



A WAITING GAME.

LABOUR PARTY (*to* CAPITALIST). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. I WON'T LET HIM BITE YOU. (*Aside, to dog.*) WAIT TILL YOU 'VE GROWN A BIT, MY BEAUTY, AND YOU 'LL GET A BIGGER MOUTHFUL!"





AN ADEPT.

SCENE.—*Underground. Hammersmith Station.*

Scotch Aunt (initiating niece into the mysteries of the modern Babylon). "THEY'LL BE HAVIN' A DANCE IN LONDON THE NICHT."

"Call it four," said I vindictively, and I dropped four stitches.

"What *are* you doing?" cried OLIVIA.

"Only introducing a little ventilation," I protested; "after all, it isn't a chest-protector. We must give the fellow air."

She reached out a hand and took the knitting away from me. "Every bit you 've done will have to be unpicked." Her voice was plaintive. I gazed steadily at the fireplace.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed suddenly, after a little while, "I've made a hopeless mistake; it won't do at all."

I continued to study the fireplace.

"Now you 're cross," she said, looking up from her work. I don't know if I told you, but when OLIVIA lifts her eyes—oh yes, I remember, I did mention it.

"No, I 'm not," said I, "merely wounded."

OLIVIA laid the knitting in her lap and looked at it doubtfully.

"Perhaps I 'd better finish it. Would you—would you really care for it?"

This was adding insult to injury.

"No thanks," I answered coldly.

"What a pity! It will be quite wasted. I 'd forgotten that HUGH said DORIS particularly wanted a green tie; and this is heliotrope."

I remembered DORIS—a girl, an inane girl, I always thought, but still—a girl. I considered deeply for nearly a minute. Somehow, as OLIVIA had remarked, it did seem a pity that the tie should be wasted.

"It 's awfully good of you, OLIVIA," I said at length; "may I really have it?"

"If you care to."

I held out my hand. "Let me work a bit more of it. I think I can do it better if it 's for myself."

OLIVIA surrendered the knitting and, leaning back in her chair, regarded my efforts with undisguised interest.

"You 're improving," she said, when I had finished six rows without a slip.

"I thought I should."

She watched me through another row.

"Sometimes I think I should rather like to be a man."

I shuddered.

"Not always, of course; but just now and then, for a change."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know; only men are different from girls. It must be refreshing to be so—so simple."

And as I looked at OLIVIA, I caught sight again of the small, amused angel as he lingered for a moment at the gates.

"As the 7.21 train from Canterbury left Wye yesterday a wild goose rose and accompanied the train almost as far as Ashford. The bird seemed to experience no difficulty in keeping pace with the train."—*South Eastern Gazette.*

This paragraph is (for some reason or other) headed "A Bird's Rapid Flight."

THE LOST HEIR.

PART I.

You know the Duchess of BATTLEDOWN,
With her beautiful house in Belgrave Square,
The richest, handsomest house in town,
In fact, the handsomest anywhere.
Before becoming a Duchess, she
Belonged to an ancient family,
The ROBINSON-SMITHS of Campden Hill:
She sometimes visits her parents still.
She's a splendid Duchess, and seems delighted
To see her friends—though she *is* short-sighted,
So short that she might be blinkered or blinded;
And, besides, she is highly absent-minded.

Well, after a year of married joy
In Battledown House they had a boy,
Who grew and grew till at eight months' old
No brawnier child you could well behold.
And one fine day when the sun was bright,
Just twenty months after her marriage,
She took him out. In the middle of the night
She started and awoke, and remembered in a fright
That she hadn't brought him back in the carriage!

So she woke her Duke, and she said, "Dear B.,
A curious thing has occurred to me."
But the Duke, who cherished his well-earned sleep,
Turned over and murmured, "Won't it keep?
You 're always waking me up, you know,
When my vital forces are running low,
With some preposterous trivial matter,
Some nurse's gossip or kitchen chatter;
And you talk and talk and you ramble on
Until the best of the night is gone.
I always feel, when my sleep is missed,
I 'd just as soon be a Socialist.
I 'm battered about from pillar to post,
Like a sleepless, silly, ancestral ghost.
Forgive me, Duchess, for being candid,
But I tell you plainly my health won't stand it."
The Duchess sighed, but she knew her man:
She shook him again, and then began:—

"You may shut your ears, you may hide your head,
But you 've got to listen to me," she said.
"It isn't as if I had lost a cat—
I wish I had, but it isn't that;
It isn't as if a dog had strayed,
Or a cook or a butler been mislaid;
It isn't as if, in fact it 's worse
Than if I had gone and dropped my purse.
It 's worse than anything GRAYSON teaches,
It 's worse than Radical votes and speeches.
It 's worse than setting a rick on fire;
It 's worse than bursting a brand-new tire.
It 's probably worse than BELFORT BAX,
And I think it 's worse than the Income Tax.
It 's worse, if anything worse there may be,
Than the Cobden Club—*for I 've lost the baby.*"

At this the Duke sat up in bed,
Unclosing his auriculars.
"Good gracious, dear," was what he said,
"Pray give me the particulars."
"'Tis useless to proceed," she urged,
"Without deliberation:
Our judgment must not be submerged
In fevered agitation.
Oh, let us calmly think it out
And, bit by bit, remove each doubt,
Considering how to pull what ropes,
And thus renew our shattered hopes,
And in the end with loving care
Receive again our missing heir."

The Duke rang for his valet, the Duchess for her maid:
"Go swift," they cried, "to Scotland Yard, and do not be afraid;
And bid them send their minions out and all their tact employ
To find the Duke of BATTLEDOWN his only little boy.
Five hundred thousand babes of sorts in London town there be,
But none so gay and frolicsome and beautiful as he.
Describe to the Inspector there his tucker and his bib,
Each dimpled hand, each beaming eye, and each well-cushioned rib.
Say that he cannot walk as yet, but do not pretermit
A due account of every smile and all his infant wit.
And, by the way," the Duchess said—the Duke was seen to wince—
"I took him driving yesterday, and haven't seen him since.
Go, call the nearest taxi-cab or mount the swiftest bus,
And tell your tale at Scotland Yard, and then report to us."
The maid, she lingered not at all, the valet didn't creep:
Away they flew: the ducal pair resumed their broken sleep.

(To be continued.)

BARGAINS FOR SUFFRAGETTES.

CHAINS! CHAINS! CHAINS! Very strong, with automatic police-proof padlocks and railing attachment complete. State waist measurement. X 2331.

LASSOES! A bargain! 1*s.* 11½*d.* The *Evening Noose* says "They are bound to catch on." X 7432.

POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM. Second-hand, good condition. Splendid disguise for enterprising lady wishing to enter No. 10, Downing Street. Good accommodation for those willing to try it on. X 1762.

BOXING. Lessons daily to Ladies and Suffragettes. Especially useful for by-elections. M.P. dummies kept for practice. X 8109.

THE PANKHURST PORCUPINE WAISTBELT. Great novelty! Full of good points!! Arrest cure at last!!! Each belt is a bodyguard in itself!!!! X 6370.

PARROT. Grey African (knows WINSTON). Can *only* say "Votes for Women!" but says it all day long. Only 2*s.* if taken away. Purchaser's risk. Or will exchange for fumed-oak bookcase. X 6358.

"Councillor Gray said that if Aberdonians were to seize all the plums they would soon get a machine in the proposed Technical College to grind them out like hot scones."—*Aberdeen Evening Express.*

Councillor GRAY,
Aberdeen way,
Eating a Christmas pie,
Put in his thumb
And pulled out a hot scone,
And said, "Where is the proposed machine of the Aberdonian Technical College?"

"For two-score years M. Camille Groult, whose remains were interred yesterday, was the oldest man in Paris."

In an interview M. GROULT said that the great thing was to start young.

THE INTERMEDIATE STORES, LTD.

I HAVE thought of a brilliant way of making money. Not only will my idea make money for me, but it will bring happiness into the homes of thousands of other people. We learn in suffering what we teach in song. I have suffered, and now I shall sing about it.

People are always saying to me: "You know, what *you* want is a——"

"Yes," I reply, "I must get one."

"Don't get one of those common ones," they go on. "Get one with a——"

"Yes, I will," I say. "Where can I get a good one?"

"Oh, *any* shop, you know, where they sell them."

"Ah, yes," I say; and, of course, that 's just where I was before.

Take the hot-water bottle, for instance. It is a beautiful summer day, with a thick yellow fog, as I write; but winter may be upon us at any moment. Now, I do like a hot-water bottle in winter. It 's so—so warm. Besides, I have been recommended to take one. "You know, what *you* want," said somebody, "is a—— " "Yes," said I, "I must get one."

But where do I go for one?

It is made of rubber, you suggest; why not try a rubber manufacturer's? Ha, you think so. Then what about its flannel waistcoat? Do you think rubber people sell flannel waistcoats? Don't be so silly. A tailor is the man . . . .

After all, though, it *is* a bottle underneath. What about a wine-merchant?

But it 's a rubber bottle. India-rubber. Why not a stationer's?

You see, now, that it is a more difficult business than you supposed. And there are other things than hot-water bottles. I want one of those—you know what I mean—you pull out a thing on the right . . . . they 're made of copper, and there 's another place on the left . . . . and there 's a spirit thing for the kettle in the middle. You know. Well, where do I get that? Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?

Now, then, you see what my trouble is. I want a whole lot of things, and I don't know who sell them. If I did know I should have to wander round London looking for their shops. And if I did at last find them—well, some of these merchants are terrible fellows, and once they get you into their den they don't let you out till you have bought no end of things you don't want.

So I am going to start "The Intermediate Stores, Ltd.," to put an end to all this. At the Intermediate Stores you just ask for anything you want—and you get it.

Silly people will say, "Why, there are heaps of stores already which claim to sell anything from an elephant to a corkscrew. What do you want another one for?"

Have they ever tried buying an elephant at the Stores? I have. You go in through a swing door, and walk timidly past a commissionaire. "Way out only," says the commissionaire, and hurls you into the street again. You try another door and arrive successfully.

"Is this the Elephant department?" you ask timidly.

"Elephant department upstairs."

You step into the lift. The first two floors apparently do not sell elephants.

"Ironmongery and Turnery department," says the liftman at the third floor. He turns inquiringly to you.

"Elephant department," you say complacently.

"This is the top. Do you want to go down again?"

You get out hurriedly and find yourself surrounded by ironmongery and turnery. "The Elephant department?" you say doubtfully to a man who is explaining a new kind of mouse-trap.



Small Boy. "DO YOUR GLASSES MAGNIFY THINGS, GRANNIE?"
Grannie. "OH, YES, DEAR."
Small Boy. "THEN I WISH YOU WOULDN'T WEAR THEM WHEN YOU HELP ME TO JAM. I DON'T ACTUALLY GET AS MUCH AS YOU THINK."

"No, sir."

"But I was told upstairs."

"Perhaps in the other building."

In the other building there is a very polite gentleman. He listens attentively to your story.

"Ah, I see your mistake, sir," he says genially. "Very natural, very natural indeed. The fact is that we have no Elephant department actually."

"But I thought you——"

"Ah, yes. We have elephants all right, but you get them in the *Games* department. That is in the *other* building."

"Elephants?" says the man in the Games department. "No, sir. Now goldfish——"

At this point you decide to give it up and get a corkscrew instead. After all, you can't draw corks with an elephant.

"Corkscrew, sir? Certainly. You will find them *with* the elephants in the *Glass* department. In the *other* building, sir."

So much for the Stores. At the Intermediate Stores things will be very different. You will go quietly into the place, and find yourself welcomed by a nice-mannered intelligent-looking clerk. He will give you a chair and a cigarette.

"Good morning," he will say; "what can I get you to-day?"

"Oh, a whole lot of things! At least I want—my aunt says I want—a hot-water bottle. One of those—*you* know——"

The clerk nods and makes a note.

"Seen the cricket?" he asks. "We ought to win now. If only BARNES——"

"Oh, and I want one of those—*you* know—I can't describe them, only they're made of copper, and you pull out a——"

"Of course. Yes." He makes another note and goes on talking to you about the cricket. No hurry. Take your time.

"Yes, it's about TRUMPER's turn to make some runs," you agree. "Oh, now I remember—an elderly cousin of mine is getting married. Mrs. WALKER. It's the third time, so she won't want a butter cooler. Something about two pounds. Here's a card, if you'll have it put in. That really is all, thanks. Except that I've got some people coming in to tea this evening. Good morning."

As soon as you have gone the clerk goes to the telephone. He rings up a stationer's (or whatever it is) and orders a hot-water bottle. He rings up another shop and orders the brass thing that pulls out. He runs through an address book and makes a note of the twenty other presents which have been ordered for Mrs. WALKER. Nobody, apparently, has thought of a toast-rack. Finally, he rings up a confectioner's to say that Mr. JONES is having a tea-party; cakes and chocolates as usual.

"But what stationer does he give the order to?" you ask; "and how does he know the hot-water bottle will be a good one?"

Aha! That is the beauty of the scheme. The Intermediate Stores, Ltd., will only deal with a limited number of shops. The competition to be among the number will be very keen; they will have to pay a yearly subscription. And, of course, if once they provide a poor article, somebody else takes their place.

There is money in it, I am sure, if I can induce the public to subscribe. The private member would not object to pay five guineas a year for the privilege of ordering his things in this luxurious way. Ten thousand members at five guineas would be fifty thousand pounds. (Never mind the odd shillings. I should take those.) A hundred firms at five hundred guineas is another fifty thousand pounds. A hundred thousand a year the gross income! And the expenses *couldn't* be more than fifty thousand. Now then, roll up and take shares.

But I suppose the public won't roll up. It will say that money is tight, and that the Liberal Government has increased the price of bread. In that case I shall have to fall back on my old "black slave" idea. You know that? You have a small black slave, and you say to him in the morning as you dress:

"I want you to take some books back for me this morning. After you've written those letters, of course. Then you can go and get me a hot-water bottle. Trot out now and see if it's cold enough for my fur coat; you'd better wear my new boots as they're a bit tight at present. Oh, wait a moment. Just find my collar-stud first; it's probably under the bed somewhere."

A. A. M.

A CONUNDRUM FROM MID-DEVON.—What is the difference between Captain MORRISON-BELL and Mr. C. R. BUXTON? One got a seat back and the other a back seat.

"The lighthouse keeper declared that for every twenty rats he used to see he now only sees one."—*Daily Mail.*

Of course . . . we don't . . . . after all, it is a cold and lonely life.

THEN AND NOW.

In chill October's fruitful prime,
When Autumn down the hedgerow wanders,
And crystals of an early rime
On yellow leaf and stubble squanders,
What sylvan pastime then more pleasant
Than in his lair to shoot the pheasant?

For then in young and callow sort
He flusters up an easy target,
Thus pandering to a taste for sport
Acquired in shooting booths at Margate;
And, since he rises at my boot,
I've time to aim before I shoot.

Alone beneath an Autumn sun,
No hireling eye upon my pocket,
I seek my victims where they run,
Too innocent as yet to rocket—
A habit which one frankly fears
In pheasants of maturer years.

But, when the January wind
Congeals the blood and chaps the features,
This once engaging bird I find
The most unspeakable of creatures,
When I am asked upon occasions
To "back-end" shoots for poor relations.

"Cocks only"—so the keeper cries.
In answer to his grim injunction
I talk of tearing from the skies
These gaudy fowls without compunction,
While Fancy hears the grateful thud
Of their arrival in the mud.

In vain my reeking barrels blare,
In vain I pull the cursed trigger,
My loader's disconcerting stare
Becomes a supercilious snigger—
(A want of adequate result
More worthy of a catapult).

Again a bellowed warning hums,
A desperate air of calm I put on.
By Jove, though, got him! down he comes
A hundred yards off, dead as mutton!
And "Dished that beggar, JONES, my boy,"
I murmur to myself with joy.

The beaters trail across the snow—
Well, after all, they won't have found me
Without a single head to show
For all the cartridge-cases round me.
"Yes, pick him up, my lad," and then—
My sacred Aunt! the brute's a Hen!

THE TORY SOCIALISTS. NO. 3.

Things are beginning to go more smoothly—thanks to the endeavours of both extremes to meet the other halfway. For instance—



WHEN CAPTAIN "REGGIE" FITZALBERT INVITES HIS FRIEND MR. "ALF" JORKINS TO TAKE REFRESHMENT WITH HIM AT THE DRAGOONS' CLUB, MR. JORKINS COMPORTS HIMSELF WITH DUE REGARD TO THE MANNER THAT OBTAINS AT THAT INSTITUTION.



WHILE THE CAPTAIN, WHEN STOOD A POT BY ALF AT THE SPOTTED PIG, LIKEWISE ADAPTS HIMSELF TO HIS SURROUNDINGS.



IN THE SAME WAY THE "BILL" SMITHSONS, TAKEN BY THE MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS TO HURLINGHAM, BEHAVE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR IDEAS OF WHAT IS BEFITTING.



AND WHEN THE MAINWARING-CARSHALTONS ARE INVITED BY THE SMITHSONS TO SPEND THE AFTERNOON ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH, THEY CONDUCT THEMSELVES, TO THE BEST OF THEIR ABILITY, IN THE MANNER THAT IS EXPECTED OF THEM.



Rector's Wife. "AND, BESIDES THAT, YOU KNOW HOW VERY *WRONG* IT IS TO GIVE WAY TO TEMPER."
Housemaid. "BUT MASTER GETS INTO A TEMPER AT TIMES, MA'AM."
Rector's Wife. "YOUR MASTER'S, JANE, IS ONLY *RIGHTEOUS* ANGER——"
Voice from Study. "WHERE *HAS* THAT IDIOT PUT MY SERMON-BOOK? CONFOUND IT! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ANYONE ——!!!"

ENGLAND'S DANGER.

[The Government's intentions on the Licensing Question are being anxiously discussed.]

"O FOR a draught of vintage," sang the bard,
"Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth!"
Vintage for those who like it, we must guard
With reverent care a drink of greater worth.
Rally together, lift a rousing cheer,
And, Britons, guard your Beer!

Beer and the Briton! These for ages past
Through all the world have won a deathless fame,
And if our power and greatness are to last
Things must undoubtedly remain the same.
Then woe to him who dares to interfere
With England's glory—Beer!

Beware, Sir HENRY! Scan those barrels well,
And count the cost before you start to rob;
If you would, for a little longer spell,
Preserve your Party's power and hold your job,
You 'll have to keep (or it will cost you dear)
Your fingers off our Beer.

If you should pass an Education Bill,
We might contrive to worry through the day,
Or that portentous promise should fulfil,
And sweep the Upper Chamber clean away,
England might flourish still without a peer,
But not without her Beer.

We 'd bear it, if your economic zeal
Should lose us on the sea our old command;
If you should tamper with the Church's weal,
We might exist without a see on land;
But ne'er shall sacrilegious foot draw near
To England's sacred Beer.

You see the troubles gathered in your way
(For are you not by birth a canny Scot?)
You see what dangers threaten you to-day,
But do you see the biggest of the lot?
Lest you should have a troublous course to steer,
You must, C.-B., see Beer.

Take warning, sir. If you would not despair,
To hold your Party steady on its legs,
Pursue your legislative path with care,
Or you will find, as sure as eggs is eggs,
That vast majority will disappear,
Swamped in a flood of Beer.

"Australian Bank Rate Down.

"Vienna, Friday.

"The Austro-Hungarian Bank to-day reduced the rate of discount from six to five per cent."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

The distinction between Australia and Austro-Hungary may seem slight to *The Evening Chronicle*, but it is a very real thing to some people. It may make all the difference to JONES and HOBBS, for instance.



LOVE—AT LONG RANGE.

JAPAN. "LADY, I RECOGNISE THAT MY ADVANCES ARE DISTASTEFUL TO YOU; BUT I TRUST I MAY STILL REGARD MYSELF AS A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY?"

CANADA. "IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO LET ME SEE AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE OF YOU, I DON'T MIND BEING A SISTER TO YOU, FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



PARLIAMENTARY "LIBERTY MEN" RETURN TO H.M.S. "LOQUACITY."

House of Commons, Tuesday, January 28. — To-morrow Parliament meets for its third Session. Clans gathering in anticipation of hard fighting. Bustle already commenced in environs of the House. Members from town and country hurry on to the familiar scene. Curious to note the elation of the coming back.

"There are," the MEMBER FOR SARK says, "two hurried hours in the Session. One is the rush from the place in August; the other the race for good places at the opening of the new term."

On both sides the joyaunce of coming together is dimmed by consciousness that to-morrow and through the Session there will be lacking from the Treasury Bench a familiar presence. LAWSON WALTON had been Attorney-General only two years. While still a private Member his constitutional modesty kept him in the background. He was within hail if he was wanted either to serve the State or a friend. But he never pushed himself to the front. When he was dragged into debate his low musical voice, his gentle manner, added effect to the force of his argument, the weight of his counsel. Absolutely without an enemy in the world (except ill-health), his personal friends were as numerous in the political camp opposite as in his own. Yet he never sacrificed principle to natural impulse to avoid ruffling the feelings of others.

His advancement, attained at a comparatively early age, his stepping stone to the highest prize of his profession, excited no envy. Rather it was universally acclaimed. The tragic suddenness of his taking off casts a gloom over the opening of the Session. The Government have lost a powerful colleague; the House of Commons mourns the passing away of a friend loved for his sweet nature, admired for his commanding ability.

Came upon C.-B. on his way to his room. Looks much better for his sojourn in Biarritz.

"Thank you, TOBY," he said, "I 'm wonderfully fit. Every prospect of a lively Session. But, you know as well as most people, it is the unexpected that happens in this shop. House of Commons always reminds me of the sea. Not that which thundered day and night on the broad beach at Biarritz. I 'm thinking of a quiet pond-like ocean, looking as if it wouldn't wreck a cockle-shell. Suddenly over its placid surface sweeps a gale, and before the day is spent your ship, maybe an Atlantic liner, is tossed about like a cork. Equally common is the day breaking in a storm and ending in sunshine and calm. Storm signals flying just now. South cone hoisted on clock tower. But who knows? We may, after all, have a common-place, even dull, Session."

"Then you don't mean forthwith to have it out with the Lords?"

C.-B. regarded me out of corner of his eye with suggestion of suspicion that there was more guile in me than was indicated by general appearance.

"That reminds me, TOBY," he said. "When Mr. G. was in Biarritz, being within measurable distance of the Basque country, he thought the opportunity convenient for acquiring a new language. I wonder how far he pursued the study? I suppose you never by chance heard him drop into the Basque tongue?"

"No," I said, marvelling what connection there was between this incident and the settled intentions of the Cabinet with respect to the House of Lords.

"Nor did I," said C.-B. "Well, good-bye now. See you to-morrow."

When he had gone it occurred to me that he not only had not answered my question about the Lords, but had left me no opportunity for pursuing enquiry.

Business done.—Begins to-morrow.

LORD HIVEBURY SPEAKS OUT.

LORD HIVEBURY, the new Lord Rector of St. Bunker's University, in succession to Mr. ANDREW LIBRAIRIE, delivered his inaugural address last week.

His Lordship began by stating that science was of vital importance in human life; it was more fascinating than a fairy tale, more brilliant than a novel, at any rate most novels, although there were, of course, exceptions. (Sensation.) And any one who neglected to follow the triumphant march of discovery was deliberately rejecting one of the greatest gifts with which we had been endowed by Providence. Many, if not most, of our troubles we made for ourselves. In the first place, many of them were purely imaginary. "I am an old man," said Colonel GOODWIN, "and have had many troubles; most of them never happened." That was the way to look at it. Don't believe in bad luck. Keep on saying, "There is no such thing; I am not out; I have not failed in the exam.; the brokers are not in." A man who steadily said "I am not out" would in time convince even the umpires. Every one could, if he chose, keep his mind, on the whole, at peace, contented and cheerful. No one else could do it for him, though others might help. In further detailing his "map of life" Lord HIVEBURY gave utterance to a number of maxims, including the following:—Never say die; faint heart never won fair lady; leave rising balls alone; don't count your chickens before they 're hatched; the darkest shadows in life are those which a man makes when he stands in his own light. He had often thought how closely the maxims of golf apply to real life—Keep your eye on the ball; keep straight; keep in the course; take time; do not press; not up, not in; do not lose heart; be temperate in all things; keep your temper or you will lose your game; drink sloe gin; use a Schenectady putty; don't give your caddie gold. Probably nine people out of ten eat more than they need, more than is good for them. A light stomach makes a light heart. Our body is so exquisitely constructed and adjusted, so beautifully adapted to its purposes and surroundings, that to spoil and ruin its delicate and complicated mechanism is not only a terrible mistake but a grievous sin. Use pepsine. Don't eat ices just before a large meal: profit rarely comes of it. Avoid mad bulls in narrow lanes. Don't exceed the speed limit. Think of Baron HUMBOLDT. Good solid work is as necessary to peace of mind as it is for the health of the body; in fact the two are inseparable. By the exercise of the body we secure peace of the mind. The body is an invaluable servant, but a cruel master, and we have all to ask ourselves whether the body is going to rule the soul or the soul to rule the body. Nature can do much for her darling, the strongest; she can make him great and rich and powerful, but cannot make him happy; that he must do for himself. Let us all do it for ourselves. Let every one present say, "I will be happy whatever happens for the rest of my life." Time is said to be money, but it is more—much more—it is life. Some men do Time—but Time does most men sooner or later. In the best sense every one may be great if he chooses. It depends upon what he eats. Look at DANIEL LAMBERT. Cod liver oil is very fattening. It is not so easy to make oneself small, but you can do wonders with gin. BURNS said, "Gin a body." Those who make trouble are unhappy themselves and a fountain of unhappiness to others, while those who take trouble are not only a source of happiness to others but to themselves also. Let us all be fountains of happiness. Why not? We often complain of the faults of others, but have much more reason to complain of our own. They do us much more harm, and yet how we love them. The man who has no sympathy will not get it. The man who puts up a fence, fences out more than he fences in. If spring came but once in a lifetime, if the sun rose and set once in a year instead of once in a day, if a rainbow appeared once in a century, if flowers were as rare as rubies, and dewdrops as diamonds, how wonderful they would seem to us, how they would astonish and delight us. A blue moon would probably be more than we could bear. There is no place like home; by which he meant one's own home. HARVEY, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived at home. A stitch in time saves nine. It has been well said that a love of reading is better than £10,000 a year. He had tried both and meant to do so. Reading changes hours of ennui into moments of delight, and SCHILLER scarcely exaggerated when he said that no one who had read HOMER could justly complain of his lot. On the other hand, no one, whether he had read HOMER or not, ought to complain of his lot. Complaint was cowardly, just as delays were dangerous. Look at ARCHIMEDES. (Loud cheers.)

FOG SIGNALS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to us: "In the recent fogs two pedestrians, whose united ages amounted to 100, ran into each other, each having passed his house, 100 yards on either side, without knowing it. Surely this constitutes a record in fog experiences?"

At Oxford Circus on Thursday morning a motor omnibus skidded from the pavement into the road, to the consternation of the passengers.

It is reported that during the fog Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST was escorted across Downing Street by Mr. ASQUITH.

At many of the principal shops ladies waited patiently for hours awaiting the "final fog reductions."

Owing to the fog, passengers were enabled to catch the next day's trains with ease on all the principal lines.

Several persons used broken-down motor omnibuses as shelters from the weather during the fog, and might have been seen reading their papers till the time came for them to keep appointments.

Looking for Work.

"Wanted, a smart, active man to chase work from one department to another in small factory."

Birmingham Post.



Modest but unsuccessful tyro (who has been flogging the river for hours). "IS THERE ANYTHING I AM OMITTING TO DO, McWHIRR?" *McW.* "I WADNA JUST SAY THAT EXACTLY. BUT I'M THINKIN' YE DRINK VARRA LEETLE WHUSKY FOR A MAN WHAR'S NO KILLIN' FUSH."

AN OPEN-MINDED BEGGAR.

READER, tell me, if you know,
What, on earth, is Socialism.
Is it—men have told me so—
Some preposterous abysm,
Into which we all may drop—
With the criminals on top?

Is the vehement *Express*
Justified in all it mentions;
And are WELLS and G. B. S.
Worse than *Sikes* in their intentions?
Do those Fabian beasts of prey
Wish to take my wife away?

Or—observe that I am quite
Open-minded, gentle reader—
Are they sometimes nearly right
In the shocking *Labour Leader*?
Will the coming commune be
Paradise for you and me?

Do you think it can be true
That the death of competition
Guarantees for me and you
Sinless Edens—new edition?
Or was STUART MILL correct—
Will there be some grave defect?

Shall we all be servile wrecks
With the brand of MARX imprinted
On our miserable necks,
As *The Referee* has hinted?
Or—see *Justice*—shall we share
Perfect freedom with the air?

Will that entity, the State
Of Collectivist Utopia,
Actually operate
Something like a cornucopia?
Or will HARDIE's fatted friends
Leave me only odds and ends?

In this monster maze of doubt
I am groping like a blind man.
Shall I boldly blossom out
As a follower of HYNDMAN?
Or continue to exist
As an Individualist?

So, dear reader, will you, please,
Tell a poor, distracted Briton
Whom, in troubled times like these,
He should put his little bit on?
And, philosopher and guide,
Do pick out the winning side!

ART NOTE.—The recovered Courtrai Altar-piece will in future be known as the Caravandyck.

A Job Lot.

"Mr. Chas. Boardman has received instructions to sell by auction 2 horses, 4 sows, 8 Londoners, and a clamp of mangolds."
South-West Suffolk Echo.

Great Men.

(Names of great men all remind us
We must make our lives sublime.)

No. I.

"JELLY BELLY,
NAVAL AND GENERAL TAILOR."
Weihaiwei Gazette.

"Yesterday Grant Hall will assume the duties of superintendent of motive power on the western lines."—*Winnipeg Telegram.*

Curious names these Americans have.

"Heir to an Irish Knighthood missing."
Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.

Probably he is in London disguised as a Dowager M.V.O.

From a Preston paper:

PRINCE'S THEATRE.
THE PRICE OF SIN.
Times and Prices as usual.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

WHEN the actors on a stage laugh very loud at one another's pleasantries I generally feel myself excused from joining in their hilarity. Certainly the more boisterous merriment of the First Act of *The O'Grindles*, at the Playhouse, left me almost as indifferent as the stuffed pig behind the stile, who preserved throughout the scene an absolute immobility. But the quieter humour of Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE as *Kathleen Fitzgerald*—a very graceful figure in her green riding habit—made fair amends. I have before now complained that the appearance of the larger quadrupeds in a play always makes me nervous, but she handled her mare very tactfully, and there was always the stolidity of the pig to reassure me.

I read in an interview somewhere that the author, Mr. ESMOND, regarded his play as a farce, but that Mr. MAUDE preferred to consider it a light comedy. They were both right and both wrong, but neither of them confessed to an element of rather thread-bare melodrama. This comes into the Second Act, with its time-honoured scheme of a hero under false suspicion and a villain allowing the blame to rest on the innocent. But it is too much to invite us to take an Irishman seriously; and the tragic possibilities of the situation suited so ill with the light-hearted natures of these adorably inconsequent folk that one began to doubt the genuineness of the picture. Already our confidence had sustained a severe shock by the apparition of a figure that seemed to have no conceivable relation to her environment. It was that of *Mrs. Harding O'Grindle*, whose sniffy airs and affectations were admirably conveyed by Miss WINIFRED EMERY—a very welcome reappearance. What the divil, I asked myself (speaking the language), was the lady doing in this dear old unseaworthy galley of the *O'Grindles*? How did she ever come to marry into such a happy-go-lucky crew? Still, the very contrast furnished by her self-assurance gave promise of a very pretty scene when the truth should come out and she should find that her devoted husband, and not his bachelor brother, was the libertine of the story. But the Third Act, in which everything righted itself along the old familiar lines, was a sad disappointment; and the nonchalance with which she received the news was such that I thought I must have missed some delicate subtlety. This Act was redeemed by a really genuine Irish incident—namely, the organisation of a supper-party to the whole neighbourhood by an officious friend of the house without the faintest collusion on the part of the actual host.

Mr. MAUDE and Miss ALEXANDRA CARLISLE played with refreshing spontaneity, and made in all moods a delightful pair of lovers, though they were naturally at their best in the quieter phases that permitted easy badinage or tender sentiment. Apart from the obscure rendering of some dialogue at the opening of the First Act, the whole cast showed a very level excellence; and special compliments are due to Miss



WHAT WAS EXPECTED OF THEM AT THE END OF ACT I.

Jim O'Grindle . . . Mr. Cyril Maude.
Kathleen Fitzgerald . { Miss Alexandra Carlisle.

BLAYNEY'S clever performance on the haystack.

As for the author's share in the evening's success, if one took away the fascinating brogue and some pleasant touches of humour, and put modern dresses in the place of these picturesque costumes of a hundred years ago, I fear the residue would be found to be rather thin stuff. O. S.

Local Colour.

"The whole country lay under the soft silvery sunshine of the new moon." "Autolycus" in *The Peterborough Citizen.*

Annus Mirabilis.

"The year 1907 was remarkable for the fire at the club in February, and a blend of beer in September."
The Batley News.

HINTS TO ARMY OFFICERS.

WE notice in *The Daily Graphic* that the Army officer is now allowed, when in mufti, to travel in a penny omnibus. The concession is certain to result in a big rush of military men for this popular vehicle, and shareholders in omnibus companies are to be congratulated on the unexpected creation of a new class of patron.

While it is probable that at many of the military riding schools an omnibus will in future form a part of the equipment, so that officers may privately become familiar with its way before attempting to use it in public, there are many, doubtless, who will welcome the information we are able to give about this pleasant mode of travel.

The omnibus may be seen in most of the principal thoroughfares of London. It may be distinguished from the hansom cab by its wealth of colour and display of reading-matter. If you see a two-horsed, four-wheeled vehicle, with "Nestlé's Milk" printed in front, and on the side "Vesta Tilley," in big letters, separated by a strip of glass from "Liverpool Strect, Bank, Charing +, Piccadilly, Sloane Street," and other information in smaller letters, that is an omnibus.

Unlike the hansom cab, the omnibus requires two men to run it—a driver and a conductor. The driver is the man in front, above the milk; the conductor either stands at the back, ringing a bell, or wanders about the omnibus, ringing a bell. He is a conductor of sound, and frequently of heat.

The omnibus is unlike a cab in other ways. If the omnibus contains one or more passengers, that is not an indication that it is engaged, and an Army officer in mufti is at liberty to hail it and to enter it. It will not always take you just where you wish to go. An omnibus marked "Putney" cannot be persuaded to go from the Army and Navy Stores to the Trocadero. The only way to make an omnibus go where you want it to go is to want to go somewhere to which it is going. The omnibus will not catch a train for a double fare. Copper coins may be tendered in payment without a crowd assembling. A further dissimilarity is that any Army officer in mufti may ride on the top of an omnibus without risk of being mistaken for a sailor on furlough.

The uninitiated may have a difficulty in ascertaining where an omnibus is going. Beginners will find it a good plan to stop the omnibus (raising the



Mr. Smith (after ill-tempered speech by Brown). "MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN, FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MR. BROWN'S LUNCHEON, I SHALL VENTURE TO DISAGREE WITH HIM."

umbrella to the conductor is sufficient: it is not necessary to handle the vehicle in any way) and walk round it, reading the names of streets, public-houses, and churches printed upon its sides. Another way is, having stopped the omnibus, to walk slowly up to the conductor, and ask "Where are you going?"

To get on an omnibus while it is in motion, run after it, avoiding the mud as much as possible, grasp the left-hand rail with the left hand (care should be taken to continue running), and the right-hand rail with the right hand. If the hat and umbrella become troublesome at this stage, let go one hand (but keep on running) and give them, with the eyeglass and any other obstacles, into the care of the conductor. Having firmly grasped both hand-rails again, while still running place the left foot on the lower step, and simultaneously cease running with the right, which should be lifted to the second step. Take the first turning to the left, and you are in the omnibus.

The motor omnibus can be distinguished from the other kind by the absence of horses. Further, it is bigger, swifter, and noisier than the horsed-omnibus; it also stops longer. Do not run after a motor omnibus; you are sure to lose.

THE SKIPPER.

THE cock, one January morn,
With trumpet tone punctilious,
Awoke me, dreary and forlorn,
I wished I never had been born;
My visage, shrivelled and unshorn,
Looked ominously bilious.

I paced, with neither aim nor scheme,
From basement floor to attic,
And saw, depending from a beam,
A rope. "Why strive against the stream?
To end it thus, I thought, would seem
Both tragic and dramatic."

But Heaven decreed another course;
Instead I started skipping;
I whipped my toes without remorse,
With every skip I gained new force,
And bounded like a bucking horse,
My pores with moisture dripping.

Dyspepsia's sword is in its sheath!
I 've solved the liver riddle.
What though the house, my skips beneath,
Should join the Tube at Hampstead Heath,
To-day I 'm crowned with Hebe's wreath,
And fitter than a fiddle!

So much ridicule has been cast upon its arithmetic that the Tariff Reform press is going very warily just now. We give two examples:

"Each badge costs the Council 9d., and *it is estimated* that the 10,000 needed will cost £375."—*Daily Mail.*

"With a guarantee of 33 1-3rd per cent. gross—*roughly* 4d. in the shilling . . ."
Daily Telegraph.

The italics are our very own.

There has been some correspondence in *The Daily Mail* on the synchronisation of public clocks, all of which seem to have different views as to the right time. Among opinions expressed we read:

"SIR G. FARRELL, M.P.—Synchronisation would necessarily involve an expenditure which cannot be justified at the present time."

But, of course, the whole point is, "What *is* the present time?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HALF hoped when I began *The Explorer* (HEINEMANN) that the name had a psychological or social meaning, because people who perforate untrodden jungles are occasionally boring to the reader as well. But I soon found that *Alec MacKenzie* was an exception. Mr. MAUGHAM has shown a quite heroic reticence about luggage and rare flora and unpleasant entomological specimens where they don't concern his plot, and the result is a SARGENT-like portrait of a pioneer as he ought to be—a strong man not too silent, and, except when he is on the march, not too long-winded either. I don't think even the author of *The Modern Traveller* would really dislike him. Nor are the nice people he leaves at home forgotten, as so frequently happens in novels of travel. Mr. MAUGHAM remembered that it was going to be leap-year, and has made *Dick Lomas* compel that very charming widow, *Mrs. Crowley*, to propose to him as the finale of a delightful flirtation. These two characters form a flippant relief to the more passionate part of the story, which is also, as far as one can foresee, destined to come right in the end. But I should like to know whether *Alec MacKenzie* will buy back *Hamlyn's* Purlieu for his wife when he comes home from the Congo. Mr. MAUGHAM will perhaps add a footnote about it in another edition.

Mr. Punch's established modesty does not preclude him from giving it as his opinion that life would be immeasurably duller without the delightful annuals of Messrs. LUCAS and GRAVES. Their latest—*Hustled History* (PITMAN), in which Mr. GEORGE MORROW once more lends the aid of his whimsical illustrations—is as good as their best, and that is saying a great deal. Satire, of course, has lost something of its ancient power. In an age when notoriety is a marketable substitute for fame, everybody, and in particular the masters of the New Journalism, would any day rather be laughed at than overlooked. If ridicule kills at all it is the Valhalla kind of killing: the butchered victims rise next morning as fresh as paint, and very grateful for the advertisement. But there are consolations. Nobody loses his temper; and these delightful pasquinades can never exhaust their themes.

When the youthful hero of a novel is solemnly asked by a dying man to look after his neer-do-weel son and, if possible, save him from himself, he knows, or ought to know, that, after such a prologue, he is in for a peck of trouble and a halo in three acts and a tableau. *Act I.*: Master Wild Oats runs amok, and commits one particularly foolish offence against the criminal laws. *Act II.*: Hero takes on his shoulders the disgrace and burden of the said crime, to the dismay of all his friends except One-who-believes-in-him. *Act III.*: Wild Oats, overtaken by Nemesis, dies repentant, proclaiming with his last breath the innocence and heroism of his deliverer. *Final Tableau:* Hero is discovered in a blaze of glory and a brand-new halo, smiling at One-who-believes-in-him (off). That, roughly, is the scheme of Mr. ALGERNON GISSING'S *Second Selves* (LONG), the unacademic story of two Oxford undergraduates. As a psychological study of poor double-faced human-nature it is distinctly clever. But I find the motives assigned for the central crime—absolutely certain of detection and nearly barren of reward—far too trivial. I suggest to Mr. GISSING that what really happened was that poor Wild Oats committed it in a fine frenzy of altruism. He knew that he was the villain of the piece, and that without his help Hero could not possibly win his halo. So he just did the first outrageous thing that came handy, without worrying about probability or motives. The idea, I admit, sounds far-fetched, but I honestly prefer it to Mr. GISSING'S.



THE AMATEUR PAPER-HANGER.

"DEAREST, WHY *DID* WE HAVE STRIPES?"

CHANGE OF FACE.

["Yet London still looked beautiful with effects that might have appealed to the brush of a Whistler, as the lights of shops, of street lamps, and of flares at street corners, battled with the cloud of dark mist."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

ONCE, London Fog, thou wert a thing to shun,
To cut (with knives or any other means)—
Indeed, quite lately, someone made a gun
Designed to blow thee into smithereens.
All that is changed: at length thy beauty dawns
(When nothing else does) on our smarting eyes;
Thy brown limbs may be likened to a faun's
(Of urban tastes) preparing a surprise
For prosy cits imperfectly aware
That London's Nocturnes really are a boon;
And doubtless spots like Bournemouth will prepare
To run excursions to the Midnight Noon.

The Fiscal Don Juan.

"One of the Tariff Reform lecturers has boasted of the wonders he has achieved with a lecture, in the course of which he exhibited twenty real loves of various sizes."—*Freeman's Journal.*

LADY FLAMBOROUGH'S MEMOIRS.

STRANGE SIDELIGHTS ON SOCIETY.

ENCOURAGED by the success which has attended the publication of Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S anecdotal reminiscences, now being produced in *The Century Magazine*, the Marchioness of FLAMBOROUGH (*née* Miss MAMIE SHYSTER) has begun to contribute an even more poignantly interesting budget of personalia to the columns of *The Mayfair Shibboleth*.

ODD COMPANIONS.

The following is a picture of the amenities of political rivals, outside the House of Commons, in the early "eighties":

"HARRY CHAPLIN was always a confirmed melomaniac, and many were the times when he, JOHN MORLEY and I, went off to the Monday 'Pops' together to listen to the entrancing strains of JOACHIM'S fiddle and PIATTI'S 'cello. My fashionable and frivolous friends used to chaff me about my strange companions, the one so solemn and *exalté*, and the other sumptuously attired with a gardenia in his button-hole and pale pink spats."

DUETS WITH MR. CHAPLIN.

"HARRY CHAPLIN'S knowledge of music was quite extraordinary, considering how little time he was able to devote to it, and he was no mean performer and sight reader on the tenor trombone. We often played operatic selections from *Zampa*, *Faust*, and *Rigoletto* together, and at times he would jodel the solos from *Il Barbiere* in a rich fruity bass. On Sundays we played *Handel* and *Beethoven*, for golf in those days was practically unknown to the upper ten."

DUKE AND DEMOCRAT.

On one occasion Lord FLAMBOROUGH, who in those days cherished democratic views, invited JOHN BURNS to dinner:—

"The Duke of TRENT, my poppa-in-law, was deeply incensed, and left the dinner-table with the ladies, using the most awful language, and threatening to cut off FLAMBOROUGH with a shilling. The next time we attended a Primrose League meeting. FLAMBOROUGH and I were greeted with groans. It was a terrible ordeal, but ultimately the Duke forgave us, and fell on my neck, which has never been the same since."

"Blue and white striped domestics suitable for the Lagos trade are in a depressed condition."—*Manchester Guardian.*

You didn't know that.

THE SYNDICATE FOR THE SUPPLY OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MAGAZINE SHORT STORY.



It was her portrait; or, He read the letter again and again; or, It was a letter from home.



"Go," she cried, stamping her little foot; or, "Coward!" she exclaimed, hotly; or, He left the room reluctantly.



It was a quiet wedding; or, The happy day at length arrived; or, The orange-blossom became her veil.



"We have met before, I think"; or, Her eyes fell before his gaze; or, He gazed admiringly at the slight figure.



"Yes," she said, softly; or, "No," she replied, demurely; or, They dined at the Fitz.



"Forgive me," she said; or, "Brave girl!" he exclaimed; or, "You will not forget?" she murmured.

GOOD BUZZINESS!

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—I have just come across the following paragraph in an evening paper:—

"With a view to preventing another plague of wasps next season, the Hayward's Heath Horticultural Society offers a penny for every queen wasp brought to the summer show."

Now there is money in this. Listen. At the last census there were in this country 250,000 queen wasps, and the figure will shortly be probably nearer 300,000.

Well, 300,000 at a penny a head works out at £1,250. I don't suppose for a moment that I shall catch all of them, but with ordinary luck I ought to be able to account for 10 per cent. of the total. Now 10 per cent. of £1,250 is £125. (You wonder how I do this so quickly? Shall I let you into a secret? *I simply struck off the nought!*) Allowing, say, £25 for tube and 'bus fares in pursuit of wasps (and packing), this leaves a profit of £100.

There will be no expensive machinery to lay down, as I still have the heavy ivory paper-knife with which I did such damage last year.

The sting—if I may call it so—of the paragraph is, however, contained in the words "queen wasp." My acquaintance with Royal Wasps is of so slight a nature that I am quite unable to distinguish them from their subjects. That, Sir, is why I am appealing to you, in the hope that you who are doubtless better acquainted with these delightful insects will be able to enlighten me.

Yours hopefully, ADOLPHUS BUSBY.

DISILLUSIONMENT.

[To an ardent Reformer, M.P.; hinting, in conclusion, at the advisability of reducing Parliament to a Single Chamber.]

And so the futile round begins again
In that high Palace of the People's Will,
Vocal with repetitions chiefly vain,
And talkers talking with a curious skill
For signifying *nil*.

Look back, my Archibald, two little years!
How sadly different was then the scene
When first you sat elect among your peers,
Among the brand-new brooms alert and keen
On aweeping most things clean.

Had not the Shrine of Demos been profaned
With foul Augean filth? and were not you,
You and the other Herculæ, ordained
To purge it of the rotting refuse due
To the old Tory crew?

Rightly you looked upon yourself with awe,
Fixed by the Nation's Choice in Freedom's van
To be a filter to the Fount of Law,
And realise upon a Liberal plan
The latent Rights of Man.

You 'd bring the late Astræa back to earth:
No one who jibbed at work should go forlorn;
Old Age, regardless of intrinsic worth,
Should win its weekly crown, and bless the morn
When Archibald was born.

Bursting all barriers (like the House of Lords)
You would renew the Paradisal spell;
Ploughshares should blossom in the place of swords,
And the vile slum exchange its local smell
For whiffs of asphodel.

Alas for every dear illusion lost!
Eheu for blighted hopes that turn you 'ick!
And all those pretty budlets nipped by frost
That seemed, before the cold had touched their quick,
So span and oh! so spick!

For see! your Temple, set on holy ground,
Proves but a babble-shop where, say, a score
Of chartered orators enjoy the sound
Of their own voices, saying o'er and o'er
Just what they said before.

There happy songsters should have built their nests,
Chanting the pæans of an Age of Gold;
Not simply parrots throwing off their chests
Those petrified refrains that leave you cold,
Being so very old.

And you who were to put creation right,
You are required to hush your swelling throat,
And through each matinée and half the night
Perform your dull mechanic part by rote,
And vote and sleep and vote.

Still, do not be down-hearted; clouds may lift.
In dreams I see a god debouch below
Out of the Upper Chamber, stern and swift,
To tell the Commons: "'Tis a farce, your show!
Mend it or out you go!"

O. S.

THE LITERARY WEEK.

[Somewhat as "The Academy" now sees it.]

We call attention to the Trilby Parva scandal. The Rev. Adolphus Bloxham, the vicar of that parish, in a moment of senile dementia—he is in his eighty-seventh year—invited the children of several local Nonconformists to a magic lantern entertainment held at the vicarage. On hearing of this atrocious act of insubordination the Bishop of Bootle (Dr. Gargoyle) at once very properly inhibited Mr. Bloxham, and ordered him to be confined for a month in his own cellar. Our Nonconformist contemporary, *The Daily News*, affects to be wounded by the normal results of Mr. Bloxham's outrageous laxity of discipline. We know nothing of Mr. Bloxham except his age, but we have been assured that his cellar, though somewhat damp, is infinitely more comfortable than many of the cells provided by Torquemada for the reception of recalcitrant Churchmen in the palmy days of the Mother Church.

The sudden and lamented death of "Ouida" suggests an historic reference to the "lofty slashing stroke" of the winning crew at Putney. The capital made out of this venial blunder only serves to illustrate the preposterous importance attached to success in athletics, or the correct use of athletic jargon by the man in the street. Mr. Reginald McKenna's sole claim to political advancement was the fact that he had rowed in the Cambridge eight. He does not know a Bollandist from a Mahatma, or a scapulary from a phalanstery. He probably thinks Garibaldi a greater man than Pio Nono, and Dr. Clifford better company than Cardinal Antonelli (if he ever heard of him). And yet, on the strength of having once possessed a straight back and a certain amount of brawn, he is now allowed to decorate the front bench with his perky profile. That in itself is odious enough. What is far worse is the entrusting to this suburban opportunist, who has no convictions but a genuine hatred of a past which he cannot understand, of the power to wreak his vengeance on the work of saints and martyrs.

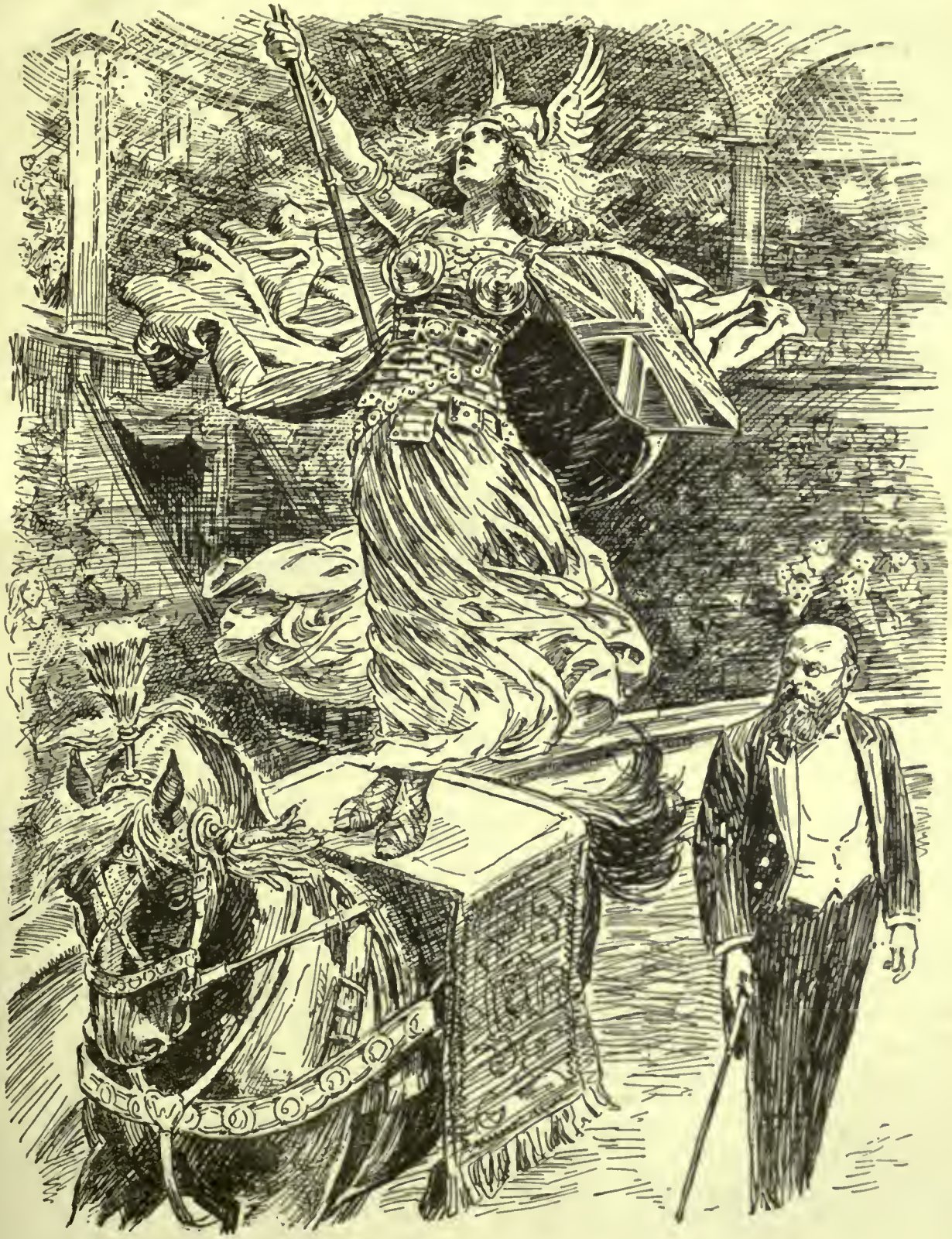
The state of the Lunacy Laws is a constant source of grief to the judicious. Perhaps in no respect is their inadequacy more patent than in the liberty which is accorded to our most popular novelists to assume at will the *rôle* of critic. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has just invited his thousands to follow him "through the magic door" of his own sumptuously upholstered study. Cannot the system of confinement "during the King's pleasure," or some other which would produce the same effect, be extended to such cases? By some such means such persons who are not positively insane might be subjected to the humane and remedial treatment of expert doctors, as they are at that admirably conducted institution—Broadmoor.

There will be the usual Mothers' Meeting on the 5th.

Hustled History.

"I hear that the favourite *rôle* in the coming great pageant of London is that of Henry VIII. There has not been the same anxiety for any of the other more sympathetic and romantic *rôles* as, for instance, that of Bluff King Hal."—*Daily Dispatch.*

In the course of a speech the other day Dr. Macnamara stated, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, that he put his back into the work placed in his hands. It sounds like a foul.



RICHTER THE RING-MASTER.

Mr. Punch begs to congratulate Dr. Richter on the brilliant success with which he has conducted the first complete performance of Wagner's "Ring" in English.



FORM AT A GLANCE.

Mabel (expounding photograph of her school hockey team to visitor, who happens to be a hockey international). "SHE'S PRETTY. SEE'S NOT PRETTY, BUT I LIKE HER. SHE'S RATHER PRETTY. SHE'S NOT PRETTY, BUT LOVELY HAIR. SHE'S A GOOD SORT, BUT UGLY. SHE'S LOVELY. SHE'S HIDEOUS!!!"

OXFORD YET.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

PROF. PORSON P. MACKINLEY was the pride of Upaidee;
In all that seat of learning none had such a name as he;
He occupied the chair of Greek, and all the State of Conn.
Came up to study *Plato* with this up-to-date young don,
His ways were ultra-modern, and he did not care a d——
For antiquated systems of the Isis and the Cam.
"What 's inefficient Oxford?" he would cry, with up-turned nose;
"Her students publish nothing and her dons are comatose.
My pupils do not slumber like an audience in church:
We live, we think! Our watchword is 'Original Research!'"
No empty boast! For PORSON P. had won himself renown
By counting up the passages where Plato used μὲν οὖν;
These passages are printed in a book for all to see—
It 's published at a dollar by the Press of Upaidee.
His students needs must emulate this bright and shining star;
In eager haste they crowded to his cultured seminar,
And one he set to counting up the number of οὐ μήs,
A second counted πῶς γὰρ οὔs, a third the τί δὲ δήs.
Small wonder that the great man grew elated now and then
On gazing at the output of his promising young men;
Small wonder that his glory spread across the wide grey sea,
Till classic Sheffield offered him her LL.D. degree.
Then PORSON P. engaged a berth as swiftly as he could,
And soon he was invested with a brand-new Sheffield hood;
But ere he travelled home again he thought he ought to see
If Oxford could be wakened from her fatal lethargy.
The dons were most polite to him; they opened wide their doors,
And fed him like a monarch from their hospitable stores,
But when he came to stir them up, poor PORSON P. grew hot
To find they knew a thing or two which he himself did not.
"Why don't you publish?" he would cry. "Why hide your brilliant light
Beneath a bushel, O ye dons? Why ever don't you write?"
They only smiled benignly on the newly LL.D.'d,
As though to say, "Good PORSON P., why ever don't you read?"
Prof. PORSON P. is safe at home in Upaidee again,
But ah! the fatal Oxford blight has settled on his brain.
Unmoved he scans the theses which the College book-shelves hold,
The labours of his seminar now leave him strangely cold;
All Upaidee is puzzled; they regard him as a freak—
They have caught him twice red-handed in the act of reading Greek.

MY SPEECH.

[I don't see why the Government should be the only people to make a speech at the beginning of a Session, even though they do call it The King's Speech, and pretend that they didn't write it. Why shouldn't *I* be allowed to make one for myself? Anyhow it would be a bit brighter than the Parliament one.

A. A. M.]

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen (May I say, *Friends*?)—

It 's a perfectly topping morning, and I 'm as fit as anything, and jolly glad to see you all again. Thank Heaven the fog 's gone. I don't mind rain so much—in fact, I rather like it in the country—but I do bar fog. However, that 's all right now, and it 's the 1st of February, and in another month it will be spring.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—Think of that!

Court and Society.

My relations continue to be friendly. My uncle and I have just concluded an agreement concerning our respective interests in old clothes and solid cash, whereby we both hope to derive much benefit. My cousin Henry sent me a fiver on my birthday—pretty decent of him, considering. In the home circle I am still thought to be kindly, intelligent, and hard-working. I had a letter from Cynthia yesterday, the dear. However, she isn't a relation—luckily.

Small Holdings.

The correspondence (including several important telegrams) which has recently passed between the proprietors of an eminent newspaper and myself has placed me in possession of a handsome History of the World in several volumes. It is known as *The Historians' History*, and that rather made me wonder whether I was worthy of it, not being an historian myself in the strict sense of the word. However, their fifth letter reassured me on this point.

The Sinking Fund.

By the way, going back to my relations for a moment. Bob has just paid up the tenner I lent him years ago, and jolly well time too. We 'll leave it there for the present.

Colonial Matters.

Turning to our Colonies (you know, you mustn't think that I am not interested in Public Affairs. On the contrary, I read the papers every day, and I am a true Imperialist, being particularly keen on Australian questions)—turning to our Colonies, I am glad to see that, in Australia, Hutchings continues to take runs off the opposition. I spotted him five years ago as the best bat in England, when they weren't even playing him regularly for his county, so I 'm naturally rather pleased about it. It will be perfectly sickening if we lose the rubber; and I 've got a level half-crown on it that we don't with Thomson, who is a beastly Little Englander. (If it had been the South Africans I should have called him a Pro-Boer, so he may consider himself lucky.) Now that Jones is back I 'm certain to win; but I shall refer to this again when I come to the Estimates for the year.

Foreign Affairs.

Foreign affairs have also claimed my attention. I have entered into an arrangement with Messrs. Thomas Cook under which I hope to travel as far as Switzerland in the summer. A Bill for preserving the integrity of Swiss hotel keepers, who *will* charge two francs for quite a small lemonade, which failed to pass into law last year, will be again submitted to them.

Ladies,—

Did I say I 'd had a letter from Cynthia yesterday? Awfully sweet it was.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—

Estimates for the expenditure of the coming year have been occupying my attention quite a lot lately. You know it 's perfectly absurd, but it works out at about twice the estimated income. On the "double entry" system, putting down the receipts twice, and allowing for Thomson's half-crown, I can just make it square; but that isn't good finance, you know.

Negotiations for a loan from my cousin Henry are in progress, and in the event of their failing to materialise the offer will be renewed at a later date. Meanwhile we can only hope for the best (unless *you* can think of something), and—as I remarked before—it 's a perfectly topping day, and spring 's nearly here, and I 'm blowed if I care what happens.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Bills will be laid before myself for the following purposes:—

To amend the system of monthly payments for the History of the World, either by reducing the amount or by lengthening the period.

To regulate the hours at which I rise and retire. (I doubt if this passes.)

To improve and extend the education of my housekeeper, particularly with regard to the important question, "What happens to the sardines?"

To establish an authority for the control of the man on the floor below, who doesn't seem to like music.

To consolidate and amend the method of scoring in county cricket, so that Kent may become champion county next season.

I am sorry I can't think of anything else just at the moment, but probably other things will turn up as we go along, and then I 'll let you know. It 's a perfectly topping day, and it will jolly soon be spring.

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Here 's luck!

CHARIVARIA.

The announcement in the King's Speech that an important outcome of the Second Peace Conference will be the establishment of an international court of appeal in prize cases has caused great satisfaction to disappointed Limerick competitors all over the country.

***

A proposal has been made that, with a view to the better safeguarding of Cabinet Ministers, the Government shall erect for their accommodation a special Suffragette-proof building, with underground passages leading to the House of Commons. Arrangements would at the same time be made for a strong force of police to take the gentlemen out for exercise twice a day.

***

"Good gracious me! Has the Revolution already taken place?" cried a nervous old lady on reading last week the following advertisement:—

THE THRONE.
NEW PROPRIETORSHIP.
UNDER
ENTIRELY NEW DIRECTION.

***

The rival candidates in South Hereford are said to have distributed leaflets at the rate of at least fifteen to each elector, and it is thought that it will be some time before the local match trade recovers from this unfair competition.

***

It is officially intimated that the actions which were pending by Messrs. D. D. Sheehan, M.P., and John O'Donnell, M.P., against Mr. John Redmond for expulsion from the Irish Party have been abandoned. We imagine that the difficulty would

have been to prove that any damage was suffered.

***

There have been threats of a serious shortage of wood-pulp, from which paper is made, and it may yet be possible, in writing to the editors of some of our journals, to refer to "your valuable paper" without the suspicion of irony.

***

"The pedestrian to-day is king of the road," says *The Car*. Even so, its noble Editor must allow that the motor-car is a fairly truculent "power behind the throne."

***

Following on the announcement that, as an additional safeguard against burglaries, watch-dogs are to be stationed in the galleries of the Louvre at night-time, comes the report that the Director of the National Gallery is considering a proposal for the insertion of a phonograph behind LANDSEER'S "Distinguished Member of the Royal Humane Society," which is to emit angry barks during the smaller hours.

***

A bomb placed under a window of a New York bank last week exploded, and blew out half the wall. The news of the outrage started the rumour that the bank had been closed, and hundreds of depositors rushed up, to find that, on the contrary, the bank had been opened.

***

Mr. EDWARD LYTTON, of the Coronet Theatre, has invented a mechanical scene-shifter. We see no reason why it should not be as successful as some of our mechanical actors and mechanical playwrights.

***

Apparently the campaign against unclean literature is already having a satisfactory effect. Our attention was attracted the other day at a bookstall by the notice:—"SOILED NOVELS—HALF PRICE."

***

Eve's Apple, by ALPHONSE COURLANDER, has just made its appearance; and, in case a sequel should be demanded, the author has, we understand, already copyrighted the title *Adam's Apple*.

***

By a curious coincidence, at the same time as a member of the American Congress was advising the taxation of foreign bridegrooms, suggesting that the Customs officers might classify them "*like frog's legs* as poultry," the Council of the Associated Chambers of Agriculture at a meeting in London were advocating the imposition of a duty on foreign hops.



Peggy. "WAS THAT P'LICEMAN EVER A LITTLE BABY, MOTHER?"
Mother. "WHY, YES, DEAR."
Peggy (thoughtfully). "I DON'T B'LIEVE I'VE EVER SEEN A BABY P'LICEMAN!"

***

An official List of Scenes in the forthcoming London Pageant has now been published. It will, we fear, lead to some friction. For instance, the City Corporation is anxious to take charge of the *tableau* "Feast to the five kings, by Henry Picard, ex-Mayor of London," to which it feels it could do better justice than to "The Election of Richard III. at Crosby Hall."

***

The bugle that sounded for the Light Brigade at Balaklava has been sold by auction. The famous charge (about which so much has been written) was only £300.

***

The second reading of the Bill to increase the German Navy has been passed by the Reichstag, Admiral VON TIRPITZ having assured the members that the measure was not directed against Great Britain. In official circles it is supposed that trouble is brewing with Switzerland.

Fair Warning.

"Man wanted to drive milk, and milk; must be good milker."—*Glasgow Herald.*

It will be no good his pretending afterwards that he thought he had to clean the windows.

Great Truths.

"Women of thirty of the present day are undoubtedly taller than they were, say, eighteen years ago."
Bystander.

THE LOST HEIR.

Synopsis.

[The Duchess of Battledown, who has a handsome house in Belgrave Square, one day takes her baby boy, aged eight months, in the carriage with her. Somehow she mislays him and fails to bring him back. Being both absent-minded and short-sighted, she does not notice the child's absence until the middle of the next night, when she suddenly wakes and realises her loss. She arouses the Duke her husband, and informs him, and they at once send the maid and the valet to Scotland Yard.]

Part II.

In this distressing but veracious history
I don't propose to rack you with a mystery:
The Earl of Brasenose, the infant heir,
Was gone—but I shall tell you how and where.

The ducal coachman, Mr. William Oates,
Was of the kind on which a Duchess dotes.
No portlier man, I ween, has ever graced
A lofty seat, and none so purple-faced.
With careless ease he wore his curly wig;
His calves were massive and his back was big.
Poised on the great barouche's box he sat,
And, poised on him, reposed his cornered hat.
He could control his prancing chestnut pair
With wrists of steel and hands as light as air.
If some pert busman, facile with his slang,
Upon his looks the ready changes rang,
Calling him "Porpoise," "Puffer," "Pudden-head,"
Or names like these, no word he ever said;
Or if a cabman, as a cabman will,
Pointed him out with, "There 's a beauty, Bill,"
He answered not, but with a glacial frown
Looked the delinquent up and looked him down,
And left him there in London's busy street
Convinced of sin and frozen to his seat.

Now, in spite of his splendour, William O.
Had never been caught in the toils of Cupid:
He thought the stages of courtship slow,
And marriage itself he reckoned stupid.
By the charms of the fair he set no store;
He meant to remain a bachelor.

His father was dead, but his mother remained:
She kept an animal shop in the Dials,
And whenever the soul of the son was pained
By the burdensome weight of a coachman's trials
He sought the home of feather and fur,
And called his mamma and consulted her.

One night—it happened to be the night
When the Duke and the Duchess had their fright—
A man with most of his face concealed
In a muffler that left one eye revealed—
A man who wafted upon his way
A faint aroma of straw and hay—
A man who bore on his ample arm
A burden carefully wrapped from harm,—
One night this man, as I say, crept up
To the door that was flanked by kit and pup,
And when Mrs. Oates had let him in
Declared himself as her kith and kin.
"I 'm your son William," he said, said he,
"And I 'm sorry to say as I 've made so free
As to bring yer the Earl of Brasenose.
This 'ere 's the Earl in his Sunday clo's.
His mother, the Duchess, went and dropped him,
And I nipped orf o' the box and copped him.
It 's the Earl 'isself, and it ain't no other,
And you 've got to keep him for me, dear mother.
The baby 's a regular precious gem,
And he 'll be much better with us nor them."

His mother heaved a sigh. "The Duchess dropped him?"
She said at last, "she 's really rather careless.
I 'll temporarily at least adopt him,
I bet she 'll hardly notice being heirless."

(To be continued.)

DANCING DEITIES.

High Jinks in Walhall.

The brilliant representations of Wagner's *Ring* at Covent Garden, we are glad to learn, have been greatly appreciated in immortal circles, and, in particular, in the house of Donner. A baronetcy, it will be remembered, was recently conferred on Mr. Edward Donner, of Manchester (though his brother-god, Mr. Thor, received no such honour), and a paragraph in the social and personal column of a leading newspaper states that

"The fancy dress ball for young people, given by Mrs. Philip Donner and Mr. Julius Donner at the Villa Beauregard, went off splendidly. The dresses were superb, the dancing animated, and the children looked delightful."

A later wireless telegram from Walhall gives the following interesting particulars as to the progress and conclusion of this unique entertainment:—

"Among the grown-ups present were Mr. Bert Froh, Fire-Brigadier Loge, Hon. Wanderer and Lady Fricka Wotan, Miss Popsy Freia, Sir Siegmund and Lady Sieglinde Volsung, Colonel Fafner, C.B., in fancy dress; Mr. Perce Siegfried, who wore an antique cap and massive gold ring, accompanied by Lady Brünnhilde Siegfried, who brought her horse (one) and her sisters (eight), the Misses Gerdi, Ortli, Trauti, Schwertli, Wiggi, Siggi, Grimgi, and Rossi Walküre; Lieut-General Alberich, V.C., and Mr. Herb Hagen (the Public Executioner) from Nibelheim Lodge; Mrs. Erda chaperoning Miss Norn, Miss Gladys Norn, and Miss Trixie Norn; Miss Gutrune Gibichung, Dr. Mime, F.R.C.S., and Mr. Sid Hunding; Sir Frederick Fasolt, K.C., was also present, but unfortunately died soon after the party commenced. Fräulein Waldvogel and the Rheintöchter Trio sang at intervals. Besides Sir Frederick Fasolt, other guests died during the evening, and the survivors were consumed later by a fire which unfortunately broke out. The refreshments, supplied by Mr. Gunther, were also consumed. The Rheintöchter Trio alone escaped by taking to the water, having previously annexed Mr. Perce Siegfried's golden ring in lieu of their fee, which under the mournful circumstances was otherwise unattainable."

Dear *Mr. Punch*,—I see that the Labour Conference at Hull has resolved that the Party shall aim at the establishment of social and economic equality between the sexes. My wife's social qualifications are so transcendent that I doubt my ever becoming her equal even in a democratic sense. But what I want to know is this: If the future Democratic Providence allots me £500 a year as my proper share of the loot, will it, in order to make my wife economically my equal, grant her the like amount? Yours anxiously, Waverer.

According to a contemporary the De Beers Company at Dutoitspan has stopped washing, and discharged a hundred white workmen in consequence. This seems a pity, as under the new conditions they might soon have qualified as "coloured labour."



"HEARD MELODIES ARE SWEET, BUT THOSE UNHEARD——"

She. "WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN HERE?" *He.* "A FELLER PLAYIN' THE FIDDLE, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE."

THE "LOOP-THE-WORLD" RACE.

PARIS TO PARIS BY PERAMBULATOR.

(*From Our Correspondent.*)

Paris, Feb. 3.

THE perambulator race from Paris to the North Pole and down the other side of the world to the South Pole and back to Paris is creating much interest here. America will be represented by four prams, France by three, and Germany by one. The competitors are all men of note in perambulator circles—manufacturers of baby carriages, fathers of families, etc.—and realising the importance to the world of knowing how these popular little vehicles will stand rough handling in arctic regions and the tropics, these unselfish men have come forward in the interest of the public, ready to undertake the noble task.

Each competitor will push himself and his pram. News of the race will be conveyed to the Press direct from the "log" of each vehicle. As most of those concerned are no novices at log-rolling, the public may rely on being kept fully informed of all the necessary details.

Though the generous donors will blush at having their disinterested kindness publicly recorded, it must be mentioned that the travellers' emergency rations of canned *Sauerkraut* are the gift of the Boomer Food Company, while every perambulatorist will be swaddled up to the armpits in bear-proof bags presented by the Trumpeter Trouser Trust.

As the domestic pram will, of course, be used a great deal under arctic conditions in the future (and we all know how Baby loves a ride down an iceberg), the tests in the terrible frozen North will be looked forward to by us at home with the deepest interest; and the behaviour of the sturdy little carriages whilst ploughing their way through the sands of tropical deserts will be watched no less keenly, seeing that Nurse may find herself obliged at any moment to cross the Sahara.

"Maxims and Moralisings.

One man's tragedy is another man's face.—PULITZER."—*The Imp.*

PULITZER has got the gist of the matter, but in real life it is more often his own face.

Simple Bible Teaching.

"I once knew a little boy whose criminally callous parents called him Absalom. Fancy calling a little funny-faced creature in long clothes by a name like that! The very sound of the word speaks of a hoary-headed old patriarch, with flowing beard and eyes dimmed with age."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

It seems a thousand pities that the parents of the original ABSALOM didn't think of this when they named their child.

From an advt.:

"The pens of my manufacture, though they are not the cheapest so far as first cost is concerned, yet every consumer who has tried them has found that 144 good pens, at a reasonable price, are cheaper than the low priced rubbish from which the consumer has to select (if he can do so) a few out of the lot that will write."

Other well-known stylists are MACAULAY, LAMB, and STEVENSON.

"FRENCH VIEW OF ANGLO-GERMAN RELATION.

PEACE OF WORLD LIES BETWEEN TWO HORNES OF DELEMA."

For this masterly summing-up of the situation we are indebted to *The Jamaica Daily Telegraph.*



CAUTION.

Patient. "And if I have gas I shan't feel nothing?"
Dentist. "Nothing whatever."
Patient. "And I shan't know what you be doin'?"
Dentist. "You won't know anything."
Patient. "Well, just wait a minute till I've counted my money!"

FIRST AID TO AUTHORS.

Readers who desire candid and careful criticism of their literary efforts may send their Manuscripts, with Remittance, to The Editor, W.P.B.'s Weekly, Literary Advice Department.

"Chicot."—Your stuff has a certain effervescence, not altogether unlike sherbet, but it is doubtful if the constant recurrence of such a phrase as "Friend the Reader," witty as it undoubtedly is, is to be recommended. As you are strong be merciful, and don't be so funny about bootjacks. Give us more of the Oxford manner.

M. C.—It is a long time since you sent us anything, and such delays, you ought to know, are detrimental to the position of a leading lady novelist. If you don't do something soon the consequences may be serious, especially when the activity of Another is taken into account. Have you no play, no matter how bad?

Office Window.—The theory of the epigram is that it should have a point. I have read the last of yours several times, but I cannot find where the point is:—

"CAINE IN EGYPT.
I've often wondered dimly how
You spelt a
Fortune; sought a deal—and now
I've Delta."

Try again, and take more room. To put four lines together is not necessarily to make an epigram.

T. W.-D.—All that you say about your wild and lawless life as a gipsy interests me profoundly. But it is doubtful if the sonnet is the best medium for conveying an impression of the wild existence of these romantic nomads. It is doubtful if *Boswell* is a good name to choose for your heroine, since it is associated in most people's minds with that very ungipsyish person the satellite and biographer of the Great Lexicographer. When you write again please tell us how you got the walnut juice off your face.

W. Le Q.—Your story is full of excitement, but it is a question whether it is wise to refer to the unmarried daughter of a peer as a countess; and to make your titled detective devote his leisure hours to winning the Newdigate is a lapse from probability. It was, however, a good idea to imagine a radium mine beneath the crater of Vesuvius.

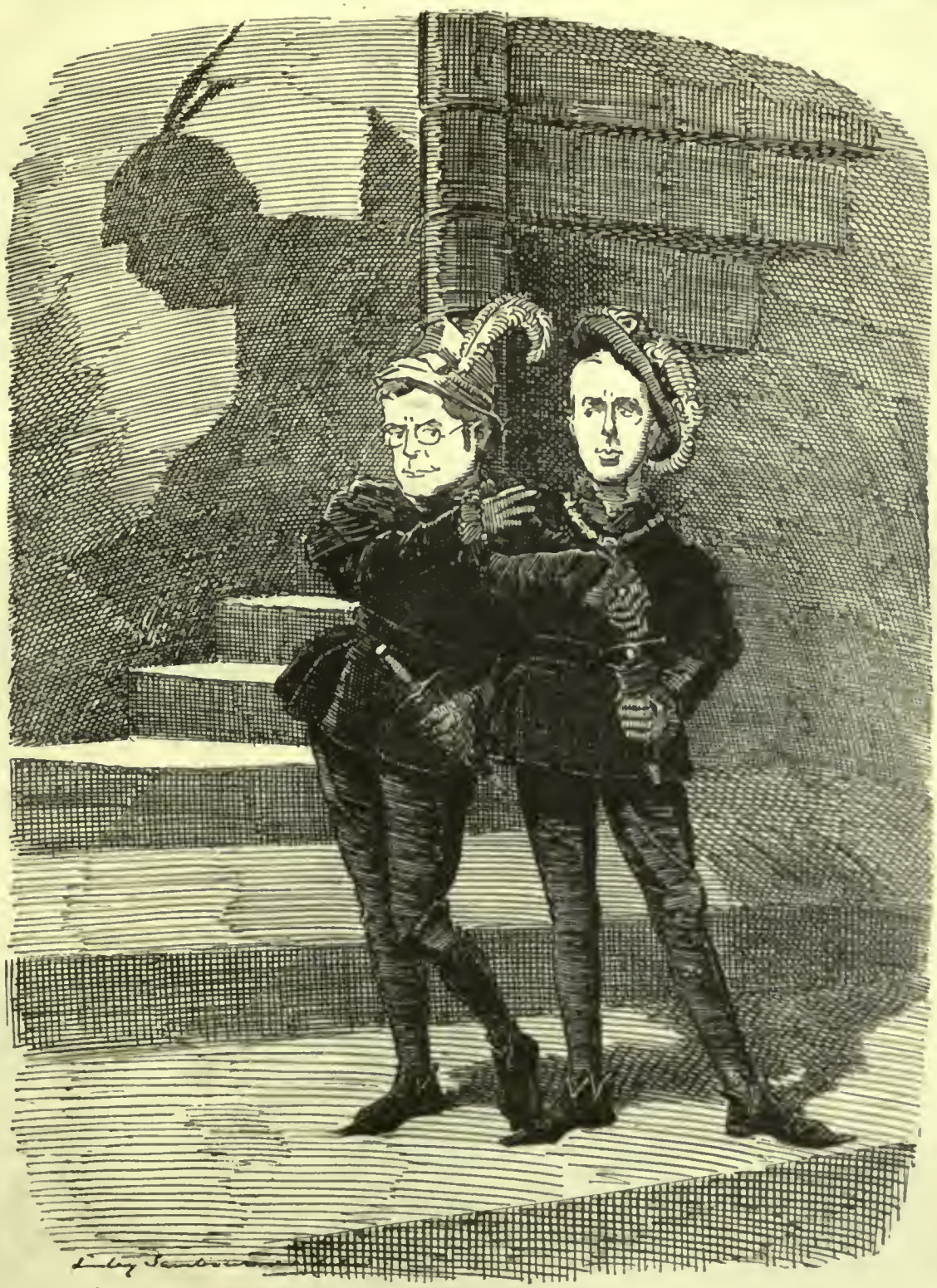
THE ESSENTIAL.

Stalwart supporter, do not fret!
Pray curb your natural chagrin
That, when that post you hoped to get
Fell vacant, we were forced to let
A lesser man step in.

Your qualities, we own, excelled
His at whose triumph now you chafe;
But one thing cogently compelled
Us to our choice—the seat he held
Seemed (at the time) so safe.

"Sore Feet.—On long country walks it saves sore feet to wear two pairs of socks, one thin old pair, and to soap the soles of the feet after putting on the first pair over the socks."
The Country Side.

This sounds difficult, but when once you have got the second pair of feet safely between the soap and the thin old socks it is the merest child's play.



THE VICTIMS.

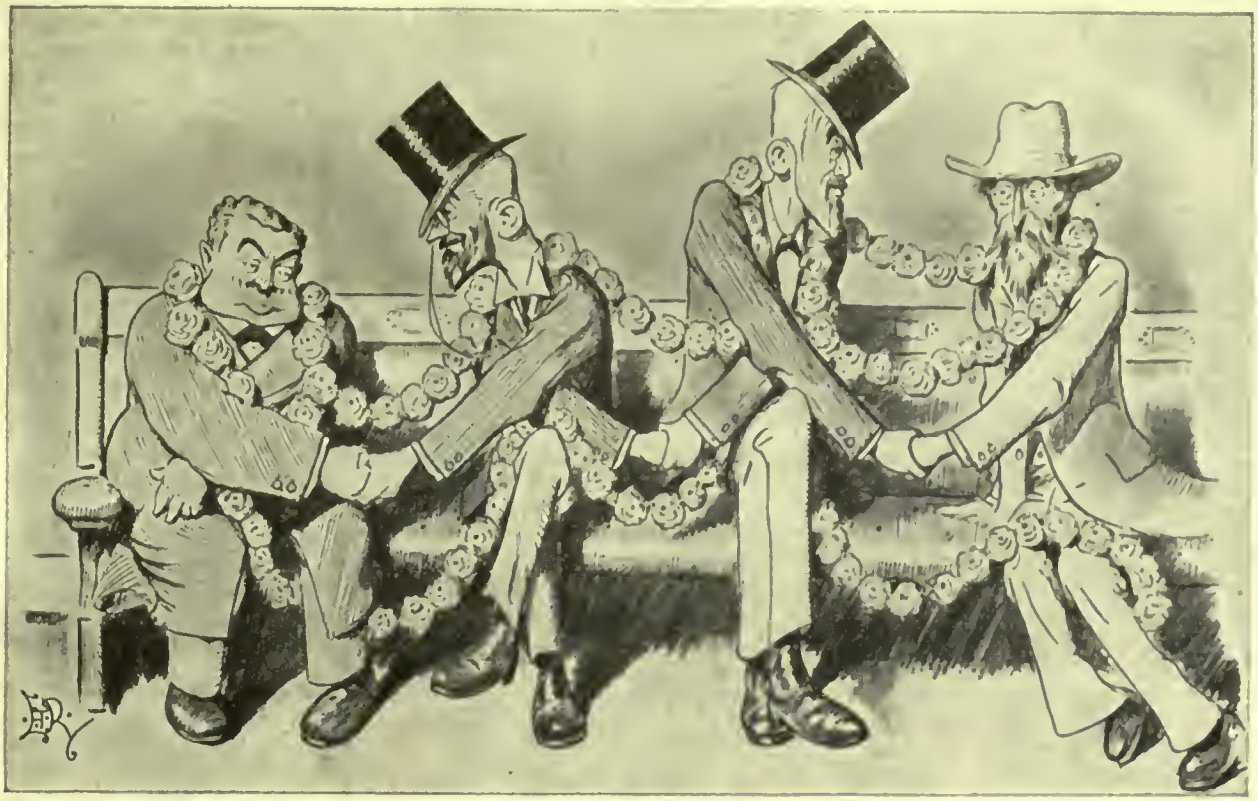
(After "The Princes in the Tower," by Sir John Millais.)

Augustine Birrell (*apprehensively*). "I SAY, REGGIE, HERE COMES UNCLE ARTHUR."

Reginald McKenna (*with modest assurance*). "I DON'T MIND. IT'LL TAKE HIM ALL HIS TIME TO SMOTHER *ME*."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



LITTLE SHORT OF A MIRACLE!—"WALK UP! WALK UP! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND SEE IT *WHILE IT LASTS*."
By a superhuman effort the above gentlemen, who have not been on speaking terms for years, have succeeded in (temporarily) presenting a united front to the Saxon oppressor
(Messrs. R-dm-nd, H-ly, D-ll-n, and O'Br-n.)

House of Commons, Wednesday, January 29.—Opening of new Session marked by one of those little personal episodes which touch the heart. It is no secret that for many years Irish Nationalist Party has been riven by misunderstanding among the gentlemen who undertake to lead it. Mr. REDMOND, Mr. TIM HEALY, Mr. JOHN DILLON, and Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN have vigorously hated each other for the love of Ireland. With the freedom from conventionality that marks an interesting race, they have openly expressed opinions about each other, the verbal construction of which renders quotation undesirable. In the House of Commons they have studiously ignored each other's presence whilst betraying consciousness of it by "talking at" each other. During month preceding opening of Session it was found expedient to bring this state of things to a conclusion. A truce was sounded, followed by signing and sealing of an alliance offensive and defensive.



"BRAVO, RUDIE!"
The Member for the Market Harboro' Division (Mr. R. C. Lehmann) moves the Address.

Evidence of new and happier state of things forthcoming at meeting of the House. ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, looking up from Treasury Bench, was deeply touched at the sight presented. In taking his walks abroad, whether in Battersea Park or on Hampstead Heath, he has sometimes happed upon a youth and maiden hand in hand, spelling out the old, old story as they walk. To see now the four ancient foemen seated together below the gangway, hand in hand, whispering sweet nothingnesses what time they gazed affectionately into each

other's long unfamiliar eyes, was enough to move a less sensitive nature than that of the Chief Secretary. He felt it was a spectacle that boded no good for him. Whilst they were divided he might, to a certain extent, rule. Reunited, animated by a common object, their conduct guided by a single policy, they would make him feel the resemblance of the Irish Office to a bed of roses to be more remote than ever.

Before new Session had advanced an hour, example was forthcoming of the practical working of *La Belle Alliance*. John Redmond, taking exception to absence of notice of the deprivation suffered by the House consequent on temporary withdrawal from the scene of the Member for North-west Meath, at present in prison for contempt of Court, moved appointment of a Select Committee. Last Session Tim Healy would have sat scornfully silent, attempting by subtle adjustment of his pince-nez to express pitying contempt for John's judgment and his intellectual capacity generally. Now he rose to support the contention of "my hon. friend," a tremor shaking his voice as he thus alluded to him.

Ominous this for the Chief Secretary, who has two Bills in hand. Meaner natures would have resented the burying of the hatchet and all it portends. St. Augustine paid it the tribute of a tear as he murmured—

> "Then blessings on the falling out
> That all the more endears,
> When we fall out with those we love
> And kiss again with tears."

The Member for Sark, taking a sordidly practical view of the matter, is accustomed to hold forth against the ancient practice of moving and seconding the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. He points out that it is in its inception and execution a purely artificial performance, to be regarded seriously only inasmuch as it is responsible for wasting valuable time on threshold of Session which, as Prince Arthur demonstrated, cannot be long enough for its appointed work.

The anachronism was to a certain extent justified by proceedings of to-day. Rudie Lehmann's speech in moving the Address was a model of the best thing possible in the circumstances. In excellent taste, admirably phrased, modestly delivered, it reached the highest level of the opportunity.

"Now 's the time," says Sark, nothing if not logical, "to strike the performance out of the bill. We can't improve upon the latest 'presentation,' as Mr. Frohman would say. Opportunity accordingly enticing to drop the flummery, and get straightway to business when we meet for a new Session."



The new Pyjama Policy of the Suffragettes; or, What about "Justice for Men"?

Sir E. Gr-y, Mr. B-rr-ll, Mr. H-ld-ne, and others are attacked before breakfast by the advocates of Justice for Women.

Business done.—New Session opens.

Thursday. — House disturbed by wild stories of Cabinet Ministers besieged in their bedrooms at early morn by forces of Amazons armed with bannerets and umbrellas. Circumstantial narrative current of one Minister, disguised as the milkman, captured as he was making his way out by a side-door, and held for ransom just as if he were Kaid McLean. Happily his appearance on the Treasury Bench shortly after three o'clock discredited the report. A hearty cheer testified to general relief at his escape.



(The new Solicitor-General and Attorney-General, Mr. S-m Ev-ns and Sir W-ll-m R-bs-n.)

Still the question remains with us, oppressively insisting on an answer. How long are our Cabinet Ministers to be made the sport of clamorous woman? Cattle-driving in Ireland, deplorable as a form of popular pastime, is a trifle compared with this new sport of Cabinet-Minister-hunting. Lloyd-George, though encouraged by project on foot to double his official salary, is reported to have expressed doubt as to whether the money is sufficient compensation for the daily inconvenience, the hourly anxiety, imposed upon him by the Suffragist crusade. It was bad enough when right honourable gentlemen were assailed in their office or waylaid on their way home. When it comes to routing them out of bed at break of day with shrill enquiry why no mention of women's votes was made in the King's Speech, life is not worth living, even at the rate of £5,000 a year.

In contrast with these scenes of disorder was the appearance of the House this afternoon. No one casually looking in would guess that the subject of debate was one which Socialists have made their own. Ramsay Macdonald moved amendment to Address deploring absence from King's Speech of reference to the state of the unemployed. There was nothing violent about him save the colour of his blood-red necktie. As for Pete Curran, who seconded the amendment, he preached pure Socialism in a quiet matter-of-fact manner suggestive that he was doing nothing more startling than reciting the multiplication table, say up to twelve times twelve. Apart from its matter—and, after all, that is something—it was an admirable discourse, reaching a level of style which many much older Parliamentary hands might envy.

Next to this earnest, simple, outspoken avowal of Socialism, declaimed in hearing of the unshocked Mace, the most remarkable thing was the grave attention with which it was listened to by a crowded House. No cry of dissent, no note of remonstrance interrupted the measured flow of Pete's eloquence. In fact, as happened when a foreign prelate addressed at length a peccant parrot, no one seemed a penny the worse. When the Socialists among the Labour Party made an end of speaking, members strolled out quietly into the division lobby, and the amendment was negatived by 195 votes against 146.

Business done.—Debating the Address.



Sportsman (having just come over cramped place after a refusal). "FUNNY THING THE OLD HORSE REFUSING. I SUPPOSE IT WAS BECAUSE I GOT ON HIS NECK TO MISS THAT BOUGH."
Cruel Fair. "DON'T BLAME THE OLD HORSE. PERHAPS HE THOUGHT HE HAD JUMPED!"

WHAT 'S IN A NAME?

OF many superstitious mists
That rise to claim my close attention,
I 've noticed among novelists
What I may term the "Name-convention."
E.g., ere I begin to track
The course of any writer's fancy,
I 'm sure that we shall "all love *Jack*,"
Who, if a tar, must wed with *Nancy*.

Although untiringly you con
Romance, you 'll never find a *Prue* pert,
Or come across a wicked *John*,
Or fail to love dare-devil *Rupert*.
What 's in a name? It is not meet
To offer SHAKSPEARE contradiction,
But *Rose* would not be half so sweet
If she appeared as *Liz* in fiction!

Observe the author: notice well
How "cabin'd" (if not "cribbed"!) his skill is;
When all goes as a marriage-bell,
Some *Tom* or *Dick* may mate with *Phyllis;*
But no such careless names will do
If Ma says "No" and sides with his Pa;
'Tis *Mary* then and thoughtful *Hugh*
Who weep o'er rings engraven *Mizpah*.

And though the hero travels where
New England keeps her choicest Misses,
We still can breathe the Old World air
If 'tis a *Dorothy* he kisses!
And if at times the tale is thin,
Our author's trick (and what trick 's apter?)
Is just to drag a villain in
To give a *Philip* to the chapter.

"*May* is a pious fraud," while *Beth*
Is shy and somewhat prone to "falter";
Anna (in books) is "true till death";
Hal 's as unstable quite as *Walter;*
Kitty and *Madge* alike assume
A manner that is rather goey;
Round *Janet* clings the faint perfume
Vaguely suggestive of old *Chloe*.

A *Barbara* who is not proud
Would simply flabbergast the critic;
A fickle *Ruth* would strike a crowd
Of Constant Readers paralytic:
Yet for this pseudonymic law
I have an honest admiration,
For here, at least, no scribe can draw
Carte Blanche on his imagination!

Physician, heal thyself.

"Many Labour speakers in their desire to make their orations as forceful as possible have been known to coin some very sparkling gems in the way of mixed metaphors."
The Tatler.

"WANTED, two Violins and Piano (ladies)."
Keble's Gazette.

We have a little girl flute we should be glad to sell, if that would do, but our concertina is a gentleman.

A ONE-GIRL SHOW.

Her Father, the new play at the Haymarket, has been adapted from the French by Mr. MICHAEL MORTON. It must be great fun to be an adaptor, and Mr. MORTON must have enjoyed his work immensely; but I am afraid he has not been completely successful. Luckily I have an idea for him.

He started off well. "Her father" in the original was an architect. Now we don't care much about architects in England, but we do like a lord. So Mr. MORTON gave the fellow a title—*Lord Claremont*. The lover was turned into a baronet—*Sir Claude Trehmayne*. Good. Now what can be done for the *Rigeley-Fanes*? A "Hon.," a simple "Hon." at least.

Having Englished the characters successfully, Mr. MORTON turned to the plot. Here he was in a perfect sea of troubles. French Law (I don't know whose fault it is, but it makes it extremely awkward for adaptors) is different from English Law. Now the whole play turns on a point of law. *Mrs. Forster* had obtained a judicial separation from her husband eighteen years ago. Her baby had just been born, and the Court gave her the custody of the child for eleven months in the year; but in the month of June it was to be packed up and sent to *Mr. Forster*. (*Mr. Digby*, the solicitor, would have put it better than that.) Whether this is good law or not I cannot say; but somehow I do not see an English Judge ordering a babe of six months to spend June away from its mother. However, we need not worry about that. The point is that when the child, *Irene*, is eighteen years old, the father (now *Lord Claremont*) suddenly turns up and claims his month.

Irene has never seen her father; *Mrs. Forster* has never forgiven him. The mother and daughter swear they will never, never, never be parted from each other. Besides, *Irene* has just become engaged to *Frank Morris*, a very attractive young man. But *Mr. Digby* puts the case for the claimant so strongly that *Mrs. Forster* has to submit. Off goes *Irene* to Berkeley Square.

You guess, of course, what happens. The girl who came to hate her father remains to love. Also, I am afraid, she forgets *Frank* (she never had really cared for him, you know), and loses her heart to *Sir Claude*. When she returns to Hampstead and *Mrs. Forster*, *Lord Claremont* goes with her, and there is a pretty reconciliation scene to end up.

Let us return to Mr. MORTON. At some moment in his work of adaptation a horrible thought must have struck him. Has an English Court power over a girl of eighteen? Or does it only last until she is sixteen years of age? We can imagine Mr. MORTON wrestling with this problem; staying awake o' nights; finally obtaining expensive legal advice. And then we can imagine him saying, "Well, hang it, there 'll be no play at all if I 've got to alter that. I 'm dashed if I do. . . . Besides, what does the English public know or care about law?"

I think he was wise. Because, if



Two men of the world, noted for their charm of manner, putting a maiden at her ease.

Lord Claremont ..... Mr. Bourchier.
Sir Claude Trehmayne .. Mr. Cyril Keightley.
Irene Forster ..... Miss Marie Lochr.

we had not had this play, we should not have seen Miss MARIE LOEHR as *Irene*. I am almost afraid to say what I think of her—her prettiness and charm (which, after all, is her own affair), and her delicate acting (which as a free-seater was mine). But I shall tell Mr. MORTON my idea.

It is this. Why not have Miss LOEHR on the stage all the time? In the First Act, for instance, when *Mrs. Forster* and *Frank* are having dull explanations, which only we are supposed to hear, Miss LOEHR might be arranging the flowers in the back room, with the door open. (Of course she would be too honourable to listen.) That would make the First Act complete. The Second would be more difficult, but I think it could be done. The stage would have to be divided into two parts—one side the Berkeley Square house, with *Lord Claremont* waiting for his daughter, and telling his friends about her; the other a compartment of the tube, containing Miss LOEHR on her way from Hampstead. . . . And so on. Do you see the idea, Mr. MORTON?

I must say a few words about the others. Miss HENRIETTA WATSON I last saw as *Mrs. Clandon*, a similar part to that of *Mrs. Forster*. In both cases my sympathies were all with the man. In *You Never Can Tell* that was perhaps right; in *Her Father* I am not sure that they should have been. As an injured woman Miss WATSON is always so austere; her voice is so—so righteous. That may be her interpretation of *Mrs. Forster*, but I don't think it is the right one. *Mrs. Forster*, in telling her story to *Frank*, has to break down and cry; in reproaching *Irene* for letting herself care for her father, to wail (in the charmingly unreasonable way of women), "You don't love me any more. No, don't talk to me. You don't love me any more." Miss WATSON'S *Mrs. Forster* would never have cried, would never have been unreasonable.

Mr. BOURCHIER'S performance as the father was another fine piece of acting misplaced. Now and then (I am awfully sorry) *Lord Claremont* struck me as rather a bounder. Perhaps he was. But *Irene*, who had already detected lapses in *Frank* which nobody else could see, certainly would not have liked a bounder for a father. Mr. MARSH ALLEN as *Frank* was charming; but then if *he* was really a bit of an outsider Mr. ALLEN should not have been so charming.

And so where are we now? I don't know. No one of the interpretations seems to fit in with all of the others. But if you go to the Haymarket to see *Her Father* (as of course you will) it will not really be to see Her father, or Her mother, or Her lover, or anybody else. It will just be to see Her.

M.

"A lady who was visiting Monte Carlo for the first time desired to try her luck at the tables, and being undecided as to what number to choose, she asked a friend to settle for her. 'Put it on your own age,' was the reply. So accordingly the louis was placed on number 25. When the croupier announced 'quarante!' that poor lady's discomfiture told its own tale."

With great deference to the authoress who contributed this story to *The Daily Mail*, we do not believe it. And we are surprised that she should imperil her immortal soul for the sake of four paltry pips, when *trente-six* would have done almost as well as *quarante*, and at the same time would have had the crowning merit of being one of the actual numbers employed in roulette.

THE LAST LINE IN EDUCATION.

IT may be assumed that the Limerick is already the only literary form in which the rising generation can be expected to express its thoughts with fluency and grace. The following examples, therefore, of the right method of compiling grammars, readers, and examination papers for primary and secondary schools are offered for the use of teachers. They aim at combining the subjects of the ordinary curriculum with practical training in the only lucrative career.

I.—ENGLISH LITERATURE.

Complete the following stanza, and state what poet wrote the less compendious original:—

Oh Attic receptacle! oh
Chaste ornament made long ago!
Be a lesson to youth
That Beauty is Truth,
* * * * * * !

II.—GENERAL AND HISTORICAL.

Fill in.

Who signed Magna Charta? * * *
Where do bayonets come from? * *
What monarch is wiser
Than SOLON? * * *
Who wrote the best ballads? * * *

The last two questions are for advanced students only.

III.—ALGEBRA.

$$112 - b$$
$$+79 - c$$

(Where $b = 7$, $c = 11$)

* * * * * ?

IV.—ARITHMETIC.

If a pot of green gooseberry jam
Weighing 1½ kgm.,
Falls out of a flat
On a gentleman's hat,
Deduce his remarks on it * * * *

WE LIVE AND LEARN.

THE greatest excitement has been caused by the discovery—gleaned from an interview with Dr. B. P. GRENFELL, the Egyptologist, printed in *The Daily Mail*—that in ancient Egypt social life went on more or less as it does now. One of the wonderful papyri unearthed at Oxyrhynchus runs thus: "Chaeremon invites you to dine with him at the table of the Lord Serapis in the Serapeum tomorrow, which is the 15th of the month, at nine o'clock." Such testimony to the modern habits of the ancient Egyptians has naturally sent a thrill through the impressionable heart of Carmelite Street. Think of it—the ancient Egyptians ate and gave parties!



THE BIRTHRIGHT OF ART.

Police Constable (to small boy having a free view of football match). "NOW THEN, DOWN YER COME."

Small Boy. "GARN! I'D 'AVE YER TO KNOW MY FARVER 'ELPED TO TAR THESE BOARDS."

Here is another of Dr. GRENFELL's discoveries: "Herais invites you to dine with her at the marriage of her children in her house to-morrow, which is the 5th, at nine o'clock." They married, too, these wonderful people!

Dr. GRENFELL, in a further interview which he granted to ourselves, has told us several things which he dared not trust to the youthful yet brainy emissary of our sprightly contemporary. It seems that, again on the evidence of these papyri, the ancient Egyptians kept and revered cats, and, what is more remarkable, these cats had kittens. Egyptian society was divided, much like our own, into rich and poor; some of the populace were shopkeepers; politics and religion had a part in their lives; they played games; and when they died they had funerals. It is all almost too incredible, yet Dr. GRENFELL assures us that it is true. More, they read books, and, indeed, stored a large number in the library at Alexandria, which unhappily was not only burned but was not insured. The ladies wore jewellery, the children had toys. In fact, the only thing in which the ancient Egyptians seem to have been poorer than ourselves was in the lack of a daily press in which the renascence of wonder is an every-day occurrence.

"He was also a great lover of birds, and used to do a trade in catching and training wild birds to sing, and then selling them in the Liverpool Market."—*Formby Gazette.*

It was all very well to dissemble his love, but why did he catch them and sell them in the Liverpool market?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Sheaves* (HEINEMANN) Mr. E. F. BENSON returns to his old form. His books had been falling off sadly; the tone had got more morbid, the writing had grown more and more careless; and in *The House of Defence* even his dialogue seemed to have lost the gay sparkle which had once characterised it. But *Sheaves* is quite in his best style: I should put it next to *The Challoners* and *Limitations*. The subject of the story is the love of a young man for a middle-aged but still beautiful woman. *Hugh Grainger* marries *Edith Allbutt*, in spite of her fears for the future when she is old and he is still only in his prime. But Mr. BENSON does not solve the problem for us; for *Edith* dies of consumption. (One day Mr. BENSON will give us a story without a disease in it.) *Hugh*, by the way, is a wonderful singer; *Edith* an extraordinarily successful p l a y wright Generally I cannot b e l i e v e in s u c h people, but Mr. BENSON quite persuades me. In fact he c o u l d almost persuade me of anything, if he would only keep to this level of excellence.

Hazarding a guess at the genesis of *Graham of Claverhouse* (JOHN MURRAY) I should say it was an early effort of IAN MACLAREN'S, possibly touched up with the riper skill of advancing years. Certainly neither in style nor in the gift of characterization has it anything in common with *B e s i d e t h e Bonnie Briar Bush*, with which is firmly rooted the fame of the novelist. *Claverhouse's* body-servant, the Lowland Scot, is most nearly akin to studies from *Drumtochty*. For the rest, including the hero—our old friend "Bonnie Dundee," in whose memory there has through more than two centuries been much filling up of the cup, also of the can—the men and women of the story are a bit stagey. The author does not seem to have quite made up his mind whether he should write a biography or a novel. Perhaps the former would have been better. Certainly the finest chapter in the book is one in which he, unrestrainedly falling into biographical form, presents a vivid character-sketch of CLAVERHOUSE as he moved and fought, hunted out and, for the love of God, hanged Covenanters.

In Mr. ST. JOHN ADCOCK'S land—
The World that Never Was—one meets
(Or so, at least, I understand)
Only such folk as venture out
When you and I are not about—
When we, in fact, are neatly packed
At rest between the sheets.

On such occasions come to view,
A-walking up and down the roads
(At least, I understand they do),
The statues and the folk who stare
From poster hoardings everywhere,
And sport till morn returns to warn
Them back to their abodes.

Delightfully their tale is told
(Published by GRIFFITHS), and if one,
Grown sceptical with age, makes bold
To doubt, why, he himself could name
A score of youngsters who 'd exclaim
"It 's simply fine!" nor doubt a line
Until the end was won.



ONE ADVANTAGE OF OUR CLIMATE.

In pantomime, of course, where even a baron's offspring are not remarkable for family resemblance, no one objects to hearing *Cinderella* talk like *Kate Nickleby*, and her sisters like *Fanny Squcers*. But in Upper Norwood, and what purports to be real life, it is not a little surprising. The heroine of Mr. FRED WHISHAW'S *A New Cinderella* (J o h n LONG) is *Mary*, who does all the house-w o r k: her sisters *Millicent* and *Ruby* are flighty and vain, their sole occupation being the pursuit of rather elusive p r i n c e s i n t h e g r o u n d s o f t h e Crystal Palace. This is a specimen of *Millicent's* conversation: "For all sakes don't you go letting it get further. Henry and I have had a quarrel. . . If he comes on bended knee I 'm not going to listen to him—oh, never again! No, thank you, I 'm not taking any more, Henry." And this of *Mary's:* "I think you would say he is very gentlemanly—in the widest sense, I mean, and that covers a great deal of ground, doesn't it?" What wonder that, endowed with the three graces of grammar, goodness and gentility, *Mary* romps home anyhow. As a matter of fact she has two admirers—one over sixty, but both well-to-do—marries the old gentleman first, and is afterwards re-claimed as a widow by her early love. It is very hard to make this type of suburban romance deeply interesting from a serious point of view; and I don't know whether anyone, except perhaps Mr. PETT RIDGE, could do it. But the "wicked sisters" at least seem a faithful representation, and, considering that they have the name of *Jellibee* to get away from, are not much to be blamed for their carryings-on.

"*THE* MAN OF ROSS."—Captain CLIVE, M.P.



LONG-FELT WANTS.

A RAILED OFF SPACE FOR "PLUNGERS."

MUSICAL NOTES.

MR. HORNUNG in his new play *Stingaree* lays peculiar stress on the passionate love of music which dominates all circles of antipodean society. This is borne out by the recent epoch-making concert tour of Count and Countess RUMMERLEY KENFORD, of which a full account has been compiled by Mr. P. F. WARNUNG. Perhaps the most extraordinary adventure of all was that which befell them on the voyage from Yokohama to Adelaide. A charity concert had been organised for the benefit of the Stokers and Donkey-engine Drivers' Widows and Orphans Fund, at which the Count and Countess had kindly consented to officiate. The talented pair were singing *The Night Hymn at Sea*, when an extraordinary commotion was heard overhead, and two magnificent cachalots, who had leapt on board, attracted by the divine melody, hurled themselves down the companion ladder, and without any formal introduction burst into the crowded saloon. The audience were moved to tears, and the cachalots, blubbering profusely, presented the diva with an exquisite bouquet of seaweed.

———

Hardly less extraordinary was the experience of the Count and Countess on their arrival at Woolloomoolloo. Their concert was in full swing when an elderly kangaroo, who had been accommodated with a *fauteuil* in the front row of the stalls, rose, and in expressive marsupial pantomime besought the Countess to sing *Home, Sweet Home*. Needless to say the request was at once granted, amid thunders of applause, the kangaroo officiating as accompanist with commendable dexterity.

———

The fondness of the New South Walians for music has long been proverbial, and is only equalled by their passion for cricket. Happily an opportunity was found for gratifying both these tastes in the match between Sydney and the famous *I Stingari* Club, for which Count KENFORD kindly consented to play. In the second innings of the *Stingari* an extraordinary incident occurred. Count KENFORD hit a ball to mid on, and simultaneously began to sing BRAHMS' "Four Serious Songs" with such astonishing break of tone that the whole field were hypnotised, and the batsmen ran 114 before the ball was returned to the bowler.

———

The results of the tour may be thus summed up. Seventeen bush-rangers have abandoned their calling and adopted the musical profession. Forty-one aboriginals have changed their names to RUMMERLEY or KENFORD. Sixteen wallabies have died from excess of rapture at hearing the efforts of the great artists. The record is, on the whole, most satisfactory, but the Count and Countess make no secret of their disappointment at not being kidnapped by the Mazawattee Indians, as happened to Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER last year.

HINTS ON BRIDGE.

BY DRUCE-PORTLAND.

I CANNOT impress upon my readers too strongly the paramount necessity of watching the fall of the cards. People who, after playing a card, take up a book or a hand-mirror or stroll about the room by way of distraction, till it is their turn to play again, seldom finish in the front rank. It was my privilege once to watch a game of bridge being played upon the ruins of San Francisco, shortly after the earthquake; and I noticed that one of the players produced no fewer than four aces of trumps during the course of a single hand. It would have been impossible for this irregularity to have been overlooked if his opponents had been carefully watching the fall of the cards. I remember asking a lady partner, more in a tone of curiosity than of reproach, why she had chosen to lead the one particular card which threw the rest of the game—a no-trump declaration—into the hands of our opponents. She replied that she had been busy wondering how she was to get her luggage on board the liner next day. I felt a profound admiration for the rare candour of her explanation, but her case affords a terrible example of the danger of allowing one's thoughts to wander.

On the other hand, I have known a man to watch the fall of the other players' cards so carefully that he never noticed what he was playing from his own hand, with the consequence that he seldom revoked less than six times an hour. He became unpopular, and eventually abandoned the pursuit of Bridge.

It is not enough to watch the fall of the cards. You must make deductions from your observations. Some people merely notice what cards are out, and do not deduce from their absence what cards are still left in. Yet this deduction is really a quite simple mental process; and the strain on the memory becomes less and less as the game advances, till finally you can tell with consummate ease what are the four cards that remain (including your own), even though you may not have the faintest notion where they lie.

But the process of deduction should go still further. Thus, from the fact that a player has not followed suit, even a moderate performer may hazard the conclusion that he has no more cards of that design. A higher stage is reached when, for instance, from the playing of an ace by the third hand during the first round of a suit you deduce that he either does or does not hold the King, according as he has played a false or an orthodox card.

Here the question of character comes in. Before a man will permit himself to play a false card, he must have sunk to a certain level of depravity. It is therefore advisable not only to watch the fall of a man's cards, but also the decline, if any, of his moral standard.

This observance of what I shall call Bridge-character is a very essential matter. I can illustrate my point from a game played by an acquaintance whom I may, I hope without offence, describe as Z. His opponents (shall we say A and B?) had already been diagnosed by him on previous occasions; they belonged to the type that never itself commits a revoke, and only detects it (or anything else) in others when the circumstances are peculiarly flagrant. His partner (Y) was a perfect stranger. Z knew nothing of him, except that he had the outward bearing of an imbecile. Dummy (B) had won the first round of hearts with the King and returned a small one. The second round was taken by A with the Queen. A fresh suit was now led, but not before Z, carefully watching the fall of the cards, had made the deduction that the Ace also lay with A. Two small hearts remained in Dummy's hand, and two even smaller in his own (Z's). Z therefore made the further deduction that his partner had no more of that suit. Accordingly he took the first opportunity of leading a third round of hearts for his partner to rough A's Ace. Judge of his surprise when A roughed his heart, and was over-trumped by Y. Z at once began to deduce very smartly. He deduced that his partner had had the Ace all the time, that it was on the outside of his hand, and had been mistaken for a blank card, its solitary pip being obscured by his fat thumb. A revoke therefore had been made; and a less intelligent student of Bridge-character would at once have called out to his partner, "Having no heart?" Not so Z. He swiftly gathered the trick (which gave them the odd and took them out), and saying, "We don't want any more, do we, partner?" threw the rest of his hand across the table (he would have lost all these last tricks, anyhow), and in the general confusion the revoke escaped notice.

I say nothing about the morality of Z's behaviour; I only say that he had a keen flair for Bridge-character, and was a brilliant deducer. Some people instinctively carry their observations beyond the point of mere utility for the purposes of Bridge; after a few hands they can tell you what are the dominating influences and motives in the lives of the other players: this one is a confirmed agnostic; this professing bachelor has a married establishment in the suburbs; this woman leads a treble life.

It is a superb gift; but it may always be acquired by dogged industry and application.

A correspondent, signing himself "Gunner," sends me an account of an excellent little invention to take the place of the living voice, and do away with the risk of vocal insinuations when a player has to declare a suit or convey any other permissible intelligence.

It consists of an electric indicator, worked by levers on a junction-board attached to the Bridge-table, and it causes certain phrases in common use—such as, "No trumps;" "I leave it to you;" "This must positively be the last rubber, as it is past 3 a.m., and I am lunching with a Bishop at the Athenæum"—to appear momentarily in bright red letters through the green baize.

My correspondent also suggests an alternative in the form of Gramophone Bridge Records by well-known artistes, and he speaks very highly of Madame TETRAZZINI's "I make it diamonds"; Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN's "Having no more?"; Miss MARIE LLOYD's "I double"; and Mr. HARRY LAUDER's "How 's that for a revoke?"

O. S.

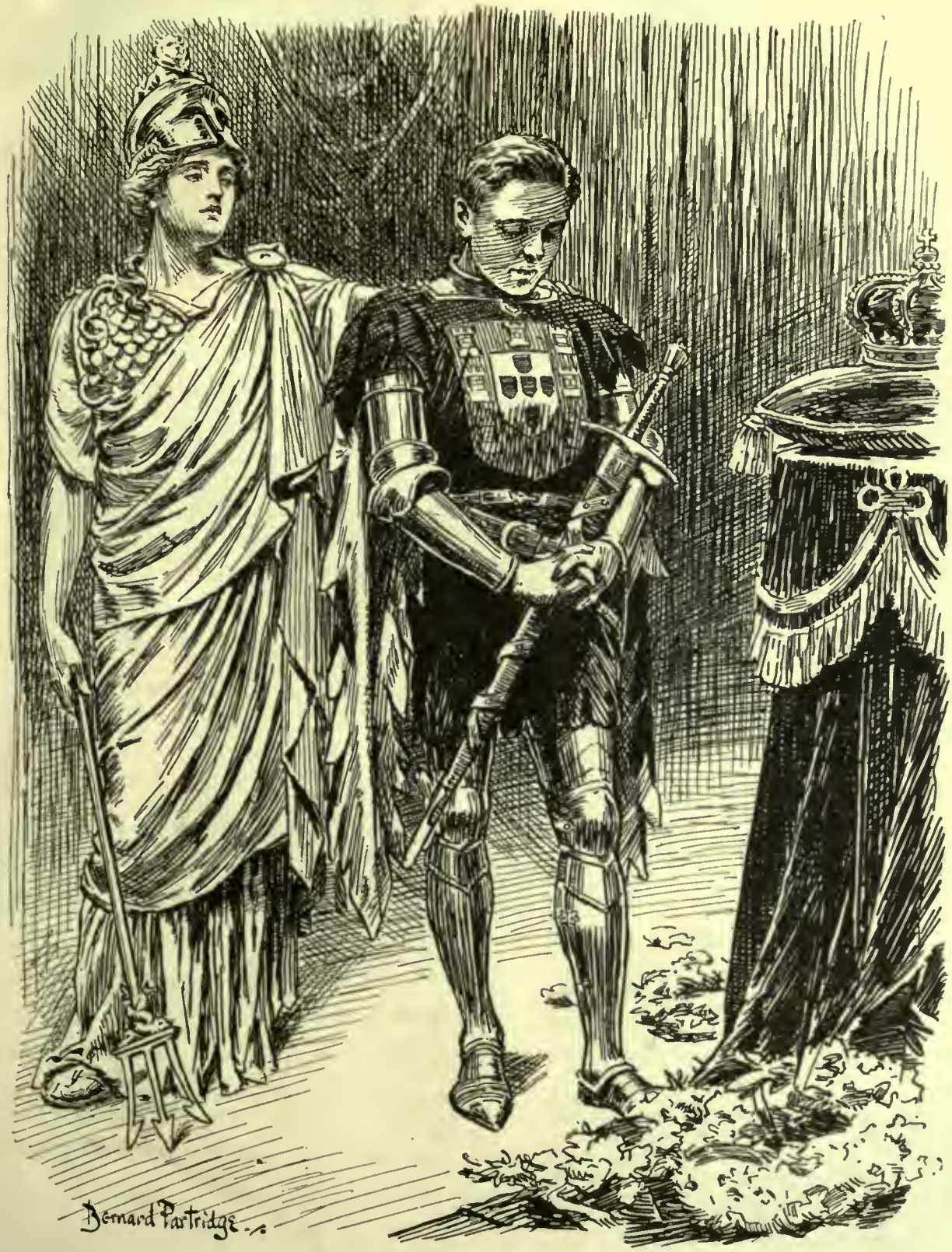
"Mr. Birrell's reply was full of 'obliter dicter.'"
Eastern Daily Press.

Printer's Reader: I 'm not much at these foreign languages. Are you sure that 's right?

Editor of the Eastern Daily Press: Well, yes, it does look a bit funny in print. But I 've heard lots of people say it, you know.

"The Council of the Senate of Cambridge University has submitted a proposal to hold a Darwin celebration next year, in which will fall the anniversary of his birth and that of the publication of *The Origin of Species*."—*The Morning Post.*

Other anniversaries occurring will be those of the Battle of Thermopylæ and our tortoise's second marriage. Altogether a remarkable year.



"COURAGE!"



Picture dealer (to very "valuable" client). "THERE, SIR. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT FOR A GAINSBOROUGH?"
Client. "WHAT—*THAT* A GAINSBOROUGH?"
Dealer. "WELL, SIR, NOT QUITE THE CLASS OF GAINSBOROUGH I SHOULD SHOW *YOU!*"

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[Owing to absence of mind on the part of the Duchess, the Duke and Duchess of BATTLEDOWN have lost their only son, aged eight months. They take certain measures for his recovery; but the child has in the meantime been secreted by the ducal coachman, Mr. WILLIAM OATES, in an animal repository in Seven Dials belonging to Mrs. OATES *mère*. Mr. OATES being himself a bachelor, Mrs. OATES resolves to take care of the infant Earl of BRASENOSE.]

PART III.

MEANWHILE the valet and the maid had flown to
Scotland Yard.
The Chief Inspector there they saw and plied him very
hard
With facts about the infant Earl and guesses of their
own,
Explaining how the Duchess came to take him out alone.
The Chief Inspector took his notes; he rang the usual
bell:
"A funny start," he said it was, "a rummy go" as
well:
"We 'll search the country up," he said, "and then
we 'll search it down;
We 'll paste ten thousand bills about in every part of
town;
We 'll do whatever can be done. Should Fate these
efforts foil,
There 's always left," he said, and smiled, "Sir ARTHUR
CONAN DOYLE."
With that he bowed the valet out; he gave the maid a
wink—
Of all polite Inspectors he was certainly the pink.
They both remarked "So long," and then sped back to
Belgrave Square,
And nothing more was heard about the little missing
heir.

The Earl in the Seven Dials grew,
As babies everywhere mostly do.
He seemed to find it a treat to live
On the best that the Dials had to give—
Such as crusts and meat and a dash of gin
In his bottle of milk, to keep him thin.
For Mrs. OATES had a simple plan
For rearing a right down healthy man:
"Whatever," she said, "is good for me
Is good enough for the likes of he."
She never spanked, but she petted him,
And humoured his every infant whim.
The neighbours wondered at first and smiled
At the tales she told them about the child:
For she said that once, when her shop was full,
She had missed a puppy, a brindled bull;
And later on, when the crowd dispersed,
And when in a rage
She searched the cage,
Instead of the pup
The babe turned up,
All properly dressed and nicely nursed.

"I hadn't the heart," she said, "to out him;
And that 's as much as I know about him."

Obeying precedent, the years went on
And passed away; the child, obeying, too,
The rule of children, or, at least, of males,
Grew, as I said, and so became a boy.
He had the name of THOMAS: Mrs. OATES
Once had an uncle who adorned that name,
And she bestowed it on the stolen Earl.
His rightful names were six: ALOYSIUS
OTHO FITZWYGRAM RUPERT ARTHUR CHARLES;
But now as TOMMY OATES he shared the fun
Of streets and gutters, and he came to know
How many beans make five; he sucked at ease
The juicy orange or the brandy-ball.
Tip-cats he knew and played; full many an eye
He did endanger, and to sundry hats
Of those who wandered by incautiously
A dent he gave, but minded not at all.
The whirling boxwood of the top he whipped;
The peg-top, too, he very deftly spun,
And raised it in his palm, and tossed it up,
And caught and tossed it spinning yet again.
And language, too, he learnt, the English tongue
As men and women speak it in the Dials:—
"Blimey," he said, or "Bust my bloomin' eyes,"
"Not arf," and "Ain't she got 'em on to-night!"
"This 'ere 's a beano," when he would imply
That joy and revelry were holding sway—
And many spicy bits of insolence
And repartees as fruity as the vine
That grows in far Oporto's tinted fields.
All these he knew, and much he knew beside:
The lore of birds and beasts, the care of dogs,
And how to groom a Persian kitten's coat.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE ETIQUEITE OF CALLING ON CABINET MINISTERS.

(*As arranged for Ladies intending to join the Woman's Freedom League.*)

BY AN AUTHORITY ON THE SUBJECT.

When and where to call. As soon as possible after your admission to the League you will be expected to call upon the various members of the Cabinet at their private residences. To neglect this duty on the pretext of not having an appointment would betray gross ignorance of the usages current in the Society to which you have aspired. Be careful not to call *later* than 9 a.m. At this hour a Cabinet Minister is almost certain to be at home—whether instructions have been given to deny it or not. And he *may* be delighted to see you. You never know.

What to wear. Almost any style of costume may be worn on these occasions. The less elaborate it is, the better. "Tammies," fur jackets, and short skirts are perhaps most suitable, while stout walking-boots with double soles are *de rigueur*. You will see why presently.

Number of callers. Calls should not be made *singly*. This is *never* done. As many should call together as can arrange to do so. The more the merrier. The majority, however, will remain on the pavement, while three of the party, selected for the superior stoutness of their boots, ascend the steps. One of the trio will now knock, while the other two ring, and this should be continued until it succeeds in attracting attention from within. But kicking the panels—except in cases when at least five minutes have elapsed without response—is a social solecism which cannot be too carefully avoided.

How to behave to the butler. It is not necessary to explain to the butler what you have come about. He will quite understand. If, as is not unlikely, he assures you that it is absolutely out of the question for the Minister to receive you at that moment, you will infer that he is either in his bath or still in bed. In either case you should waive your demand for an immediate interview. Tell the butler that, as a matter of grace, you are willing to allow his employer twenty minutes to dress. The door will probably be closed at this stage.

Employment of interval. The interval will be spent in consultations with your colleagues and in haranguing the crowd which will by this time have collected. Also, should the front-door—like those of most London mansions—be of a sombre appearance, you may correct its lack of gaiety by attaching a coloured poster to the panels. This attention is sure to be highly appreciated. As soon as the twenty minutes are up, knock and ring once more.

Bannerette-leaving. If the door remains unopened, the proper course is to leave a bannerette. This should be of glazed calico, as nearly white as possible, and bear the words, "Votes for Women," in plain black. Coloured or gilded lettering would be in the worst possible taste. It is more correct to have the inscription in the middle. The bannerette, after being well flourished, should be neatly rolled up and pushed through the letter-slit in the door. It would make a charming fire-screen, should the owner of the house be not already provided with one.

Other necessary amenities. Should this act of courtesy meet with no acknowledgment, it may merely be because the people of the house are under the impression that you have gone away. Correct such a misapprehension to the best of your ability by a vigorous performance on the knocker and bells. After all, what are they there for, except to be used? Boots and umbrella-handles must also be used to emphasise the fact that you are still waiting patiently for an answer—until, in time, a police-sergeant may request you to move on, which you will, of course, firmly decline to do.

Of the 'Patent Andromeda Attachment.' A fashion has come in, for callers who object to being hurried, of wearing a strong steel chain with patent spring-catch, by which they secure themselves to the area-railing. This is undeniably smart—but the means of releasing oneself at will should never be left at home. Otherwise you might find yourself in a rather awkward position should some Inspector be brutal enough to decline the risk of bruising you by employing force to sever your bonds.

Deportment to be observed during an Interview. If only you wait long enough, the Minister is certain to come out at last. You will have an excellent opportunity of interviewing him while he is passing from the door to his carriage. Give him air. It is inadvisable for more than two to hang on each of his arms at once, and the use of hat-pins—even to attract his attention or give point to your arguments—would imply a want of *savoir faire* which might impress him unfavourably.

You should endeavour to extract a promise from him that the Cabinet will immediately introduce a Bill for



MORE GEMS OF LANGUAGE.

Ethel. "WELL, GRAN, WE'VE HAD A TOPPING GAME. THE OTHER SIDE WERE HALLY ROTTEN AT THE START, BUT THEY BUCKED UP NO END, AND WE HAD A BIT OF A JOB TO LAY 'EM OUT."

Di. "OH, I DON'T KNOW. I THOUGHT THEY WERE THE MOST PIFFLING CREW OF FOOTLERS I'D EVER STRUCK. WE WERE SIMPLY ALL OVER 'EM, AND HAD 'EM IN THE CART IN NO TIME."

Women's Suffrage. If you succeed in this you may consider the result of your visit as, so far, satisfactory. But if—which is a great deal more probable—he meanly pretends that he has no authority to pledge the Cabinet, you will be quite at liberty to address him as "Coward" or "Villain" while he is driving off.

Concluding formalities.

All that will now be required for the successful discharge of this social function is to cajole a constable to take you into custody, and, should you attain this end and be afforded an opportunity of embracing martyrdom as a second-class misdemeanant, you may retire to prison with the proud consciousness of having done a glorious morning's work for your Cause.

After an interval, which should not exceed a month, or six weeks at most, the Call should be repeated.

F. A.

A Daniel come to Judgment.

From a letter in the *Whitby Gazette*:

"A woman has a woman for her mother, same as a man, and a girl is made to go to school same as a boy, and if a woman commits a crime she is punished by law same as a man, and so why not have a vote same as a man?"

The writer has quite got the idea, and in a little while will be a promising recruit to the Women's Social and Political Union.

RIGHTEOUS WRATH.

[Thoughts on reading "Goneaway's Race," and other Sporting Ballads for Recitation, by the author of "Kissing Cup's Race," described on the wrapper as "The Rage of the Season."]

WHEN the ballads are all of boys who 're bust,
Broke, stony, or otherwise far gone;
Who 've gambled like sin (this is couched, I trust,
In the regular sporting jargon);

When a hush comes over the gorgeous scene,
And the pace is (of course) a cracker,
And the heroine 's turning pale, *unseen*,
Till you feel you would like to smack her;

When the clutch of debt is about his throat,
And the room, aha! is darkling,
And he collars the baby's five-pound note,
While the silvery moon is sparkling;

When the artless maid and the aristocrat . . . .
(And so on, for fifty pages);
When the Season 's confronted with stuff like that—
No wonder the poor thing Rages!

From a catalogue:

"The New Imitation Old Silver Embossed Metal 'Nouveau Art' Toilet Box."

We should know it anywhere.

DO HIM NOW.

I.

Anticipatory adages from Mr. Peter Keary's fourth volume in his famous Success Library, "The Secrets of Success;" "Get On or Get Out;" "Do it Now."

THE scissors are mightier than the pen.

***

When in doubt quote.

***

Think of this wonderful body of ours. Think of your hands, and remember that other people have pockets.

***

Do him now.

***

The world is full of many better things than money. But you can't get them without money. You won't get even a Bible without money. If you can't buy a Bible, steal it.

***

Keep your eyes on the gutter. At any moment there may be something worth picking up.

***

Do him thoroughly now.

***

CONFUCIUS in private life edited a half-penny paper.

***

MARCUS AURELIUS only pretended his wise passiveness; he was really a company promoter.

***

Never credit anything gentle or sweet.

***

If you make a doormat of yourself people will naturally step on you. Do the trampling first.

***

You will get cold feet if you stand about waiting for dead men's shoes. Kill them quick and have warm trotters.

***

Do him now and do him at sight.

***

That day is lost on which you cannot say as you get into bed, "I have bested someone."

***

Do him now, but do not overdo him. Wait till he gets some more money.

***

One-half the world is waiting for its chance to do the other half out of its job. Hustle and join the better half.

***

If a man fall down in a fit, take his watch—if it is a good one.

Nothing succeeds like success. Do him now.

***

Someone has got to be on top. Why not you? Do him now.

***

Don't worry about any little blemish that Providence has given you. MIDAS, the richest man of his day, had asses' ears.

***

Do not be particular about your tipple. There is always some fly in the ointment. CLEOPATRA drank pearls in her wine, and Lord ARMSTRONG takes diamonds in his Lemoinade.

***

Don't be afraid of growing old. ANDREW CARNEGIE has passed his seventieth birthday.

***

All men who put cloves in their mouths have cloven hoofs.

***

If a man tells you that he prefers a quiet life to a hustling one don't believe him. He is deceiving himself and you.

***

Paste is thicker than ink.

***

Now is the time to do him.

II.—A MAN WHO DID.

About the middle of the seventeenth century WILLIAM (afterwards Captain) KIDD was born in Scotland.

He could not get on in Scotland so he got out.

He never did absurd things, such as washing his neck twice a day, but from the very first paid his court to Success, the lady with the big, glad, welcome smile.

The last words his mother sobbed out to him at parting were "Make a Profit," and he never forgot them.

He said to himself, "Though I am a KIDD, I will be a man as well."

If he had stayed in Scotland he would have probably become a publican, but he went to the West Indies and became a privateer.

He never forgot the famous words of Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Bart.: "Remember, corkscrews have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save."

Becoming a bold and skilful sailor he obtained the KING'S commission to put down piracy.

He showed the pirates that two could play at their game. He did the KING in the eye. He was the Sunny Jim of the Western Main.

KIDD was no slobberer. He never got into the soup. He made piles of gold. He did not trample on the weak. He simply made them walk the plank.

KIDD was a great man, but he lived too soon. He invented the hidden gold game, but there was no weekly paper to organise it properly.

It is true that he was hanged; but what of that? He had succeeded first. He was the foremost pirate of his time.

It is better to be successful and be hanged than to be a failure and die in a failure's bed.

KIDD'S motto was, Do him now. Make it yours.

WHAT SOCIALISM REALLY MEANS.

BY ROBERT BLANDMAN.

[NOTE.—Articles on "Socialism in the Drawing Room," "The Socialistic View of the Septuagint," "What Socialism will do for Music," and "The Happy Socialist" have appeared elsewhere. For the benefit of those readers who wish to come to closer grips with the subject, we have made arrangements with an eminent Socialist to tell us what Socialism *really* means.—EDITOR.]

WHAT is Socialism? What will it do? Why are so many of the great minds of the day Socialists? How would a Socialist Government go to work if it were in power to-day? These are some of the questions which your Editor wishes me to answer for you.

First of all, then, what *is* Socialism? The ignorance which exists in the minds of Liberals and Tories alike over this simple question is appalling. Not only appalling, but criminal.

Suppose that you wanted an answer to the query "What *is* tapioca pudding?" How would you set about it? Well, I suppose you would first go to your cook. She would tell you, anyhow, the ingredients of the pudding. More, she would tell you how it was made, how served. There her knowledge would end. She could not give you any information as to its medicinal effects; for this you would have to go to your doctor. Your doctor (if you found him in) would add to your knowledge. He would tell you (for a trifling fee) that tapioca pudding was invaluable for invalids, easily digested, a strength-restorer. Good! You are learning! But if you are really desirous of knowing all about tapioca pudding you will not even stop here. On leaving your doctor you will go home to your library and turn to your *Encyclopædia Britannica* under T. Here you would become acquainted with the historical aspect of the matter—the origin of tapioca. And, perhaps at the end

of the day, you would really be in a position to give some sort of answer to the question "What *is* tapioca pudding?" You would not (and here is my point)—you would not dismiss it contemptuously as "milky sort of stuff with blobs in it."

Very well then. So far we have got on all right, and can understand each other. Now apply this to Socialism. How do our opponents dismiss this—I say it without fear—this enormous question of Socialism? Contemptuously, as "milky sort of stuff with blobs in it;" as, that is to say, a "share-and-share-alike concern," an "all-men-are-equal show." And having assumed that Socialism is this or that they proceed with a great flourish to prove how ridiculous it all is. They don't, as honest men would, consult their cook, their doctor, their Encyclopædia. They have not read my book "I *Don't* Think"; they do not subscribe to my paper *The Blast*. They have, in fact, taken no trouble at all to find out what Socialism really *is*.

"All men are equal." Where have I said that? Of course all men are not equal. Is ZBYSCO equal to LITTLE TICH? Hardly. He is bigger (is he not?) to start with. He is taller. He is more round the chest. He wrestles, I suppose, with more skill. On the other hand LITTLE TICH is, I take it, the more humorous companion; the lighter on his feet, the shorter, the less round the chest. Yet in face of all this our opponents go about saying that Socialism pre-supposes that all men are equal! It does nothing of the sort.

Refuting this sort of argument, however, is really too simple. Let us take something more difficult. A writer in a magazine makes parade of contesting MARX's theory of economic values. Who is MARX? I have never read a line of him in my life. And do I believe in economic values? How could I? Who is to decide what is the economic value of any of us? What is HALL CAINE's economic value as compared with that of Atlas? Who is to settle between HARRY LAUDER and Euclid? What is the economic value of MARX himself, whoever he is? The impossibility of answering these questions makes it evident that I do not believe in economic values.

But who said I ever did—except this magazine writer? I challenge him to find anything about it in my book "I *Don't* Think," or in my signed articles in *The Blast*.

Then what, you ask, *do* I believe?

I will tell you. I believe in Socialism. Nay, I will say more. I will speak not only for myself, but for my brother Socialists. We *all* believe in Socialism, the regenerating force of the twentieth century.

But what *is* Socialism? What does Socialism really mean? Well, that is what I have been trying to explain. Once more I will make it clear even to the dullest intellect.

What is Socialism? Socialism is simply this—"England for the English"; or, to put it still better, "Britain for the British."

And what will Socialism do? Well, it will do this. It will make this a happy England, a contented England, a peaceful England. It will lend a strong hand to the suffering; it will raise the degraded. Under Socialism there will be no more slums, no more unemployed. Under Socialism we shall dwell together in unity, loving each other. And this fair land of ours, this beloved England, will smile again, as it smiled in those far-off days, ere the labourer had fallen (to his honour) and the capitalist had risen (to his shame).

And how will it do this?

Well, I can but quote again the beautiful Socialist motto. *Then* you will understand.

"*From each according to his strength; to each according to his needs.*"

There you have it all. A. A. M.

[NOTE.—Next week we may or may not publish a luminous article by Mr. HUBERT HYNDBLATCH, entitled "What Socialism really and truly *does* mean."—ED.]



Lance (aged five—waking up). "OH, IT WAS A LOVELY DREAM! I WAS AT A BEAUTIFUL PARTY, AND THERE WERE LOTS OF LITTLE BOYS, AND I DREAMT——"

Oswald (aged four, anxiously). "WAS I THERE, LANCE?" (*Lance shakes his head.*) "BOOHOO! BOOHOO!"



GOING IT IN LONDON.

Country Bride (with an air of inspiration). "OH, I SAY, DEAR, LET'S TELEPHONE!"
Bridegroom (joyfully). "YES, BY JOVE!—LET'S. WHO SHALL WE TELEPHONE TO?"

CHARIVARIA.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an article on the KAISER, describes him as "a wiry little man." Surely the time has arrived when one might drop all references to a telegram which we are sure the KAISER now regrets as much as any of us?

***

Mr. HARRY THAW received hundreds of letters of congratulation upon being pronounced a lunatic.

***

The writing on the wall! The Government majority, which stood two years ago at the huge total of 357, has now dwindled to a paltry 349.

***

The new Member for South Herefordshire, upon being asked whether he would give his support to the Bill for the Prevention of Premature Burial, stated that he could not give a definite pledge until "he had heard both sides discussed in the House." This is the first we have heard of a party in favour of Premature Burial.

Dr. STOKES, in a paper contributed to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, mentioned that the Cambridge "rag," which is popularly supposed to have originated less than twenty years ago, is really an institution at least seven hundred years old. This is a nasty blow for those who are always boasting of the progress of our Universities.

***

The advertisement of a certain Southampton hotel states that it is "midway between both stations." Rival establishments, we take it, are midway between one of the two stations only.

***

London music-hall managers are up in arms at a proposal by the L.C.C. to forbid persons to stand in the gangways, and they are determined not to take this sitting down.

***

Many books nowadays bear an advertisement of their contents on their wrappers. Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN has extended the idea to the title of his new novel, which he personally describes as "Somehow Good."

The South-Eastern Railway, it is stated, has lost 2,250,000 passengers during the past half-year. We think, however, it is unduly pessimistic to look upon them as all lost merely because they have not turned up yet.

***

Pictures painted by convicts while undergoing terms of imprisonment are to be seen in Wormwood Scrubs Prison, says *The Daily Mail*. Our contemporary might have gone on to draw attention to the grave scandal that artists who paint much worse pictures are allowed to be at large.

***

"Dress bows should be self-tied," says an authority on Men's Fashions. That is just what many of us are asking for—the bow which will tie itself.

"The police reported among their miscellaneous duties 9,794 defective lamps and 1,248 lost children restored to their parents."
North Mail.

It is dreadful to think how many parents turn their lamps and step-lamps into the street without visible means of subsistence.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

FIRST TOPER (*discussing Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill*). "DOES HE WANT TO STOP OUR BEER?"

SECOND TOPER. "NOT LIKELY. IF HE DO, 'OW'S 'E GOIN' TO GET THE MONEY FOR OUR OLD AGE PENSIONS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE LITTLE "VICTIMS" (OF LAST WEEK'S CARTOON OF "THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER") SHOW FIGHT.
(Lord R-b-t C-c-l, Mr. McK-nna, Mr. W-lt-r L-ng, Mr. B-rr-ll, and Mr. Ch-pl-n.)

House of Commons, Monday, February 3.—It is written in history that when *Mr. Toots* was still a pupil in *Dr. Blimber's* educational establishment he occupied his time in writing long letters to himself from persons of distinction, addressed "P. TOOTS, Esq., Brighton, Sussex." These he carefully preserved in his desk, occasionally took out, and re-read with pleased concern.

SWIFT MACNEILL, recalling this incident, held interesting conversation with the SPEAKER with reference to case of Member for North-west Meath, just now in jail on conviction of contempt of court in connection with cattle-driving. The lineal descendant (by a collateral branch) of the late Dean SWIFT suggested to SPEAKER that Mr. GINNELL might be supplied with Parliamentary papers and reports just as if he were in residence at home, instead of in a building registered as his Majesty's.

The SPEAKER, ever ready to oblige, assented. "But," he added with habitual caution, "whether he be permitted to receive them is a matter over which I have no control."

SWIFT MACNEILL explained what was desired was that the imprisoned patriot should have the papers in order that he might take intelligent interest in what was going on at Westminster, might write letters and conduct his correspondence without prying interposition on part of prison authorities. Held out pleasing prospect of Mr. GINNELL occasionally cheering SPEAKER'S breakfast-table with a letter. SPEAKER so evidently mollified by this prospect that the adroit SWIFT pressed matter a little further.

"Might not Mr. GINNELL," he asked, "be allowed in his retirement to draw up questions in the usual manner addressed to Chief Secretary or other Minister, and have them printed on the paper?"

"Ah, there you have me," said the SPEAKER—not of course precisely

in those words, but with that purport.

If the prison authorities didn't object to *Mr. Toots* (I mean Mr. Ginnell) writing out questions and forwarding them per post, the Speaker had no objection to their appearance on the paper, "provided," he added, thinking aloud, as to amusement of the House his not infrequent habit is, "it does not presuppose or necessitate the appearance of the hon. member here."

If Mr. Ginnell's name appeared on question paper in the ordinary manner, the Speaker must, when his turn came, call upon him by name, well knowing that after his exertions with other people's cattle pastured in his native land he was enjoying a period of rest in a neighbouring country.

"Which," added the Speaker, happily quoting Euclid, "would be absurd."

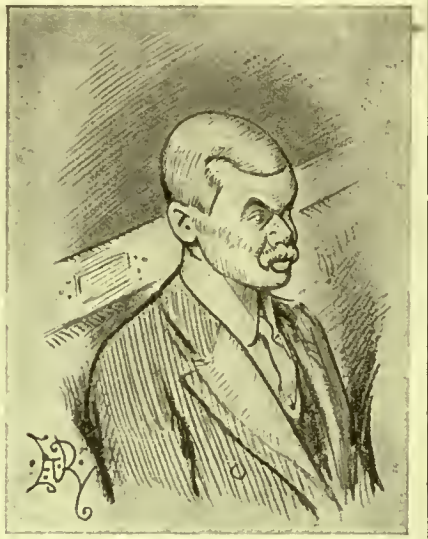
In the end it was agreed that Mr. Ginnell might write letters to himself or to other public persons, pose St. Augustine with searching questions "arising out of that answer," and generally enjoy himself. Whether within walls of House of Commons anything would be heard of correspondence or questions quite another thing.

On drear night this little episode gave huge delight. As far as *dramatis personæ* concerned the duologue was perfect. Below the gangway Swift MacNeill, emphasising his question by shaking his fist at the Clerk at the Table, now and then abruptly stopping to slay with haughty stare a jeering Ulster Member above gangway; in the Chair the gowned and wigged Speaker, with imperturbable countenance, slowly making reply which, without obvious intent or apparent self-consciousness, brought out the absurdity of the situation.

Business done.—State of Ireland debated in both Houses.

Tuesday night.—C.-B. back again. Came in midway through Questions. Greeted with rousing cheer from the Ministerialists; demonstration repeated when he rose to answer question; renewed when he appeared at Table to move resolution deploring the murder of the King of Portugal and the Crown Prince.

This last a duty most trying to a Leader. Equal danger of overdoing it or of falling short in due measure of emotional speech. Happily the House possesses in Leaders on both sides masters of the art. Differing in style, they equally rise to the situation. Prince Arthur, alack! still



The Victor of Mid-Devon.

This gentleman, with that modesty which is peculiar to Members of Parliament, attributes his own triumphant election "to the growing intelligence of the electors."

(Captain Cl-ve.)

confined to his room, was unable to follow with pleasing contrast of method and manner the simple passages in which C.-B. bewailed the dead and sympathised with the living.



The Suppressfrigates.

A suggestion to Sir J-hn Br-nn-r and others who are determined to economise on the Navy. Why not lash themselves to the railings outside the Admiralty? It couldn't do any harm, and we could go and look at them every now and then.

Another day with Ireland. Even more doleful than yesterday, when for a while St. Augustine stirred the stagnant pool with vigorous speech. Oratorical honours rest with Tay-Pay. "Somewhat exaggerated eloquence," Robert Cecil sneered. But it moved a fairly crowded House on both sides.

For the rest, debate miserably dull. Situation more depressing by contrast with what was anticipated. The unprecedentedly bad condition of Ireland, the criminal incapacity of the Chief Secretary on eve of opening of Session, supplied notes for the rallying cry of the Opposition. With drums beating, flags flying, horse, foot and artillery moving in masses, they were to advance on a cowering Ministry and, if not entirely rout them, administer what the *Private Secretary*, in moments of extreme provocation, was accustomed to describe as "a good hard knock."

Behold the battlefield! A desolate space, void of movement, life or colour. Last night a Member suggested that House should be counted. Not a difficult process. Including gentleman on his legs, the number present was four. Division of Parties nicely balanced; two on one side, two on the other. At sound of division bell others trooped in. When Speaker, folded cocked hat in hand, counted up to forty, they trundled forth again. A little better to-night, but not much. Opposition sorely miss Prince Arthur, the only man who could have invested the melancholy business with approach to appearance of life.

A final staggering blow dealt by Dudley. He, a Unionist above reproach, rose in thronged House of Lords, and, speaking with authority of an ex-Lord Lieutenant, defended St. Augustine's policy in refraining from recourse to coercion.

Conclusion came on stroke of eleven o'clock, when, on division taken amid throng and bustle grateful after the long plunge into state of coma, Vote of Censure was negatived by a majority of 300 less 1.

Business done. — Still talking round the Address.

Friday.—Appetite of Pike Pease is, as becomes one of his Christian names, voracious. But he tempers inquisitiveness with caution.

Observes published statement to effect that number of unemployed in Berlin is stated to be 30,000. Wants to know from John Burns (for fiscal reasons) how that compares with number in London to-day?

Ordinary way of obtaining such



THE SYNDICATE SHOOT AGAIN.

(Echo of the Season just closed.)

Member (to guest at end of beat). "FIND THAT A PRETTY HOT CORNER, EH?"

Guest (emerging from retreat). "OH—ER—VERY. IS IT ALL OVER?"

Member. "YES. GOT MUCH TO PICK UP?"

Guest. "ONLY MY HAT, THANK YOU. AND I CAN'T CLAIM THE SHOT MYSELF."

information is to address question to Minister. Exactly. But what are you to do when it is necessary for your purpose that you should state the fact that the figures were officially furnished "at a meeting of the Berlin Stadtverorduetenversammlung."

P. P. has been long enough in the House to know that as soon as he rose to refer the President of Local Government Board to the numbered question on the paper he would be met by storms of cries of "Read! Read!".

Adroitly meets difficulty by handing in the question with notification that it does not need oral answer. Accordingly JOHN BURNS will be left to wrestle with the seven-leagued word in the silence and solitude of his office, and P. P. will have his answer printed at the expense of the nation.

Business done.—Debate on Address being closured last night, private members unexpectedly have a look in.

"High as the goal bar this effort came skimming along, with every eye of the vast throng watching its progress on tiptoe."
Glasgow News.

Enough to make the goal-posts start out of their sockets.

From an advt. in *The Pioneer*:

"A Lhassa Dog, in appearance like a Sky Terrier, just come down."

Of course that isn't *really* how these terriers get their name.

Another Sex Problem.

"English widow, 35, fair, steady position, housekeeper, widow, bachelor, gentleman."—
From a Toronto Paper.

"B.C. 4400 First Egyptian Dynasty.
4004 Creation of the World."
The Ladies' Year Book.

Why should the ladies have all the information? Votes for Men!

Having decided to leave JONES and FANE out of the fourth test match, *The Daily News* goes on to say:

"Then the eleven would include all the bowlers, without materially weakening the attack."

This is, perhaps, a little unkind to our change bowlers.

VAGABONDS AND VILLAINS.

I HAVE not yet read Mr. W. J. LOCKE's book, but the Second Act of his play gave me some idea of *Paragot* the Beloved Vagabond—of *Paragot* the philosopher, *Paragot* the stroller, the artist, the rhapsodist, *Paragot* following the open road, singing in the sun and sleeping under the hedge, *Paragot* grasping the skirts of happy Chance, lending a hand in the hayfield, fiddling to a wedding party, drinking deep at an inn, and for ever scattering his philosophy abroad — the incomparable *Paragot*, the Beloved Vagabond, that divine creature.

This, I suppose, is *Paragot* of the book. But he was too big, too unwieldy for the stage. Too irresponsible also. "You *must* have 'form,'" said Mr. LOCKE (or was it Mr. TREE?). "Your play wants a beginning and a middle and an end. You want a plot. Now *Paragot* is like good red wine; an excellent thing in itself, but you can't have it running about all over the place, just where it likes. You want it neatly bottled. Any old bottle will do." But there he made his mistake, for he forgot that the wine was new, and he pushed poor *Paragot* into the oldest bottle he could find. There are many old stage bottles (I must keep my metaphor) to be found on the Surrey side of the river, and the oldest of them is this.



Office Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, MY GRANDMOTHER'S DEAD, AND I MUST GET OFF EARLY TO GO TO THE FUNERAL MATCH—I MEAN THE FOOTBALL CEREMONY—THAT IS——" [*Exit in confusion.*

The hero—well, let us give them the names which their latest sponsor has chosen—*Gaston de Nerac*, then, the hero, called briefly "the most wonderful man God ever made" (and to be known in the Second Act as *Paragot*) is engaged to *Joanna Rushworth*. *Joanna's* father, *Lord Rushworth*, is in difficulties; unless he can find £20,000 he must go to prison. The *Comte de Verneuil* (ha! the villain!) offers to pay the money if *Gaston* will resign his claim to the lady. To save her the knowledge that her father has been guilty of—has been indiscreet, the hero consents; he signs a document (oh, these documents!) undertaking to absent himself from Paris for five years without any explanations to the lady. *Joanna*, for no apparent reason, but in the way of heroines, thereupon marries *Verneuil*, who poisons her mind against her defaulting and dead lover. (He had mentioned casually that *Gaston* was dead. Naturally she believed him.) Five years roll by. *Verneuil* dies. The beautiful widow discovers her old lover, who now calls himself *Paragot*, still alive in a garret. Misunderstandings and explanations ensue; but at last he takes her in his arms. Curtain.

Now there you really have a plot; but what the dickens, I ask, is *Paragot* doing in it? Any *Brown* or *Robinson* would have acted in much the same way. He would have signed the document and left the lady to his rival; in the Third Act he would have had misunderstandings and reconciliations. The only difference would have been that *Robinson* in the five years' interval (in the great Second Act, that is to say) would have gone up to the City as usual, trying to drown his sorrow in work; while *Paragot* spent them gloriously on the open road.

Mr. LOCKE should have had the courage of his creations. *Paragot* was great enough to be a play in himself, just as *Broadbent* is a play in himself. Just as, too, *Mr. Pickwick* might be; you would not push him into a farce whose plot turned upon the coincidence that two people were both called Smith. *The Beloved Vagabond*, in short, would have been technically a better play, if Mr. LOCKE had not worried about technique; if he had left it to itself, as Mr. SHAW left *John Bull's Other Island*.

It is because the Second Act and half of the Third were so good that I am annoyed with Mr. LOCKE for not giving us more of it. Mr. TREE in these parts of the play was *Paragot* to the life; I can imagine no character which would suit him better. His manner was just right; his airy method of expounding his philosophy, his careless way of giving off his best things, was almost too good. Anyhow, it was too much for his first-night audience, which simply could not keep up with him. On several occasions I found to my surprise that I was having a little laugh all to myself.

Of the others, Mr. QUARTERMAINE deserves special mention for a remarkable study of the villain. Miss EVELYN MILLARD as *Joanna* was best in the emotional scenes; she was not quite happy until trouble began. Mr. LION and Miss BRITTON were both good.

I had two disappointments at the Queen's Theatre over Mr. E. W. HORNUNG's play *Stingaree the Bush-ranger*. First, nobody was shot; and secondly, no reference was made to "damper." "If," I said, as I made a careful toilet, "I am going to see 'squatters' in the 'Bush' this evening, surely I shall hear something more about 'damper.' Perhaps (who knows?) even see some at last. You know, you can't really go into the 'Bush' without 'damper.'" Well, I was disap-

pointed. It was entirely the fault of the squatters, who never got into the Bush at all, but remained at the back-blocks. However, I mustn't be too technical.

That nobody was shot was, I think, a mistake of Mr. HORNUNG's. I could have spared *Bracy*. When *Bracy* drew a bead on *Stingaree* the latter might have sighted him through his hip-pocket and shot him in the wrist. This is often done. Instead, *Stingaree* hands over his gun with the words "Take two." Even so, things might have happened. *Bracy* might have dropped his shooter and taken the other's, with the poetical idea of killing a bush-ranger with his own weapon. It would then have transpired that *Stingaree* (who knew the idea) had given him an unloaded one. Exit *Bracy*.

Of course I quite see Mr. HORNUNG's difficulty. He had to make his hero a romantic fellow—good at heart, you know, but a little hasty. So when he held up the mail it was simply to get the papers and see how many TRUMPER had made; and when he took your watch it was only because he wanted to know the *right* time. And he had never, *never* killed a man in his life—only a rabbit, I swear. Of course, then, he couldn't have killed *Bracy*. But a flesh-wound nobody would have minded. A small flesh-wound on the fiftieth night, *please*, Mr. HORNUNG.

However, shots or no shots, damper or no damper, the play is decidedly interesting and picturesque. Mr. HENRY AINLEY made an excellent *Stingaree;* certainly a much better one than I had anticipated. But then he has a deal of love-making to do, and I had expected scalps. As the heroine *Hilda Bouverie*, Miss HILDA ANTONY looked charming, and sang delightfully. Three years elapse between the first three Acts and the fourth (personally I smoked a cigarette), and in some wonderful way Miss ANTONY, who had been, I suppose, twenty-two in the First Act, really looked three years older. The others hadn't altered a bit. M.

The Spirit of the Age.

I.

"When the memorial is completed it will represent 500 tons of the finest marble."
Daily Mail.

Not quite the finest though, because it will have been knocked about with a chisel.

II.

From a Chelsea shop window:

"This pair of Clever Water-Colour Pictures, Framed complete, only 15*s*.
NEARLY NEW."



District Visitor (unmarried). "HOW DREADFULLY YOU 'VE BEEN TREATED!"
Cottager. "WELL, IT MIGHT 'AVE BEEN WORSE."
D. V. "HOW COULD IT HAVE BEEN WORSE?"
C. "WELL, MA'AM, I MIGHT 'AVE BEEN IN THE SAME POSITION AS YOURSELF—'AVING NO 'USBAND!"

VALENTINES.

For the Cabinet. "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."—BROWNING, *Andrea del Sarto.*

For Mr. Morley. "Every man has his faults, and honesty is his."—*Timon of Athens.*

For Mr. Haldane. "There ain't going to be no *corps*!"—MARK TWAIN, *Tom Sawyer.*

For Mr. Balfour. "I hope you have preserved the unities, sir!"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

For Mr. McKenna. "You look wise. Pray correct that error."—LAMB.

For Mr. Shaw. "Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter."—*Twelfth Night.*

For the Poet Laureate. "I would the gods had made thee poetical!"—*As You Like It.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

DISAPPOINTMENTS, like twin-daughters, never come singly. *The Heart of Penelope* was a good book, and *Barbara Rebell* a better, and, as a humble admirer of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES, I wanted her third to be better still. But, alas, *The Pulse of Life* (HEINEMANN) beats much more feebly than *The Heart of Penelope*. Then, again, I used to cherish a fond belief that Russian Grand Dukes were more maligned than malignant. I am not so sure now. I forget whether the TSAR has or had an uncle called PAUL. I prefer to think that, with more daring than discretion, Mrs. LOWNDES has invented him. for I blush to say that six times during the course of a supper-party, given at the Islington bijou-villa of a frail ornament of the music-hall stage, the grand-ducal toes removed the shoe of the modest British maiden sitting next him, and "replaced it as neatly as if it had been slipped on by her maid." I feel sure that Lady GROVE would tell us this is not done under the best tables. The story proper is chiefly concerned with the Margravine of MORAVIA —not a foreign substitute for butter, but the sovereign lady of a *royaume d'opéra comique*, who abdicated in order to marry an English Catholic gentleman, a friend of the Cardinal Archbishop of WESTMINSTER. Their tale of love is prettily told, and the minor characters are drawn with fidelity and strength. But, as the story takes place in 1903, the Margravine and the Grand Duke and the Archbishop take a deal of swallowing. All the same it would be a loss to English literature if Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES were to be sent to Siberia for contempt of the Russian Court.



The Stranger. "AND WHO ARE THE MURPHYS' ANCESTORS?"
Mr. M. "ANCESTORS? WHAT'S THAT?"
The Stranger. "I MEAN, WHO DO THE MURPHYS SPRING FROM?"
Mr. M. "THE MURPHYS SPRING FROM NO ONE. THEY SPRING *AT* THEM!"

The art of scientific reviewing may be studied by the curious in a book entitled *Modernism and Romance*, by Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES (LANE). To most of us, just as a primrose was a primrose to Mr. P. BELL, a novel is a novel—a book to pick up and read and lay down again, sometimes going right through with it, and at other times turning to the end to see if she marries him or not. But not so with Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES. To him a novel is a symptom, a portent, a straw to show which way the wind is blowing. No sooner does he read a novel than he pigeon-holes its author either among the decadents or the mystics, the protesting apostles or the pessimists, the fugitives or the borderlanders. Mr. GALSWORTHY, for example, whom we esteem merely as the delightful author of *The Country House*—what do you think Mr. R. A. SCOTT-JAMES calls him? A borderlander. Mr. MEREDITH, Mr. VACHELL, Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, and Mr. HICHENS find themselves seated side by side in a chapter reserved for psychologists. And so on. It is all very ingenious, but one would have more fun if one read the novels that are dissected.

Since Ulysses made his last journey few heroes have seen more of men and cities than has Sir HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF. Sixty-two years ago he began his career as a Clerk in the Foreign Office, finding employment in Florence, the Ionian Islands, Bulgaria, Turkey, and Egypt. In Bucharest, Teheran, and Madrid he was the representative of his Sovereign. But it was as a Member of the Fourth Party that his name became familiar outside the Foreign Office. In spite of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S subsequent predominance, Sir HENRY was actually the founder of that interesting Parliamentary phenomenon. It had its birth in the campaign against Mr. BRADLAUGH'S impartial desire either to take the oath of allegiance or make affirmation as a preliminary to admission to the House of Commons. It was SIR HENRY WOLFF who, in defiance of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S milder counsels, objected. Lord RANDOLPH did not appear on the scene till a fortnight later, when the hunt was in full cry.

A shrewd observer, a delightful *raconteur*, endowed with the gift of retentive memory, Sir HENRY'S *Rambling Recollections* (MACMILLAN) rank among the most interesting books of the still young year. The title is excellently chosen. The bulky volumes are fearlessly free from anything approaching sequence of narrative. If, when writing about the Berlin Treaty, the internal affairs of Persia, or the condition of Roumelia, a good story crops up in Sir HENRY'S mind, it is straightway told, with less of introduction than precluded the attempt to tell the story about grouse in the gun-room. But a good story is better than a disquisition on foreign politics, especially when these are of distant date, and Sir HENRY'S stories are as good as they are numerous and diversified.

JAMES BLYTH elects—I know not why,
Nor do I very greatly care—
To look on life with half an eye
Which misses almost all that 's fair;
Though many myriad sweets are there
He only seems to choose the nasties—
Such all his tales I 've tackled were,
And such *Rubina* (LONG), his last, is.

I do not greatly care, I said,
For there are other pens to write
Of kindlier things which can be read
With quite a decent appetite.
Yet one regrets that he, despite
His name so gay, should dully utter
The sort of notes that bring to sight
Some commonplace neglected gutter.



LONG-FELT WANTS.

A DRAWING-ROOM "CUBICLE" SYSTEM, FOR ENTERTAINING GROUPS OF VISITORS WHO DON'T HIT IT OFF WITH EACH OTHER.

MORE PAGEANT NOTES.

THE postponement of the London Pageant until 1909 gives time to the leading actors to allow the natural changes through which their countenances have to pass to be more gradually consummated. Mr. STEAD, for example, who, on being cast for OLIVER CROMWELL, announced his intention of sacrificing his beard, will now be able to shorten that ornament by such easy stages that when the time comes none of his friends will notice the transformation—just as MILO carried a calf so consistently that it grew into perfect cowhood in his arms practically unobserved.

Great competition has, it is said, already set in for the *rôle* of DICK WHITTINGTON. Mr. LOUIS WAIN at present is first favourite, being a safe draw with a cat; but both the partners in the firm of GIDDY AND GIDDY are in the running on the strength of their capacity for turning again.

Mr. FRANK WHISKERSON, whose intention, it is said, is to play either *Lord Dundreary* or *Blue Beard*, according to the impulse of the moment, *Blue Beard's* early days having been spent between Maiden Lane and Doctors' Commons, will now be able to subject his chin to that prolonged and careful irrigation without which no really satisfying face fungus can be provoked.

The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street will be an interesting character in the Pageant. For her costume Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN is lending a dress length of cloth of gold as used at the famous field meeting between HENRY VIII. and KING FRANCIS. It is doubtful as to who will represent this mother of millions, but the names of both Mrs. EDDY and Madame HUMBERT have been mentioned.

To prevent facetiousness the part of HENRY VIII. will be taken by the head waiter of the Bachelors Club.

The part of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE will be given to BOOKER WASHINGTON, who will be in England for the season.

Another *rôle* for which there are many claimants is that of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, the salient point in his career that has been chosen being the lighting of his first cigar. No other smoking will be allowed in the Pageant. The choice of the Committee is expected to fall upon Mr. BARRIE.

There is no truth in the statement that Sir RAY LANKESTER will take the part of GOG.

A number of Suffragettes will walk in procession to symbolise the great city's out-skirts.

Some odd anomalies are promised. Thus the part of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN has fallen to Lord HAWKE.

The Plague of London will be represented by—— [No, we daren't. —ED.] Dr. SALEEBY will take a prominent part in the Pageant.

A WEEK OF MY LIFE AT ETON.

NEW STYLE.

[By permission of the Headmaster of Eton, an address was recently delivered to the whole school by Mr. GRAY, of "The Manchester Marchers" (unemployed).]

April 1.—Yesterday the entire staff of assistant masters left and the new system of open-air instruction by outside experts began. In the morning Mr. W. P. BYLES lectured on "The Dangers of Militarism," with special reference to public school cadet corps. Meeting broken up in consequence of allusion to the bloodthirsty cruelty of British soldiers. Mr. BYLES rescued by the Headmaster and conveyed to the station under police escort. In the afternoon address from Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST on "The Cruelty of Boys," with cornet solos and collection on behalf of imprisoned Suffragettes.

April 2.—Visit of Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, and address on "Socialism for Schoolboys." Eloquent appeal to all sons of peers to disown their parents, discard all titles, and repudiate all debts. Mr. GRAYSON carried shoulder high to the river, and taken to the station on one of the Royal Humane Society's drags. In the afternoon lecture by Mr. CLARENCE ROOK of *The Daily Chronicle* on "The Tyranny of the Bath." Mr. ROOK also carried shoulder high to the river.

April 3.—A quiet day. In the morning Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN addressed the school on "The Irreducible Minimum of Pocket Money." The great financier said that the burning question in England, and indeed America, at the present time was, "Could a self-respecting Etonian manage to exist on 200 dollars a term?" After describing the arduous youth and early privations of CATO MAJOR, Lord ROTHSCHILD, Mr. ROCKEFELLER, and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, he said that the task was herculean, but not impossible, given that self-denial and Spartan frugality which had always been the distinguishing feature of the British aristocracy. (Great cheering.) There was nothing wrong in the desire to possess money. As the Latin poet put it, the *auri fames* was *sacra* or holy. It was the use one made of it which mattered. A welcome feature of the address was that there was no collection. In the afternoon Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON lectured on the "Evolution of the Eton Jacket," in which he found a complete refutation of the Darwinian hypothesis of the simian ancestry of man. He added that he was having an Eton jacket built for him by POOLE, to wear with a Panama hat and a pair of accordion-pleated bloomerloons. (Cheers.)

April 5.—A delightful lecture this morning from Lady GROVE on "Social Solecisms." The Headmaster introduced the lecturer as a lady who had risen superior to her status and fearlessly exposed the petty shibboleths of caste. (Loud cheering.) After the first part of the lecture, which was devoted to pronunciation, an examination paper was set in the names of the aristocracy, full marks being awarded to ISIDORE GOLDBERGHEIMER. To celebrate the event a half-holiday was given the school, and the lecture on "Emperors I have Exhausted," by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, postponed till next term.

April 6.—This morning we had a surprise lecture from Mr. A. C. BENSON on "What I would do if I were Headmaster of Eton." The Headmaster, introducing Mr. BENSON, said that the subject of the lecture was apparently somewhat irregular, but hypothesis was always fruitful, and it was the duty of all generous public school boys to hear all sides, no matter how unpalatable. Mr. BENSON then began his lecture by saying that if he were called on to undertake the post of Headmaster of Eton the first thing he would have to do would be to give up writing any more books. This announcement was greeted with such a tempest of dissent that the lecturer found it impossible to proceed, and the whole school spent the rest of the morning in playing the new games of Humanitarian Hockey and Socialistic Spillikins.

April 7.—This morning the school were summoned to attend a controversial debate between Sir OLIVER LODGE and Mr. PETER KEARY on "Success and How to Achieve It." The Headmaster introduced the disputants as two of the master minds of the age, and begged the school to give them an attentive hearing. OLIVER LODGE told us that what we had to do was to spiritualise our intellects. PETER KEARY said this was all bilge. Life was a wrestling match on the catch-as-catch-can principle, and if OLIVER hadn't asked for more he would now be lodging on the cold ground. Ultimately the Headmaster had to separate the combatants and administer first aid to both.

April 8.—Monster round-robin presented to the Headmaster, signed by the entire school, begging for the reinstatement of the assistant masters and the abandonment of the new system of instruction.

CHARIVARIA.

TARIFF REFORM continues to make converts. The latest of these is Mr. STEAD, who has announced his intention of appearing in the London Pageant as The Protector.

***

We trust that the new Children's Bill is not so loosely drawn that it will fail in its objects. One provision, we note, authorises the police to confiscate "tobacco" found in the possession of juveniles. The words should surely be "tobacco, or tobacco-like substance"?

***

The Manchester unemployed not unnaturally failed to make any great impression either on the Harrovians or the Eton boys, the general feeling in these centres of learning being that the visitors were lucky beggars to have no work to do.

***

"Grosvenor Square is to be paved with wood this year," we read. This gives one some idea of the badness of times, for it used to be paved with gold.

***

The Daily Chronicle published an interview with an old lady aged 102 last week. Upon being asked to write down her name and age for publication the game old dame quite entered into the spirit of up-to-date journalism by writing, in the first instance:—"SARAH BROWN, aged 1,002."

***

"It is to be hoped," says the *Lancet*, "that before the end of the year the motor ambulance van will be a familiar object outside the boundaries of the City of London." While such a wish is not unnatural, coming as it does from a medical source, we must confess that we should be better pleased if the ambulance were never required.

***

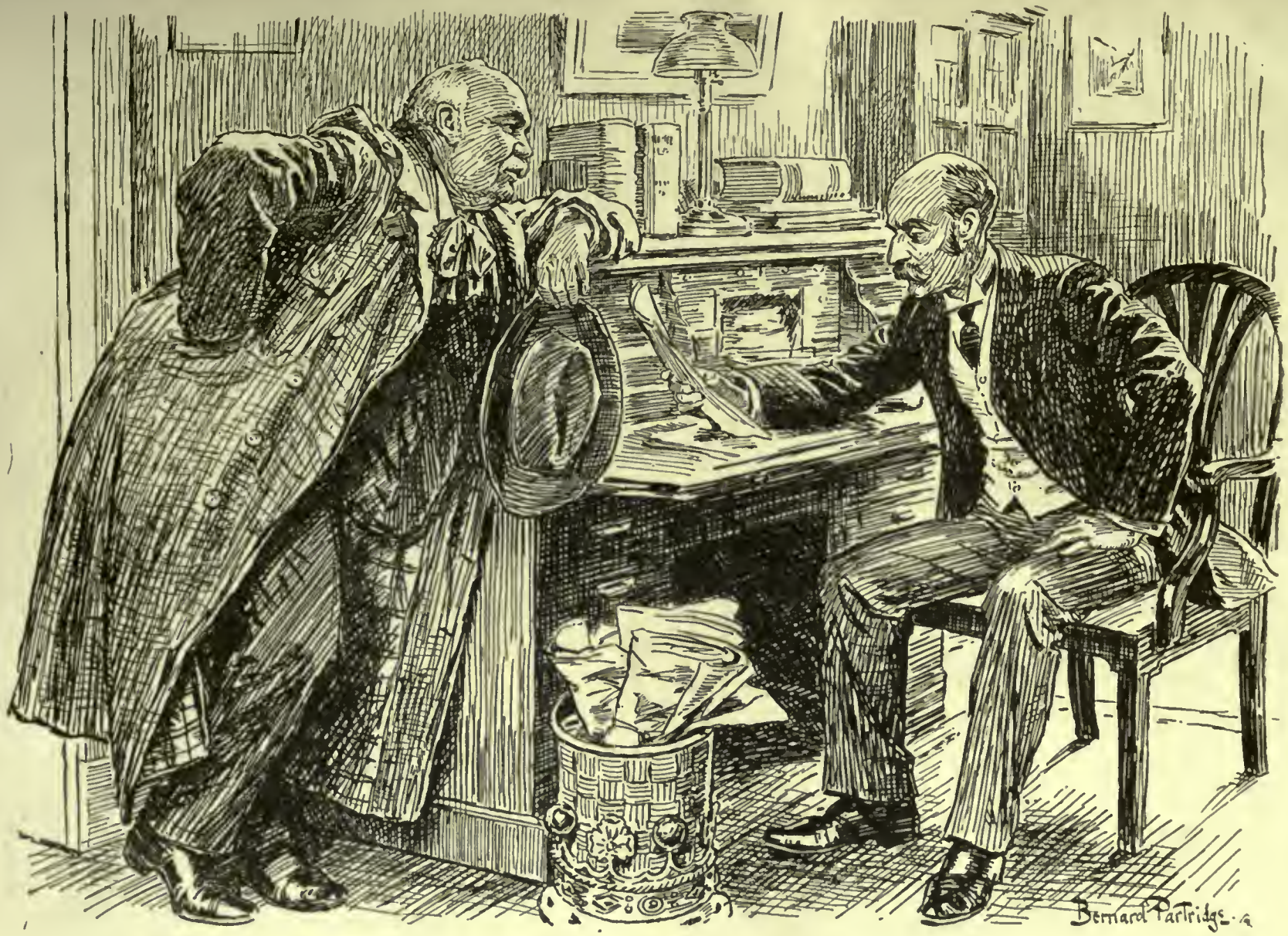
"Cremation in this country," says *The British Medical Journal*, "is almost wholly confined to persons of some intellectual distinction." And even they put it off till they die.

***

But, of course, as the M.C.C. says, the great drawback to ashes is that they are so easily lost.

***

Thirty men engaged in a tug-of-war with an elephant at Olympia last week for £50. The men won. While



ANOTHER ULTIMATUM.

LORD LANSDOWNE (*Editor, reading MS. of poem, "The Land Bills o' Bonnie Scotland"*). "BUT SURELY I SENT THIS BACK TO YOU A LONG TIME AGO?"

"C.-B." (*Spring Poet*). "YES, I KNOW. BUT I THOUGHT I'D GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE—BEFORE I BLOW YOUR OFFICE UP."

we have no wish to disparage the victors, it strikes us as being just possible that the prize was not a very attractive one to the elephant.

***

Those persons who have been questioning the wisdom of the Admiralty policy of consigning a number of vessels to the scrap heap are now pointing triumphantly to an incident which happened last week. The torpedo gunboat *Leda* collided with a condemned warship moored off Parkeston, when the vessel which had been declared to be ineffective knocked a large hole in the side of the *Leda*, which narrowly escaped sinking.

***

A petition signed by 1,035 students of London University, asking that the name of University College should be erased from the Brown Dog Memorial, was read last week at a meeting of the Battersea Borough Council. It was decided to let the petition lie on the table—and the inscription lie on the Memorial.

***

"Motors badly wanted for the South Leeds Election," stated a notice in a certain Liberal Club on the eve of that event. Clearly a misprint for "voters."

***

By-the-by, whenever their opponents gain a seat the Liberal newspapers refer to it as a "Tory" victory, and we have always wondered why the Conservative papers, when the conditions are opposite, never call the other side "Whigs." We believe these epithets hurt frightfully, and, everything being fair in war, it is foolish to throw away a weapon.

***

"The Stockholm correspondent of *The New York Herald* says, "One of the leading Swedish politicians has told me to-day of a Russian proposal to make the Baltic a *mare clausus*.'" This is an item of news which appears in *The Globe*, and we consider that our blushing contemporary does not go a bit too far in heading the paragraph as it does, "Extraordinary Statement."

***

Mrs. Fox-Davies gives in *The Gentlewoman* an interesting list of names commonly mis-pronounced. Among them we find "Haldane," which a large number of his supporters mis-pronounce "'Aldane."

***

Suggested title for the inevitable reminiscences of Franz von Veltheim—"From Joel to Jail."

STUDIES IN TACT.



Captain A. is calling on Mrs. B. The footman who has shown him in is in such a hurry to continue a game of Bridge in the servants' hall that he shuts Captain A.'s coat-tails in the door, and as Captain A. lunched early, and wants his tea, he quickly advances, with the above deplorable result. What should Mrs. B. do?



Mrs. B. should surreptitiously snatch the cake-knife from the tea-table and advance to Captain A. Then, before her other guests have had time to observe him, she should cut off his moustache. Concealing the knife and moustache ends, and interposing herself between the guests and the coat-tails suspended in the door, she should then take Captain A.'s hand and say loudly to the company, "My son from Eton!"

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT TORTOISES.

(With reference to a particular case.)

In all probability there are few men now living who can claim to be as intimately acquainted as I am with the idiosyncrasies of the Common Tortoise. This is not boasting—it is simply stating a plain fact. I *ought* to know something about Tortoises, after having kept them as pets, employed them as paper-weights, and used them (occasionally) as missiles, for a period of several years. I ought to—and I *do*. Only this afternoon, in the window of a certain West-End shop where they sell kindergarten toys, I happened to see a glass jar containing what had once been a rather ordinary tortoise. It was now preserved in spirits of wine, and its under-shell had been removed to afford a view of its internal arrangement. Altogether, it formed an instructive, if not a pleasing, plaything for the young. Well, my own studies had been purely psychological—and yet this anatomical revelation came as no surprise to *me!* It was so exactly what I had always felt intuitively that a tortoise *would* be like inside!

Sympathy, in my case, had supplied the lack of biological research. My taste for tortoises began on the day I first bought three off a barrow in Oxford Street; the man wanted half-a-crown apiece for them, I remember, but I got a reduction in taking a quantity. Ah, sturdy old "Samson," frolicsome young "Absalom," and shy, bright-eyed little "Lady Godiva" [I always prided myself on finding appropriate names for my tortoises] even as I pen these lines I seem to see your friendly faces around me once more! I do not keep any now, having taken to a motor-car instead; but to this day the most casual reference to a tortoise will strike a responsive chord on my heart-strings, assuming (I have already implied that I am no anatomist) that organ to be constructed on the principle of a harp. Poets seem to think so—and they may be right. Anyway, the reader is now in a position to understand the vibrating thrill of emotion which I experienced the other day on reading the following pathetic appeal to the Editor of *The Daily Mail*:—

"*Sir*,—(it began, quite simply) *I have had a tortoise for many years, and every winter it has been in the habit of going to sleep from October until March. This winter, however, it has not done so, and has been as lively as it generally is in summer, eating, drinking, and roaming about the house, and sleeping only at night.*

Can anyone enlighten me as to the reason of its strange behaviour?"

I would gladly do all in my power to allay the writer's very natural anxiety—but before I can speak with any certainty I should require rather more precise information. *How* lively, for instance, is this gentleman's tortoise generally in summer? Is it just sedately cheerful, as a well-regulated reptile should be, or does it eat and drink to excess, and then proceed to riot about the house? A great deal would depend on this. My poor "Podasokus"—one of the most promising young tortoises I ever possessed—perished of premature decay, entirely brought on by want of ordinary self-control.

Then what about the family history of *The Mail* correspondent's tortoise? I mean, is there any hereditary tendency to insomnia? Is he *quite* certain that it *ever does* go to sleep, even at night? It *may* lie awake and brood; it is not generally known, but some tortoises are rather liable to morbid introspection. I don't quite like its habit of roaming all over the house—it seems to point to its having something on its mind. Grief, possibly, or remorse. Which reminds me of "Barbara," an extremely amiable tortoise I once owned (we called it "Barbarossa" for a long time, but had to alter the name when it laid an egg unexpectedly). Well, "Barbara" struck up a sort of friendship with a tortoiseshell Tom of ours. They used to play together—at least, the Tom would sit by "Barbara's" shell and claw her head the moment it protruded. It seemed a poor game from "Barbara's" point of view, but she and the cat understood one another. She used to take him out poaching; or else the cat took *her* out poaching—we were never quite sure which. And one day "Barbara" came back from the coverts alone, with every sign of agitation and concern. On examining her shell, I found it dinted as though by a charge of small shot. Later we discovered the body of the cat lying in the bracken, and guessed what had happened—a keeper must have fired at "Barbara," and the shot had *ricoché'd*. But "Barbara" couldn't forgive herself for the accident. For weeks she rambled restlessly up and down stairs, searching for her lost playfellow, and mewing, as tortoises will in distress, like a kitten! Eventually Time the Consoler brought oblivion; but "Barbara" never quite recovered her former spirits. (I sent a full account of all this at the time to *The Spectator*, but they didn't put it in. I don't know why.)

If the abnormal restlessness cannot be accounted for in any of these ways, it may arise from some premonition of danger. A tortoise has a singular instinct for foreseeing peril, and will often display remarkable courage and resolution when the emergency arises. I had a very worthy tortoise once of the name of "Archibald," which, when autumn came round, could not be induced to hibernate as usual, either by persuasion or threats—and I tried both. One or two neighbouring houses had been broken into recently—but it never occurred to me that the fact could have any connection with "Archibald's" extraordinary conduct.

One night, however, I became aware that there was a burglar in the room immediately below mine. I heard him so distinctly that it was unnecessary to go down and investigate. I knew that, if I could only retain sufficient presence of mind to stay in bed, the burglar would go away in time of his own accord. Not that this one did; they found him next morning in a swoon under the sideboard, with "Archibald" still hanging gamely on to his left calf!

The burglar was very unwell afterwards—and so was "Archibald." Blood-poisoning was said to be the cause in both cases. I fancy the burglar must have been in poor health at the time. Thanks, however, to careful nursing, each recovered; "Archibald" retiring, when convalescent, for his annual rest-cure, while the burglar was ultimately removed to Dartmoor. (I sent *this* anecdote, too, to *The Spectator*—but they never published it. I don't think the Editor takes much interest in tortoises.)

Is it not just possible that *The Daily Mail* gentleman's tortoise may really be fast asleep all the time—in short, a somnambulist? If so, he should be careful not to awake it too suddenly, as I did my poor "Matilda"—a lovable but sadly neurotic creature. I acted entirely for the best—but I see *now* that it was a mistake to restore her to consciousness by such means as a soda-water syphon. She survived, it is true—but with a reason permanently unhinged.

One last explanation occurs to me: I recollect being completely mystified once by the unaccountable pro-



Ragman. "ONY RAGS OR BOTTLES—ONY BOTTLES?"
Sandy (busy with a new bottle of the "Auld Kirk"). "A' RICHT, MON—JIST A MEENIT."

ceedings of another tortoise I had, which I called "Hoplite." Its temperament, which hitherto had shown no trace of levity, suddenly became almost painfully frivolous and irresponsible. I could not imagine what on earth possessed the thing! But at length I found out that an acquaintance, whose psychical powers have been exceptionally developed, had taken what I must describe as the unpardonable liberty of hypnotising the unhappy animal without my permission. He had actually impressed it with the conviction that it was a hare!

I have only volunteered these reminiscences and suggestions because I cannot bear to see any man in trouble about his tortoise without making some attempt to solve his difficulties by the light of my own experience. And if I were he I should try not to worry over it. After all, there is always a chance that there may not be anything very serious the matter with the tortoise.

F. A.

Mr. Punch's suggestion to Inspector SCANTLEBURY:—"A special line of hose for ladies."

Secrets of Success.
"HOW I ESCAPED."
BY DE WET.

"This force frequently chased De Wet, Captain Morrison-Bell and his men often sleeping in their boots for weeks at a time."—*Gloucestershire Standard.*

PITHY NEWS FROM THE COURTS.

"Campbell Bannerman, sixty-four, of no fixed abode, was remanded at Croydon charged with attempting to obtain five shillings by a trick from Det.-Sergt. Walters."—*Evening News.*

HENRY ASQUITH, fifty-five, giving an address in Cavendish Square, was charged at Westminster with attempting to obtain by false pretences money intended for the Navy. The prisoner pleaded guilty, but excused his conduct on the ground that he fully intended to devote the money to Old Age Pensions. As this particular kind of fraud is very rife just now, and it is supposed that HENRY is not the only one concerned, he was remanded in order that further enquiries might be made.

"At Winchester he showed his abilities with the bat, and at Eton he won the position of captain. It was the same at Oxford."
The Globe.

But what, oh what did he do at Cambridge?

"Face to face with the ugly anomalies of industrial England, and sharpened on the Carlylean grindstone, Ruskin's artistic temperament became a spur in the flanks of an intransigent idealism."

We have been meaning to say this for weeks, and now *The Glasgow Herald* has stepped in and taken the words out of our mouth. It is very hard.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Earl of BRASENOSE, son of the Duke and Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, carelessly mislaid by the Duchess when he is eight months old, has been secured by Mr. WILLIAM OATES, the ducal coachman. He hands the child over to his mother, the proprietress of an animal shop in the Seven Dials. She brings the Earl up to the best of her ability, and under her care, while ignorant of his noble origin, he acquires a fine sporting command of the English language as spoken in the Dials. He passes under the name of THOMAS OATES.]

PART IV.

IN Battledown House from day to day
Affairs went on in the usual way.
One child they had had and lost: no other
Was ever to call the Duchess mother.
A house with never a girl or boy
Is certainly not a house of joy;
But after all, when you own a yacht,
A moor, a forest, and quite a lot
Of castles and palaces here and there,
The grief you feel for a missing heir
Instead of being a wild *crescendo*
Is apt to be planned on a *diminuendo*.
And so, having passed through the first mad flurry
Of loss, they finally ceased to worry.

But still at times the Duchess felt a sense of something lacking,
A something quite elusive that she couldn't well define;
That came upon her suddenly when breakfasting, or packing,
Or sitting at the opera, or going out to dine.
A sort of void that didn't ache, but yet possessed an ache or two,
That sometimes made her somnolent and sometimes seemed to wake her, too;
That sometimes made her garrulous and sometimes made her still,
Determined or affectionate or quite bereft of will.

She took to keeping tortoises; she had a cage of bats;
A pink-eyed rat became her joy, a very queen of rats.
She thought of breeding yaks and gnus; she had a tank of seals;
A score of twinkle-footed "Poms" went yapping at her heels.
And, spite of all the Duke could say his town house came to be,
Instead of being fit for him, a vast menagerie.
A keeper being requisite, she went to WILLIAM OATES:
She said, "I want a lively boy to come and groom their coats;
To feed them when it 's time for food, and generally do
Whatever may be good for them. I don't know one; do you?"

Now Mr. WILLIAM OATES was growing old:
And sometimes, as will happen with the old,
His conscience pricked him for that he had filched
The little Earl and never said a word.
Oh, what a chance was here! He might restore
A son to both his parents, not, of course,
As being their son, but in another guise;
And Fate, that weaves our lots to all of us,
To Dukes and Duchesses and coachmen, too,
And lads and ladies of the Seven Dials—
Fate would provide the sequel and the end:
So thought, so done. "Your Grace," he said, "I know
A sturdy boy, a very willing boy:—
He 's twelve years old, and all his life was spent
With fur and feather. He can come at once.
OATES is his name, he being, I believe,
My mother's uncle's cousin's aunt's first cousin,
Or something similar that makes him kin
To me and mine." "Engage him," said the Duchess.

(To be concluded next week.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"TAXIMO."—Your best plan, if you want to take a licensed motor-cab from the rank in Piccadilly or at Hyde Park Corner, is to knock at the door of the Shelter, raise your hat, drop on bended knee, and implore one of the haughty ones for his patronage. He will ask you contemptuously where you want to go, and you had better leave in his hands the choice of your destination. You may with luck be taken somewhere, but your chance will be greatly reduced if a gramophone concert is going on at the time inside the Shelter.

"LITTLE NAVY."—So you prefer Old Age Pensions to an adequate Fleet? But have you properly considered whether we should be in a position to enjoy to the full our Old Age Pensions if we had already perished in our beds at the hand of the Invader? You should consult Mr. ASQUITH. He is said to have very firm views on the question.

"PRO-ZAKKA."—You are wrong in supposing that a week-end in Bombay is all that you want. Ten days is the minimum period of residence in India required to give you a real inside experience of the religious, political and social life of the numerous races which make up its native population. That great expert Dr. RUTHERFORD took no less than *six weeks* to perfect his first-hand knowledge of our Indian Government's "misrule."

"PITITE."—We understand that after the passing of Mr. WILL THORNE's Eight Hours For Everybody Bill the universal working day will be from 10 to 6. Enquiries at the best Working-Men's Clubs show a general expression of feeling that this arrangement will conflict less than any other with the convenience of the labouring classes.

"CANTAB."—We do not share your discouragement on reading in *The Pall Mall Gazette* that several of the Cambridge crew "seem unable to hit the water during the swing forward." We have met winning crews before now who steadily declined to collide with the river in this manner. "See our oars with feathered spray" was written by a poet, and he knew no better.

"ANTI-SUFFRAGETTE."—You are quite wrong in supposing that "Pantechnicon" is derived from two Greek words, *pan*, black, and *technicon*, Maria. By derivation it really means something "altogether artful."

"INDIGNANT MALE."—We cannot go with you so far as to say that the responsible Press of this country is in the pay of the Suffragettes. But we admit that the service rendered to their cause by the persistent publication of the names of every obscure female who gets herself arrested by a reluctant policeman gives colour to your grave suspicion.

"PRIMAVERA."—No. We think that what you noticed must have been a crocus. It is too early for the cuckoo. O. S.



Vicar. "WELL, MR. STOGGINS, HOW ARE YOU TO-DAY?" *Cobbler.* "VERY BAD, SIR."
Vicar. "AND WHAT IS THE MATTER?" *Cobbler.* "AH, SIR, IT'S MY LEGS. THEY BE WONDERFUL BAD!"
Vicar. "DEAR ME! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN LIKE THIS?"
Cobbler. "WHY, SIR, THESE LEGS, IF YOU BELIEVE ME, I'VE HAD 'EM ON AND OFF FOR THE LAST THIRTY YEARS!"

"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

["Mr. Lupton (L., Lincolnshire, Sleaford). —Will the right hon. gentleman cable instructions that the soldiers shall not destroy barns, gardens, or orchards, or turn women out into the cold?"—*House of Commons, Feb.* 11.]

PUNJAB EXPEDITIONARY FORCE.
GENERAL ORDERS.

Feb., 1908.

OWING to the well-known fact that Englishmen, after a month's residence in a British Colony or Possession, become ferocious savages, it is important that the attention of all ranks should be specially called to the following orders:—

1. Contrary to the usual practice, women and children captured on this expedition will not be flayed alive.

2. The regulations till now in force, enjoining the sacking, burning, and laying waste of the entire country, will be suspended from this date. Any man found setting fire to a stone *sangar* will have his matches confiscated, and will send a written apology to the landlord.

3. In the event of an officer or soldier fracturing the greenhouses, hothouses, and conservatories on the line of march, and plucking the rare tropical fruits therein contained, he and his regiment will be at once sent to the base; and a new greenhouse, hothouse, or conservatory (as the case may be) will be forwarded per runner, and charged on the barrack damages of the unit in question.

4. It having been brought to the notice of the G.O.C. that firearms have been found in the possession of some individuals of the Expeditionary Force, it is hereby notified that this unauthorised practice must be discontinued. It cannot be too strongly impressed upon all concerned that any hint of violence is foreign to the purpose of the expedition, and must be rigorously avoided.

5. It is now well understood that the Zakka Khels are in reality perfectly peaceful persons, who only give way to murder and robbery as the result of an emotional temperament. Being gentle and timid by nature, they must not be alarmed by the sudden appearance of a combined body of troops The advance will therefore be carried out in ones and twos at 100 yards interval. The files will stroll forward carelessly (but keeping strictly to their alignment and dressing), and chat lightly on any flora and fauna they may observe.



Solicitor. "HERE IS THE CHEQUE FOR THE RESIDUE OF YOUR UNCLE'S PERSONAL ESTATE, LESS LEGAL EXPENSES. I AM SORRY THAT THESE HAVE BEEN SO HEAVY."

Client. "THANKS, SO MUCH. ER—BY THE WAY, I SUPPOSE IT WAS *MY* UNCLE WHO DIED, AND NOT YOURS?"

PEARCE AND PLENTY.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—While Mr. ROBERT PEARCE'S Bill for Providing More Daylight is before the public, I want to enlist your sympathies for a similar little project of my own.

This scheme is to provide everyone with more money by renaming the various coins now in circulation. It is extremely simple, perfectly practical, and the general verdict can only be one of amazement that no one has thought of it before. There will be no disorganisation of the currency, no calling in of the coins, and no new and elaborate machinery required.

I simply propose to *call* the shilling a sovereign and to regard it as one. The consequence is that it becomes a sovereign. The sixpence I call half-a-sovereign; the threepenny-piece a crown. In the bronze series the penny becomes a shilling, the halfpenny sixpence, and the farthing threepence. I admit that this adjustment presents a slight discrepancy, as the man who has thoughtfully provided himself with a large reserve of threepenny pieces (presumably for charitable purposes) will find himself at a financial advantage compared with his neighbour whose small change is composed exclusively of bronze. Do you think that it would be practicable, while regarding the single penny as a shilling, to accept the tender of three together as equivalent to five shillings, or does this, in your opinion, detract from the rigid simplicity of the scheme?

The gold certainly seems to present some features that call for a little manipulation. My first impulse was to accept the sovereign as a five-pound note, but as we already have the shilling (old style) as a sovereign the proportion would tend to bring gold into disrepute and to demoralise the money market. I should propose, therefore, to regard the sovereign as a twenty-pound note, the fiver as a one-hundred pound note, and so on.

The chief difficulty lies in making a start, but I find people wonderfully intelligent. I explained the scheme yesterday to PUMMET, my occasional gardener. After listening attentively he said, in his slow way, "Well, sir, why not make the start yourself? Then I daresay others would follow."

"Certainly, PUMMET," I replied, thinking that the occasion might serve for a little pleasantry; "I will. Here is your money for to-day; never mind the trifling change," and I gave him a threepenny bit.

"Thank you, sir," he replied thoughtfully. "And while I remember I may as well give you the change out of that sovereign that I had of you for pea-sticks—fifteen-and-six." With that he handed me a sixpence, my own coin, and a half-penny.

The one indispensable condition, I find, is that everyone must agree to begin the new style at a given moment, say at midnight on December 31 next.

Yours, A COMING MIDAS.

Too Old at 9.

"Who stand in our way but a handful of men who belong to the past century? The law of nature will deal with those old gentlemen in due course."—*Mrs. Pethick Lawrence at Caxton Hall.*

The Economical Scot.

"A match took place yesterday in connection with the Middle District of Atholl Rifle Club, Ballinluig, for the purpose of testing the new rifle and bullet recently purchased by the club."—*Evening Telegraph.*

"After you with the bullet!" is the eager cry of the members.



SAVED FOR THE STATE.

Humanity. "GIVE THE CHILD TO ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 10. — PRINCE ARTHUR back again, showing evident signs of recent illness. Would do better to take a fortnight's holiday in sunnier clime. But duty calls to Westminster, and hither he comes. Hearty cheer, in which both sides join, welcomes him. C.-B., who also looks as if he, too, were better in bed, rising to reply to question, gives graceful expression to the meaning of the cheer. As the incident closes, news comes from across the way that Leader of House of Lords has been bowled over by common enemy. Thus, in the midst of life, are we in grip of influenza.

Member long familiarly known as SAM EVANS also comes back, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of Solicitor-Generalship and a Knighthood. (Mustn't call him SAM any more, but to begin with Sir SAMUEL seems rather a mouthful.) Towards close of sitting he made first appearance on Treasury Bench in new Ministerial capacity. General cheer testified to appreciation of merit and wide approval of its guerdon. It has been won by sheer capacity, unassisted by adventitious circumstances. Loyal to his Party, S. T. has never been abjectly subservient to the Whip. Has, indeed, on more than one occasion been embarrassingly independent, which makes the appointment more honourable on both sides.

New Solicitor-General is formidable recruit to already overwhelming debating force on Treasury Bench. Among private Members SARK always placed him in first rank. He is absolutely free from that peculiar, indefinable atmosphere with which what DIZZY used to call "gentlemen of the long robe" surround themselves when addressing House of Commons. HERSCHELL was conspicuous exception. So was EDWARD CLARKE. In present day ASQUITH succeeds. Would be much easier to mention names of men who carry all before them at the Bar, but here succeed chiefly in moving Members towards the door. As they address "M' Lud" in the SPEAKER'S Chair you can almost hear the rustle of silken gowns worn elsewhere.

From the first, SAM EVANS caught on the indescribable, incommunicable House-of-Commons manner. Alert, resourceful, fluent, he has the gift of humour whose price is above rubies. One night during last Parliament, dropping in whilst



"I doffed the cocked hat of the Minister and resumed the full-bottomed wig of the lawyer."
(Mr. H-ld-ne.)

Minister in charge of a Bill was concluding a speech, he jumped up to reply. Subject one with which he was intimately acquainted. Only difficulty was he had not heard the discourse to which he volunteered answer. That would have discomfited some men. S. T. pounded along, cautiously at first, but, assisted by whispered hints from friends who had heard the speech, he accomplished a brilliant reply that left the wondering Minister overwhelmed.

Business done.—Army Supplementary Vote agreed to in time to get off for eight o'clock dinner.

Tuesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN ROCHE is your man. Nature has gifted Member for East Galway with advantages unknown to the *Fat Boy*. Sombre in appearance, mysteriously low in voice, prone to pauses in which the shivering listener imagines he sees fresh horrors, he held the House in thrall whilst he disclosed newly discovered plot for the defamation of Ireland.

Of course an Irishman was the alleged conspirator. It is the crowning sadness of Ireland that its enemies are those of its own household, its traitors nourished within its own camp.

JOHN was so appalled by fresh infamy he had unearthed that he found it difficult fully to open his mouth in articulation of the narrative. This, combined with fine Galway accent, made story difficult to follow in all its details. No doubt, however, that Lord ASHTOWN was suspected of being at bottom of bad business. Nationalist idea of that nobleman fantastically melodramatic. When they draw him it is done in the "two-pence coloured" style of Early Victorian dramatic portraiture. He is the landlord who, according to popular belief, recently blew himself up. Obviously a work of supererogation. Plenty of patriots ready to blow up an Irish landlord, figuratively or bodily, without troubling him to take a hand in act of discipline.

JOHN ROCHE has discovered fresh

eccentricity on part of this hapless nobleman. It is alleged that Lord Ashtown, in the solitude of his chamber, the blackness of his heart, devised a little scheme excelling in childish melodrama the earlier plot attributed to him. He wrote anonymous letters to five of John's blameless constituents, inciting them at a certain hour to blow up the village church, including the Priest and congregation. This done, he with superhuman cunning communicated with the police, informing them that at such an hour on such a day the murderous attempt would be made, warning them to be on the spot to arrest the intending malefactors.

In support of his case John read the letter. From conditions hinted at, he was not audible throughout, a circumstance which, designedly or not, contributed to eeriness of episode. In Mrs. Radclyffe's novels candle usually went out in turret room of moated castle at critical moment. So our John, when he came to particularly blood-curdling passage in the narrative, dropped his voice to hoarse whisper. Members craning their necks caught here and there a sentence in which Tom, the person addressed, was warned not to make mistake and place the bomb at the wrong door; was further entreated, if he was afraid of the job, to hand it on to another patriot—the job being the blowing up of his beloved Priest and the slaughter of his neighbours. All discussed in fluent, precise, unemotional phrase, as if the matter at issue were sale of a pound of butter or a pint of buttermilk. The letters, it is true, were anonymous. But John knew they were written by Lord Ashtown. Why? Because he was in Dublin the day they were posted, and the letters bore the Dublin postmark. Q.E.D.

This is trivial. All the same there remains the admitted fact that Lord Ashtown informed the police that on the night of the 31st August, the date fixed in the anonymous letter, outrage would be attempted on the church in question. On the face of it a remarkable case of second sight.

Business done.—Vote of £2,500 on account of law charges in Ireland agreed to. As Sark says, If there is no law in Ireland there are law charges. Carson, momentarily dropping Party feeling in professional pride, admitted gratification in reflecting that the money went into the pockets of the lawyers.

Friday. — Bill reforming and amending law relating to Protection of Children printed and circulated. Confirms impression made by Herbert Samuel's masterly ten-minutes speech on introducing it. The House, aweary of the Irish question, sick of wrangles round Education, tired of the Territorial Army, dubious about Old Age Pensions, learns with keen pleasure that the Government have found time to listen to the Cry of the Children. Having undertaken the task of reformation, they deal with it comprehensively. Among measures of the Session, the Children's Charter is a veritable Daniel Lambert. Embodying sixty-four clauses, it covers seventy printed pages, consolidates twenty-two statutes, and introduces provisions of its own.

House tickled by one designed to put down cigarette smoking. Picture of burly policeman manœuvring for capture of small boy with cigarette in mouth "crosses the eye," as upon a historic occasion an anonymous housemaid affected the vision of late Lord Salisbury. That merely a detail in carefully thought out scheme for welfare of the little ones. On introduction Bill greeted with chorus of approval that seemed to presage speedy triumphant passage. Will be interesting to follow its course, everyone doing what he can to avoid its being shouldered out by more pretentious but less useful measures.

Business done.—Second Reading of Ecclesiastical Disorders Bill moved.



An offence under the new Protection of Children Act. Winston takes his last cigarette before the Bill is passed.



Samuel smiles (not the author of "Self-Help," but the introducer of the Bill for the Protection of Children).

Mr. H-b-rt S-m-l.

THE LYING JADE AND "THE THUNDERER."

A wealthy German syndicate has, it is said, made overtures to *The Times* with a view to purchase, but so far without success. Their object is to develop in the paper a policy of strict retrenchment and economy with regard to the British Navy.

The rumour that the staff of the late *Tribune* have bought *The Times* is false. They have done no such thing.

Mr. J. A. Spender, in spite of numerous suggestions of his friends, will not at present edit *The Times*.

There seems to be no truth in the report that Hackenschmidt visited *The Times* office yesterday and came away with the whole plant on his back.

Among the latest news concerning *The Times* is the persistent rumour that a syndicate of music-hall performers will purchase it for a song or two, and run it as the organ of the Federation against Mr. Stoll. Mr. Stoll is reported to have said that he does not mind, and that he will back the Coliseum stage to maintain a more equable and rapid circulation.

Mr. Frohman was met in the Strand yesterday walking rapidly in



Huntsman. "NOW THEN, COME ALONG, DO! DO YOU KNOW YOU 'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HELPIN' ME CATCH A FOX? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU COULD CATCH A SNAIL UNLESS YOU MET 'IM IN A NARROW LANE!"

an eastern direction. It is conjectured he was on his way to buy *The Times*.

The rumour that a syndicate of Tierra del Fuegan gentlemen has been formed to purchase *The Times* is current, but up to the time of going to press we have not been able to obtain either corroboration or denial.

It is announced that Mr. G. H. DRUCE has no longer any intention of bidding for *The Times*.

The statement that *The Times* will continue to be published every day at threepence and contain good foreign news and an assortment of home correspondence is considered absurd.

From The Times of 2008.

FEBRUARY 19.

Rumours as to the purchase of this venerable sheet by this and that syndicate are still rife. Meanwhile business is conducted as usual.

"Rainfall statistics show that the rainfall of April is considerably heavier in December than in the preceding month of November."
Civil and Military Gazette.

Of course statistics can prove anything.

Singular Experiences.

I.—MRS. JENNINGS'.

"Mrs. Jennings, in her endeavour to pursue the animal, had a singular experience. She sat down on some stones while the storm was at its height and removed her shoes and stockings." — *East London Daily Dispatch.*

"Young man wants a situation as ruler."
New Orleans World.

If he cares to come temporarily as a pot of gum there is a vacancy here for him.

DIANA OF THE CROSS FACE.

THE prospect of a scene in a shop-dormitory, with the "young ladies" undressing for bed, threatens to draw half the manhood of London to the Kingsway Theatre to see *Diana of Dobson's*. But when I say that the only visible nightdress—stuffy pink flannelette—is drawn on over the whole of the owner's clothes, with the exception of her skirt and bodice—it will be seen that the standard of propriety is a lofty one. For the rest, the scene is human enough; and it is only *Diana* herself that here, as in the Third Act, disturbs the atmosphere of probability with her shrill platitudes. The play indeed is a curious medley of rant and reserve. Nothing could be more admirable than the restraint of the Fourth Act—on the Embankment—with everybody playing in quiet undertones. And nothing could be much more blatant than the outburst of *Diana* in the Third Act, when she finds that the son of a peer is a little disappointed to learn that she is a penniless shopgirl, and not a woman of his own caste with a moderately comfortable revenue—as she had given everybody to understand. One of these days we must have a play written round an ill-paid shopwalker who poses, out at St. Moritz, as a gentleman of leisure. He shall engage the affections of a Duke's daughter, and then, when she flinches on learning the facts, he shall abuse her at the top of his voice for a contemptible snob for whom a world of honest workers has no sort of use. And the clever author of *Diana of Dobson's* shall be asked to occupy the stage-box, and see herself as we other men see her in her present play.

All the same, the occupants of the Pit had a glorious evening. Accommodated in the last row of the stalls—a place of splendid vantage—my spinal cord trembled to every spasm of their emotions. Loud and irrepressible giggles greeted the dormitory scene. The sentiment of the play—never too subtle—went straight home to their bosoms; its humour—seldom too recondite—to their intelligence. Personally I was not very happy about that charming actress Miss LENA ASHWELL. It may be that the dismal character of her accustomed *rôles* has affected her manner; but she wore almost throughout an air of rather repellent boredom; when she spoke in low tones, it was a sort of monotonous recitative; her higher notes were metallic and harsh. In the First Act she promised to drink with great gaiety the swift cup of joy as far as her legacy of £300 would allow her; but nobody who saw her in the earlier of the two scenes at Pontresina, when she was supposed to be gyrating in a very vortex of delight, would have guessed, so colourless and sombre was her bearing, that she was having the time of her life. True, the company at the hotel were a dullish lot; but she might have moved on if they weren't to her liking.

Mr. HALLARD, as *Captain the Hon. Victor Bretherton*, late of the Welsh Guards (why shouldn't gallant little Wales have its regiment of Guards?) played very conscientiously. But he should make a closer study-from-life of the manners of young ex-Guardsmen, and then perhaps he wouldn't stroke the back of his head quite so much, or twist his body into such stagey curves, or use his mouth as if he were illustrating a primer of elocution. He was best in seedy clothes on the Embankment, when the L.C.C. seat limited his attitudes, and his pipe was of the essence of the action, instead of being just a stop-gap like the eternal cigarette of the Pontresina episodes. Miss FRANCES IVOR, as *Mrs. Cantelupe*, must have modified her manner a good deal by the second night (when I saw her) if one of the first-night critics was right in charging her with extravagance. Miss GERTRUDE SCOTT, on the other hand, played the part of *Mrs. Whyte Fraser* with an absurd exaggeration of emphasis. Mr. DENNIS EADIE was excellent as *Sir Jabez Grinlay, Bart.*, the Sweater King; but most delightful of all were the performances of Miss BERYL MERCER as an *Old Woman*, and of Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL as *Police-constable Fellowes*. Their quiet unassertive humour could hardly have been bettered. If I thought I could fall in with such excellent company I should be greatly tempted to try a night out on the Embankment when the weather gets a little milder.

O. S.



THE DORMITORY AT DOBSON'S.

BY QUANTITY.

THE illuminating statistics compiled by the publishers of a certain Encyclopædia who claim to provide the greatest mass of reading material per penny, are exciting keen emulation in really live advertising circles. We understand that the following examples are to appear in the course of the week:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE SAVOY.

Mr. D. BERNSTEIN (3 minutes' walk from the Standard Theatre), challenges the Savoy Restaurant to disprove the accuracy of the following comparative table, and confidently asks his numerous patrons not to be led away by the specious claims of a rival house.

	Cost of meal per person.
CLEOPATRA'S "Pearl-Drop" Repast ...	£60,000
HELIOGABALUS entertains a few friends ...	£500
Aldermanic banquet ...	£2 17 6
Savoy Restaurant: "Theatre Supper"	5*s.*
D. BERNSTEIN'S celebrated "Shoreditch Skate Supper" *à prix fixe*	7*d.*

THE VERDICT OF THE TAPE MEASURE.

In calling the attention of the art-loving public to his latest work, Mr. PETER PAUL BROWN (Associate of the Balham Institute of Painters by Hand) confidently invites a close scrutiny of the following comparative table:—

MEISSONIER'S "Soldiers at Cards," £30 per square inch.

Modern British Art: Auction Average, £1 11*s.* 6*d.* per square foot.

PETER PAUL BROWN'S "Streatham Common by Moonlight, with a Panoramic Continuation showing Sunrise over the Crystal Palace" (21 ft. by 14 ft.), 5*s.* 11*d.* per square yard.

"Milton was a great Poem, he was quite blind but could see enough to write Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."—*From the schoolroom.*



THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PUT MUCH MORE NICELY.

Charming Hostess (to dyspeptic guest, who has been refusing dish after dish). "I'M SO DISTRESSED. YOU'VE HAD NO DINNER AT ALL?" *Guest.* "THANK YOU—BUT I HAVE TO BE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT MY FOOD."

THE WAY IN.

THIS is the story of RIVERS BANKES,
Whose writings for long were declined with thanks.

He wrote an epic of Huns and Franks
Which *The Pink-'un* promptly declined with thanks.

He wrote a ballad of childish pranks
Which *The Athenæum* declined with thanks.

His skit "On a fine Tale-bearing Manx"
Was declined by *The Daily Mail* with thanks.

He took to pathos and tears in tanks,
But *The Tatler* declined his work with thanks.

A dialogue full of suggestive blanks
The Guardian sadly declined with thanks.

A story of pirates walking planks
The Woman at Home declined with thanks.

A talk that he had with a ghost that clanks
The Spectator even declined with thanks.

A yarn that was spun in unending hanks
The Review of Reviews declined with thanks,

A thoughtful paper, "With Rod and Spanks,"
Scholastic organs declined with thanks.

Some field-path rambles in Yorks. and Lancs.
The Automotor declined with thanks.

A Life of the King who was called Longshanks
The Live Stock Journal declined with thanks.

Some talks with cabbies upon the ranks
Were declined by *The Connoisseur* with thanks.

Indeed it appeared that the whole phalanx
Of the Press would decline his aid with thanks.

But he now writes essays on new food cranks,
Which no one ever declines with thanks.

Some of these South African place-names *are* very misleading. *The Daily Telegraph* reports: "I (Von Veltheim) went to Chase Stanley." In the same spirit we may add that the gentleman in question also proposed a little picnic to Kop Kruger, and organised a disastrous expedition to Bluff Joel."

"In the evening service the Rev. L. G—— again occupied the public and delivered a touching and powerful sermon to a very full congregation."—*Devon Evening Express.*

This raises anew the question, Should there be a time-limit to sermon-licenses?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. DE MORGAN'S idea in *Somehow Good* (HEINEMANN) is not new, but his treatment of it has distinction and charm. *Mr. Fenwick*, or *Palliser*, or *Harrisson* (he was a nice man all the same), having lost his memory, promptly finds his wife, from whom he had been separated—with complications—for twenty years. He marries her again, and *Mrs. Fenwick* hopes that those unhappy complications will never be recalled. Any sign of returning memory alarms her, but she cannot help asking questions and playing the game called "nettle-grasping." Mr. DE MORGAN has the gift of making his characters and his readers become one large family party. *Sally*, for instance, in this book begins by being a slangy girl; moreover she suffers from being called *Kitten* and *Sallykins*, names which certainly did not prejudice me in her favour; but soon I found myself absorbed in her courtship, and wishing that she would not be so slow about it. Mr. DE MORGAN, however, has a habit of apologising for his own discursiveness which is very disarming. *Somehow Good* is a delightful book, full of humour and the keenest observation, and rising more than once—notably in the scene in which *Colonel Lund* is dying—to real pathos admirably restrained.

In the first half of *Lethbridge of the Moor* (WERNER LAURIE) there are two distinct stories, one of which tells how *George Lethbridge* looked upon his neighbour's pheasants when it was dark, and, after an interlude at Dartmoor, found that the way of ex-convicts is exceedingly hard; the other how *Arthur Hillyar*, tripping carelessly down the hill of life, was consigned to the same rural retreat for falsifying his accounts with insufficient skill. As long as I was taking *George* and *Arthur* in alternate doses I quite enjoyed myself. But when their lines of life at last converged, and I learnt that they were as like as two peacocks, my heart sank. Not so *Mrs. Arthur's*. She saw at once that her husband might contrive to escape from prison, and that *George*, his exact image, could be recaptured in his stead. Personally, I would have laid her long odds against the success of her scheme, though to her it seemed as simple as peeling bananas. But I was wrong, as a man always is when he pits his experience against a woman's intuition. As a golfer I would put Mr. MAURICE DRAKE'S handicap at about fourteen. He is one of your *splendide mendax* players—brilliant when he has a good lie. Going out with the wind behind him, he puts up very nearly a scratch game. But coming in he gets into difficulties, and instead of playing for safety, presses and comes to grief, like many a good man before (and behind) him. Still, I am glad he did not tear up his card. After all, it 's not such a bad round.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has printed on the paper wrapper of Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE'S book, *The Blue Lagoon*, the words "New Powerful Novel." The description is justified because the story is all that, and more; but the word "powerful" is rather misleading. The writing is powerful, but it has the power of the rapier rather than that of the bludgeon, which, I think, is the kind of force that epithet has come latterly to suggest when applied to fiction. The tale is very slight—there are only three characters in the greater part of it, and one of these dies half-way through—yet so deftly is it dressed that you do not realise the slenderness unless you pause to consider. A ship at sea takes fire; two children, a boy and a girl, leave it in a dinghy with an old sailor; they land on a coral island in the South Pacific, and there live; and the children grow up together, learning the secrets of life as nature reveals them. That is really all there is of it, yet I can say that it is a long time since I read a book more fascinating, more delicately conceived, more healthily nurtured on the fruits of an observation which knows when not to observe.

After an aloof career of several years at a very high figure, under the not too alluring title *Arabia Deserta*, Mr. CHARLES DOUGHTY'S great and wonderful story of his travels reappears in a cheaper and more negotiable form as *Wanderings in Arabia* (DUCKWORTH). There had always been a body, fit but few, of literary explorers who knew that Mr. DOUGHTY'S book was in many respects the best book of travel ever written; that little band will now become greatly reinforced. A word or two from Mr. GARNETT'S admirable preface may be quoted: "The writer must confess that he knows no other book of travel which makes him so proud that the author is an Englishman. Gentleness, courage, humanity, endurance, and the insight of genius—these were the qualities that carried DOUGHTY safely through his strange achievement of adventuring alone, a professed Christian, amid the fanatical Arabians." Any one wishing to give a boy a rather better present than usual—and one that would lift his imagination as it should be lifted, and fire his blood as it should be fired—ought to make a note of DOUGHTY'S *Wanderings in Arabia*.



WANTED—

AN UMBRELLA THAT SCREAMS WHEN IT IS LEFT BEHIND.

From a notice board in a Suffolk garden:—

"Notis. Oame groan une 6d. a pott."

One of the worst spelling bees we have seen.

LIFE IN SICILY.

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following impressions gathered at a play performed by the Sicilian actors at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

Sicily is a mountainous land (he writes) so I went into the gallery. It seemed to me that I should be more in the atmosphere of the play. We were a happy party up there—waiters, ice-cream dealers, and asphalte-mixers—but the atmosphere was disappointing. It may have been Sicilian, yet it was most unsatisfactory.

If Sicilians really are what the actors represent them to be, a pretty problem offers itself. Do the Sicilian actors carry on like that because the Sicilians do it, or do the Sicilians do it because they have seen their actors do it? Somebody must be responsible.

Anyway, Sicily must be a terrible place to live in; indeed, few people really live there. Sicilians as a rule spend their time either in barely escaping death or in dying slowly and in great pain. Where in England the man in the street asks his friend to come and have a drink, in Sicily he whips out a knife from behind, and tries to kill him.

It is to this constant danger that the free gesticulation of the people is due. So long as one keeps one's hands and arms flying around with great rapidity, the other man has little chance of planting a fair blow. Of course this is fatiguing, hence the national custom of the siesta (or the Sicilian equivalent), during which time of rest no honourable person would kill his friend.

In Sicily marriage is the admission to one's life, on equal terms, of one who is to all intents and purposes a panther. It is also a race between a man and a woman as to who shall be first in despatching the other. There is no advantage, however, in remaining unmarried. The unmarried person becomes at once a *tertium quid*, and by the etiquette of the land is removed first.

It is safe to assume that the coroners in Sicily possess a very strong trade union, otherwise they would be worked to death, and to death in a shape which is looked down upon in a land where other styles of decease are so plentiful.

Living must be very expensive in Sicily. As soon as a Sicilian gets into a rage he cannot be appeased until he has smashed glass, crockery, and furniture, preferably all three. This happy country should be a fine market for the cheaper establishments in Tottenham Court Road.

Yet with all their faults I love the Sicilians still. They have a sense of humour—the gallery laughed four or five times during the play—and their politeness is unexampled. Thus, they consider it the height of bad form to beat their wives without breaking out into sobs of contrition immediately afterwards.



Passenger (to Guard of crowded Plymouth train, who, after much trouble, has found him a comfortable seat). "THANK YOU, GUARD. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE OTHER END."
Guard. "BEG PARDON, SIR. WOULD YOU MIND 'SEEING' ME NOW, AS I'M RELIEVED AT BRISTOL!"

The Song of the Lyddite Shell: "Put me among the Khels."

The Limit Again.

From an advertisement:—

"Amazing Career of the Arch-Bigamist fully told in . . . the Great Home Sunday Journal."

Just the thing for father to read to mother and the little ones by the nursery fire. "One more wife, father, and then the children must really go to bed."

Botanical Notes.

"Vacancy for planting pupil on rubber estate in Malay Peninsula."

Will he live in or be bedded out somewhere?

NAVAL AND OTHER ESTIMATES.

Dove, with the signs of moult on each poor feather,
And the limp olive drooping from your beak,
Bear up, good fowl, and pull yourself together,
And cease that attitude of solemn pique;
You have been hustled at the Hague, my pet,
But there 's a lot of fun before you yet.

Europe may hear your views without emotion,
And keep on building bruisers night and day,
But here are those who think the realm of Ocean
Not worth the ponderous premium we pay;
Let other sea-dogs bark upon the blue,
For pups like us a little growl should do.

See where around your ruffled plumes they rally,
Wreathed in the very best Elysian smiles,
Taking, as well becomes this white-winged ballet,
Their time from BRUNNER and their tune from BYLES;
(PERKS, having lent the Cause his sounding name,
Thought better of it and withdrew the same).

But there 's another task for you to handle,
Distinct from schemes connected with the brine—
Viz., to arrest a shocking, shocking scandal
That under darkness works its fell design,
Gnawing away at England's very vitals—
I am referring to the trade in titles.

I understand that anyone who proffers
The regulation prices on the mart,
Planking his bullion in the Caucus coffers,
At once becomes a Baron or a Bart.
That 's how we get our ready money for
The "bloated armaments" of Party War.

"War," you observe, a war of Whig and Tory—
"A sort of war," not where a man's red blood
Is freely spilled for King and home and glory,
But fought with rotten eggs and lies and mud;
And yet the kind of thing, I beg to ween,
In which a bird like you should intervene.

Ay, here 's a mission Peace should take upon her—
To check the Party lust we now indulge;
So might we ring with bounds the Roll of Honour
With which *Debrett* and *Burke* already bulge,
And spare the self-made victims doomed (one hears)
To swell the coming holocaust of Peers.

O. S.

From a bird fancier's circular:—

"The best way to let them out of the cage is to stand it on a newspaper, and put one of the tit-bits outside; it will then amuse itself in and out without flying too much about the room."

This might have been put better. Even now we are not certain whether it is the cage or the tit-bit which is so easily amused.

If you see it in Print, it is so.

"Mme. Albani, it is announced, is going to take a limited number of pupils, but has been sunk. The crew were saved."—*The North Western Daily Mail.*

Otium cum Dig.

"Price wanted for digging garden; cottage can sleep in while digging same."—*Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"WANTED.—Dress for middle-aged person; plain but good."
Woman's Realm.

After all, what are looks compared with beauty of soul?

A "COMPETITION" CONCERT.

IT was in the autumn of 1892; I was staying in a little Oxfordshire village, and, walking into Henley one day, I happened to see handbills in the shop-windows announcing:—

"HERR SCHMAKOFFSKI'S GRAND COMPETITION CONCERT!
At the Town Hall, Henley-on-Thames,
On Wednesday, September 28, at 8 p.m.

Vocal (*Comic and Sentimental Songs*) and Instrumental Music, for which Musical Instruments and other Useful Prizes will be given, the Winner of each competition to be decided *by the Audience.*

Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (*who has played before*) will also give his Entertainment, a Highly Elevating and Instructive Lecture, with songs in French, German, Swiss, and English. Views of London, Oxford, Bath, Ireland and America, the Holy Land (*Old and New Testament*), Rome, France, Germany, Switzerland, and the Arctic Regions. With Comic Views and Portraits of Illustrious Persons."

I rather needed elevating just then, and there was something about the wording of this announcement that seemed promising. The name of Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (slightly altered here) was not altogether unknown to me: that is, I had heard of him as the proprietor of a musical instrument shop in Oxford, and of a string band in great request at undergraduate "wines" in the late seventies. I decided that this lecture was an opportunity that it might be unwise to miss, and so, on the appointed evening, I made one of a fairly large audience in a long upper room rawly lit by a big gas star, and decorated by two full-length portraits of CHARLES THE SECOND and his Queen.

On the platform at the further end, a table on which stood a battered old tin magic-lantern; near it lay a guitar; at the back, a frame with a dingy and disreputably wrinkled sheet. In the front seats a few notables; behind them, the local shopkeepers, neighbouring farmers, and their families. There was nobody on the platform, and we spent some minutes in speculating where the piano would be placed—a sheer waste of time, because, as we were soon to discover, there was not going to be a piano. At last Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI appeared, midst feeble applause, with his arms full of slides. An amiable elderly gentleman, with white hair and beard, and a strong foreign accent—nationality, I imagine, Polish.

"Laties and schendlemen," he began, "dere are only two schendlemen to gombete, and dey gannot be hier dill ade-thirdy. Zo, vit your kind bermissions I vill gif my enderdainment virst, instet of at a gonglusion, and I bromise to schdrain all my effords to enderdain you."

There was an engaging artlessness about this that would have propitiated the surliest. We applauded vigorously; the gas star waned to pale blue, a dim circle dawned on the screen, and we prepared to be entertained. "Virst," we heard Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI'S voice announce in the darkness, "I shall show you som sceneries of Englandt and oder blaces—de Pay of Nables, vit Vesuvius in de pack." There was a little trouble about the focus, and Vesuvius could not be induced to emerge. But this was amply atoned for by a procession of partly obliterated feluccas, which sailed jerkily through the sky, upside down, and were uproariously welcomed, for we had already discovered that the lecture would not prove unentertaining. Encouraged by this Herr S. next exhibited "A few sceneries from Bath—de Kicheedril; Merton Gollege, Oxfort, vere Lort



WHAT IS WHISKY?

Lord James of Hereford (*Chairman of the Royal Commission on Whisky*):—

"BE THOU A SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN'D . . .
THOU COM'ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE
THAT I WILL SPEAK TO THEE."—*Hamlet*, Act I., Sc. 4.



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

Fair American (hearing the dinner-gong). "GUESS, POPP, YOU'D BETTER JUMP INTO A BOILED SHIRT. THERE GOES THE HASH HAMMER!"

Rantolf Churdgehill vas edugated." (Loud cheers.) "St. Mary's Kicheedril Churdge, vere I vonce had de bleasure of hiering a most peaudiful zairmon by de lade Pishop of Vingesder. It vas on de sobjeg of Sharity. He say dat Sharity pegin at home, and vas nod only gonvined to rich and schendlebeoples, and millionairea dat lif only for demsellefs, and nefer do goot to nopotty; but dat de boor gan bractise it yust so vell as de rich. He say it ofden gom in at de *pack* door, rader as de vront . . . A scenery of Gristchurdge Gollege, vere I haf ofden peen and hat de bleasure of meeding many nopilidies dere. Dey," he added, with charming naïveté, "are de greadest plessing I haf left to me."

A "scenery of Baria" followed, with a digression on the Parisian *café*. "I vill dell you an anegdote of an Englishman who vent so ofden to different blaces dat at last he vanted a chaintch. So he vent to Baris. He gom to a *gaffé*, and dere he see a peaudiful Schviss curl vit a guidar. Vot habbened I shall dell you in a song."

It was a blameless ditty, and began: "An Englishman galled DOBBS, He vas von of de nobs"—but, except that Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI, in the character of the Swiss girl, played the guitar and yodelled at the end of every stanza, it was perhaps a little deficient in point. However, it was warmly applauded. "Hier," continued the lecturer, "is de Leaning Dower of Bisa. Eferyvon who goes to it alvays puys a vodo of de dower. I haf peen in many schendlemen's houses, and eferyvere I see a vodo of dis dower!" With such testimony to its respectability we could hardly do less than express our approval of the Leaning Tower. "Nexdt, a sdadue of Sain Betre in Rome. Hier my liddle curl vill zing you 'Zanta Lucia.'" Which Fräulein SCHMAKOFFSKI suddenly came out and did. After that, I think the slides must have got a little mixed. I know a view of the Staubbach was introduced as "a scenery from Ems, a Sherman vatering-blace," while a Venetian canal appeared unabashed as "a schtreed in Nables." But we were perfectly happy—some of us almost hysterically so—till we got to the Scriptural scenes, which seemed to cast a gloom. Even Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI noticed that they were not going as well as might be wished, for, after announcing "ABRAHAM and SARAH, mit deir pahe, de liddle ISAAG," he added consolingly, "Bresently I shall show you somtings more laughable—Meester and Meesis Pluebeard!" Somehow the comic slipping slides, with a man and a puppy exchanging heads, and other equally humorous effects, failed to provoke the mirth their exhibitor evidently anticipated, and his own faith in them appeared to be shaken at length. But, at the close, when he thanked us for "so craciously and batiently listening to a boor olt man, and I vish my

enderdainment vas a pedder von," there was a pathos in the appeal which I think touched all of us, and I like to remember that in the response we made there was nothing at all ironical.

Then came the "Competition Coneert." Two young gentlemen (who I faney were in the employment of the leading linendrapers) mounted the platform. The first was tall, pale, and exceeding shy. It was some time before he could convey to Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI (who was to accompany him on the guitar) any clear notion of the key he proposed to sing in—he did not seem very certain about it himself. At length he gave us a sentimental song: "My Darling 's with me in my Dreams!" a piece of information which (possibly because we did not know the lady) left us cold. His rival was short, of mild aspect, with side whiskers, so, as was only to be expected, he obliged as "The Storm Fiend." His rendering was hilariously received, particularly when he chuckled and laughed "Aha!" It would have been unneeessary, as we felt, to hoist the weather-cone for so futile a fiend. "Now," inquired Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI, as soon as we became more composed, "*vich is de Vinner?*" Some unknown benefactor in the front row suggested faintly that we should like, before deciding, to hear from the Fiend once more. So the Fiend sang us "The Friar of Orders Grey," and "ho-oh-oh-oh-d" to sueh unfathomable depths that the rest of the refrain was drowned in roars of laughter, in which the Holy Friar unaffectedly joined. He was unanimously awarded the prize, presented by Herr S. with a neat speech: "Holy vriar, egscuse me galling you so, but I remember it pedder. Hier is de brize, a sblendid biccolo vit sigsdeen keys!"

After which we broke up, and I did not consider a six-mile trudge back in the dark at all too heavy a price for such an evening. Indeed, I would willingly perform the same pilgrimage again if I could hope to be so ingenuously entertained. But I fear the light of poor old Herr SCHMAKOFFSKI's lantern has long since flickered out.

F. A.

THE LOST HEIR.

SYNOPSIS.

[The Earl of BRASENOSE, having been lost at the age of eight months by his absent-minded mother, the Duchess of BATTLEDOWN, is secured by Mr. WILLIAM OATES, the dueal eoachman, and is by him handed over to the eare of the eoachman's mother, Mrs. OATES, the proprietress of an animal shop in the Seven Dials. There he is reared in ignorance of his origin up to the age of twelve years. Tho Duchess, feeling that, by some means which she hardly realises, an aching void has been caused in her life, attempts to fill it by taking charge of various animals whom she keeps as pets in the family mansion in Belgrave Square. She finally decides that she must have a boy as special attendant for her menagerie, and, at the suggestion of WILLIAM OATES (now repentant), engages her own twelve-year-old son to fill the post under the name of THOMAS OATES, supposing him to be her coachman's distant relative.]

HAVING now brought the Earl and his mother together,
I have all but arrived at the end of my tether.
It remains to be shown
How he came by his own;
How, in spite of all checks and all chance of denials,
He not only emerged from the grip of the Dials,
But was owned in the end, by a fortunate fluke,
As the Earl that he was and the son of a Duke.

When the Duchess beheld him she shivered and said,
"What a nice little boy," and she patted his head.
Then she shivered again,
Like a creature in pain,
And, poohpoohing suggestions of bronchial catarrh,
Which the new boy put forward, remarked, "If you are
What I feel that you must be you 're certainly dented
By the knob of a grate, which you fell on and bent it.
It was twelve years ago, but there 's somehow a something,
A vague thing, a notion, a queer thing, a dumb thing,
A thought which is hinting that somewhere or other
I have met you before—that, in fact, I 'm your mother."
Then, in spite of his struggles, her eyes growing tender,
She applied the boy's head to the knob of the fender:
Oh, her heart went pit-pat, and her cheeks became paler,
But she held the lad fast, and the knob didn't fail her.
Her bad luck at last was completely outwitted,
For the boy had a dent in his head—and it fitted!

Some day I may tell you—I hope to—the story
How the Earl went at Eton from glory to glory;
How, whatever he did, he was always on top:
How he rowed in the Eight, was elected to "Pop,"
Was the pride of his tutor, the joy of his House,
And was sent up for good, and was famed for his *vovs*.

But the lingo he learnt in the Dials, when young,
Came trippingly still from the tip of his tongue.
It infected the boys; in the course of some weeks
It had seized on the dames and had conquered the "beaks."
The Head was its victim:
It went for and picked him,
And thence, spreading fast from the up to the down,
It absorbed every suburb and swallowed the town;
Till at last all frequenters of decent society,
In its ranks and its fashions in all their variety,
When they held conversation were sure to employ
Instead of "ow," "i," the expressions "eow," "oi"—
All this I may tell you (it 's not very pleasant)
On a future occasion. I 've done for the present.

THE END.

We cull from *The Daily Telegraph* of February 20:—

"A Willesden girl who applied for the position of scullery-maid in a well-known county asylum received a form containing some forty questions, including the following:

'Do you sing?

'Of what compass is your voice?

'Do you play any musical instruments? If so, state what instrument.

'Would you be willing to entertain the patients?'

There was no question relative to the girl's capabilities as a scullery-maid."

We have cabled the above catechism to Mme. TETRAZZINI. If her voiee has a kitchen range, if her musical referenees are satisfactory and she has a good character from her last "plaee," no doubt her prospective employers will overlook any dish-washing deficiencies.

Another Mystery.

"Witness added that among Morell's partners in crime were many who were either in gaol awaiting trial, or at liberty."—*Daily Telegraph.*

But where on earth were the rest of them?

Many critics have complained lately of the way in which theatre managers continually accept plays from the French, instead of encouraging British authors. The latest example of this unpreferential treatment is recorded as follows in *The Daily Mail*:—

"NEW ROYALTY. ROMEO & JULIET.
Adapted from the French of Henry Bern."

We could mention at least one English playwright who could have treated the subject equally well.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A BY-ELECTION.

Millchester.

DEAREST DAPHNE, — The latest from your BLANCHE is that a by-election is simply screaming fun, and that we 've all been having the time of our lives here. When North-East Millchester fell vacant we all persuaded NORTY that he ought not to hide his talents any longer in a bushel of something, especially as the MIDDLESHIRES have a place close by, and the VAVASSOR interest is strong there. Like a good boy, he said if we all wished it he didn't mind having a touch at Parliament, so down we all came to see the thing through. It 's been a three-cornered contest. In addition to the man on the Wrong Side, a Socialist stood, and OUTA TELBOWS, the Hungarian Socialist Count, has been here making some of his ridiculous flaming speeches. I see now how fallacious Socialism is. I can't imagine how I could ever think OUTA TELBOWS good-looking. The creature has grown a beard, and is positively frightful! He ought to be exported as an Undesirable.

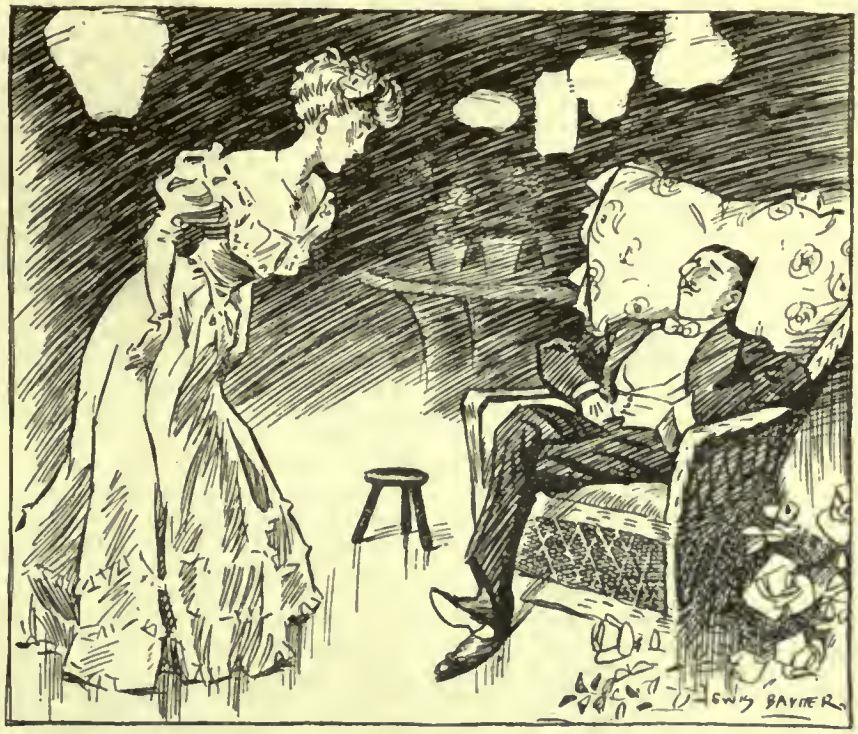
I 'm not in the least ashamed of my change of opinions. NORTY says I needn't be. He says opinions are like other things—you want to try a lot before you find a set to suit you.

The Wrong Side (I don't notice the Socialist gang, we don't *expect* anything decent from *them*) have behaved in a most odious way. Their *posters*, my dear, and the *leaflets* they 've put about!

KIDDY and his Yankee wife came to help, and LALA MIDDLESHIRE; and AUNT GOLDIE arrived in a very juvenile get-up to captivate voters; but she caught sight of one of the Wrong Side's great posters—a fearful caricature of herself and NORTY, and the words, "A man may not marry his grandmother, however much money she has!" and the poor old dear fled back to Devonshire. NORTY says only rotters would hit below the belt like that. But of course we didn't take it lying down. NORTY'S agent got out some screaming posters about *them*, *en revanche*, and leaflets with lots of little things he 'd found out.

Millchester, as you know, is full of great factories and of workpeople. I don't exactly know what it is they make, but the poor things get up awfully early to make it, and work very hard. I went about in my big white Darracq that I call *Carte Blanche*, dressed in white cloth, with white furs, and made friends with

STUDIES IN TACT.



A YOUNG LADY (MISS A.) MEETS AT A BALL A CERTAIN LORD B., BY WHOM SHE IS LED TO A CONSERVATORY WHERE THERE ARE TWO SEATS, ONE MUCH MORE COMFORTABLE THAN THE OTHER. LORD B., REMARKING "S'POSE WE SIT DOWN, WHAT?" TAKES THE MORE COMFORTABLE SEAT.

WHAT SHOULD MISS A. DO?

N.B. LORD B.'S SOCIAL POSITION IS ABOUT 25 PER CENT. HIGHER THAN MISS A.'S.



MISS A. SHOULD PICK UP THE SMALLER SEAT, AND SAYING, "WOULD YOU NOT LIKE A FOOTSTOOL?" PLACE IT FOR LORD B. IT IS JUST POSSIBLE THAT HE WILL TAKE THE HINT. IF, HOWEVER, HE MERELY SAYS, "THANKS!" MISS A. MUST SIT ON THE FLOOR, AND SHE MUST REPLY TO LORD B.'S OBSERVATIONS (SHOULD THERE BE ANY) WITH *HAUTEUR* (FRENCH).

them, and told them what wonderful things Norty would do for them. Poor boy! he 's pledged himself to *such* a programme! But, as he says, programmes are only *made* to be altered. And the Wrong Side have certainly gone one better in *their* programme. They 've promised pensions to all who don't care about work; votes for women, and the best and least draughty seats in the House to be reserved for the female Members; the Speaker to be a woman, and to be allowed to *speak*.

I went about among the people and got them all on my side. The dear, grimy things simply worshipped me. We gave a Cake-and-Jam Tea to a lot of the kiddies, and those wretches on the Wrong Side at once put out leaflets with "How a *Buy*-Election is Managed. Voters of North-east Millchester beware of Mr. Norton Vavassor (first cousin of that bloated aristocrat the Duke of Middleshire, the biggest ground-landlord in Millchester), and beware of his Fair Friends! Speak out your honest opinions, Electors of North-east Millchester, and don't allow your mouths to be stopped with Jam—with Raspberry Jam, with Strawberry Jam, with *Bribery* Jam!"

What d' you think of *that*, my dearest?

Never mind. We 've frustrated their politics, confounded their knavish tricks, and got our man in. After the poll was declared we gave a great kick-up to all and sundry. Josiah suddenly appeared on the scene, and seemed a bit sumphish. He congratulated Norty formally, and then asked him if he had "thought seriously of any of the problems of the day—of the Unemployed, for instance?"

"Oh yes," said Norty. "*Naturally* I 've thought about *them*, for I 'm one of them."

We 've great hopes of our new Member. He 'll begin in just a small way, asking *questions* about things, you know—the size of policemen's boots, say, or something of that kind. Then he 'll go on to introduce little private Bills, and will speak whenever he can get or make an opportunity. And if he 's *very* cheeky and unmanageable, and advertises himself enough, he may get into the Cabinet when his own side is in, or even before that if he cares to do a quick-change turn.

His views on the everlasting Irish Question he takes from me. Yes, my dear, my latest *Cause* is the Irish. I 've put in a fortnight in Ireland lately, and what time I could spare during a week's parties in Dublin and a week's hunting in Galway, I gave up to mastering the Irish Question. And *now* I speak with *authority* of the Irish. They 're *clever*, Daphne, but they 're *queer*, and what they want is not *ruling* but *managing*. You can do *anything* with them if you go to work the right way. I 'd some lovely talks with the Galway peasants. I told them how *silly* they were to want Home Rule, and to hate their landlords, and to drive cattle away from places. A funny old chap, sucking a little black pipe, said, "Sure, darlint, 'tis yourself knows all about us. If there was more like *ye*, Ireland's troubles would soon be over." (There can be no doubt that with *all* their queerness they *do* understand and appreciate one!) I promised I 'd send him some tobacco to smoke in his little *gossoon*—(it 's always a good plan to use their own words, if you know any)—and he said, "May the Heavens be your bed, darlint; but 'tis a dhudeen I 'm smoking—a gossoon is a little bhoy."

I 'm working simply most awfully hard for Ireland just now. I 've bought a ghastly heap of poplin (a loathsome material, my own, and I shall never have it made up), and a frantic lot of Limerick lace (which is rather nice, though its name is enough to give one the shudders *now*), and let me see—oh, yes, about a ton of horrors in bog-oak. (*Entre nous*, I consider there 's no greater proof of the unbalanced state of the Irish mind than those fearful things they make out of bog-oak!)

So you see how strenuously I 'm working for my new Cause!

Ever thine, Blanche.

Nature Notes.

"Oysters avoid Influenza when eaten regularly."—*Daily Graphic.*

The remedy seems a drastic one; but no doubt our humble valvular friends know what is best for themselves. We certainly shall not turn a deaf ear to their touching appeal.

A Marvellous Recovery.

Half-time.

Sheffield Wednesday	3
Aston Villa	0

Final.

Aston Villa	5
Sheffield Wednesday	0

Liverpool Evening Paper.

Sheffield must have revoked.

"This was a piece of rank bad duck for the visitors."—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Personally we always fight shy of football luuches.

WHO WORKS THE HARDEST?

Herculean Labourers on their Tasks.

With a view to ascertaining the amount of work done by various public men and women of distinction, in order that some idea may be gained as to how many hours should be given to toil, a representative of the Halfpenny Central Press Association has been making inquiries in those places where such inquiries are always made. Information has naturally been "elicited," an assortment of which is now laid before the expectant reader, who is, however, not asked to carry it in his mind for more than an hour or so, for these articles don't really matter, and to-morrow there will be something fresh for him.

Mr. Asquith, discovered behind a zareba of despatch boxes, correspondence, and private secretaries, with a deputation waiting for him in every room and two in the hall, and a suspicious-looking female on the door-step, found time to answer rapidly a few carefully chosen questions.

"Are you in agreement with Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P., when he says, as he has recently done at Coventry, or perhaps Leicester, that men and women are dying to-day because they do not have enough leisure to enable them to replace the mental and physical wear and tear of life?"

"Yes, I mean no."

"Do you view with favour, or at any rate without venom, the project of Mr. Willett, as brought forward in a private Bill the other day by a Member whose name for the moment I have forgotten, to add to the hours of daylight by stealing from the clock every quarter day, or something like that; but you know perfectly well what I am driving at?"

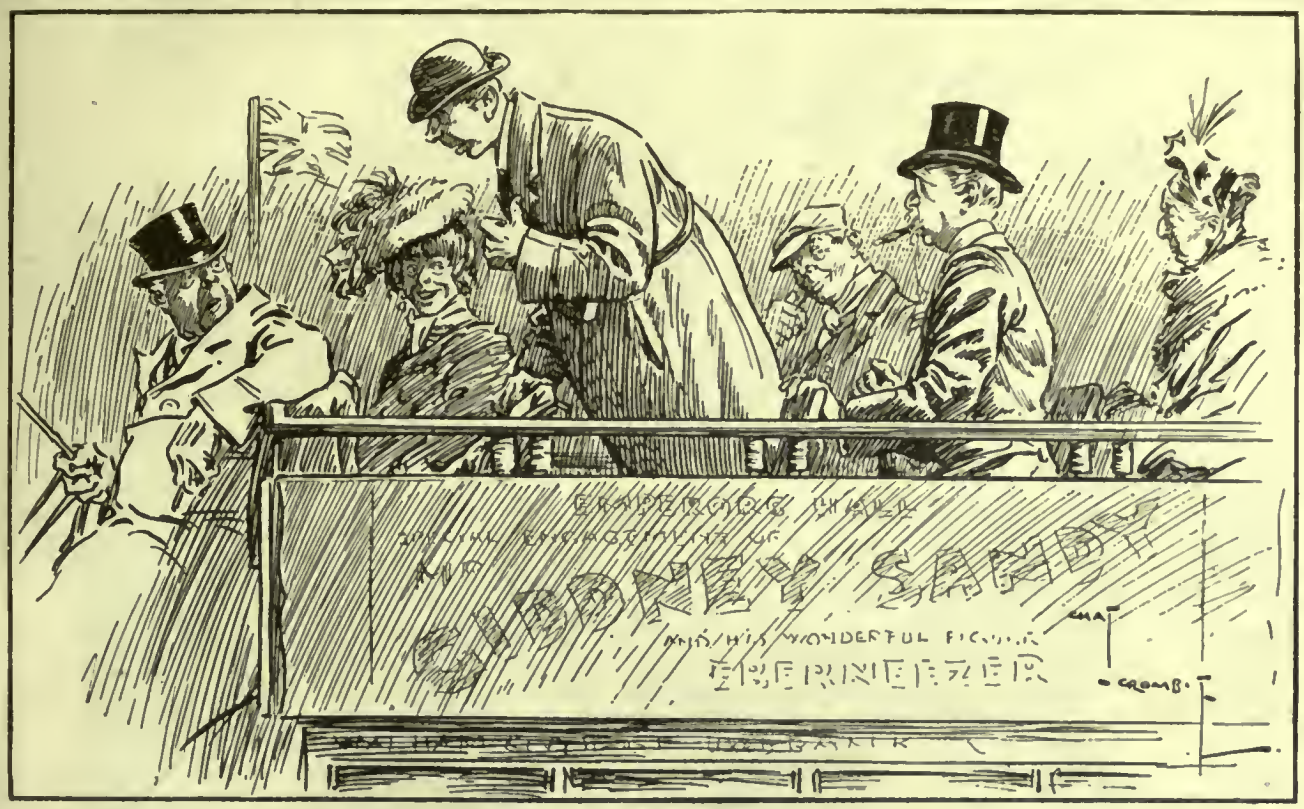
"No, I mean yes."

"How many hours a day do you yourself work?"

"Twenty-five."

Mr. Bernard Shaw was characteristically witty. It was absurd, he said, to talk of work and play as distinct things at all. To him all work was play and all play was work; but that was, of course, because he was so incorrigibly and gloriously unique. He had never been tired in his life, and never meant to be. The current ideas as to the necessity of rest were ridiculous. A man who needed rest was not worth considering, while, on the other hand, a man who did not lie in bed all day if he wanted to was a slave. And so on.

Mr. John Lane said he never slept for more than three hours. He



Conductor (to driver, who has been pulling up constantly within the last few hundred yards). "BAD TIMES FER COBBLERS, BILL. PEOPLE AIN'T WEARIN' THEIR BOOTS OUT MUCH. 'ERE'S A BLOKE WANTS YER TO PULL UP AGEN AT THE NEXT 'OUSE WI' THE BLUE BLINDS."

Driver (sarcastically). "HO! YUS! ASK 'IM WHICH PART O' THE 'OUSE 'E'D LIKE TO BE DRUV TO—INTER THE PASLER WI' THE FAMILY, OR HUP TO 'IS ROOM IN THE HATTIC. WE'RE ON'Y 'ERE TO ERBLIGE!"

needed all the rest of the time for the search for new geniuses, of which, by the way, he had several, from whose works he would like to read a few passages. The first was——

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS said that the greatest fallacy of modern times was the doctrine of rest. No one needed rest. There was only one way to keep oneself fresh, and that was to have a curious mind. Be interested in things. He personally had not slept for years, and such was his interest in things that he never felt tired. He wrote sixteen hours a day, and explored life and London for the rest. His aim was to make two blades of mustard and cress grow where only one had grown before, and he meant to go on doing it, even if he had to call in the aid of Thatcho. He would never have discovered the priceless secret of Thatcho if he had obeyed the ordinary rules as to rest, for it came to him at four in the morning, when everyone else in the world was asleep and idle.

After knocking for some hours at Mr. HALDANE'S door without obtaining any reply our representative left. He has since discovered that the footman thought he was the Suffragettes, and behaved according.

Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER said that only actors really knew what work meant. He had often watched navvies in the street, and had longed to be one, except for their baggy trouser-knees. The actor's life was one unceasing round of drudgery. If he was not rehearsing he was at the tailor's; if he was not at the tailor's he was at the photographer's; and if he was not at the photographer's he was at the County Council. And then came the performance, and during the entr'actes, when he was supposed to be resting, the trying ordeal, often very disheartening, of counting the deadheads through the little hole in the curtain. Add to this the visits from would-be dramatists and would-be leading ladies, and where were you? Better sweep a crossing.

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON said that in his opinion the hours of work in an ideal state would be limited to two a day; but in the imperfect civilisation which we endure it is impossible for a brain-worker to keep body and soul together on so little. He himself had to write for at least two hours and a-half every day if he were to enjoy the balance in reposeful dialectics with his friends and foes.

Inquiries at the House of Commons elicited the fact that Mr. BELLOC is the most hardworked of all our younger Parliamentarians. The week-end brings him no respite from his labours, as he invariably spends it in the grimy heart of Salford amongst his constituents, where he conducts classes in military history, conversational French, mediæval theology, and thorough Bass. As Mr. BELLOC has expressed it in a touching couplet:

"French is my heart, but loyal and sincere
Is, and shall be, my love of British beer."

In the wrestling world the pressure is equally great. HACKENSCHMIDT works twelve hours a day at mastering the languages of his various rivals—Galician, Turkish, Slovak, and Albanian.

At Windsor it was ascertained from Mr. GRAY, the leader of the "Manchester Marchers," that no class worked harder than the unemployed. At least eight hours of his day were occupied in interviewing, or the composition of manifestoes. Eight hours more were devoted to his duties as open-air lecturer to Eton College. He had given up eating simply because he had no time for meals.



A. S. C. Corporal (at Soldiers' dance). "WILL YOU HAVE A DRINK, SIR?"
Major. "THANKS VERY MUCH, CORPORAL, BUT I THINK I'VE HAD ENOUGH."
Corporal. "DON'T SAY THAT, SIR. ONE MORE DRINK WON'T MAKE YOU ANY WORSE THAN YOU ARE ALREADY!"

A WEAK POINT.

THEODORE is a dear, I admit—
  And it 's one of the sweetest of names—
He 's ready with sympathy, wisdom and wit,
  And he 's perfectly splendid at games.
And I can't fail to see he has taken to me,
  For his feelings he openly shows;
But he 's got one defect which he cannot correct:—
  I don't like the shape of his nose.

His hair is an auburny hue,
  And, when it grows long enough, curls;
His eyes are so dreamy and wistful and true—
  At least when he 's talking to girls.
When he dives in the scrum he makes everything hum
  And mincemeat of most of his foes;
He knows how to dress, and his work 's a success,
  But—I don't like the shape of his nose.

Yet I haven't the heart to refuse
  If he ever suggests we should meet
Up that strip of red baize between whispering pews—
  The prospect, in fact, is quite sweet.
But it may be, oh dear, when I 'm shaking with fear
  From my veil to my white satin toes
And the church is quite still, I shall answer "I WILL;
  But I don't like the shape of his nose!"

LITERARY NOTE.—Considerable feeling has been aroused in poetical circles by the very pointed way in which Miss LENA ASHWELL's new play, *Diana of Dobson's*, has been entitled. In order to redress the balance, *Gertie of Gosse's*, *Lily of Lang's*, *Bessie of Binyon's*, *Nina of Noyes's*, and *Tottie of Trench's* are shortly to be produced at rival theatres. There was talk also of *Winnie of Watts-Dunton's;* but it has been decided that a simpler title would be better, and it may, therefore, be expected as *Sally of Swinburne's* or *Polly of the Pines*.

From a Midland Railway booklet:

"Pictorial Post Cards, scenery accessible from the line, express trains, rolling stock, steamers, maps, &c., may be obtained at the Company's Offices and Railway Bookstalls at a charge of 2*d.* per packet of six."

A monster trial packet, containing four postcards, two express trains, three steamers, one map, and a clump of firs accessible from the line will be sent on receipt of 4½*d.* in stamps.

Journalistic Candour.

"The remedy for readers of the *Morning Leader* is Dr. ——'s Pills."



THE RUSH FOR THE SEASIDE.

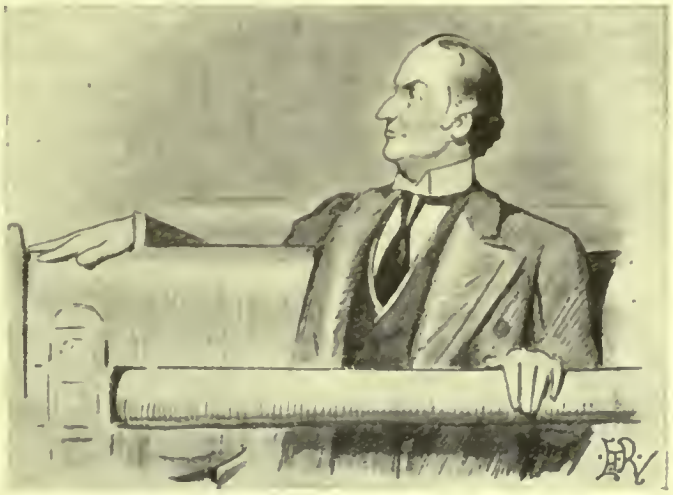
RUSSIAN BEAR (*to* SULTAN OF TURKEY). "LOOK HERE, MY FRIEND, I OBJECT TO YOUR LETTING THAT DOUBLE-FACED BIRD GO DOWN FOR A DIP; BUT IF HE GOES I GO TOO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



RUSSIA VIGILANT.
(Count B-nck-nd-rff.)



INDIA RETROSPECTIVE.
(Lord C-rz-n of K-dl-st-n.)

ON EITHER SIDE OF AN OAK FRONTIER.

Listening to the Debate on the Anglo-Russian Agreement.

House of Commons, Monday, February 17.—Russian Ambassador hurried down this afternoon bright and early. Occasion momentous. British Government have accomplished purpose vainly pursued by predecessors during the last forty years. Have signed and sealed Convention with Russia which PRINCE ARTHUR, called upon to curse it, to-night admitted "carries with it substantial advantages, which may, and I hope will, carry in addition some augmentation of that friendly feeling which is the great security for peace and goodwill."

That 's all right. Echoes the even more emphatic approval expressed by LANSDOWNE the other night, rising to high traditions of British statesmanship which guard foreign policy from the venom of Party spite. A new turn given to affairs in the Commons. That eminent statesman, Earl PERCY, regarding situation gravely shook his head.

"This will never do," he murmured.

Accordingly drafted and placed on paper Resolution involving censure of a settlement which, "while involving material sacrifice of British interests, leaves room for international misunderstanding."

With this portent in the hurtled air Russian Ambassador did well to hurry over his luncheon and hasten to secure place in Diplomatic Gallery. His Excellency expected to find House crowded in every part, seething with excitement. He looked down upon it half empty, wholly listless, regarding with quizzical look the middle-aged young gentleman at the Table engaged in demonstrating that all was lost; that Persia, a rich ripe pear, was ready to fall into the open mouth of the TSAR, at whose feet India lay prostrate.

Old Members regarding Earl PERCY, recalled another of his name familiar in the House twenty-five years ago. On the whole, the Earl PERCY of to-day has more grit than his esteemed parent who sat below the Gangway in the Parliament of 1880-5, and looked after the Universe. Called to the House of Lords, the Earl PERCY known to Commons of past generation to-day invests delivery of his nothingnesses with ducal pomposity that for a while—say seven or eight minutes—is amusing. But as AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds, so we had back again to-night the very marrow of the Earl PERCY of the Eighties, glib, confident, capable of wrestling with the Himalayas or taking the Persian Gulf in a flying leap.

The speech and the motion all very well for an irresponsible Member, albeit he spoke from Opposition Bench with the authority of an ex-Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Different for PRINCE ARTHUR, Leader of the Opposition, past Premier, with Hereford, Worcester and Mid-Devon, three tailors of the electoral Tooley Street, peremptorily calling him back. Attitude assumed by LANSDOWNE towards Convention in other House was obviously result of concert in Opposition councils. Had PRINCE ARTHUR been disposed to take another view, which he evidently was not, expression of it was impossible.

Still there was the Resolution formally moved. He must have been consulted as to its terms; he associated himself with it to the extent of asking for a day for debate. It was a tight place, but not the first PRINCE ARTHUR has been in, and he got out of it with accustomed dexterity.

"I do not believe," said JOHN MORLEY, "that anything would terrify the right hon. gentleman more than the carrying of Earl PERCY'S Resolution."

Here was his opening, and he quickly jumped through it. The Resolution was, he pleaded, a mere question of procedure. If a harmless motion for papers would equally serve the purpose, he would forthwith substitute it.

"I have not," he said, "the least desire to press the motion. I do not desire to divide the House."

So the Resolution was withdrawn, and the Russian Ambassador went home more than ever puzzled with Parliamentary ways at Westminster.

Business done.—Earl PERCY, adapting a famous example, wrote on the

Order Paper "No truck with Russia," and ran away.

Tuesday.—Through the dull atmosphere that filled House to-night there suddenly flashed a bolt, striking Treasury Bench in the place where C.-B. might have been sitting. Scotch Small Holdings Bill principal business. This is one of the twin measures presently to be launched against the Lords. As leading up to political crisis, its progress might have been expected to be accompanied by scenes of excitement. On the contrary, had we been decent folk attending a funeral we couldn't have been more dolorous.

To this end, Sinclair, in charge of Bill, contributed speech an hour long by Westminster clock. This triumphantly, possibly finally, disposes of old gibe about Scotsmen having no humour. As he remarked, 'twas the third time he had introduced the Bill. C.-B., properly protesting against waste of time following on vain repetition of stale arguments, allotted a single sitting to second reading stage. With private Members taking their turn at a quarter-past eight, this meant four hours for the whole business. The Secretary of State for Scotland appropriated one, being a quarter of the heritage of 670 Members!

Lambton moved amendment, negatived by majority of 247. House next divided on question "that this Bill be now read a second time," and Whiteley announced that 247 voted for the Bill, 103 against, majority 144. Here was catastrophe. On the face of it, it was clear that 100 supporters of the Government had deserted the colours. They had voted against the amendment, but when it came to supporting the Bill they revolted. It was not a defeat; but it was a defection that must prove fatal to Ministry.

Whilst the Opposition chortled and faithful Ministerialists marvelled, Whips made discovery of little error. They had miscounted by trifle of a round 100. It was 347 who voted for the second reading. Thus Ministerial majority was restored to normal figure, and all was well. But it was a bad quarter of an hour.

Business done. — Scottish Small Holdings Bill read a second time.

Friday.—Thomas Burt looked in to-day, making one of his rare appearances on a crowded scene where, as a rule, there is no seat for him. As an ex-Minister, a Privy Councillor, he might, as is the wont of others in similar circumstances, claim a corner seat, whether above or below the Gangway. But there is nothing of the corner-seat disposition in Burt. In all circumstances he instinctively makes for the lowest place at the table, and if any bids him come up higher, he blushes and takes earliest opportunity of making for the door.

In the bypaths of House of Commons life, nothing to be found more pleasing, more honourable to both sides, than its attitude towards Burt. As everyone knows—the story is just retold by Aaron Watson in the life of "A Great Labour Leader," a book whose literary qualities make it worthy of its theme—the ex-Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade began life as a pit boy. Starting in his tenth year, he worked mainly underground till, when he reached the age of twenty-seven, he started on a public career, which beyond the single achievement of any



"I beg to withdraw, Sir."
(Earl P-rcy.)

other man contributed to the emancipation of the miner from the slavery of sixty years ago.

There is no Member to whom the most critical assembly in the world listens with greater pleasure, keener interest. He speaks too seldom, but when word goes round that Burt is up the benches fill with magical rapidity. Members listen as intently to the deep Northumbrian burr of the speaker as if he were the Prime Minister.

There are officially known two Labour Parties in the House. One is the majority who sit on the Ministerial side, and in the main work cordially with C.-B. The other, lately delivered from the fantastic leadership of Don't Keir Hardie, follow the custom of irreconcilable Irish Nationalists, and whilst Ministers come and Ministers go sit in Opposition for ever. Sark says there are three Labour Parties, the one so-named, the Independents, and Thomas Burt.

The last a rare, perhaps unique, exemplar. C.-B. did a graceful thing when he made the former pit boy a Privy Councillor. But Thomas Burt was right honourable even when he drove his pony in the depths of Haswell Colliery, and has remained so through the varied stages of a long career.

Business done. — Talk about sweated industries.

CHARIVARIA.

"It is fundamentally wrong," says the *Neueste Nachrichten* of Berlin, "to think that either the British or German Navy is being built essentially with a view to fighting each other." Of course, the only real object of their existence is to overawe those troublesome Balkan States.

***

King Peter of Servia intends to abdicate, it is said, in favour of the Crown Prince. It is a matter of common knowledge that the two do not get on well together, but the proposed step strikes us as being a peculiarly spiteful act on the part of the father.

***

St. Martin's-le-Grand occasionally boasts of its wonderful achievements, but the most marvellous of these appears commonplace compared with an astonishing feat for which credit is apparently due to the Indian Postal Department. During the recent disturbances in Bombay, we read, the Royal Scots and a detachment of Artillery *with four guns* were posted in the native town.

***

The Registrar-General's return for the last quarter of 1907 shows the lowest birth-rate on record. And now that the police are going to lay hands on the cigarettes of our youth we fear that the slump will assume still more serious proportions, as little boys will hardly find it worth their while to be born at all.

***

Meanwhile the Government is evidently getting afraid that the cigarette clauses of the Children's Bill will alienate the tobacco trade, and the versatile Mr. Haldane has been put up to conciliate the malcontents. "I have sat in my room at the War Office," said Mr. Haldane last week, "and I have done what I believe my predecessors did not do—I have smoked many cigars while listening to the soldiers."

Suggested motto for women who are not Suffragettes:—"The Home not the House."

***

Speaking before the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health on the disinfection of books, Professor KENWOOD recommended that old and soiled books should be destroyed. The majority of schoolboys, however, are of the opinion that this proposal does not go far enough.

***

"You measure gambling by the stakes; but you can gamble for nuts," said Judge BACON to a lady litigant who denied that she was a gambler, as she only played for trifling amounts. We can assure His Honour that many ladies cannot play Bridge for nuts.

***

Commander GIBBONS of the United States Navy occupied a seat on the Bench in Mr. Justice DARLING'S Court one day last week. The distinguished visitor is said to have congratulated the judge upon the capital entertainment which he provided.

***

An Irish contemporary informs us that the latest invention is wireless telegraphy *without wires*.

***

The New Age, we hear, has a constantly increasing circulation among ladies. They cannot resist the fascination of having a New Age every week.

***

With reference to the egg-laying contests which are now becoming the vogue in this country, an eater of eggs writes to complain that they are sometimes produced in such a hurry now that they are only half-made.



THE ABOVE IS NOT AN ADVERTISEMENT FOR AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, BUT A SKETCH OF A VERY SHY SPORTSMAN, WHO, UNKNOWN TO HIMSELF, HAS BEEN PILOTING A LADY VISITOR. HE HAS JUST DISCOVERED THE FACT, AND REMEMBERED THAT IT IS LEAP YEAR.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL NOVELTIES.

[Showing the growth of appreciation of purely British talent.]

A SPECIAL feature of the Kidderminster Festival will be the appearance of the Kutzo-Vlach male voice choir from Mitrovitza, who will contribute a number of *a cappella* compositions by MIRZA SCHAFFY, POMPONIUS MELA, the late Admiral JAUREGUIBERRY, and M. PAPADIAMANTOPOULO. The Kutzo-Vlachs will sing on horseback, according to their national custom, and will be conducted by Prince BULBO GORKY, the hereditary hospodar of Crim Tartary. The list of principal vocalists is not yet complete, but at present includes Mlle. MARIE POBEDONOSTZEFF, Mme. LADOGA GOGOL, Signora EUSAPIA PALLAVICINI, and Fräulein EMMY KRUMP. The general conductor of the Festival will of course be Signor ENRICO BOSCO, whose long residence on the shores of Lake Baikal will enable him to cope with the difficulty of conversing with the chorus and orchestra, many of whom have been imported at great expense from the steppes of Central Asia.

No new composition will be presented at the Bootle Festival, but M. ACHILLE POUPINARD'S "Topinambour" and BOLESLAS TCHITCHIKOFF'S "Goulash" suite from his opera *Paprika Kibobsky* will be given for the first time in England. The familiar works to be interpreted will include SIBELIUS' "Finlandia," MOUSSORGSKY'S symphonic poem "Kolokol," SLAVIANSKY'S symphonic "Samovariations," and NAPRAVNIK'S oratorio "Skânderbeg." Among the singers engaged for this festival are Fräulein ILMA VOLKONSKY, Mme. GOREMYKIN, Mlle. NATHALIE BUMPOVITCH, and M. IGOR GOLLIVOGSKY.

Mr. HENRY WOOD will conduct the Great Yarmouth Festival in September, and the soloists already engaged are Mme. LEONORA BOURBOULE, M. ALIX METCHNIKOFF, M. ANNIBALE CAPILLARIUS, and Fräulein FRITZI KITCHIVITCHIKOFF. The principal choral and instrumental works to be performed are M. OLE BROK'S "Abracadabra" variations, RICHARD STRAUSS'S "Struldbrug" symphony, and Signor CYRILLO SCOTTI'S "Aeroplain songs" for bass solo, full chorus, and benzoline *obbligato*.

SPADE WORK.

THE news that the candidate for North Kensington has written a Tariff Reform play, which is to be acted in his constituency, will be welcomed by all patriotic Englishmen. At the same time it is a question whether he has done his work in the best manner possible. The intention of his play is to educate the public. Now, according to the short account given in the press, his work has taken an allegorical form; and it is here that I think he is wrong. Allegory is always a dangerous thing to dabble in, and with the not too intelligent voter particularly so. My idea would be something more direct. I should let the candidate himself appear upon the stage in his own person, and I should make him express trenchantly but naturally in the course of dialogue the higher truths of the great Cause. I give here an example, necessarily brief, of what I mean; it could, of course, be expanded at will. For myself, if I were a Tariff Reform candidate, I should be inclined to add to it a Grand Transformation Scene, showing how under a Conservative Government the harvests increase, the cows lay more butter, and even the weather improves. But that is a matter of taste.

A GENTLEMAN AND A VICE-PRESIDENT.

A Tragi-Comedy in Two Acts.

ACT I.

The scene is the Library of the Candidate's town house. Union Jacks and similar portents of patriotism adorn two of the walls. The third is occupied by full-length portraits of Lord WINTERTON, Mr. L. J. MAXSE, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, and other well-known economists. On a small bracket in an inconspicuous corner of the room there is a *carte de visite* of Mr. BALFOUR; but, if desired, a copy of *The Globe* may be placed carelessly in front of this before the curtain rises.

The Candidate is discovered in an arm-chair reading *The Morning Post*.

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins (*with the air of one who is both a footman and a Vice-President of the Tariff Reform League*). A person to see you, sir (*or*, "*my lord*," *where possible*).

Cand. (*reading card*). "Herr LEVI VON POLUTSKOFF, Cobden Club." (*In horror.*) You didn't let him in?

Perkins. He is outside on the top step, my lord.

Cand. (*considering*). Are you a good kick, PERKINS?

Perkins (*considering*). Fairish, my lord.

Cand. (*picking up "Morning Post" again*). Then will you see that he ends on the bottom step? Thank you. [*Exit* PERKINS. *A noise is heard without.*



Cinematograph Operator (*filling the only gateway*) "NOW A PLEASANT SMILE, PLEASE."

Enter JESSIE. *She is either the daughter or the sister of the Candidate, according to the latter's age.*

Jessie (*singing gaily to herself*). "I pledge my word the Empire wants Protection. I pledge my——"

Cand. (*crossly*). JESSIE, how often have I told you not to use that word?

Jessie. It 's not my fault, dear. That 's how our great battle-song begins.

Cand. Well, you 'll have to sing it differently, that 's all. It 's "I pledge my word the Empire wants Fiscal Reform." It goes just as well. (*Sings.*) You see?

Jessie. All right, darling. I 'd do anything to please you to-day.

Cand. (*suspiciously.*) Why to-day?

JESSIE explains that GEORGE has just asked her to marry him. She brings him in and leaves them together. GEORGE gives some account of his birth, prospects and position.

Cand. Yes, that all seems satisfactory. But there is one other point. Are you a Tariff Reformer?

George (*surprised*). What 's that?

Cand. Have you never studied the question?

George. No. Never seem to get the time, somehow.

Cand. Then of *course* you 're one. (*Warming to it.*) It 's like this. All the great industries of this country are dying. Now if we have Protection—er, that is Fiscal Reform—by which I mean a small tax on imports, we keep out the foreigner; so that all the goods which the Germans have been selling to us will be made by Englishmen in England. That means no more unemployed.

George (*pleased*). Quite so.

Cand. Furthermore, this small tax, when levied upon the immense quantity of German goods which are now pouring into the country, will yield an enormous revenue, all of which will be paid by the foreigner. This will enable us to do away with the Income Tax, and create Old Age Pensions.

George (*doubtfully*). Y—yes.

Cand. (*sharply*). You see that, of course?

George. Er — well——I know you'll think I 'm an awful ass, but just for the moment I don't quite. I mean I don't see how you get all the money by letting the bally things in, if you help the dying industries by keeping the bally things out.

Cand. (*coldly*). You don't? Then I can only say that you are a Little Englander. (*Rings bell.*) No relation of mine shall marry a Little Englander. (*Enter* PERKINS.) PERKINS, will you help this person down the steps? [*Exeunt* PERKINS *and* GEORGE. *A noise is heard without.*

Cand. (*solemnly*). So perish all traitors to their country!

[*He turns and salutes the Union Jack. Curtain.*



Old Gentleman. "VERY CHARMING OLD SEDILIA YOU HAVE HERE."

Caretaker. "YES, SIR, YOU AIN'T BY NO MEANS THE FUST AS 'AS ADMIRED 'EM. THAT'S WHERE THE CLERGYMEN USED TO SIT, IN THE OR ER OF THEIR SENILITY."

ACT II.

Six months later. Scene as in First Act, except that Major RENTON'S portrait is now added to the others on the wall. Business as before with Señor ISAACSTEIN DE PFLUG, of the Cobden Club. The Candidate is now reading *The National Review*, and looking extremely depressed.

Enter JESSIE, *radiant.*

Jessie. Hooray! What do you think? Bread is a shilling a loaf!

Cand. (*leaping up*). What? No! How splendid!

Jessie. Yes. Everything has gone up. Butter, eggs, bacon, tea.

Cand. (*excitedly*). JESSIE, this is too good to be true.

Jessie. Ah, but I 've better news still!

Cand. Impossible!

Jessie. Yes. Trade is in an awful way. The exports are simply millions less this month.

Cand. (*in an ecstasy of patriotism*). Thank God! Oh! how I have looked forward to this moment!

Jessie. Yes, and there are hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unemployed just starving.

Cand. (*hand on heart*). England, my country, this is a great day for thee! I had hardly dared to hope. Anything more?

Jessie. N—no. Except that we 've lost the Test Matches.

Cand. (*pained*). My dear, that is hardly the fault of the Government. You must be fair.

Jessie. Of course, dear. Only I thought you would be glad all the same. Being an Imperialist one naturally prefers the Colonies to England.

Cand. Ah, yes. Certainly I am glad. Hallo!

Enter GEORGE *in haste.*

George. I say, this really is the last pat. I 'm going to be a jolly old Tariff Reformer.

Cand. What 's the matter?

George. This butter business. Put me down a Vice-President. I didn't mind about bread, because I never eat it, but hang it, one can't do without butter on one's toast.

Jessie. GEORGE! My love!

Cand. GEORGE, you are an Englishman after all! My hand. [*They embrace as the orchestra plays "Rule Britannia."*]

TABLEAU. A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

BARBARINA, Lady GREY, made a collection of letters found in the family archives with intent some day to publish a selection. The purpose was unfulfilled. Happily the task has been undertaken by her niece, GERTRUDE LYSTER, and the world is richer by a charming book. The principal contributors to *A Family Chronicle* (JOHN MURRAY) are Lady DACRE, whose life graced the first half of the nineteenth century, and her daughter, Mrs. SULLIVAN. They not only wrote excellent letters themselves, but were the cause of delightful letter-writing in others. Among their correspondents were SHERIDAN, Miss MITFORD, JOANNA BAILLIE, FANNY KEMBLE, Sir E. BULWER-LYTTON, Lord DUFFERIN, Mrs. NORTON, SYDNEY SMITH, and his brother "BOBUS." In the DACRE family circle it was held that the elder and less renowned brother was superior to SYDNEY. Certainly his letters by their literary charm sustain the bold assertion. Best of all in a brilliant circle is Mrs. SULLIVAN. Much has been written about QUEEN VICTORIA'S Coronation; but I do not remember anything that excels the vivacious, graphic description of the scene written by Mrs. SULLIVAN to her boy at Eton. It is interesting to read, under date 1793, how it was a recognised habit of the ladies to steer clear of the gentlemen when they came out from their long sitting after early dinner on summer evenings. Lady DACRE, a girl in her teens, shrewdly surmised that there was "some extraordinary satisfaction in getting drunk." Resenting the attempt of selfish man to retain monopoly of the pleasure, she carried a big black jack full of strong ale to an out-of-the-way part of the garden, where, seated under a bush on a warm summer afternoon, she proceeded to drink it. She found it disagreeable work, but persevered till she fell asleep, in which state she was discovered by her sisters.



WANTED—

A COLLAR STUD THAT CANNOT ROLL UNDER THE CHEST OF DRAWERS.

The level of craftsmanship displayed
In the Baroness ORCZY'S *Beau Brocade*
(GREENING) misses the mark that each
Of her former tales have contrived to reach.

There isn't the dash that one looks to see,
One misses the spontaneity,
And the characters drawn and the things they do
Are neither remarkably strong nor new.

The Beau, of course, is a highwayman,
Polished, courteous, spick and span,
In fact, a knight-of-the-road *de luxe*—
As highwaymen mostly are in books.

You know, I imagine, the sort of thing:—
Sir Humphrey, the villain, is having his fling,
When sharp to the tick, with a knock-down blow
And a sprightly jest, up gallops the Beau.

It is thus *ad lib.*, in the old, old strain,
Till love 's triumphant and vice is slain;
And when I 'd finished the story—well,
I sighed for *The Scarlet Pimpernel*.

There are pink roses on the cover of *The Individualist* (GRANT RICHARDS), but inside there is the canker-worm. *Stretton Wingfield* falls in love with a village schoolmistress, who takes an emancipated view of the marriage ceremony, partly, I think, on æsthetic grounds and partly because she does not wish to spoil the hero's prospects. He deserts her, and, though she joins him again, proves a second time inconstant. I cannot see why they did not go to a registrar in the first instance, but I suppose that is not my business. There are some very interesting politics in Mr. GIBBS'S book: the Liberals have been sponged off the slate, and there are only "Constitutionalists" and Socialists left, with a little band of Individual Democrats (of whom *Stretton Wingfield* is one) sandwiched in like the dormouse. But *Wingfield* goes back upon his party when he finds that he cannot lead it, and proves, I suppose, that an Individualist will be selfish all through. I cannot help thinking that a lady as clever as *Miss Frensham* would have seen through him earlier; as it is, both his political and personal defections come as surprises to her. She does not seem to have read the papers, which is of course quite inexcusable. However, there is a foil to *Wingfield* in the shape of an enormously strong and well-educated blacksmith, who had loved *Alicia* all his life, is a genuine Socialist, and is, I think, going to marry her soon.

All that glitters is not gilt. An incredulous and proverb-ridden generation notwithstanding, even the golden locks of a third-rate actress may be the real eighteen-carat copper-bottomed article. *The Young Columbine* (METHUEN), for instance, had hair the colour of sunlit corn and lips ruddier than a guardsman's tunic. But did the world believe that her gold and her scarlet were her own? Not a bit of it. Peroxide and Bloom of Ninon, dear boy. That 's what the world said. So poor *Columbine* ran away from the cruel, cruel profession in which she was born and bred. But her golden hair and her tinsel past still clung to her. Even after she had dyed the hair dark-brown the past refused to be decently buried, and sadly interfered with her present, until at last she found sanctuary in an Isle of Man cottage and the arms of a modern double of the late *Mrs. Betsy Trotwood*. And I wish that the arms had been mine. For I have fallen in love with DOROTHEA DEAKIN'S fascinating little actress. I am the worst of bad sailors, but neither the sickness of the sad salt sea nor the fear of meeting the *genius loci* in a brand-new tourist-suit would deter me from crossing to Douglas by the first possible boat, there to lay myself and the fortune which it would be Love's light labour to make at her plucky little feet.

Professional Candour.

From a notice of a dance:

"Tickets 4*s.* each: To include all refreshments during the evening. (These should be taken somo days in advance)."

As Others See Us.

"M. Weetman Pearson, directeur nouveau du *Times*, est un millionaire ingénieur-constructeur, membre de Parlement et soi-disant amateur en journaux populaires."—*L'Echo de Havre.*

THE GREAT MOTOR RACE.

Terrible Experiences of Competitors.

Signor Antonio Sparagrasso, who is in charge of the Tutti-Frutti car in the New York to Paris motor race, sends us the following appalling account of the sufferings endured by himself and his companions during the first stages of their journey across the American continent. Afflicting as were the privations of the occupants of the Züst car (see the account in *The Daily Mail* of Feb. 26th), those of the Tutti-Frutti party were infinitely more distressing, as will be seen from the following narrative:—

Toshville (Mo.), Friday.

We reach the city of Tipperusalem after Herculean toil and labour. But we cannot stay. The inhabitants rush towards us with grotesque gestures, offering us Tipperusalem artichokes and other local delicacies. But we rush along at great speed past walls of stone and even brick. We see behind windows men who smile and women who weep. We flash past Ithaca, Griggsville, Pekin, Nijni Novgorod, and Buster's Gulch, and once more find ourselves in the all-embracing arms of the boundless blizzard. The trees are again in convulsions, but the car goes on. The snow grows deeper and deeper. Our limbs are petrified, our noses are unconscious, our brains and our skulls are numb. The prairie hens hover over us with mocking cries. Gigantic pickerels menace our progress. Our supply of petroleum is exhausted, and if it were not for the opportune discovery of a dead whale on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, which enabled us to replenish our tanks with spermaceti, further progress would have been impossible. . . . In the night we are held up by Chipmunk Indians, but are rescued by a timely diversion created by a stampede of buffaloes. With the dawn the snowstorm grows in intensity and volume. Every ten minutes we have to get out and excavate a path for the car, but after several hours of exhausting labour the wheels refuse to go round. The car is smothered in snow, and finally overturns in a disused quarry forty feet deep. No one is killed, but the situation is desperate. Our strength is exhausted, and we wait for assistance. . . . It comes in the shape of a herd of Mexican mustangs, who haul our car out of its snowy mausoleum. . . . A crowd gathers round, and an old man with snow-white chevelure watches us eagerly. He is an Italian, an ice-cream seller from Cappella Bianca, who only vaguely remembers his mother tongue; but the sound of our voices brings back memories of his beloved fatherland. His heart is deeply stirred, and he weeps as we leave, observing in broken accents, "*Pur diccsti, una vocc, di tanti palpiti.*"

The temperature rises in the night, and crossing a ford on the Muskwabash River, we run into a herd of musk-alligators. . . . Their shrieks are terrible, but some well-aimed back-firing puts them out of their pain. Two miles further on we run over a sleeping bobolink, but our brains are too numb to realise the full purport of the mishap.

We travel on a road which has no meaning for us. We don't know where it starts; we don't care where it ends. On the sea of our wearied minds floats no desire of any kind. Not a movement is made, not a word is spoken. Eventually Arrigo Boito grasps the steering wheel. The car moves forward. We fall asleep, all but the indomitable Arrigo. Suddenly, through a mist of dreams. . .

[The rest of the message is so awful that we have been obliged to suppress it.]



Vicar. "Well, Mary, I was very surprised to see John walk out in the middle of the sermon yesterday!"

Mary. "Ah, Sir, I do 'ope you'll excuse my poor 'usband. 'E's a terrible one for walkin' in 'is sleep."

TO MR. REGINALD McKENNA.

(With the felicitations of a Cambridge contemporary.)

[In contrast to the recent cry—"Too old at forty"—as applied to persons engaged in commercial enterprise, it is interesting to note that an evening paper, assuming the traditional attitude towards members of Parliament and the public services, describes Mr. REGINALD MCKENNA, who is in his forty-fifth year, as "a mere boy."]

YOUNG fellow, you who find your sphere
Amid the quaintly solemn strife
Where ancients in their seventieth year
Are deemed to touch the pink of life;
I marvel at your lofty station,
And how you learned sufficient lore
To run the country's education—
You, a mere chit of forty-four!

Some say you have a hardened mind,
Impervious to the means of grace;
You wield a sword, they say, designed
To scarify the Church's face;
To deal such knocks that none may mend her,
None readjust her riven nose;
I answer, "At an age so tender
He cannot be so bellicose!"

I take, indeed, the natural view
That what concerns the children's weal
Must make, to one so young as you,
Almost a personal appeal;
Who could be found more fit to pen a
Bill that should earn our infants' thanks
Than one who, like yourself, McKENNA,
Is still aglow with Nurse's spanks?

And other thoughts would make me loth
To stamp your schemes as wholly vile;—
One Alma Mater reared us both,
We overlapped a little while;
One narrow path we used as neighbours,
Strolling with academic air
To our contemporaneous labours,
You to the Hall, and I to Clare.

Ah! in the eighties, ere the Game
Of Life began, I love to think
"We twa hae paidled" on the same
Turbid insanitary sink;
It warms my marrow like Spring-weather,
'Tis a new lease of careless joy;
Because, if we were up together,
I, too, must be the merest boy!

Delicious thought—that Father Time
Has run a rearward course, for then
We thought that we had reached our prime
And took the sobriquet of "men";
So murmur not "*Eheu fugaces*,"
Nor grieve to miss a vanished mane,
If Life has left such gentle traces
And brought our boyhood back again. O. S.

"He is particularly good at rooksters, rather a difficult shot."
The Australian Star.

It may not be generally known that a rocketing wallaby is always called a "rookster" in Australia.

"Wanted, smart boy, for lathering after school hours."
Gloucestershire Echo.

The schoolmaster's life appears to be like the musician's. When he is not actually at work he has to practise.

OUR CURIO COLUMN.

INTRODUCTORY.

EVERYBODY collects something nowadays—whether it is picture-postcards, railway-tickets, or merely Hokusai prints. It is the fashion to do so. Accordingly, *Mr. Punch* has decided to follow the example of other weekly periodicals and devote a certain portion of his space to the prevailing craze. Here are some useful

HINTS TO COLLECTORS.

It should always be borne in mind that, in collecting the china pomatum or anchovy-paste pot-lids which are being so much sought after by *connoisseurs*, by no means *every* lid is worth picking up. Such, for example, as are decorated with no other device but the words "Potted Prawn," or "Best Bear's Grease," are of little commercial or artistic value. On the other hand, one adorned with a transfer design in colour, representing the 1862 Exhibition, or Nelson, as a midshipman, attacking a Polar bear, may fetch more than an enamel by LEONARD LIMOUSIN or either of the PÉNICAUDS, for which the demand has considerably fallen off of late. A lid with pot complete, especially if it still contains bloater or shrimp paste, is seldom, if ever, a genuine antique. A circular frame of blue or crimson plush will form an admirable set-off for an example of this very beautiful ware.

Another Art production of the last century that has gone up enormously in value is the trophy of fruit realistically moulded in coloured wax under a glass shade of the period. One of these was recently knocked down at Christie's for the record figure of one thousand guineas! But, now that even the humblest dealers are finding out their value, it is becoming almost impossible to obtain one for a reasonable price. It is well to remember, too, that there is always the risk of being imposed upon by the spurious imitations that are being turned out by the gross. Several of these "fakes" have been acquired for large sums by American millionaires, though I regret to say that many undoubted originals have been allowed to leave the country. *Never* be persuaded to purchase a trophy of which every peach, plum, grape, etc., is *intact*. This is generally an indication that it is quite modern.

People of taste are taking more and more to decorate their sitting-rooms with the beautiful memorial cards, executed in white, black, and silver, which were formerly considered only fit to hang on the walls of cottage parlours. One very smart woman I know is the proud possessor of no fewer than a hundred of these charming works, many of them enriched with original poetry, which she has gradually amassed while motoring through country villages.

It seems singular that the claims of the old woolwork kettleholders of the Mid-Victorian age to be considered as serious Art should have been so long ignored, but they are now coming into their own at last. A friend of mine managed to secure quite a *chef d'œuvre* the other day—with a kettle picked out in strong black on a scarlet ground, and the quaint device of "Put the —— on"—for no more than a five-pound note! Fortunately, the dealer happened to be an exceptionally ignorant and unsophisticated old woman. These kettleholders look lovely in an old Florentine gilt frame—or, better still, in one of ebony and tortoiseshell.

In old furniture nothing is more remarkable than the recent revolt against the hideous SHERATON, CHIPPENDALE and HEPPLEWHITE designs, which have long been



"L'HOMME-ORCHESTRE."

(Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith.)



Lady (to caller). "You won't mind my going on with my work while you're here, will you? Then I shan't feel I'm wasting time."

an eyesore to persons of any artistic sensibility, and the return to purer and loftier ideals. If you should be lucky enough to possess or inherit, for instance, such a treasure as a carved Swiss chair with a chamois inlaid on the back in ivory, and a musical box under the seat that will play the overture to *William Tell* when sat upon, don't on *any* account be induced to part with it. In another year or two it may be almost priceless.

The cult for Early-Victorian mahogany *suites* shows no signs of decreasing, though it is not everyone who is capable of appreciating the severe simplicity of their style. Only a day or two ago I was horrified to find that an acquaintance who had just obtained a sofa, six chairs, and two arms, in fine condition, was actually proposing to replace the lovely original horsehair by Louis XV. tapestry! I was only just in time to prevent such vandalism.

Next week I shall have something to say about worsted and crewel-work napkin rings, or "serviette-holders," which is, perhaps, the more refined term. Meanwhile I may observe that I shall always be happy to give my opinion on the value of any objects of Art or articles of *vertu* that may be forwarded to me for inspection. These (if marketable) will immediately be disposed of, to cover expenses. And now, as several readers have anticipated this column by writing already to ask for advice, I will conclude with a few

Answers to Correspondents.

Brunner MacD.—Your "British Fleet at anchor," if in good condition, is of far greater value than you appear to realise. To cut it down as you suggest would render it practically worthless.

Keir H.—The model of which you send a drawing, representing a "Car of Jaggernath, as used by British Commissioners and other Indian Civil Service officials when making a progress," is undoubtedly of native manufacture, but much too crudely coloured to possess the exaggerated value you attribute to it. Afraid you have been imposed upon.

T.B.C. (375, *Oxford St.*).—Your copy of "The Hustlersville (Ohio) Commercial Directory for 1895," uncut and in fair condition, should prove a very saleable lot. Why not make it the "Bargain for To-day" at 1*s.* 11*d.*? Or it might be given to the Poor.

G.B.S. (*Savoy*).—The articles you believe to be *bonbonnières* are really cavalry holsters of a pattern sealed for the Bulgarian or Servian Army any time within the last thirty years. The chocolate-cream found in one of them, however, is an unmistakable antique.

H.C. (*Greeba Castle*).—The deal writing-slope on which the cheap popular edition of *The Bondman* was composed is not of any special value. I should leave it to the nation. Or else give it to the Poor.

F. A.

"The short hole, a mashie pitch, is a favourite with nearly all golfers. In length it measures 5,500 yards."—*Manchester Guardian.*

Probably the last half mile or so of this would be for the putt?

THE SMITH FAMILY.

Interesting Mass Meeting.

Sensational Interruptions.

Upon the announcement in the public press that the history of the Smith family was to form an episode of the Bury St. Edmund's pageant a mass meeting of the clan (or ilk) was called for Sunday afternoon last in Smithfield, at which most of the Smiths in *Who's Who* were present, together with a large contingent from the Post Office Directory. The chair was taken by Mr. G. O. Smith, the famous international, supported on the platform by Mr. Aubrey Smith from the Garrick Theatre, Mr. Tom Smith the cracker king, Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C. (the new Tory humourist), and others.

Mr. G. O. Smith, after congratulating the family on its numerosity —(laughter)—read a cablegram of encouragement from Mr. Goldwin Smith, the Canadian Nestor, and then stated that the meeting had been called to ask for five worthy representatives of the family to be chosen from London for the Bury St. Edmund's revels. Would five John Smiths volunteer?

No sooner had Mr. Smith uttered these words than fifty-three thousand eight hundred and twenty-four arms were raised. The counting having been accomplished, Mr. Smith selected five and five understudies, and after thanking the remaining 53,814 John Smiths for their willingness and patriotism, sat down.

The rising of Jem Smith, the ex-pugilist, was the signal for cheers. What he wished to say was let there be more pageants. (Cheers.) They were good things. (Cheers.)

Mr. Reginald Smith, K.C., the publisher, followed, but he had hardly begun his very interesting remarks when a procession headed by a very brass band entered Smithfield from the west, and approached the platform. They were (said the leader, Sir James Crichton-Browne) a deputation of the Brown family, who had come to protest against so much attention being paid to the Smiths. Among those present were Brown, Newland and LeClerc, Buster Brown, and the Brown Dog. The Smiths by an enormous majority refusing to hear the deputation, it moved off to Battersea, amid the derisive singing of *John Brown's Body*.

The Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., then rose. This was, he said, one of the great moments of his life. (Applause.) Never in a long public career did he remember to have seen such an intelligent audience. (Cheers.) With their permission he would read them a passage of the highest significance from the works of Adam — (laughter) — Smith. (Cat-calls.) Whether or not the speaker would have had his way no one knows, for at this moment there entered Smithfield from the east a second procession heralded by a blare of trumpets. On reaching the platform the leader explained that he was Sir Alfred Jones, and he had come with other influential members of the Jones Family to adjust the balance. They claimed to be of equal importance with the Smiths, and they objected to be left out in the cold. Where was their pageant? In other words, what was going to happen to Jones? Among those who supported Sir Alfred were Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, Mr. Kennedy Jones, the Carmelite Street mystery man, Messrs. Dickens and Jones, and the President of the Welsh Harp Cymric Bathing Club. A contingent of Smith's newspaper boys having been told off to clear the square the original meeting was resumed.

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., kept the vast concourse in roars of laughter by his droll quips and riddles, among the latter being the question, "When is a Smith not a Smith?" the sarcasm in the speaker's voice as he supplied the scathing reply, "When he 's a Smythe," being something not easily forgotten by even the youngest there.

He was followed by the mayor of Ladysmith, happily in England at this juncture; but what that speaker said no one knew, for his voice was drowned by the fanfares blown by the trumpeters of the Robinsons, who at that moment entered Smithfield, thousands strong, from the north. Their leader, Dean Robinson from Westminster Abbey, was supported by a detachment of stalwart young livers-in from Peter Robinson's, by the Swiss family of that name, and representatives of Robinson Crusoe from all the provincial pantomimes. A posse of blacksmiths, however, who had been brought to the meeting to deal with interruptors, fired them into Little Britain before you could say "Jack Robinson," and the proceedings were resumed.

The meeting terminated automatically when Mr. Horace Smith, the magistrate, rose to address it. Without waiting to hear the sentence the company stampeded in all directions.

A SONNET OF LEAP YEAR.

She:
"*Whispers of Love.*" At last! This valse is mine.
Let 's sit it out.

He:
What! Don't you like the floor?

She:
There 's something—someone that I like much more.

He (*nervously*):
How well these rooms are lighted! Aren't they fine?

She:
I know a pair of starry orbs that shine
Even more brightly. Blue eyes I adore!

He:
I wonder if you said the same before
To other partners. Won't you have some wine?

She:
I want to ask for something else instead.

He:
Take my advice. Don't make a bad *faux pas*
And touch that lemonade.

She:
How can you be
So heartless? I am serious. Can't you see?

He:
Well, what 's your question?

She:
May I call you Ted?

He (*escaping*):
This is so sudden—I must ask Mamma!

LEGAL NOTE.

["A regrettable incident occurred during the luncheon interval in the Lord Chief Justice's Court. A dispute arose between two well-known King's Counsel, and those who were near declare that several blows were exchanged."]

The elevation of Mr. Sparling was not unexpected. Mr. Justice Sparling, as we shall now have to call him, had long been marked out by his broken nose for preferment. He has literally fought his way to the front rank of his profession. His greatest triumph was gained in the famous Piffle Chancery action, which had been in and out of the courts for years. One morning he was met in the purlieus of the court by "the Pet of Paper Buildings," who was leading for the other side, and they agreed to "settle the case out of court." The "Pet" got the best of the first round; but in the second the "Darling"—as the new Justice is popularly called—knocked his opponent out, and within ten minutes a case that had occupied a whole decade had been decided for ever.

THE LATEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY;

OR, MORE MUSTARD LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF PAPA'S DAUGHTER.

I HAVE had a most eventful life, for as papa's daughter I naturally have met everyone at least once, and I have always made a point of summing them up very quickly and without any silly false sentiment. If you want that kind of thing it is quite useless to come to me for it; but if you want to see papa's friends during the past fifty years truthfully touched off, why, I am your authoress.

There is poor old SALA, for example, one of papa's oldest friends. I remember as if it were yesterday how SALA and his wife came to dinner one evening. Mr. SALA was talking to me in the inner drawing-room when BRET HARTE was announced. I noticed Mr. SALA start and look out eagerly into the other room; but, before he could move, papa came up with BRET HARTE, saying, "I want to introduce my old friend SALA to you, Mr. HARTE." SALA got up; but before anything else could be said, BRET HARTE looked straight at SALA, and remarked quite coolly, "Sorry to make unpleasant scenes, but I am not going to be introduced to that scoundrel." Imagine the sensation, if you can! Papa protested, and tried to make some sort of a *modus vivendi* between the two men, but it ended by poor SALA and his wife going into the little library, and waiting there until a cab could be fetched, and they left us without their dinner. Mr. BRET HARTE being the new friend and rather a lion, of course the old friend who had been insulted was the one to send away without dinner. But isn't it a nice story to tell the world, particularly as both Mr. SALA and Mr. BRET HARTE are dead?

I remember the present GERMAN EMPEROR only too well. As a child he came to papa's studio to be painted, and his conduct was simply awful. He was quiet at first, because he was picking the great cairngorm in the dirk handle and then casting it away; and I do not think that it was ever found—very likely it is in the German crown at this moment; then he began to fidget; his mother tried to hold him, and at last handed him over to his two uncles, LEOPOLD and ARTHUR, whose bare legs he bit, while they bore the pain like Stoics. I only hope they smacked him well when they got the little ruffian back to the Castle. I give this reminiscence because one

STUDIES IN TACT.



LORD A. IS STAYING AT A SMART COUNTRY HOUSE. ONE EVENING AFTER DINNER, WHEN THE GUESTS ARE THROWING SOFA CUSHIONS AT EACH OTHER, LORD A. HAS THE MISFORTUNE, INSTEAD OF CATCHING HIS HOSTESS ON THE HEAD AS HE INTENDED, TO HIT A GUEST WHO IS RATHER AN OUTSIDER. THE GUEST IS OBVIOUSLY DELIGHTED AT THE ATTENTION, BUT LORD A. DOES NOT WISH TO HURT THE GUEST'S FEELINGS BY SAYING THE BLOW WAS UNINTENTIONAL, AND AT THE SAME TIME, BEING VERY RICH, HAS NO NEED FOR HIS ACQUAINTANCE. WHAT SHOULD LORD A. DO?



THIS IS CLEARLY A CASE FOR IMMEDIATE AND DECIDED ACTION. THAT SORT OF PERSON SO EASILY GETS FAMILIAR. LORD A. SHOULD PROCEED TO THROW OTHER ARTICLES OF FURNITURE AT THE UNDESIRABLE GUEST, SELECTING HEAVIER AND HEAVIER PIECES UNTIL THE LOOK OF PLEASURE HAS ENTIRELY DEPARTED.

should, I hold, set down everything; and of course it is not everyone who is in a position to describe with accuracy the extraordinarily bad behaviour of the GERMAN EMPEROR as a small boy. All authors, I consider, have a public duty, and then—where is papa's cairngorm?

One of papa's jokes was too splendid. We had a foreign teacher whom papa asked to sit for one of the figures in a new picture. The Signor objected—some think naturally enough; but he consented on papa's giving him a solemn promise not to reproduce his features. He did not see the picture until it was completed, and the day before it was to be exhibited, and then he nearly had a fit; it was he himself. Papa must paint it out, must alter it, and he raved and tore about the painting-room until papa gave him some sort of a promise that he would do what he could. But the picture went for exhibition untouched. The next Thursday came and no Signor, and so did the Thursday after with the same result, and at last mama went round to his poor lodging, which was in one of the narrow streets leading out of Soho. But the landlady could only tell her that the Signor had gone out as usual on the Tuesday, leaving all his goods and chattels about, and had never returned. From that day to this we have never heard the reason of his disappearance. I daresay he committed suicide; but wasn't it a good joke? Some people think that papa ought to have kept his word; but why should a great artist be bound in little petty ways like that? Besides, the man was only an Italian teacher. [*And so on for far too many pages.*]

"The fowl was brought into the court, and inspected by Mr. Biron, who stood at a respectful distance with his fingers to his nose." —*Evening News.*

The distance may have been "respectful," but surely not so the attitude.

The Journalistic Touch.

"To put the causes of the dispute into plain English, Leopold II. wants a substantial quid pro quo for the 'domaine de la couronne' which he is to lose."—*Daily Record.*

"Although it is perhaps too early to describe it as a silver lining to an industrial cloud, it at any rate puts the key in the lock."
The Scotsman.

Yet, after all, the tide is only in the bud, and it may be a wolf in sheep's clothing that will hatch out.

CHARIVARIA.

NEWS reaches us from a private source of the wonderful and satisfactory effect the Highlanders are having on the Zakha Khels. No sooner do the wild tribesmen catch sight of the skirted warriors than with a cry of "Look out—here come the Suffragettes!" they disappear as by magic.

***

While Germany is, on the whole, satisfied with the First Lord's statement on the Navy Estimates, exception is taken in some quarters to the refusal to make public the war plans which are alleged to be in the possession of the Admiralty. It is hoped that those who are desirous of maintaining the present good relations between Great Britain and Germany will press for the publication of these plans as a guarantee of good faith.

***

It has been decided by the Admiralty that the naval pigeon lofts at Portsmouth are to be abolished. It seems an unfortunate moment to choose for swelling the ranks of the unemployed.

***

"Good relations," says Count METTERNICH, "are a stronger protection than armies and fleets." This, of course, is not true of all good relations. Some of them are poor relations, and then they are often a source of great weakness and inconvenience.

***

The POPE has expressed his intention of presenting to the City of Venice the lion given to him by the EMPEROR MENELIK; but you are requested not to let the EMPEROR MENELIK know of this.

***

Some months ago Mr. MCKENNA declared that his Education Bill would be "not an olive branch but a sword." And now he thinks that, after all, it 's an olive branch, and yet expects it to cut the Gordian knot. This shows a sanguine spirit.

***

Anti-Englanders do not, as a rule, find much in *The Daily Express* to please them, but they had the satisfaction last week of coming across the following sentence in an article on the Navy:—"What the Empire needs is destroyers."

***

A prominent Trades Unionist official has been ordered a month's holiday in order to rest his brain. It is while taking a rest of this sort that so many members of our industrial classes write articles on Socialism.

***

An article published in *The Times* last week, entitled "Discovery of a Queen's Jewels at Thebes," has, we hear, led to a number of our smartest Dublin detectives leaving at once for that city, to pick up hints.

***

Sir WILLIAM BULL states that the lack of a tariff is ruining British monumental masons. While we are not so sure of the reason as Sir WILLIAM seems to be, we agree that our masons are not so monumental as they used to be, many of them being most puny specimens.

***

A gentleman who attempted to smuggle a small Pomeranian puppy into England in the breast pocket of his overcoat last week was detected through the dog's barking in the presence of a Customs officer. The gentleman was fined three pounds, and the dog was warmly complimented on its honesty.

***

One day last week Signor PIERANTONI boxed the ears of Signor MIRABELLI in the Italian Chamber, whereupon Signor MIRABELLI seized Signor PIERANTONI'S whiskers and pulled them out by handfuls. A duel is to follow, and it is rumoured that Mr. FRANK RICHARDSON is hurrying out to Rome to act as Signor MIRABELLI'S second.

***

Mr. HIRAM PERCY MAXIM has patented a noiseless rifle. The idea is a capital one, and there should be money in it. So many of us have hitherto been debarred from taking part in battles owing to the fear of getting a headache from the din.

Der Wegweiser, a German trade paper, to signalise the appearance of its 500th number, publishes several articles in English. We venture to extract the following remarks on the situation in America:—

The Tension on the money market "urged our" central-note-institute to a rate of interest, being unknown before, and the trade had to carry a heavy burden at New Year, a burden being the more pressing down as probably the traces of the American money calamity will deeply enter into the whole economical life overthere which is narrowly connected with the German sale. Stopping of orders, restraints and close of numerous plants, as well coming back of European immigrants in frightening manner. All these marks shows that the economical shaking overthere cannot be considered to be slightly overcome.

The words "urged our," being placed in inverted commas, are evidently a colloquialism.

THE READING COMPETITION.

Mother is really cross about it, and has asked me to write to *Mr. Punch*. You see father is a sort of literary man, and he was just getting nicely over the Limerick craze when this new competition came out, and now he 's worse than ever, and is always bothering us about it. It 's like this. The paper father reads has offered all sorts of big prizes for answering the questions that it sets every day. You can always find the answer to these questions in the paper itself, and you must say whereabouts in the paper the answer is to be found. This morning the question was "What are Mr. Balfour's Christian names?" Of course everybody knows the answer, only you 've got to find it in the paper, which they say trains you to read it properly.

Father seemed to think this question would be a very easy one, and he read all the political articles very carefully; but Mr. Balfour's name didn't come in, as it was a Monday, and the House of Commons doesn't talk on Saturdays. Then father read all the sporting news, in case Mr. Balfour had been winning any golf handicaps; but he hadn't been playing anywhere apparently, so father tried all the advertisements about indigestion and torpid livers, because he said that if Mr. Balfour gave up active work so suddenly he would probably have had to take some of the remedies, and might have sent them a testimonial.

Mother said it would save time if father began at the top of the front page, and read the whole paper right through; but father worked it out, and said it would take him 7 hours 9 minutes and 41 seconds to do that, even if he never looked up once, and pointed out to us the advantages of his logical training. He said that the fact that Mr. Balfour had not been making any speeches or playing golf was a definite clue, and as he didn't seem to have sent any testimonial for back-ache cures, father went on to the reports from the seaside and then to the police news.

After lunch mother suggested that he should finish his article on "Great Statesmen of the Day." Father only told her not to bother him, as he had thought of another possibility. He gave me the sheet with the City and financial news, and asked me just to glance through it in case the markets had been affected by the political situation, while he worked out his new theory. I couldn't find anything, and mother picked up my page to read the instructions for making a baby's pelisse, which were on the back of the same sheet.



"Who 's that you 're drawing, Bob?"
"Shan't tell you."
"It isn't much like her."
"Wasn't meant for her!"

Then father, who had been thinking very hard, suddenly shouted, "Eureka!" I jumped up at once, and asked him to show me where he had found it; but he hadn't really found it at all, only it had struck him that the explanation was that Mr. Balfour had been writing a new book, and his name would appear either among the reviews or in the publishers' announcements. Mother had got out her scissors and, not thinking what she was doing, I suppose, was making a paper-pattern for the baby's pelisse out of the sheet that the instructions were on.

Presently father said, "Oh, blow the thing," and crumpled up the rest of the paper, and came over to see what we were doing. He always will interfere, and want us to do our dress-making on his own scientific lines, which don't work at all. "What are you making?" asked father, and when mother had explained he made her give him the instructions, which she did to save bother. Then he began to read them aloud—he says you get a clearer idea of them by doing this—and they began like this: "A dainty and attractive garment for a child of some six to twelve months old——" He stopped there to point out that our baby was thirteen months old, so that the dainty and attractive garment wouldn't fit. Mother explained that that didn't matter, so he went on, "some six to twelve (or thirteen) months old, is the Arthur James Balfour pelisse."

So will *Mr. Punch* please make a cartoon showing that this competition is really gambling, and saying that Mr. Gladstone ought to stop it?



The Colonel (sadly). "I CALLED TWICE FOR TRUMPS, PARTNER."
Fair Bridgite (whom it has escaped). "DID YOU? I QUITE THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO GIVE HINTS!"

AN EPISCOPAL PROGRESS.

Vienna, March 2nd.

THE Bishop of LONDON arrived at midday to-day. After playing a tennis match with the station-master he proceeded to his hotel, and at two o'clock he was driven to the Imperial Palace in a motor car. After an informal conversation his Lordship stripped for a game of Bowls with his Majesty the Emperor. The result was for a long time doubtful, but in the last game the Bishop's bias had its due effect, and the Emperor had to acknowledge defeat. After the massed bands had played "God Save the King" the Bishop addressed a few touching words to the Imperial circle.

Buda-Pesth, March 4th.

The Bishop of LONDON on his arrival to-day was welcomed at the station by a huge crowd wearing the national costume. After a cordial exchange of *Eljens* he drove to his hotel, and at two o'clock was ready for the International Foursome over the Royal Hungarian Links. The game was exciting, but the Bishop's magnificent short play saved the match for the Union Jack. His partner, the Third Secretary of the British Embassy, was bunkered at the last hole, but the Bishop extricated the ball and won the game. In the evening the Bishop attended a Mothers' Meeting of Hungarian magnates and spoke feelingly on "Kossuth: What he stood for."

Bucharest, March 6th.

The Bishop of LONDON arrived here to-day and immediately began his Ballad match at catch-weights with Her Majesty the Queen. CARMEN SYLVA got a good start and kept ahead till the last ballad but one. Here, however, the Bishop's rhyming ability stood him in good stead, and amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the assembled Roumanian notabilities he gradually forged ahead, and eventually won the match. The Bishop's ballad has been printed at the National Press, and is to be set to music by the King's organist with a view to its being played by the Royal Guards at their morning parades.

Sofia, March 7th.

The Bishop of LONDON crossed the Danube in safety yesterday and arrived here at 6 a.m. to-day. He won a Cold Bath match against the Premier at eight o'clock, and at ten he drove to Slivnitza to meet PRINCE FERDINAND on the Royal Bulgarian Quoits Pitch. Having defeated the Prince, the Bishop returned to his hotel and polished the Exarch off at draughts. The afternoon was devoted to light refreshments, and in the evening the Bishop gave illustrations of Shove-halfpenny before the Sobranje.

Constantinople, March 9th.

The Bishop of LONDON, having been defeated at Spoil-fives by the SULTAN, has been appointed a Commander of the Osmanlie.



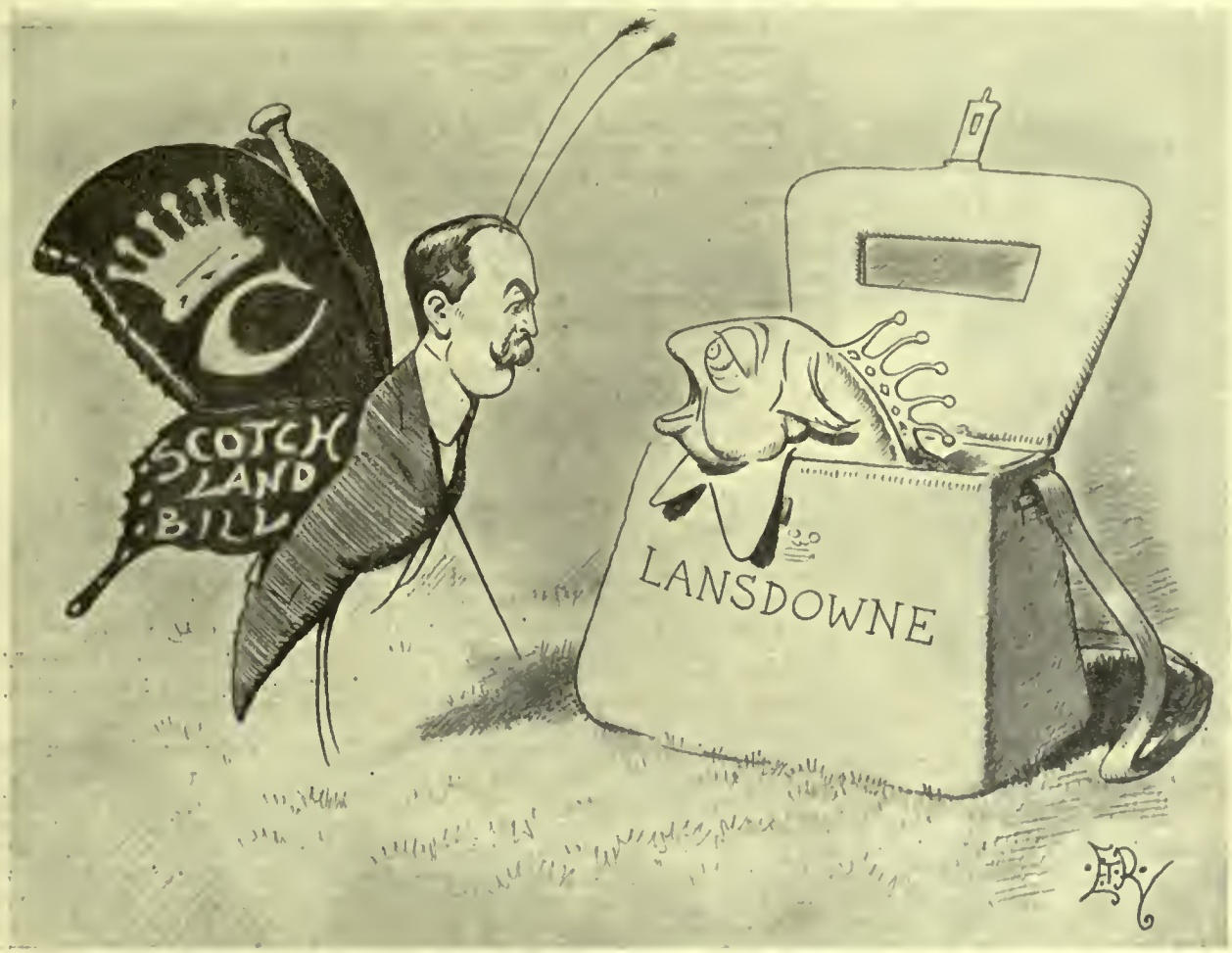
THE CHILD AND ITS CHAMPIONS.

Mr. Punch. "GENTLEMEN, THESE CHILDREN WANT A BETTER EDUCATION. CAN'T YOU HELP THEM?"

Anglican, Nonconformist, Roman Catholic. "DON'T INTERRUPT US. WE'RE BUSY FIGHTING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Lord R-s-b-ry. "H'm! It 's not much good being a butterfly if you've got a pin stuck through you."

Lord Cr-we. "On the other hand, my noble relative, don't you, on reflection, find your own position, at the moment, a somewhat dubious one?"

House of Commons, Monday, February 24.—It is the fashion to describe PRINCE ARTHUR as indefinite in his opinions on certain questions and bewildering in effort not to express them. This charge may not be brought against him in respect of Education Bill. As soon as MCKENNA completed his brief and masterly exposition of new scheme he was on his legs demolishing it. Absolutely revelled in opportunity of hitting straight out from the shoulder unembarrassed by considerations of Fiscal niceties.

A House crowded in every part looked on with animated interest. Here was the Government backed by big majority making second attempt to solve perennial difficulty of Education as affected by religious question. Beaten back the first time by the Lords, they return with significant declaration that there is more in new Bill than meets the eye. Incidentally it deals with Education. Actually it involves question of existence of the House of Lords under its ancient conditions. What will the Lords do? Will they show desire to temporise, to make friends with the adversary whilst he is in the way, and so keep a roof above their heads; or will they, faced by a measure from their point of view worse than that of 1906, hew it in pieces?

PRINCE ARTHUR'S animated speech an unmistakable reply. "Nothing," he declared, "can make this Bill a good Educational method. Education you sacrifice absolutely to the violence of religious prejudice and the desire to injure a Church to which you do not belong."

Battle-cry answered by cheers and counter-cheers. But there was plainly lacking the turbulent note of pure partisanship frequently heard in analogous circumstances. Members recognised the seriousness of the new situation, and were subdued in contemplation of its possibilities. Truly in place of the proffered olive branch a sword was brandished. Without a moment's hesitation PRINCE ARTHUR drew his, and the momentous fight forthwith began.

Business done.—Education Bill brought in and read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Pretty comedy going on to-night; not less lively because it was introduced, stage-managed, and partly spoken by CAMPERDOWN. Humour not the strong point of the noble lord. Like his famous country-dog Rab, he habitually takes serious views of life. But unconscious humour is occasionally the most effective. CAMPERDOWN

evidently quite serious in bringing in Scotch Small Holdings Bill, and inviting House to read it a second time.

The joke, like the Austrian eagle,



Early Victorian Magnificence; or, The Outgoing Tennant.

Somewhat unkindly described by *The Daily Mail* as a "Revolting Liberal"!

(Sir Edw-rd T-nn-nt, Bart.,

was double-headed. At the very moment he spoke the other House was engaged in Committee on Scottish Land Bill introduced by Government, and thrown out last year by the Lords. Camperdown's Bill was practically the English Small Holdings Bill added to Statute Book last Session. Proposal was that it should be extended to Scotland in preference to measure now before the Commons, presently, with cup-filling intent, to come on to the Lords.

Structure of joke growing a little complicated. But the parts so artistically put together that it went off with a flash. A little by-play contributing to success was the spectacle of the shade of Bob Reid, long known in House of Commons as most uncompromising Radical of the day, disguised in wig and gown, throned on Woolsack, whilst Lansdowne and other Unionist Peers patted him on the back, the Bishops cooing approval. The Government measure, when it reaches the Lords, will be in his charge. Crewe described as act of discourtesy to Lord Chancellor the attempt to forestall his action and his Bill. Leader of Opposition, with tears in his voice, protested that nothing was further from the thoughts of himself or his noble friend. They esteemed the occupant of the Woolsack too highly ever to dream of affronting him. Whereat the Bishops cooed again, and Camperdown applied sympathising pocket-handkerchief to damp and deprecating eyes.

Rosebery created for himself a delightful part in the comedy. In sparkling speech he chaffed his esteemed son-in-law on the difficulty that environed him, inasmuch as he was obliged to oppose the extension to Scotland of a recent Act passed at the instance of his colleagues, and by common consent most beneficent in its operation.

"My noble relative," Rosebery said, "got out of his difficulty with the airy grace of a butterfly; but it was a butterfly with a pin through it."

The play having run for two hours amid frequent bursts of merriment, Courtney thought there 'd been enough of trifling, and moved adjournment of debate. This on division negatived by more than four to one; without further ado Bill read second time. When curtain fell there were cries of "Author! Author!" Camperdown too modest to respond, Newton turned on the Macedonian tap. Peers having enjoyed their play, turned to work with grim earnestness.

Business done.—New delightful muddle created. Whilst Commons are debating Scottish Small Holdings Bill, meaning to send it on to the Lords, the Lords chip in with Bill on



"They tell me at the office that my likeness to Asquith is positively startling!"

Mr. H-r-t-o B-tt-ml-y.

their own account, and read it a second time.

House of Commons, Friday Night.—Nothing has brought into bolder



An Elgin Marble.

(*Treated after the manner of Caran d'Ache.*)

Lord Elg-n replies to Lord C-rz-n's speech on his Indian Frontier Policy.

relief the difference between House of Commons to-day and the assembly of thirty years ago than procedure in the matter of enquiry into monastic and conventual institutions. Thirty years ago Charles Newdigate-Newdegate, almost the last representative of unadulterated dignified Toryism known at Westminster, was in his prime. Every Session he brought in sometimes a Bill, sometimes a Resolution, designed to reveal what he in sepulchral voice hinted were the dark mysteries carried on behind the walls of conventual institutions. Whether Bill or Resolution, it was promptly hustled out of House by big majority. Newdegate not the sort of man to be cast down by successful machinations on part of Man of Belial. Ever, through successive sessions, he came up, snuff-box in one hand, flaming red pocket-handkerchief in the other, made his moan, uttered his solemn warning.

Light-hearted Members, then as now abjectly anxious to be amused, thronged the benches on Newdegate's night. When, after the General Election of 1880, the Parnellites initiated plan of remaining permanently quartered below Gangway on Opposition side, it came to pass that Newdegate, who had established freehold in corner seat of fourth bench below Gangway, found



"OF MANNER GENTLE."

Master (to unlucky sportsman, who, on making a short cut, has jumped into the middle of the pack at a check). "GOOD MORNING, SIR! DO YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE SEEN THE HOUNDS?"

himself when he rose surrounded by Irish Members foaming with rage (humorously simulated) at his attack upon their Church and their womenkind.

One of these occasions was made memorable by revelation to House of a new and original humourist in person of Major O'GORMAN. In the privacy of his London lodgings, the Major had elaborated a parable designed to illustrate the operation of the enquiry contemplated by NEWDEGATE. Puffing and snorting, his vast bosom heaving with emotion, he pictured "one of these Royal Commissioners" demanding admission at a convent. The door opened; a nun appeared; the Commissioner asked her to define her station.

"Sir, I will tell you," she would reply, the Major assured the crowded House. "My sire was a king; my mother was the daughter of the sixth JAMES OF SCOTLAND and the first JAMES OF ENGLAND. His mother, sir, was Queen Regent of Scotland."

Further tracing the genealogical tree, whose branches were hopelessly interwoven, the Major continued, still impersonating the nun and lowering his stentorian voice to piping accents accordingly, "I have a brother." The brother having, like either the nun's father or mother (it was not clear which) been done to death, the Major piped on, "I have a sister. Her name is SOPHIA."

As for the remainder of speech, spoken amid boisterous laughter, this was the end of its moderate measure of intelligibility.

There are no more any NEWDEGATE nights nor any Irish Members like THE O'GORMAN. When Ulsterman CORBETT, desirous of stirring up with a long pole his Catholic countrymen, revived old memories by moving for leave to re-introduce NEWDEGATE'S Bill he did not even make a speech. The motion submitted from Chair, the House straightway divided. Leave was refused by 151 votes to 101, and the House got to business.

Business done.—Female Suffrage debated.

"Mr. Zangwill is fond of long, silly, inexpressive words. He would always rather say 'sesginpedalian' than 'dull.'"—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

"Another sesginpedalian day, my dear," as Mr. ZANGWILL says when he comes down to breakfast.

"VOTES FOR MEN."

The Bachelors' Freedom League, with which is associated The Bachelors' Social and Political Union, is now open to receive funds. At present there are but three members, who are distributed as follows:—

President and Field-Marshal . . . . Henry.
Auditor and Change Broker . . . . . Myself.
Counsel for the Defence . . . . . Williams.

The circumstances which led to its formation were these. I had been reading my paper, and I had just come to the bit where Amelia Pickersgill (35), of no occupation unless you count being married as one, pointed out to the magistrate that so long as the present poltroons were in office she was perfectly justified in resisting man-made laws, and would do it again, so there, when Henry came in. "Henry," I said, "I'm a suffragette. I mean a suffragent."

"Oh?" said Henry, taking a cigarette.

"Yes. Oh, do come and be something with me. Just think of the fun the women have had; meeting in secret, and planning night attacks on the House. 'Ensign Matilda to take one company and reconnoitre Smith Street. Lance-corporal Susan to remain at the base with the handbags. The right wing will advance *en échelon* towards Victoria Tower, and draw the enemy's attention, and a screen of taxicabs will be thrown out on the left.' Then when the battle is over the General draws up her report: 'Regret to announce serious victory. Our casualties are one wounded and over sixty prisoners, but we have once again proved that we have right on our side — Signed: Mary Jane, General.' Oh! it must be splendid."

"It must be rather great," conceded Henry.

I rose up in my enthusiasm.

"Henry," I said, "I shall have to make a speech."

"Gentlemen, I pray you silence for Mr. Pankhurst," said Henry.

At this moment Williams came in. Williams is understood to be reading for the Bar, but I should say he hasn't read much yet.

"Gentlemen," I said—"oh, and Williams; I didn't see you come in; how are you?—let us form ourselves into a society, and do battle on behalf of the cause. What cause, I hear you ask. What does that matter, I reply. If we show that we are prepared to suffer for it, to go to prison for it, does that not show that our cause is right, whatever it is?"

"Hear, hear," said Williams. "What 's it all about?"



THE SINS OF SOCIETY.

Smart Man (meeting young brother in Bond Street). "Good Lord, Secundus! If you *must* have your luggage about with you, take a cab, man, take a cab!"

"Williams, my lad," I said, "if you can't behave like a suffragentleman I must ask you to close the door behind you when you leave. What I say is this, and I say it again. Let *us* also be martyrs, and shout the battle cry of Freedom. Let us call attention to our grievances from the criminal's dock. Let us plan raids upon the House, take the Cabinet Minister in his lair, and shake the collecting box at the High Street station. Why should women have all the fun?"

"Quite so," said Henry; "but what do we shout?"

"It really doesn't matter so long as we are prepared to go to prison for it. Can't you think of anything? It needn't be for ourselves; we may voice the grievances of our down-trodden brother. Only we want a cause that can be put neatly into a battle-cry."

"*One moth, one fur-coat,*" suggested Williams.

Williams, when at school, was the founder and sole member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Hypothenuses. He still retains his love for animals.

"Excellent," said Henry. "Let us go and resist the police with it."

"Wait," I cried. "I have just thought of something better than that. Ah! here is a Cause, my friends, for which we may suffer and be strong. Here is a——"

"Bedsocks for centipedes," hazarded Williams again.

I paused dramatically for a moment.

"*Votes for Men,*" I said.

There was a short silence.

"I was under the impression," said Williams at last, "that men already had votes. There was a case the other day of a man voting in the country somewhere; I saw it in the paper."

"Willy," I said, "you will find as you grow older that in your profession it pays best to leave the really funny bits to the judge. Tell me, for whom did you vote at the last election?"

"Of course I didn't vote for anybody; but then I live with my people."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "if you give your father twenty pounds a year, and he gives you the key of the bathroom, I believe you do get a vote."

"*I* give my *father* twenty pounds? My dear man! Besides, the bathroom hasn't got a key; it bolts."

"I spoke in a metaphor, Willy. It may not be the bathroom. But I suppose you haven't got up to that yet. It comes in the next chapter."

"Anyhow," said Williams, "my father wouldn't do it. He 's all against things of that kind, especially



Captain of Country Fire Brigade (called out to subdue an outbreak in some local hayricks, to over-zealous comrade). "Not so fast, Jarge. Let 'un burn up a bit first, so as 'ow we can see what we're a-doin' of!"

as my politics are different from his."

"Good. Well then, there you are. You want the vote. So do Henry and I. Votes for bachelors.

"But I thought," said Williams, "that bachelors belonged to the noble army of latch-key voters."

"Henry," I said wearily, "our Willy has a thick head, and I am afraid we shall only be able to give him a minor post on the staff. Just explain to him."

Henry filled and lit his pipe.

"You see," he said, "there is a small regulation about the length of residence. I fancy you get registered in June, if you have been in the same rooms for a year, or something like that. Now it 's about September that you begin to get sick of your old rooms, and you swear you won't stand another winter in them. Of course summer doesn't matter so much; you 're out a good deal. And so you get to your new place in October, which means that in twenty months you are going to have a vote. . . . . Well, you can't stick it all that time, you know. The man above plays the flute, or the breakfast is beastly, or there are too many barrel-organs or something. . . . . I 've wandered round for some time now, but I 've never had a vote. I thought when I took this place for three years that perhaps now I should; but there 's only a year left, and there won't be a General Election in that time. . . . Quite half the bachelors in London have never voted, you know."

"There!" I said. "Now do you see? Votes for Men!"

"Right you are," said Williams. "Let 's start at once, captain." He looked at his watch. "Hallo, it 's late."

"Men," I cried, "follow me."

And I waved my hat, and led the way to the Vegetarian Restaurant.

So the Bachelors' Freedom League is formed, and all single men are invited to join. We have a battle-cry, right on our side, a good example in the women, and no end of sport in front of us. All we really want now is funds. We have had some discussion as to who should look after these things. Henry says that the Field-Marshal always takes the loot; but I think that money matters must be considered the business of the change bowler.

A. A. M.

Sir Conan Doyle on Big Bores.

"There was not so much of that now since young Ainslie with his neat little 3·3 sporting rifle had devoted his days to abating the nuisance."—*The Strand Magazine.*

"There is a reformed burglar in London who is said to have the brain of a Cabinet Minister."—*Yorkshire Evening Post.*

Whose? And what steps has the Minister taken to get it back?

"Mr. McKenna is a clean-shaven man, with a habit of throwing his back between his shoulders."—*Daily Mail.*

Yes, but where does he keep his back when it 's not being thrown about?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

That London is a romantic place many people have insisted. Stevenson was the first; the latest is Mr. Marriott Watson in his tales of two people, entitled *A Poppy Show* (Methuen). I must suppose that I am unlucky, for I have never had an adventure in London. The nearest I came to it was when an elderly seafaring man accosted me in Northumberland Avenue one dark and windy night, and asked the way to Portsmouth. I showed him roughly the direction, and bade him God-speed. There my connection with the matter ended; but I am certain that Romance was afoot that night—a lugger beating off-shore (or whatever it is they do), and waiting for the tardy signal . . . . . Even the common countryman has more adventures than I; he at least is relieved of his purse and told an exciting story of a gold brick. Perhaps I should not do justice to any encounter that came my way. When Mr. Marriott Watson is shown into a strange house in mistake for *Sir Thomas Heron* he carries it off with a delightful coolness; in his place my confusion would lead me to take the best umbrella, and bolt. Mr. Watson would not be surprised at my disappearance, for it is plainly his opinion that your man of forty is the only person to see these affairs through properly. As it is another of his opinions that the girl of eighteen is everything that is unpleasant, you will understand why it is impossible to recommend *A Poppy Show* to everybody. But the really grown-ups will enjoy it immensely.

I see that Violet Jacob's new novel, *The History of Aythan Waring* (Heinemann) is dedicated to A. O. J., and I hope that if this is Mr. Jones of the M.C.C. team it won't add too much to the depression he must now be suffering through the loss of the ashes. Frankly, the atmosphere of the Brecknock borderland is not too exhilarating, and though the author of *The Sheep-stealers* possesses a peculiar knowledge of this country her methods of imparting it in her present book are industrious rather than inspired. The story itself holds the interest very passably; but it seldom escapes from familiar levels. The scene that gives the burying of the plague-stricken *Eustace* is an exception—a grim, unsparing piece of realism. The author has, perhaps, put her best work into the character of *Hester*, a woman originally colourless and passive, whom a tyrannous love and a tyrannous hate render *capable de presque tout*. She is drawn with that uncompromising relentlessness which is daily becoming a more popular feature in the dissection of women by their own sex.



THE CULT OF THE TOY DOG.

Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "Oh, do let me see the darling!"

Pavement hawkers in Charing Cross Road are tempting the harassed motor-dodger with a cheerful toy in the shape of a black cardboard coffin, with a collapsible skeleton inside. And I can think of nothing that gives so good an idea of Mr. Benjamin Swift's last book. It is called *The Death Man;* Messrs. Chapman and Hall have put it between black covers; there are two hearty murders, and an innocent man is hanged; the hero is the executioner and is rather unpopular because the victim comes from his own village of Eastwold; finally, to avoid having to operate on his stepson, *Mr. Sheldrake* (even his name is not exactly festive) expires in a lifeboat rescue and becomes the idol of the hour. There is a great deal of very good writing in this book: the East Coast landscapes, the colloquies of the townsfolk, the philosophy of *Mr. Tishner* the miller, and the portrait of *Tom Kyffin* the fisherman, are all quite excellent. But there are also some serious lapses into the slipshod, and I am not at all certain whether the plot can really be justified, the sorrows of a hangman being almost as far outside ordinary human experience as those of an abortion like *Richard Calmady*. Anyhow I don't think I shall go to Eastwold for a holiday.

I 'm naturally strong and brave,
But I confess my fibres shook
Beneath the shock the covers gave
Of Coulson Kernahan his book—
A dragon, red and grim, defied
St. Paul's Cathedral's blackened dome;
"We have the limit here!" I cried;
But worse remained within the tome.

A Yankee scheme to starve us out;
A Teuto-Chinese secret pact;
A shell which fumed foul death about
Yet left the ship it struck intact!
Certain result: a breadless horde
Asphyxiated to its knees,
The Kaiser as colonial lord,
And also master of the seas!

Thus *The Red Peril* (sold by Hurst
And Blackett) wove the lurid plot,
And I read on to learn the worst,
Hoping some hand would cut the knot.
It did. Our foemen met their match,
And got done badly in the eye,
Though who it was came up to scratch
It 's not for me to specify.

"Wimbledon Park."—You want to know when you are likely to be allowed to take a through ticket on to the Piccadilly Tube from that part of the L. & S.W.R. line over which the District Railway has running powers. Recalling the long years of waiting before the public was permitted to take through tickets from the L. & S.W.R. on to the Metropolitan, we cannot hold out to you any hope that the elementary convenience which you desiderate will be granted during the lifetime of the present generation.



TEA-MODES FOR THE BEST PEOPLE.

[*The Daily Express* has let out that tea-aprons—"dainty little trifles of silk or brocade"—are now provided by thoughtful hostesses to save the gowns of their visitors from the effects of buttered scones, greasy muffins, &c. *Mr. Punch* hopes to see this pretty and cleanly idea developed a little.]

Male Visitor. "Now, dear, if you'll just tie my moustache-guard and pin down this butter-proof bib, I shall be quite ready for tea."

FUMING AND FROTHING.

(*A Selection from forthcoming Leaders in the D— T—.*)

I.

"We have spoken of this detestable Bill with a moderation that has put a severe strain upon us. We have denounced it as a sordid and unspeakable outrage, as a leprous stain on the thin garb of false religious professions in which those who support it pretend to be clad. But it is something worse, far worse, than this. It is the elevation of chicanery and petty larceny into a fine art. Henceforth let no man shudder at the blackmailing brutality of any blackguardly Boanerges who may attempt to gouge out the orbs of vision of innocent and confiding Churchmen. This Bill—we say it with a full, nay with a complete and entire, sense of the responsibility attaching to our words—is the limit."

II.

"Of all the abandoned acts of virulent violence that have been perpetrated by a hypocritical set of *soi-disant* Cabinet Ministers upon the inert but palpitating body of morality this is without a doubt the most dastardly as it is the most despicable. At this moment confiscation, naked and unashamed, is rearing her hateful head in our midst. With one hand she seizes the working man and crushes him to pulp. With the other she eviscerates the pallid publican, and boisterously beats the brewer down into the dust. How shall our judges reconcile it to their consciences to sentence the thief or to mete out a condign punishment to the fraudulent trustee, while the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his minions walk unabashed in the light of day with no one to say them nay? Whither is fled the manhood of England? If this system of gigantic robbery is to continue, if this scandal is to sap the vitals of the Empire, we give it up; we have no more to say, nor could we say it if we had."

Force Majeure.

"*The Times* implies that Lord Tweedmouth in particular and the Government in general are capable of being 'influenced' by the Kaiser 'in German interests' in their dealing with the Navy Estimates. What nonsense is this!"—*The Star.*

Mr. Murray Macdonald should be a proud man to-day.

VOX POPULI.

[Being thoughts on the recent by-elections.]

Two years ago—how Time does fly!—
Across the country rang a cry
  Bell-like and clear (not quavery):—
"Down with the reptile Tory brood!
Down with the price of daily food!
  And down with Chinese 'Slavery'!"

As when of old some sacred Bird
Gave augury, the Liberals heard
  And knew the heavenly token;
"England," they said, "has made her choice;
It is the Sovereign People's Voice;
  A god, in fact, has spoken!"

But, now that Demos turns his coat
And they observe the Tariff vote
  Swell up like vernal flora,
The Thing that bade Millennium come
Is called a piffling pendulum,
  A *popularis aura*.

And yet we thank our natal star
That we are not as Frenchmen are,
  Inconstant, jumpy, skittish;
That certain features well-defined
Which stamp the bulldog cast of mind
  Are traits uniquely British!

Wobblers, I fear, we still shall be,
Like jelly or the aspen-tree
  (Those types of instability),
Until our Women grace the poll
And graft on Man's effeminate soul
  Their own superb virility.

Meanwhile I do dislike to think
Our fate depends—to swim or sink—
  On anything so chancy;
That shifts and veers all round the clock,
Behaving like a weather-cock,
  To suit the breezes' fancy.

One thought alone can yield me balm—
That, lapped in yon Olympian calm
  Past Ossa piled on Pelion,
My Lords exist without the need
To bribe and flatter, coax and feed
  This monstrous fine chameleon.

O. S.

THE SUFFRAGETTES' BOOKSHELF.

In connection with the "Self-denial" Week organised by Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and the N.W.S.P.U., a number of authors have contributed copies of their works, some autographed, some bearing appropriate inscriptions, which are now on sale at the modest price of one guinea each: the book being, one may hope, the gold, and the autograph merely the guinea stamp. Though unaccountably omitted from the list so far, we have every reason to believe that the following books must also have been received at Clement's Inn:—

From Door to Door, Bernard Capes.
Knock at a Venture, Eden Phillpotts.
Charger and Chaser, Nat Gould.
Can this be Love? Louisa Parr.
The Taming of the Brute, Frances Harrod.
Recent Earthquakes, C. Davidson.
Wild Nature Won by Kindness, Mrs. Brightwen.
The Use of Words in Reasoning, Alfred Sidgwick.
A Breaker of Laws, Pett Ridge.

À LA CHAMBRE DES PAIRES.

[As a direct consequence of the *Entente* many modifications of our social and parliamentary customs may be expected. The House of Lords, for instance, now, as ever, in the van of progress, will conduct its debates on the Education Bill after the lively French fashion.]

The Earl of Crewe. As to the single-school parishes, my Lords, we propose——

The Archbishop of Canterbury (interrupting). You are a criminal, an assassin.

[*Great hubbub.* Lord Beauchamp *advances rapidly on the Archbishop and slaps his face. The* Bishop of London, *in endeavouring to protect the Primate, is hurled to the ground by* Lord Denman. *The Lord* Chancellor *rings his bell.* Lord Elgin *and* Lord Halifax *engage in single combat.* Lord Ripon *throws his hat at* Lord Cawdor. *Order is at last restored.*

Lord Crewe. No, my Lords, it is not we who wish to pull down the lights of faith from heaven. It is——

The Bishop of Manchester. You are the last of the last. I hurl my defiance at you. I proclaim you a robber. (*Sensation.*)

The Earl of Crewe. The venerable Prelate has uttered a falsehood. I throw it back in his teeth. It is he who robs the widow and the orphan.

[*Great uproar, in the midst of which* Lord Tweedmouth *is seen butting with his head at the* Bishop of St. Asaph. Lord Lansdowne *has in the meantime shaken his fist in* Lord Crewe's *face. The floor is littered with tatters of lawn sleeves.*

The Bishop of Manchester. I call on the country to witness these abominable proceedings. The country will judge you. You are Thugs and the sons of Thugs.

The Earl of Crewe. No, it is you who are a Thug.

[*Violent indignation on the episcopal benches.*

The Bishop of Manchester. I appeal to the protection of the Lord Chancellor. Are we to be massacred by this band of brigands, this horde of parent-killers?

[*The* Earl of Crewe *knocks the Bishop down and treads on his face, but is promptly attacked by* Lord Halsbury. Lord Rosebery *faints, and is carried out, exclaiming, "Let us all die for the Flag." The* Lord Chancellor *in vain rings his bell. The sitting is suspended.*

Better Late than Never.

"There were a number of callers at 10, Downing Street this morning. Lord Althorpe (*sic*) called about 13.30."—*Westminster Gazette.*

"Naturally the story of the play was severely dovetailed."
Edinburgh Evening News.

The dramatic critic is confusing the Cushat (*Columba palumbus*), or it may be the Rock Dove (*Columba livia*), with the Cur, which has no wings and is merely an inferior species of *Canidæ*.

"Wanted—By a Volunteer, a Military Great Coat for a week-end manœuvre. Willing to exchange large tin bath, with mug for same. Will re-exchange in May."—*The Empire.*

If the advertiser is still doing business next October we will exchange a Panama and a pair of cricket boots for a fur coat. Re-exchange in May.

From the "Lost" column of *The Western Daily Mercury.*

"House, 2 sitting-rooms, kitchen, scullery, 4 bedrooms, bath, h. and c.; gas; garden, etc."

This savours a little of carelessness, as they said in *The Importance of being Earnest.*



WILLCOCKS'S WEEK-END WAR.

First Zakka (*late arrival*). "STARTED FIGHTING YET?"

Second Ditto. "MY DEAR FELLOW, IT'S ALL OVER. WE'RE JUST SINGING 'GOD SAVE THE KING!'"



"IN THE CAUSE OF OUR WORKING SISTERS."

(See Suffragette Manifestos.)

Flower Woman. "I WISH THEM SUFFERAJETTES WOULD MOVE ALONG. THEY'VE RUINED MY BUSINESS TO-DAY!"

REMINISCENCES OF A LAKE "POET."

SUMMER visitors to Bowness, Windermere, twenty-five or thirty years ago, could hardly fail to notice a small corrugated-iron stall on a patch of waste ground beside one of the lanes leading to the lake. Above this stall was an announcement that "The Poet CLEGG is here, selling his works." This, being more than the majority of poets succeed in achieving, naturally excited my desire to make his acquaintance—no very difficult matter, as he seemed rather to invite than shun publicity. I found him seated behind the open front of his hut; a stout elderly personage, fresh-coloured, with grey hair and short chin-beard, and light grey eyes like a shrewd but suspicious parrot's.

The divine frenzy was upon him just then, for he was feverishly scribbling a verse with a stubby pencil on the back of an envelope, so I had to wait until the Muse had taken flight. At length he looked up: "Are ye a person of consequence?" he inquired; which obliged me to confess that I was nobody in particular. "Well," he said, "I 'll give ye just five minutes. There were two noblemen coom to see me the other day, looking like lords; I received them vera respectfully for half-an-hour, and at the end of that they offered me a shilling! 'No,' I told them, 'ye 've wasted half-an-hour of my valuable time, and then ye insult me with a shilling! Take back your shilling,' I said. 'Thank God, I 'm in no want of shillings, any more than yourselves. I took ye for noblemen and gentlemen—and I find ye 're neither!'"

"I count myself as high as TENNYSON every bit," he went on, "and my time 's my money, and I don't ask any one to coom to talk to *me*. I 'd rather they 'd keep away, if they don't come to buy. What are *you* going to buy?"

I bought the Poet's "Tenth Grand Christmas Book, with fine Portraits and Grand Comic Cuts." Being a non-subscriber, I paid five-and-sixpence for it, "in a stiff cover." (I might have procured "the Queen's copy, in morocco and gold," for fifteen and sixpence; but I did not think I could quite afford it.)

"TENNYSON was at Bowness only a while ago," he told me, "and would ye believe it, he was too prood—though he must ha' known *I* was here—to go these few steps out of his ro-ad to visit a Brother Po-at!" I endeavoured to express incredulity and astonishment. "I 've never read any of his stoof," he continued; "I 've no time to read other Po-ats. I like to use all my spare time writing out my own compositions. I 'm my own Poob-lisher. London pooblishers won't buy my copyrights—

times are so hard just now. But when I see the sort o' stoof they *do* prent, I can't read it!

"Ye may have heard that Palmerston granted me a pension? That was years ago, and my enemies got it taken away from me, and I 've been agitating to get it back ever since!" I remembered hearing that his name had somehow been inserted in the Civil List, and that some member of the Opposition asked a question on the subject, and gave the House a few quotations from the Poet's works, which were received with roars of laughter, while the pension of £40 a year was withdrawn after a single payment. Which no doubt was very hard on him, though I could not help a private impression that he might consider himself lucky to have got even that forty pounds. "Well now," he said, "ye 've bought one of my books—what *more* do ye want with me?" I am ashamed to confess that on this I represented that I was fired with an ambition to write verses, and wished to know if he would be willing to give me, say, six lessons in the art of Poetry. I was nearly thirty years younger then, and the temptation was irresistible. Now of course I should overcome it—at least, I trust so. "Eh," he said, "Po-atry's a thing ye canna be *taught*. It just cooms. There 's times I feel it floating through my brain, like the air there. I mind well how I first coom to write. I was a lad of seventeen, and I 'd had a quarrel with soom o' the Grammar School boys, and I told them: 'I defy ye, with all your Latin and all your Greek! I 'll just go home and write a reply that shall crush ye!' I couldna sleep all that night, and the morn I got oop in my nightshirt and wrote a satire on the white-washed wall reet off, and copied it down on paper, and had it prented—and for three weeks the toon was like Election time! One big scholar wanted to fight me aboot it, but I said, 'Nay, I 've won *my* battle!' And so I had! But I couldna tell ye whether ye 've the makings of a Po-at in ye withoot ye show me soom of your attempts. . . Now I must away. I can't afford to talk with ye any longer; working here all day knocks me oop, and I have to write all night."

He was even more busy and important when I next requested an audience. "I can't attend to ye now," he said, "I 'm correcting the proofs of my next Christmas book, and that 's more important to the Pooblic, and more pleasant to *you* in the long run, ye know, than what ye 've come aboot." But I persuaded him to glance at a little thing of my own—an Ode to the Moon, of which all I remember is that I compared her, when in crescent form, to "a paring from pale Dian's finger-nail," and inquired: "O Moon! Are Railways and the Electric Telegraph known to thee yet? Or will they be soon?" After reading it aloud, he remarked that he noticed I put my rhymes in the *middle* of a stanza, a liberty he never permitted himself, and asked whether I had counted the syllables in my last line. I owned that I had forgotten to do so, and he informed me that that kind of line was known in the profession as an "Alexandrian." When I ventured to ask him if he detected any promise in the poem, he was most encouraging. "It 's grand!" he said; "there 's a loftiness aboot it that shows me ye only want practice to be a Po-at. I 'll tell ye what I 'll *do* for ye. I 'll print this poem in my next Christmas number, and have a picture put to it, for I keep an artist, though I don't wish it to get aboot. There 'll be Doochesses reading it! And I 'll only charge ye seven-and-six for setting it oop!"

No one had ever offered to be my publisher before; but as I couldn't see my way to advance seven-and-six the Doochesses never had the opportunity of reading my Ode to the Moon. Which is a pity, because I think it would have appealed to them. The Poet then complained of the intemperate laudation of some of his admirers in the Press. "See here—a friendly thing they wrote of me in *The Ulverston Mirror*. I had it prented; but it goes beyond—it 's almost too extravagant!" It was indeed. I was inexpressibly pained to perceive that the writer had obviously been pulling the Poet's leg.

"There was a man coom to me the other day, and wants me to write a poem for him, and I says to him—as I might to yourself—'Who *are* ye? I want to know all aboot ye.' And he tells me he 's giving a lecture on all things in Heaven and Earth, and would I write a sketch saying well of him for the gentry and tradesmen. Hoo much would it be? 'If ye were a rich man I 'd say ten guineas,' I told him, 'being, as I take ye to be, poor, it 'll be five shillings.' 'Hoo long will it take?' he says. 'Half a day?' 'Bless ye!' says I, 'ye just take a toorn oop yon hill and coom back in five minutes, and I 'll have it written for ye. Stand away! I feel the lines coming already!'

"*The Figaro* 's my friend," he continued, "and *The Graphic*. But they can't get me my pension back. I sent some verses oop to them, but—and mind this—it just shows their critic, though dootless a clever man in his way, is no judge of Po-atry. They only prented one o' the verses—the vera one I knew myself to be the worst of the lot!"

I wonder if it was on the same level of excellence as the following stanza of his "Grand Electioneering Poem," price 3*d.*:

> "We sing not of great Kings and Royal Queens,
> Or even take a single glance
> At Gladstone or great Earl of Beaconsfield
> To make some fairly jump and dance!"

It may, or may not, be a reflection on the literary appreciation of the last century, but it must be stated that, in spite of producing thousands of verses of a quality fully equal to the above, the Poet Clegg never succeeded in getting back that pension. F. A.

A BONA-FIDE CANDIDATE.

[The Poe International Centenary Society has offered a prize of 500 dollars for the best poem on Poe by a "non-professional."]

They may turn away Swinburne and Dobson,
Paul Rubens and Adrian Ross,
And all others that only do jobs on
Condition you load them with dross;
They, no doubt, would have turned away Southey,
Shelley, Wordsworth, and even Lord B.;
But, dear reader, I 'm sure you 'll allow they
Can't turn away *me*.

Every editor, lesser or greater,
Who samples the odes I 've composed,
Sends 'em back to me, sooner or later,
In my envelopes, stamped and enclosed.
I 've a not altogether inept head;
I 've pathos that 's blended with fun;
Yet my poems have not been accepted—
No, never a one.

Then what matter that I have a lot of
Old manuscripts here in my room,
When, for all that the arbiters wot of,
I 'm just in my virginal bloom?
For (as Edgar himself would have said it)
I *may* be "senescent," yet oh!
I 've at any rate this to my credit—
I can't be a pro!

NEW PARTIES IN POLITICS.

(Special to "Punch.")

THE proposal mooted in the correspondence columns of our esteemed contemporary to form a *Spectator* Party in politics, has stirred the nation to its depths. Wellington Street has been practically blocked for the last few days by myriads of ardent partisans anxious to enrol themselves under the banner of the gifted editor; and the daily *queue*, carefully shepherded by the police, has equalled if not eclipsed that of the audiences of *The Christian*. But it was hardly to be expected that the example set by *The Spectator* should not lead to emulation and imitation, and already it is becoming overwhelmingly apparent that a number of similar parties are likely to be formed, with results most beneficial to the variety and picturesqueness of political life.

Foremost amongst the rival groups is *The Observer* Party. The leader, needless to say, is that redoubtable publicist Mr. J. L. GARVIN, who is already hailed as the MASSINGHAM of the Tariff Reformers. Confident of capturing a sufficient number of seats to place them in an absolute majority over all other groups combined, *The Observer* Party have already formed their Cabinet. Mr. LEO MAXSE will, of course, be Prime Minister, while Mr. GARVIN, by his vast abilities as a financier, is obviously marked out for the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Foreign Minister will be Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT; the Secretary for War, Mr. IGNOTUS, and the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. CALCHAS. Mr. L. S. AMERY has kindly consented to act as Colonial Secretary, and minor posts in the Administration will be filled by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. WALTER LONG, and Mr. BONAR LAW.

The Observer Party, it will be admitted, is a powerful combination, but *Pearson's* Party is hardly less formidable. Here, again, a prospective Cabinet has been formed, with Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON as Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr. PETER KEARY as Foreign Secretary, with a seat in the Lords as Lord KEARY of M.A.P. Mr. GAMAGE will be President of the Board of Trade; Sir THOMAS LIPTON, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. LYONS, Minister for Education, and Mr. BARKER, Secretary for War. The badge and emblem of *Pearson's* Party will be a peony, and its war-cry, "Get On or Get Out."

For sheer brain-power, however, *The British Weekly* Party probably stands unrivalled. As yet no apportionment of posts has been officially announced, but we understand that Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL will contest the City, Messrs. HODDER and STOUGHTON will stand for two Kailyard constituencies, while Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER will court the suffrages of London University, and Mr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR will storm Tunbridge, Maidstone, or some other Kentish stronghold.

Other parties in a less forward state of organisation are the *Tit-bits* Party, the *Home Chat* Party, and *The Exchange and Mart* Party, but the full range of their activities has not yet been precisely defined.

With regard to *The Spectator* some further details may be of interest to our readers. For instance, every intending member is obliged to sign an attestation paper declaring his readiness to support cat-and-dog suffrage and free breakfasts to a number of birds, including thrushes, robins, wrens, woodpeckers, and tom-tits, though the inclusion of the latter may cause some confusion with the *Tit-bits* party. Members of *The Spectator* party, again, must all possess (*a*) a rifle or (*b*) a Morris tube or (*c*) a Mauser pistol. Their wardrobe must include a slouch hat, a bandolier, and a copy of BASTIAT'S *Economic Fallacies*.



Mistress. "GOOD GRACIOUS, COOK, WHAT *HAVE* YOU DONE TO THE COAL-SCUTTLE?"

Cook. "WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS, MUM. I WAS A-FILLING OF IT IN THE COAL-CELLAR, WHEN A *ENORMOUS* AVALANCHE COMMENCED TO DESCEND FROM THE TOP. IT WAS ME OR THE SCUTTLE, MUM; AND I LEAVE YOU TO JUDGE WHICH WAS THE MOST VALUABLE!"

[*Whatever doubt there may have been before, Cook is now an easy first.*

Circumstances alter Cases.

"His 'apologia pro mea infirmitates' did not help him much among his colleagues."

No wonder.

TAKING STOCK.

BEATRICE has been spring-cleaning me to-day, or rather my clothes. I said, wasn't it rather early for it, as none of the birds were singing properly yet, and she had much better wait till next year; but no, she *would* do it *now*. BEATRICE is my sister-in-law, and she said—— Well, I forget what she did say, but she took a whole bundle of things away with her in a cab; and I *know* JOHN will be wearing that fancy shirt of mine to-morrow. As a matter of fact it was a perfectly new one, and I was only waiting till Lent was over.

BEATRICE said the things were all lying about anyhow, and how I ever found anything to put on *she* didn't know; but I could have told her that they were all arranged on a symmetrical plan of my own. BEATRICE doesn't understand the symmetry of a bachelor's mind. I like a collar in each drawer, and then whatever drawer you open there 's a collar ready for you. BEATRICE puts them all in one drawer, and then if you 're in a hurry, and open the wrong drawer by mistake, you probably go up to the office in two waistcoats and no collar at all. That would be very awkward.

BEATRICE actually wanted a braces drawer—(if she hadn't married JOHN I should never let her talk to me about braces)—but I explained that I only had one pair, and was wearing those, so that it would be absurd. I expect she wanted me to think that JOHN had two pairs. All I can say is that, if he has, he ought to be above taking my best shirt. . . .

I don't think the waistcoat drawer will be a success. There are twenty-three of them, and some of them don't blend at all well. Twenty-three in one drawer—you know there are bound to be disputes. I see *William* has got to the top already. Ah! he was a fine fellow, the first I ever had. I don't quite know how to describe him, but in colour he was emerald green, with bits of red silk peeping through. Sort of open-work, you know, only where you would expect to see me there was more of *William*. I wore him at BEATRICE's wedding. He *would* come. Only he wouldn't let me into the vestry. I wanted to sign my name; all the others were. I have never worn him since that day; but BEATRICE has fished him out, and now he lies on the very top of the drawer.

Of course it 's awfully good of BEATRICE to take so much trouble about my clothes, and I 'm extremely grateful, and after all she did marry my brother JOHN; but I think sometimes she— Well, here 's a case. You know, when you have twenty-three waistcoats you perhaps run a bit short of—of other things. So, naturally, the few you *have* got left you— Well, BEATRICE took them all away, and said that as I couldn't possibly wear them again she 'd cut them up for house-cloths. And really—half way between winter and summer is a very awkward time for re-stocking. But I suppose it *is* going to be warmer now?

House-cloths! I bet JOHN has a go at them first.

BEATRICE found what they call in the profession a "morning-coat and vest" under the bed, and said that she would take it away and sell it for me. I like the way she "finds" things which I have been keeping for years under the bed. It is absurd to talk about "finding" anything in a small flat, because of course it 's there all the time; but BEATRICE thought that I ought to be grateful to her for her discovery, so I pretended I was. She said she would get at least half-a-crown for it; but I said I would rather have the coat. However, it turned out that I wasn't even to have had the half-crown. . . .

I used to have thirty pairs of old white gloves in a drawer. I would take them out sometimes, and stroke them affectionately, and say, "Ah, yes, those were the ones I wore at that absolutely ripping dance when I first met CYNTHIA, and we had supper together. You can see where I spilt the ice pudding." Or—"This was that Hunt Ball, when I knew nobody and danced with HILDEGARDE all the time. She wore black. Just look at them now." Well, BEATRICE had *that* drawer out pretty quick. And now they are on their way to Perth or Paris, or wherever it is; except HILDEGARDE'S pair, which will just do for the girl when she cleans the grates. I expect she really will get them, you know; because JOHN doesn't dance.

You know, you mustn't make too much fun of BEATRICE; she has ripping ideas sometimes. She filled a "summer-trunk" for me—a trunk full of all the clothes I am going to want in the summer. She started with a tennis racquet (which, strictly speaking, isn't clothes at all), and went on with some of the jolliest light waistcoats you ever saw; it made me quite hot to look at them. Well now, that 's really a good idea, so far as it goes. But what will happen when the summer does come? Why, we shall have to go through the whole business all over again. And who 'll arrange the winter-trunk? BEATRICE. And who 'll get the green pyjamas and the purple socks that there 's really no room for, dear? Why, JOHN.

Yet I am sorry for JOHN. He was once as I am. What a life is his now. BEATRICE is a dear, and I will allow no one to say a word against her, but she doesn't understand that trousers must be folded, not hung; that a collar which has once been a collar can never be opened out and turned into a cuff (supposing one wore cuffs); and that a school eleven blazer, even if it happens to be pink, must not be cut down into a dressing-jacket for the little one. Poor JOHN! Yes, I am glad now that he has that shirt of mine. It is perhaps a *little* too bright for his complexion, perhaps he has not *quite* the air to carry it off; but I am glad that it is his. Now I think of it I have a tie and a pair of socks that would go well with it; and even *William*—can I part with *William*? — yes, he shall have *William*. Oh, I see that I must be kind to JOHN.

Dear BEATRICE! I wonder when I shall have everything straight again.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

"KING LEOPOLD," we read, "is now doing what he can to re-establish himself in the good opinion of his subjects. Last week he unexpectedly drove from the palace to a fancy-dress ball at the town hall, where he chatted freely with the dancers." But we were under the impression that he had already made a certain reputation by this amiable habit of chatting freely—very freely sometimes—with dancers.

***

A wonderful case of a lady singer who had a double was mentioned in the papers the other day. This reminds us that most of the foreign ladies who take part in Grand Opera look as if they are at least the double of someone else.

***

The Bishop of LONDON's expression of belief that healthy games would save the Russians from all thoughts of plots and revolutions has attracted much attention in St. Petersburg, and a beginning, we hear, is shortly to be made with an attempt to teach a number of moujiks to play golf and diabolo, which it is hoped will supplant the present unhealthy practice of putting the shot and tossing the bomb.

Thirty mock marriages gone through in fun at a "freak ball" at Coney Island, New York, have been declared binding. This, it is thought, is the grimmest jest of the century.

***

It is interesting to see how motor-car terms are coming into everyday use, and are being applied to extraneous objects. For instance, under the heading "Servants Wanted" we came across an advertisement the other day for an "h.p. maid."

***

No more dropped aitches, we hope! A machine called "The Aspirator" has been invented for servants.

***

The Semi-teetotal Movement has received a set-back. The proprietor of an inn at Woking has been fined forty pounds for watering beer.

***

On view now at the New Gallery:—Fair Women by Unfair Painters.

***

We understand that no action is to be taken by the Board of Trade against the South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company in regard to the recent excessive speed of one of their express trains. The Directors' pathetic plea that the conduct of their line had hitherto been beyond reproach in this respect was held to be unanswerable.

***

It is rumoured that the theatre managers who so dearly love the Censor are about to petition for an extension of his powers. They are desirous that he shall have authority to prohibit those public proceedings in the Divorce Court, by the side of which the most daring theatrical production is apt to appear tame and insipid, and consequently fails to attract.

***

A correspondent writes to ask us what he should do when his doctor pays him more visits than are necessary. We would remind our correspondent of the old saying:

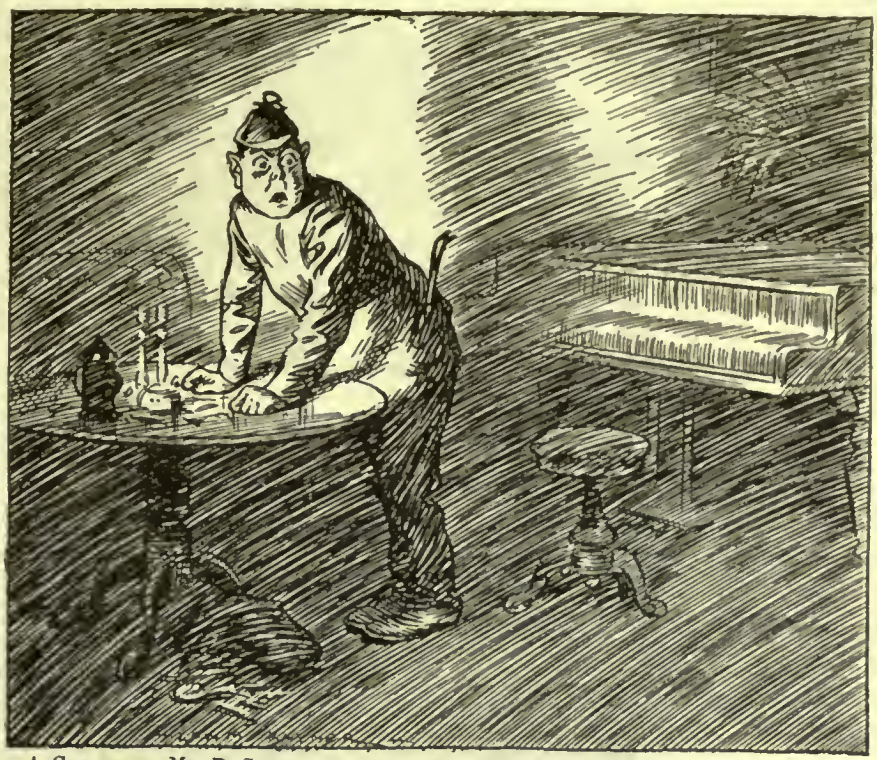
"An apple a day
Keeps the doctor away."

But the apple must, of course, be well aimed.

***

"Although the population of Chiswich and Acton is 80,000, only two persons," it is stated, "were arrested in the combined districts during the last three days of February." The local police force certainly ought to be strengthened.

STUDIES IN TACT.



A GENTLEMAN, MR. B. S., IS PAYING AN EARLY MORNING CALL AT A HOUSE HE HAS NEVER BEFORE VISITED. FINDING NO ONE ABOUT, HE IS TEMPTED TO INSPECT THE PLATE, AND AFTERWARDS VARIOUS OBJECTS OF *VERTU* IN THE DRAWING-ROOM. WHILE SO DOING HE HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, AND FEELS THAT HIS CURIOSITY MAY BE CONSIDERED IMPERTINENT. WHAT SHOULD MR. B. S. DO?



MR. B. S. SHOULD HURRIEDLY SEAT HIMSELF AT THE PIANO, AND WHEN THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE ENTERS SHOULD SAY TO HIM, "SIR, I HAVE COME TO TUNE THE PIANO. UNFORTUNATELY I LEFT MY TUNING-FORK AT HOME, SO TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SUPPLYING THE OMISSION FROM YOUR PLATE-BASKET." *N.B.*—PLAUSIBLE AS THIS MAY SOUND, MR. B. S. SHOULD NEVERTHELESS SEIZE THE VERY FIRST CHANCE OF CLEARING OUT.



"My dear boy, why this gloom?"

"Well, the fact is I'm an English Churchman and a Scotch landlord and an Irish cattle-grazer and a shareholder in the United Kingdom Brewery, and my only hope is in the Lords!"

THE PRESS AND THE LION.

I.—"The Protectionist."

. . . We have the more pleasure in joining in the chorus of felicitation upon Mr. Nestorith's eightieth birthday because we can so confidently claim him as an adherent to the great cause of Tariff Reform. Again and again in his works, more particularly the political novels, such as *Holloway's Career*, may be found the strongest possible suggestions that their author is under no misapprehension as to the necessity for Protection if England is again to occupy her old proud position among the nations. . .

II.—"The Free Trader."

The eightieth birthday occurs to-day of perhaps the grandest Free Trader now living, one who is old enough to remember England under Protection, and who has never faltered from the flag — Mr. George Nestorith, the novelist. Of his literary attainments we speak later; but first let it be put on record that no one can read his works with an open mind, destitute of party bias, without being conscious of his intense love of the open market. As a novelist. . . .

III.—"The Christian Advertiser."

Our hearts are filled with unctuous joy at the thought that that great and valiant swordsman for the truth, Mr. Nestorith, has been spared to attain his eightieth birthday. What English literature would be like were it not for the presence of such simple faithful souls we tremble to think. Superficially, we are aware, Mr. Nestorith has now and then suggested that he could not consider everything in this world to be for the best; yet read properly, with Christian tolerance and imaginative sympathy, there is not a word in all his many and wonderful works that does not breathe a beautiful spirit of resignation and hope.

IV.—"The Freethinker."

All freethinkers should rejoice in the continued vigour and intellect that are enjoyed by Mr. Nestorith, the novelist, whose eightieth birthday has just been kept. In all his works he has consistently brought to bear upon superstitions the white light of irony and wit. He has never paltered with his conscience, which probably is one reason why his name is so much better known than his writings.

V.—"The Suffragist."

It is with the greatest possible pleasure that we wish "many happy returns of the day" to Mr. Nestorith, the great novelist, not only because we admire his work, but because he has shown himself so warm a friend to our cause. . .

VI.—"The Anti-Suffragist."

It is pleasant to think that one of the last public pronouncements made by Mr. Nestorith before entering upon his eighty-first year was a rebuke of the militant pantechnicon brigade for their unwomanly and unseemly tactics. When criticism comes from such men as this, the honoured of the nation, it cannot be lightly set aside even by the political Mænad and the vote-desiring Bacchanal.

"Here are some curious points about Leap Year Day as recorded by *The Observer*. A man at Clapham celebrated his tenth birthday on the same day on which his daughter celebrated her twenty-second."

If his daughter is really eighty-eight years old the father must be considered lucky to be only forty or so.

As Others See Us.

"Sua figlia. . . si è sposata in Inghilterra col Signor. . . . *fellon* dell' Università di Cambridge." — *Il Giornale d' Italia.*



A QUESTION OF "VALUES."

Mr. Punch (*Critic, to* Mr. Asquith). "ADMIRABLE YOUR FIGURE OF TEMPERANCE; BUT DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE LEFT YOUR JUSTICE A LITTLE SKETCHY?"

[Many of the Public who are in close sympathy with the schemes of social reform embodied in the Licensing Bill consider that it would be improved by an extension of the Time Limit.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—Much talk during last three weeks of revolt in Ministerial ranks on question of expenditure on Army and Navy. Almost the last time C.-B. appeared on Treasury Bench he warded off impending blow by suggesting that MURRAY MACDONALD'S resolution, insisting on reduction, should be postponed till Army and Navy Estimates were presented. Then, as he observed with affected ignorance of Parliamentary methods, Members would know exactly what they were talking about.

C.-B. been in the House long enough to know that that condition is immaterial to the moving of resolutions or the making of speeches. If it is to be rigorously insisted upon, many of us will be reduced to silence and inaction.

However, to-day solemnly set apart for the pow-wow. Opposition crowded in to enjoy spectacle of Ministers baited by their own followers. It wouldn't do for them to support Resolution put forward by gentlemen who know more about the Army than N. BONAPARTE HALDANE, are more intimate with the working of the Navy than JACK FISHER. But a schism in Ministerial ranks always pleasant for contemplation from benches opposite.

Full muster of Ministerialists. The Independent Labour men were seated in serried rows below Gangway insistent on reduction of warlike expenditure. The cost of a *Dreadnought* or two, the disbandment of a few battalions of the Line, would go some way towards providing old-age pensions or making easier the lot of the Unemployed, who at Maidenhead the other day refused to turn the crank that prepared the morning chips for the pampered householder.

Looking round the crowded benches, taking note of the varied sections, the experienced eye discerned material for debate and division damaging even to the master of legions. In other circumstances prognostication might have been realised. Suppose, for example, that before LLOYD-GEORGE found salvation on Treasury Bench he had undertaken to lead this attack on the Government. Things would have hummed. MURRAY MACDONALD not an ideal crusader. There is about him a subtle, indescribable but unmistakable Bow-and-Bromley manner that stifles enthusiasm. In low voice, with hurried enunciation, he read a paper on the virtue of economy, our friendly relations with Foreign Powers, and the righteousness of retrenchment in the expenditure on armaments.



A PRETTY WIT *versus* A MIGHTY INTELLECT.
The Hon. F. W. L-mbt-n chaffs Mr. H-ld-ne on Army Estimates.

The effect on JOHN BRUNNER of the reading of the paper was remarkable. Whilst others were depressed, he was in merriest mood. Assuming an easy attitude and a conversational tone, he delighted the House with certain autobiographical details, chiefly relating to visits to Paris and Berlin. On one of the former, welcomed and fed—JOHN seems to have dined impartially in both capitals—by a representative body of Frenchmen, a native orator addressed him at length.

"A most beautiful speech," said J. B., his eyes uplifted to the gas-lit roof in ecstatic recollection.

It had reference to a jaunt of Trades Unionists to Paris. The orator remarked upon the circumstance that winter preceded spring; spring's deft fingers touched the sward and lo! the crocus bloomed. Then, in the ordinary course of things, comes summer with its wealth of fruit and foliage. The poetic fancy of the orator somehow linked the arrival of the Trades Unionists on the Boulevard with the coming of summer.

It doesn't work out very well in English. The Labour Members were anxious that JOHN should quote the text in French. He, suddenly remembering that the passage had nothing to do with the Resolution he had risen to second, returned to his notes.

Bucked up again when he got to Berlin, this time carrying the red dispatch box and the dignity of Royal Commissioner. Spent what he admitted was "a convivial evening" with German hosts. When he was leaving one of them said, "I don't trust you yet."

Regarded as a remark having personal bearing, this at once unkind and unjust. Not an honester, more reliable man in the Commons than Member for Northwich. House understood that the thing was an allegory. The convivial German, embodying for the moment the Fatherland, and regarding J. B. as representing Great Britain and Ireland, waggishly admonished him.

In the end, which didn't come till close of an eight hours' day of talk, MACDONALD'S Resolution was negatived by 320 votes against 73. ASQUITH had placed on paper a deftly drawn amendment, bland with pleasing generalities. Eleven o'clock struck before it was reached, after which hour opposed business may not be taken. PRINCE ARTHUR proposing to move amendment, debate collapsed, a right conclusion of the matter from an artistic point of view.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Whilst Cousin Hugh was still with us, going strong on the Fiscal Question, Prince Arthur used occasionally to remark with deep-drawn sigh, "Life would be endurable but for its cousins. They are worse than other facts and figures." Cousin Hugh is now afar off in the wilderness, leaving the House lamenting. Facts and figures remain, and from time to time Prince Arthur stumbles over them. To have them further complicated by the incidence of Leap Year is enough to daunt a less resolute heart.

Matters especially perplexing this evening. Motion to go into Committee on Navy Estimates. Preliminary tussle. Important section of Ministerialists take up their parable against bloated armaments. Opposition insist they 're not bloated nearly enough. Financial Secretary to Admiralty goes minutely into figures to show that what has been achieved at Whitehall is the *juste milieu*, the line of perfection on which is marked absolute security combined with perfection of economy. To prove his case cites columns of figures, setting forth what Germany and England are severally doing in matter of destroyers, torpedo boats (first-class and second-class), submarines and eke cruisers.

Prince Arthur, patiently listening hour after hour, at length steps in. His point is to show that though the necessities of the current year have been fairly met, overwhelming demands on the Exchequer will be made in 1909. Starts cautiously.

"The year 1908," he said, "consists of only 12 months."

No one objecting to this, some even applauding, he proceeded, "Those months will soon be through. When 1909 begins, it will be found that an expenditure not inadequate for the necessities of the 365 days—"

Here in half a dozen voices swiftly came the correction. "Three hundred and sixty-six." Not noticing the interruption nor acknowledging, whilst adopting, the correction, he went on—"the necessities of the 366 days—"

Shouts of "Three sixty-five" burst forth.

Things growing desperate. Which was it? Hit high or hit low—366 or 365—he could not please them. Only thing to do was to ignore interruption and finish his sentence. This he proceeded to do. Resuming his seat he furtively drew forth his pocket-book. Spent some time with the assistance of almanack in working out the puzzle whether there are 365 days in the year or 366.



Wrestling with that wretched Arithmetic.

"Excepting Leap-year, at which time February's days are twenty-nine."
(Mr. B-lf-r hovers between 365 and 366.)

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Three years ago the House was mystified, and debate on Fiscal matters conveniently relegated to background, by what was known as The Strange Case of Sir Carne Rasch. The Member for Chelmsford, whose absence and its cause are to-day regretted in both political camps, had been seen by such responsible witnesses as Sir Arthur Hayter, Meysey-Thompson, and Gilbert Parker, in his usual place above the Gangway at a time when he was certified to be confined to his bed by illness.

Analogous case has of late ruffled meditation of Members. A quarter of a century ago one of the most familiar figures in the House was the tall, slim, upright one of Lord Arthur Hill. Returned for Kilmarnock in 1877, he from '80 to '98 represented a division of County Down. For thirteen years he acted as Whip of the Unionist Party. Ten years ago he retired from the scene, giving place to his son Arthur.

Since the new Session opened what seemed to be the wraith of the old Whip returned to his familiar place. He was seen in the Lobby as of yore, save that, being no longer a Whip, he wore his hat. He was frequently observed sitting solitary in a side gallery, looking down on the strangely altered scene. He spoke to few, and few addressed him. He took no part in debate, and was not eager to participate in division.

New turn given to the mystery by issue of a writ for the election of a Member for the Western Division of County Down "to serve in the place of Lord Arthur Hill, who since his election has accepted post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds." This varies the mystery, but does not explain it. Why should an old Member, yearning for the scenes of yore, go through trouble and expense of contested election, wander about the House for a month, and then resign? The wraith accounted for, there still remains something uncanny about the incident.

Business done.—Second Reading of Education (Local Authorities) Bill.



"Wrop in Myst'ry."

Lord Arth-r H-ll feels a yearning for the old familiar post of Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds,—and retires for the second time.

"In the World—'There are rumours of a marriage in the future that may, if it comes off, cause a good deal of comment.'"

This has been "overheard by the Little Bird" in the *Gentlewoman* at great expense. How these little creatures do pick up things, to be sure!

"It is not difficult to estimate how much the large firms who are still selling at 1s. 2d. per lb. (13s. 8d. per cwt.) are presenting to the public with each pound they sell."—*Daily Mail.*

These calculations are much more difficult than they look, however.



Dealer (to distinguished foreigner, who is buying a horse). "Well, 'ow do you like 'im?" *D. F.* "I like not his leaps."
Dealer. "Well, I'm sure 'e ain't a sticky 'orse." *D. F.* "Stioky? No. He is not enough sticky. When he leap I do not adhere!"

THE REGIMENTAL GAZEKA.

["The 3rd V.B. Northumberland Fusiliers' Mess Gazeka is dead."—*Local Paper.*]

In the Mess-room of the 3rd Corps,
In the wainscot by the doorway,
Lived our little Mess Gazeka,
Lived our regimental bogy.
No one truly ever saw him,
Though some said he wore a hair tuft
And declared they 'd seen him hopping
On the carpet after dinner;
Yet his voice was heard by all men
Once or twice at least each evening,
Queerly comic, bubbly peevish,
Partly whistle, partly choking,
Like a trombone filled with porridge.

At the usual yearly meeting
Once there rose a windy speaker,
Spoke of many things and varied,
Things beyond the ken of all men;
But at length his voice was silent,
And he slowly settled downward;
Then there came from out the wainscot
Such a sudden burst of cheering,
Such a squirt of strangled joy notes,
That all present burst out laughing;
'Twas our little Mess Gazeka,
'Twas our regimental bogy.

When the corps all look their brightest,
Red mess jackets—spotless waistcoats—
And the silver, dragged from boxes,
Gleams amid the piles of rosea,
Then the Story-teller tells 'em;
So our little Mess Gazeka
Hears the most appalling lies told,
Cannot bear it any longer,
And then off he goes in gruffles.
Hear him crickle in the wainscot!
But the Mess Guest, glancing sideways,
Says in tones of awestruck wonder,
"What on earth 's that noise of almonds,
Noise just like the taste of almonds?"
And we all say, laughing lightly,
"'Tis our little Mess Gazeka,
Pretty little Mess Gazeka.
You should see him drink his Bovril
Nine o'clock on Sunday mornings!
But he bites just something horrid,
So we keep him in the wainscot,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,
That is why you hear him gruffle,
When he 's pleased he always gruffles,
'Tis a habit that he 's got there
In the wainscot of an evening."
Then the Mess Guest, looking furtive,
Talks of other things—of Battles,
Bullets, Ballets, Bandoleros—
Anything but what that noise was,
What that funny little noise was.

So the ever-changing years passed;
Comrades left or got promotion,
But our little Mess Gazeka
Gruffled, as of yore, to laughter—
Speeches, Stories, Thin No Trumpers,
In the warm and quiet wainscot,
In the wainscot of an evening.
But old Father Time was watching
(Ah, those sands that keep on running!),
So at length our Mess Gazeka
Fell away where all the rest go—
Fell away without saluting,
Tumbled down into oblivion,
In the February cleaning,
In the scrubbing and the cleaning;
For the sideboard alteration
Slew our regimental bogy,
Killed our little Mess Gazeka.

A ST. MARTIN'S LANE SUMMER.

Revival of "The Admirable Crichton".

Since I saw him last *Bill Crichton* has gained in virility, and that is what you want most on a desert island. Mr. Lyn Harding has the advantage of Mr. Harry Irving in the physique that is essential to the bucket business. He was perfect in his capacity of butler, and next best in the Second Act, where he is in the chrysalis stage of transitional manhood, having ceased to be a mere worm, and not yet blossomed out into a winged god. He was least good as "The Guv." In his exalted position he lacked the geniality that great rulers can afford. His face never relaxed even when he indulged in romantic sentiment, and it was here that his voice took on something of the portentousness of melodrama. Even in the dance there was only a physical, not a mental, unbending. True, in the old life he had always expressed the view that the condescension of *Lord Loam*, shown in the social entertainment of his menials, had been subversive of discipline and the right recognition of caste in the servants' hall. But here on the island there was no question of degrees of servitude. All were equal, being alike immeasurably removed from *Mr. Crichton's* own sphere. And, after all, it is incredible that a potentate so haughty and aloof could have held his slaves in such a state of sacrificial devotion.

As the *Earl of Loam*, Mr. Eric Lewis, though his manner smacks a little of the best Harley Street traditions, escapes the rather too farcical rotundity of the late Mr. Kemble's inimitable methods. Miss Miriam Clements cannot quite reproduce the intellectual agility of Miss Irene Vanbrugh, but she has a more feminine charm. Miss Hilda Trevelyan is an adorable *Tweeny*.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier is excellent as ever. Miss Syril Carlisle and Miss Muriel Beaumont have lost nothing of their natural grace; and Miss Margaret Fraser's clever performance as *Fisher* makes one again regret the brevity of her part.

It is late in the day to find a new word of praise for this which is far the best of Mr. Barrie's plays. The last Act was the only one ever open to serious attack, and I am certain the author justified himself of the conclusion which he is said to have preferred to another that came into his head. Women critics used to protest against the snobbishness of *Lady Mary Lascnby*. She ought, they said, to have stuck to her second love. But she had no choice in the matter. *Bill Crichton* had too good a knowledge of the rules of "the game" to allow her to stay behind with him on the island; and in London it would have been more impossible still for him to countenance the sacrifice. He recognised with remarkable lucidity of soul that, if one environment may go far to make a man, another may go equally far and with equal propriety to unmake him. He was a stickler for Nature in her primal state, but also for the "second Nature" that is evolved from habit



"The Guv" in a transport of tender sentiment.
Mr. Crichton . . Mr. Lyn Harding.
Lady Mary . . . Miss Miriam Clements.

and prescription. A notable philosopher, this *Crichton*, and gifted with a curious taste for detachment.

If I were to hazard a criticism of this delightful play it would be that on a second view of it—with the knowledge of what is coming when the gun goes off—there seems to be a certain air of factitiousness about the general enthusiasm for the Simple Life. I say nothing of the two protagonists or the parson; but if the rest of them were so enlarged and intoxicated by the healthy activity of their island picnic why should they leap for joy at the prospect of returning to the stuffy atmosphere of Mayfair, above or below stairs? I am sure there must have been a reason, deep-rooted in the imbecility of the race, and Mr. Barrie could tell it me if he chose, for he knows so many good reasons for the strangest things.

O. S.

THE AMAZONS OF CLEMENT'S INN.

When Boadicea fought and died
Did Britons laugh? Ah no—they cried.
Those tears we rather grudge her.
She didn't give her Vote a thought
Or use her chances as she ought—
A little slack, we judge her.

How puerile, also, was her cause
Compared to ours! With man-made laws
We 're mercilessly fighting;
We 'll yet strew England with our dead,
Although, alas, no blood 's been shed
Up to the time of writing.

Oh! of this scorn we 've had enough—
These constables who won't be rough,
But gently pinch and pat us;
We want the military out,
We want, with martial sword and shout,
The Guards to up and at us!

WEALTH WHILE YOU WAIT.

Dear *Mr. Punch*,—"L.C.C. saves over £2,500,000." This gratifying headline greeted me the other day as I opened my copy of *The Daily Mail*. You can imagine my pride as a Londoner, and my pleasure as a ratepayer! And the whole thing is so simple—simpler even than your own idea of renaming the coinage. The Council merely decided not to spend certain sums of money which had been estimated for various schemes. *Mr. Punch*, why shouldn't I too save like that?

I have begun already. Last year I estimated that a yacht such as would really do me justice should cost £5,000 a year, or, say, £150,000 capital. I didn't go in for it, so I am now the richer by that amount. And I hope to do much better still in the near future. The yacht will appear again on my balance-sheet for this year, but having saved £150,000 I can afford to have one rather better equipped. It would cost, say, £200,000. I shall save that sum too. Then I should like a racing stable. That could be run comfortably on the interest from £300,000, with an initial outlay of £150,000. Altogether that will make over three-quarters of a million saved by next Christmas.

Now, can you tell me the best way to invest this, or would you advise me to wait another year or two, and offer to pay off the National Debt?

Yours faithfully, Ratepayer.



Old Man (whose thoughts have been turned by whisky to controversial topics). "CAN 'E TELL ME, SQUOIRE, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN 'CONTRACTING OUT' AND 'NON-PROVIDED' SCHOOLS?"

Squire. "GO AWAY HOME, MY MAN, AND COME TO ME AGAIN WHEN YOU 'RE SOBER."

Old Man. "SOBER! NOBODY CARES FOR THEM SORT O' THINGS WHEN 'E 'S SOBER!"

WALKER!

WE live and learn, and doubtless it will be news to many persons to find that they have never really walked at all. They have merely put one foot before the other, which is a very different thing. Walking is a self-conscious accomplishment, only attained after years of thoughtful study at a desk. By the time a man is sixty he is perhaps qualified to go out and try his paces; but seldom before.

Children wish to walk properly, but we hastily do all we can to check them and impose artifice upon them. Hence they never walk again. They get there, may be, but not by walking.

Dr. HOOKEY, of Blisterville, Pa., who is perhaps the greatest walker in the world, knows all about it, and some of his knowledge has found its way to one of the magazine pages, next the picture of the woman who suffers in silence, and above a spicy serial story of semitic life.

According to Dr. HOOKEY, who is introduced to English readers by H. H. DIDDLE, M.B. (Camb.), the walking in which we now indulge must go. In its place will be rational walking. Rational walking is done with a bent knee and a body flopping over it. By shuffling along in this way you go farther and faster, and are less tired. How very American—to be always going farther and faster! Most of the American latter-day gift-horses (which we have got into the useful if irritating habit of examining in the mouth) have borne the same recommendation.

But suppose one does not want to walk any faster or go any farther, and supposing one is not tired as it is, what then? Are we still to bend our knees and totter forward through life, or may we hold ourselves erect once more, and try to look like independent gentlemen? If we do, says Dr. HOOKEY, we shall be defying science and practical wisdom. And the example set is of the American Indian, that first authority on the needs of city life. For if an Indian bends his knee to shuffle over broken ground how reasonable that we who walk on smooth pavements should do the same!

Never mind, it is good magazine-page filling.

"The water-colour drawing of Sir Edwin himself embracing Durham Cathedral and 'Tregothnan'—developed from a thumb-nail sketch at the time of the Prince of Wales's visit to Truro—elicited warm comment."
The Cornishman.

Seeing that it was a legitimate occasion for festivity, it was surely a little unkind to go and make a water-colour drawing out of the merest affair of sentiment.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I have been deceived by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. His reputation being what it is, he should have chosen some other title for his latest book than *The Man who was Thursday—A Nightmare*. Knowing my author, I supposed this was the story of a man who imagined himself to be one of the days of the week—Thursday. Conceive the anxiety of his life! People would always be doing things on him. "I 've got to dance on Thursday," one man would say to another; or, "By the way, I 'm playing football on Thursday." Poor Thursday! How grateful he would be to one who was simply going to "pay a call on Thursday"; and how anxious as to the weight of the man (as it might be Mr. Chesterton himself) who was "going to Brighton on Thursday." A nightmare, indeed. Well, that book remains to be written (by Mr. Chesterton or myself); this one—published by Arrowsmith—is concerned with The Supreme Council of Anarchy, whose seven members were called after the days of the week. But it is none the less a nightmare, where everything happens absurdly yet inevitably, where one is always following and another fleeing, just as in a dream; a nightmare packed with adventure, wit and wisdom. I forgive Mr. Chesterton for not writing the other book, this one is so splendid. "Splendid," that is the word; it is illuminated with the shining spirit of G. K. C.

Agnes and Egerton Castle, like Mr. Reginald McKenna, have brought us a sword, but with this difference, that four-fifths of the stories in *Flower o' the Orange* (Methuen) have a happier ending than is at present promised for Mr. McKenna's little Bill. The Bishops, with their diagonal moves, are up against the Knighthood of Nonconformity, and stale mate is threatened. But the Castles have a simpler task. They move, as become Castles, only in a straight line, and they usually get there. The ten life-problems in their book, mostly variations on the theme in which White has to play and mate in two or three moves, are worked out with considerable ingenuity, especially those in which White wins his mate (and the inevitable orange-blossoms) at the point of his trusty rapier. In this age of non-corrosive ink and Hague Conferences it is refreshing to turn—particularly when led by guides so attractive—to the stirring days when in most hands the sword was still mightier than the pen, and when even Will Shakspeare learnt to be "a butcher of a silk button."

The hero of Mr. Reginald Turner's *Imperial Brown of Brixton* (Chapman and Hall) was rather a whole-hogging Brixtonian than an Imperialist; but moved, I strongly suspect, by the thought that no one could know Brixton who only Brixton knew, he left his *Amelia* (she was a flirt), and went to Mouleville. The first chapter ends, "He was in bed—in France, in France—in bed. He was soon sound asleep." After a good night's rest he began a course of farcical misadventures. No circular tour could have made him giddier than he became through staying too long in one place. The author claims for him—in a dedication—that he is a "treat for an idle hour," and although I cannot deny the truth of that description I think that *Amelia*—flirt as she was—ought not to have been saddled with him for a life-time. *Amelia* wanted somebody more solid and less susceptible, and *Mr. Hodgekinson*, the chief director of the Brixton Emporium, would have suited her splendidly. But perhaps he had a wife already.

In *Rodwell* (Murray) Miss Valentina Hawtrey tells the story of a family who are gambling away their estates. It is not a book for the sprinting reader. There is no breathless succession of thrills, no battle, murder, and sudden—— Stay, I am wrong. There are one or two sudden deaths, but they come upon you so gently that the shock is broken. The narrative deals actually with a period of forty-four years, and there are reminiscences of earlier ones. It begins with the birth of a grandson of one of the *Rodwells'* tenant farmers, and it goes on until the infant has grown up, succeeded in business and married, and is getting the upper hand of the hereditary landowners. The starting-place is understandable enough, but I can find no very cogent reason for the position of the finishing-post. The tale stops short at one of the sudden deaths, and, excepting that the pace is different, it is exactly as if a bad toss at one of the jumps in the Grand National were the signal for the complete petrification of the whole show. Just as there you wouldn't know who won, so here you can't really tell who gets the best of it. Miss Hawtrey ought at least to have got the runners into the straight. I wish she had, for they are so carefully and so thoroughly portrayed that I was getting quite excited about a number of them.



AN UNPROFITABLE CUSTOMER.

"Hair Cut!"

A Fact.

Scene: A Post Office at Cardiff. Clergyman (sending telegram). Is "Pan-Anglican" one or two words?

Clerk (handing change). Two.

Clergyman: But I thought compounds of "Pan" counted as one?

Clerk (suddenly inspired). Of course—yes—like "pan-cake." *(Returns another ha'penny.)*



TRY OUR CORK-TIPPED GOLF-BAG—IT FLOATS!—AND OUR COMBINATION SPOON-MASHIE PADDLE.

A LITTLE LESSON IN ARITHMETIC.

"Now that the game ceases to amuse, nine-tenths of the English who set these folk in power are crying, 'If we had only known what they were going to do we should never have voted for them'!"

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING, in *The Morning Post*.

The Westminster Gazette, commenting upon the above paragraph, utters the following pedagogic rebuke:

"Even a bard, when he is writing in prose, ought to observe the rules of arithmetic. For, conscious as we are that in the recent by-elections the Liberal party has had reverses, we cannot find in any one of them that the Kipling candidate was returned by nine to one."

We have worked this out, and find that our genial contemporary has not given Mr. KIPLING so sound a lesson in arithmetic as it might have done. Its estimate of nine to one makes no allowance for any Unionist votes at all. With these thrown in (and, after all, there were *some* Unionist votes at the last General Election) the proportion, if nine-tenths of the Liberals crossed over, must in any case be more than nine to one, and might conceivably run to within a fraction of nineteen to one. It is deplorable to think that, for want of this elementary calculation, *The Westminster Gazette* should have weakened, by a possible fifty per cent. and more, the force of the lesson in arithmetic which it administered to the peccant bard.

"As was generally expected the match ended in an easy victory for Aiken by 2074."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We had put it all along at 2073, though we knew that public opinion was against us. Unfortunately we had not allowed for the nervousness of AIKEN'S opponent.

MORE ILLUSTRIOUS LETTER WRITERS.

[Being an intelligent anticipation of further journalistic enterprise.]

We are rejoiced to learn that the electrical condition of the international atmosphere caused by the disclosure of the President of the Swiss Republic's letter to Lord Esher has been happily dispelled. It will be remembered that the Editor of *The Times* recently stated in the columns of that sensitive journal that it was widely known that the President of the Swiss Republic had addressed a letter to Lord Esher commenting adversely on the kitchen ranges used in Windsor Castle, and demanding that the correspondence should be published. The excitement caused in the ironmongery trade has been intense, but it has been happily allayed by the frank statement made in the House of Lords on Thursday last by Lord Esher. Lord Esher admitted that he had received a letter from the President about three weeks ago, but that the contents were of an entirely pacific character. It was, in fact, positively jocular in character. He had shown it to Mr. Bernard Shaw, as the creator of *Captain Bluntschli*, who agreed with him that it possessed no political significance, and he had answered it in a similar tone. Lord Lansdowne, on behalf of the Opposition, stated that he was perfectly satisfied with Lord Esher's explanation, and the incident may now be regarded as closed.

In spite of all contradictions, official and otherwise, *The Observer* is in a position to state on the best possible authority, inferential and direct, that the epoch-making letter recently sent by the Emperor Menelik to Mr. Sydney Buxton is of a wholly facetious character, its principal point being a play upon words, connecting the name of the Emperor of Abyssinia with the operation of moistening a large number of stamps. While agreeing with *The Times* that it is of the highest consequence that Postmasters-General should not be on friendly terms with foreign potentates, *The Observer* considers that the incident may profitably be considered closed. It is generally believed that the story of this deplorable interchange of indiscreet correspondence would never have become public but for Mr. Sydney Buxton's unhappy weakness for talking of his epistolary triumph. A quick-witted woman soon puts two and two together.

The precise terms of the Dowager Empress of China's cablegram to Mr. Lloyd-George have not been made public; but *The Times* is undoubtedly right in clamouring for the imprisonment of that Minister for not only receiving the message, but aggravating his offence by replying to it at the nation's expense, and giving the telegraph boy twopence for waiting. These are grave scandals. As to the missive Mr. Lloyd-George very suspiciously refused to divulge its words, but the keyhole expert of Printing House Square has discovered that it offered the Editor of *The Times* a yellow jacket. Mr. Lloyd-George admits that he showed the message to Mr. Winston Churchill; but that does not explain the currency of the rumour. *Cherchez la femme* must be, as of old, our comment.

The statement made by Mr. Morley in the House of Commons on Friday as to the nature of the communication he had received from the Tsar has practically ended the painful excitement created in Paris and St. Petersburg by the sensational article which appeared in *The Times*. It was there alleged that the Tsar had written to Mr. Morley offering to make him Shah of Persia if he would consent to substitute the Russian for the English language throughout the Indian Empire. It was further stated that Mr. Morley had promised to give the proposal his best consideration. Mr. Morley briefly explained that he had received a letter, not from the Emperor of Russia, but from the Emperor of the Sahara (M. Jacques Lebaudy), but that its contents were of a purely personal character. He had not replied to it, and did not intend to. Mr. F. E. Smith congratulated Mr. Morley on having refrained from the risk of speaking disrespectfully of the Equator, and Mr. Grayson has withdrawn his motion proposing that Mr. Morley should be deported to the Andaman Islands. We understand that M. Lebaudy's letter was of remarkable piquancy, and contained a proposal that Mr. Morley should write his (M. Lebaudy's) life on the same scale as his memoir of Mr. Gladstone. In conclusion he complained bitterly of Mr. Hichens's praise of the desert, which had caused an influx of undesirable aliens into his dominions.

The Times draws attention in a leading article of extraordinary bitterness to the letter recently received at his private residence in Battersea by Mr. John Burns from Mr. William Harris, the Sausage King, offering free sausages to every clerk in the Board of Trade for one day only. The offer is undoubtedly, *The*



ARMS OF THE FUTURE.

["The new bayonet is better adapted for such subsidiary purposes as cutting brushwood, etc., than the present service pattern."]

Tommy. "Well, what's the good of a bloomin' baynit that ain't got nothin' in it for snarin' rabbits?"



REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM.

KING COAL. "THIS MEANS THAT I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE MY OUTPUT."
COMMERCE. "THEN I SHALL HAVE TO REDUCE *MINE* TOO. HAS MR. GLADSTONE THOUGHT OF THAT?"
KING COAL. "I DOUBT IT."

["If the Eight Hours Bill becomes law every member of the public will not only have to pay more for his coal, but for the other necessaries of life in the production of which coal plays so important a part. To justify this loss and suffering no adequate reasons have been put forward in support of the passing of the Bill."—*Letter to "The Times" from the Presidents of various important Commercial Federations.*]



Prosy One. "Did I tell you the story of my wife and the taxi-cab?"
P. O. "No."
Bored Cynic. "Is it very long?"
B. C. "Then you didn't tell it me!"

Times says, a concealed attempt to interfere with a Government Office, and cannot be too severely criticised. Mr. Burns's defence is that, just as a cat may look at a king, so may a Cabinet Minister receive a letter from one. His culpability begins when he deals unwisely with that letter. In his own case he showed it at once to Mr. Asquith, who laughed, and advised him to put it in the w.p.b. This he had done. None the less, as the vigilant *Times* says, a grand historic tradition is being tampered with, and it behoves all of us to be on our guard against abuses.

It is understood that the rage and mortification of those Cabinet Ministers who have not been the recipients of letters from crowned heads furnish a pathetic sight. Mr. Gladstone, indeed, makes no effort to hide his chagrin; but Lord Elgin, on the other hand, attempts to laugh it off. Meanwhile the letter which the Earl of Crewe is alleged to have received from Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, with reference in it to disappointed ploughers of lonely furrows, and suchlike phrases, is in the best informed circles considered to be a forgery of his lordship's own hand, done to save his face because he was left out in the cold.

A Quick Way with Aliens.

"During January and February 109,151 third-class passengers left the United States for Europe. Only 32,260 arrived."—*Daily News.*

"Lady, Socialist, Vegetarian, desires to meet same with whom to share fat at Thornton Heath."—*The Clarion.*

We always thought that Vegetarians anyhow were true to their principles.

Under the heading "Farming and Gardening" in *The Western Daily Press*:

"A Ginger Beer Plant wanted."

Any relation to the Beerbohm Tree?

SELF-DENIAL.

He did not swear, as you 'd have sworn,
For it was Lent.
Calmly he saw the umbrella torn
From out his grasp and roughly borne
Forth by the wanton gale that blew
Across the Bridge of Waterloo.
He did not curse as most men do,
But murmured: "It is meet that I
As penance should myself deny
That prophylactic luxury,"
For it was Lent.

And so he bravely watched, without
Language, while It was blown about,
Its outside in, Its inside out,
And made no moan nor loud complaint,
But bore Its loss (Oh, mark the saint!)
With admirable self-restraint—
For It was lent.

The Suffragettes' Friend: The Member for Henpeckham.

LETTERS FROM FATHER.

By R*D***D K*PL**G.

[It is possible that this letter was intended for one of our daily contemporaries. It was, however, duly addressed to us, and we publish it just as we received it, with a full sense of the honour done to us by the distinguished politician and poet-traveller who wrote it.]

Where 's the verse that Shakspeare wrote
Once three hundred years ago?
Every lodger has a vote,
Since the Law decreed it so.
Some are better, some are worse:
That 's the way with bits of verse.

Octagon and hexagon;
Man and manners makyth man.
Lo, the lights of Babylon
Shine upon the selfsame plan.
They are red, and you are green—
What the dickens can it mean?

Nineveh 's an old abode
Mostly marked by heaps of dust.
Lay the long lance on the road,
Since I say you shall, you must.
Kaisers, Tsars, and Emperors
Eat what any one devours.

Multiply the breadth by length:
When it 's done you 've got a square.
Then you come and try your strength
Till Oblivion cries "Beware!"
So you tramp the Wilderness.
That 's the answer: can't you guess?

I am about to speak of England and those whose misfortune it is to live there. I speak of England with respect. I have tried to do what I can for the country, but everybody can realise that the efforts of one man must be useless—especially when the rest are living in an iodoform-scented fog of sentimental miasma. For two years they 've been living there, and it is not dispelled yet. Men of the Blood despise them. You can hear South Africa shouting her scorn from Table Mountain, while Australia responds with derision from the banks of the Wagga-Wagga. Wherever there is a Colony the doors have been shut and bolted and barred. Even the black man of the remoter Bush curls a contemptuous lip when you tell him about Empire. Only yesterday I happened to be speaking to a young Fijian about the Motherland. I dwelt on her glories: her steamers, her locomotives, her motor-cars, her bayonets, her big guns, her ports, and her Imperial politicians. "Me no eatee," he remarked, and the conversation fell flat. That is what the Government has made of England in two short years. To-day a Canadian took me to Canada. He was laughing all the way. "Don't you see," he said, "that you 're not in it? Size, acreage—just think of it. Frenchmen, too, lots of them. Montreal, Toronto, and Quebec, can't you see? No, you 're not in it." It was the password. I bowed my head. The truth couldn't be contested. That, again, is the fault of the Government.

"The 'Kentish Gazette and Canterbury Press' has a
LAGER CIRCULATION
than any other Kentish newspaper published eastward of Ashford."

We are not blown up with either beer or pride, dear reader. We merely state facts.

PEDAGOGY UP-TO-DATE.

O simple and crude were the notions I had
When I was a callow and green undergrad!
And simplest of all were the thoughts that were mine
On how to excel in the pedagogue line.

I fancied—like many Oxonian geese—
One should study the culture of Rome and of Greece;
I dreamt of the grove where Calliope sings,
And my heart it would pant for Pierian springs.

And when I had gathered such lore as I could,
And flung o'er my shoulders a bachelor's hood,
I thought, in my folly, I 'd nothing to do
But set up as Master and teach what I knew.

Rude, rude was my waking! I soon was to find
My notions were ages and ages behind:
The hours I had spent in achieving a taste
For classical culture were nothing but waste.

What was *Oedipus Rex?* What was Pericles' speech?
I should have been studying how one should teach.
For What you impart doesn't much matter now:
The only significant thing is the How.

I should have been busy researching. I ought
To have measured the length of an infantile thought,
To have marked the effect on the cardia's action
Induced by an effort in simple subtraction.

I should have been weighing the toddlers before
And after a lesson in nursery lore,
And known what they lost, to a scrupulous gramme,
In learning the story of *Mary's pet lamb.*

I ought to have studied with close application
The full psychologic effect of dictation;
And the chemico-physical change that ensues
When an infant is learning that four is two twos.

Ah me! Can I wonder if men who have wrung
From Science the secrets of teaching the young
Arrive at the seats of the mighty, while I,
A mere scholar at best, am a thing to pass by?

The Well of English Undefiled.

"Though it is hard to believe that Sir Henry could have given a superior rendering of *The Bells*, it is safe to say that the enthusiasm of any audience could never have been surpassed even when the 'Chief' was in his prime at the Lyceum."—*Cambridge Daily News.*

"Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, 'The Little Minister,' was produced for the first time in Germany at Vienna last night."—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

According to *Mr. Punch's* Special Military Correspondent, the Kaiser had written to one of the Austrian Ministers asking him, as a friend, to hand over Vienna to Germany. In these circumstances a better play could not have been chosen with which to celebrate the occasion.

"Would young lady, wearing pink hat, who caught gentleman's eye, and smiled, while on car, Southgate Street, on Saturday, communicate immediately?"—*Bath Herald.*

He wants his eye back, poor man.

In the index of *The Manchester Guardian*, under the heading "Sport," we read: "Suffragists mobbed at Southport." These gallants of the Red Rose!

PEACEFUL PERSUASION.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ENTHUSIAST.

9 A.M.—There seems to have been a great meeting at the Queen's Hall yesterday to protest against ASQUITH's dastardly robbery. I wish I had been there. I see that a Mr. HAROLD SMITH, of Liverpool, "advised everybody, before dealing with a tradesman, to find out whether or not he was in favour of the Licensing Bill." That is an excellent idea. To-day, at any rate, nobody who is not prepared to fight the Bill to the death shall receive *my* money.

10 A.M.—An awkward dispute with the 'bus conductor, who refused to say definitely whether or not he was in favour of the Time Limit. His actual words, "Ho yus, I *don't* think," were indecisive. I gave him my twopence with the greatest reluctance, but remembered afterwards that he was only an agent of the General Omnibus Company. *They* are the people whose views I should have ascertained. This is very annoying. What am I to do? For all I know they may by to-morrow be actually spending my twopence on propaganda *in favour* of the Bill! Shall I get off? I suppose I. . . . Of course I 'm very late as it is. . . . They may be against it, after all. . . . Still. . . . Well, I 'll stay on now, but I really *must* be firmer next time.

10.30 A.M.—It is extraordinary how quickly crowds collect. Foreigners visiting our metropolis have often noticed this, I believe. All I did was to ask the paper-boy what his views were upon the Licensing Question. . . .

11 A.M.—The Office Boy says he is in favour of the Licensing Bill. Impertinence! I have told him to be so kind as to dust the *Encyclopædia* and carry it downstairs. *I 'll* show him.

NOON.—On second thoughts I 'll have the *Encyclopædia* up here, after all. That boy doesn't get enough to do. The result is that he spends his time imbibing pernicious trash from the Radical papers.

1.30 P.M.—My difficulties seem to increase. Mr. HAROLD SMITH may be able to carry out his ideas in Liverpool all right, but London must be different. I went to my usual barber's to have my hair cut. Remembering my weakness on the 'bus I marched straight into the shop and asked for Mr. SUTTON.

"It is extremely important that I

STUDIES IN TACT.



MRS. A., WHO PRIDES HERSELF ON BEING THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN HER SET, GOES TO A SMART FUNCTION WITH AN ELABORATE EMPIRE COIFFURE. AS SHE ENTERS, SHE SEES THAT MRS. B. (WHOM SHE DISLIKES) HAS DONE ONE BETTER. MRS. A. WON'T GO HOME; AT THE SAME TIME SHE KNOWS THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE TO REMAIN IN THE SAME ROOM WITH MRS. B. WITHOUT BURSTING INTO TEARS. WHAT IS SHE TO DO?



UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES THE ONLY THING FOR MRS. A. TO DO IS TO RETIRE QUICKLY TO THE CLOAK-ROOM, AND SO ALTER HER COIFFURE THAT IT CANNOT COME INTO COMPETITION WITH MRS. B.'S. THIS MUST BE DONE, EVEN AT THE COST OF A GOOD APPEARANCE; BUT, IF SHE COMPORTS HERSELF WITH DIGNITY, MANY PEOPLE WILL IMAGINE IT TO BE THE MOST FASHIONABLE FORM OF HAIR-DRESSING, AND IF HER REPUTATION IS SUFFICIENT IT WILL PROBABLY BECOME SO.

should see Mr. Sutton at once," I said.

"Certainly, sir," said the man; "but who is Mr. Sutton?"

I pointed to *Sutton's Toilet Soap*. "The person to whom that belongs," I said with dignity. "I wish to know what he thinks of the Licensing Bill."

"Oh, but there *is* no Mr. Sutton actually," said the man, with a smile. "It 's just—well, a trade term. That soap, I may tell you in confidence, is made from a special recipe. It leaves no odour, is smooth to the skin, lathers freely, and——"

I walked angrily into the saloon and took the only empty chair. "Hair cut," I growled.

"Yes, sir. How would you like it cut, sir?"

"Without prejudice," I replied.

2 P.M.—Lunch. I am going to take it for granted that the proprietor of my restaurant is against this confounded Bill. I can't go through another scene until I have had something to eat. After all, he 's a Licensed Victualler, so he 's bound to be. But I am undecided about my waiter. He always agrees with me whatever I say, and I am sure I could never find out his *real* opinion on the Time Limit. Perhaps it would be safer not to give him his twopence to-day.

2.30 P.M.—Coming out after lunch, and feeling that I really *had* done something for the Cause this time, a beastly motor 'bus splashed me from head to foot. That is the sort of 'bus that would be in favour of the Licensing Bill. I was certainly indiscreet this morning in coming up by one.

2.35 P.M.—Just seen myself in the glass. Heavens! A clean collar at once.

3 P.M.—I am beginning to feel a little sympathy for Passive Resisters. It is certainly very hard to know what is the right thing to do in matters of conscience. I went to "T. R. Plummett" for a collar. Directly the assistant saw me he guessed what I had come for. "Size, sir?" he asked.

"I want Mr. T. R. Plummett," I said.

"He never comes up now, sir. He lives at Streatham."

That was awkward; but still it was refreshing to find that he *was* an individual and not a company. With great difficulty I got his telegraphic address. (I forget what lie I told, but one doesn't stick at that on behalf of the Cause.) Then I went into the Post Office and wrote out a telegram. "Plummett, Fancivest, Streatham. Are you in favour of Licensing Bill? Reply paid."

And then it suddenly struck me—*I was actually dealing with the very Government which had brought in the Bill!* I was giving them a shilling, part of which would help to pay the salary of the arch-robber Asquith! I tore the hated thing up at once.

3.10 P.M.—I don't know what to do. (I wish I had Mr. Harold Smith, of Liverpool, here. *He* would know.) Plummett isn't on the telephone; and, if he were, the Telephone Company might not be against the Licensing Bill. I can't face the Office Boy in this collar. I can't go home for a clean one, because I daren't take a 'bus, and don't like the idea of walking both ways. The only thing left is to go home altogether.

10 P.M.—Let me hurry over the rest of this awful day. I have eaten nothing since lunch. Not knowing where my housekeeper gets the food from, I simply daren't. I have seen no evening paper. For all I know Mr. Harold Smith, of Liverpool, may have made another speech; how terrible to think that I may have missed it! I am out of tobacco. Supposing John Cotton turns out to be in favour of the Time Limit, how can I ever smoke his mixture again? I can't write letters because of the post-office trouble. Well, I shall just read *The Daily Telegraph* once more, and then I shall go to bed. At least I am safe there.

11 P.M.—In bed. A horrible thought. Is my newsagent against the Licensing Bill? Oh, Harold, Harold, spare me my breakfast-table *Telegraph* at least!

Midnight.—A happy thought at last. "Many of the clergy approve of the Time Limit." *Then I shan't go to church again.* Ah, now I can sleep peacefully. A. A. M.

"The Bill said that a two-thirds majority could exclude the Press, but that was an anachronism; either the Press should be admitted or excluded. The hon. member was still speaking at midnight, when by the rules of the House the debate stood adjourned.

The House adjourned at five minutes past eleven o'clock."—*The Morning Post.*

If it comes to "anachronisms," *The Morning Post* is not to be beaten by a mere Bill.

"Such an officer would get £40 outfit allowance, £20 a year of retaining fee, and his pay when he was out."—*The Scotsman.*

Very handsome, but not quite enough to justify the new spelling.

CHARIVARIA.

In drawing attention in the House to the serious shortage in Army officers, Mr. Lambton suggested that the examination standard was too high. Mr. Haldane is said now to be considering a proposal for the institution of a new class of officers, who will only have to pass an exceedingly simple examination, and to whom only quite easy wars would be entrusted.

***

Confidential circulars, we hear, are being sent from headquarters to all Liberal Members of Parliament, pointing out the uncertainty of life, and begging them to take special care of their health in view of the fact that by-elections are undesirable just now.

***

Madame Tetrazzini has declared that San Francisco is "the only city in the world for a singer to live in." One understands this preference on the part of a *prima donna* for an earthquake city. Nature herself helps to bring the house down.

***

An explosion of gas occurred last week at the refreshment bar of a railway station. The windows of the bar were shattered, and a number of buns and other eatables were blown out in a shower on to the platform and the permanent way. It speaks well for the durability of the buns that many of them were unbroken and the rest only slightly chipped.

***

Vast deposits of fossilised fish have been discovered in Texas at a height of 5,000 feet above the sea-level. It is to be hoped that our food-inspectors are on the look-out.

***

Speaking on the needs of London, Dr. Ingram said: "To obtain a good milk and a good water supply are great problems indeed." The difficulty is, of course, to keep them apart.

***

It is to be hoped that the inscription on the new Shakspeare monument will receive careful consideration. One does not want a repetition of the regrettable scenes which have taken place round the Brown Dog statue.

***

Messrs. Pearson are publishing "A Handy Guide to Income Tax Payers," but what is wanted, the Inland Revenue informs us, is a handy guide to those persons who evade the payment.

The Boot Trade complains that there is not a single example of boot lace in *The Daily Mail* Lace Exhibition.

***

The triumphant march of Evolution! The Marlborough Street magistrate was informed last week that Italian organ-grinders have now given up monkeys in favour of children.

***

"Young man would like to correspond with either sex, about his own age," says an advertisement in a contemporary. This proves that he is not a woman. No woman would think of corresponding on such a subject.

***

So much interest has been taken in the bout of fisticuffs in which two eminent K.C.'s recently indulged in Court that the combatants, we hear, are to be asked to give a repetition of the scene for a charity.

***

The little camel which was born last week at the Crystal Palace has been christened "Treeilby." One wonders whether the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is still in existence.

***

Much satisfaction has been caused in the Diamond Trade, which is at present suffering from depression, by the news that the EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH has sanctioned a Diamond Jubilee Procession to be held in Vienna on June 15th.

***

Twenty volumes of the menus of banquets given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London during the last fifty years have been presented to the Guildhall Library. The volumes, we understand, bear the title "Food for Thought."

***

"The Abandoned Babies in Paris" is a heading in a contemporary. The gay city seems to be keeping up its reputation as the resort of abandoned characters.

***

A strange story reaches us from one of the Balkan States, where commercial morality is still in its infancy. At a recent banquet given at the house of the Prime Minister a distinguished diplomat complained to his host that the Minister of Justice, next to whom he was sitting, had taken his watch. The Prime Minister said, "Ah, he shouldn't have done that. I will get it back for you." Sure enough, towards the end of the evening, the watch was returned to its owner. "And what did he say?" asked the guest. "Sh-h! He does not know I have got it back," said the Prime Minister.



Mother. "OH, BOBBY, YOU NAUGHTY BOY, YOU 'VE BEEN SMOKING! (*Pause.*) POOR DARLING DO YOU FEEL VERY BAD?"

Bobby (*who has been well brought up*). "THANK YOU. I 'M DYING."

A MISNOMER.

(Some lines on visiting a popular Picture Exhibition.)

AID a mere male man, ye Graces!
I have fairly lost my nerve!
After such a show of faces
Some condolence I deserve.

I have just been contemplating
Portraits of "Fair Women" (*sic*),
Which parenthesis is stating
Just what overcame me quick!

Some were fair—'twould be invidious
Specifying each by name;
One or two the most fastidious
Might perhaps as *belles* proclaim.

But the *rest*—it were ungainly
My emotions to describe,
Impolite to utter plainly
Criticism of such a tribe.

Could the shade of Paris grapple
With this bevy up-to-date,
He 'd to each a sour crab apple
As a prize adjudicate!

Still they haunt me with their clever,
Ugly, haggard, wicked traits.
If you want to gasp, endeavour
On this galaxy to gaze!



"Drat these March winds! I can't 'ardly move against 'em!"

"IT."

The Latest Craze.

Everybody is talking about "It," just as five or six months ago everybody talked about Diabolo. "It" has taken London by storm! "It" can be had in three qualities—

Mild, Medium, or Full.

The "Mild" is particularly recommended by the Faculty.

Government Offices have adopted "It." Schools are taking "It" up.

What is "It"? Ah!

Listen to what Mr. Birrell says:—"I had 'It' in the mild quality for some time, and wish for no other kind."

Mr. G. K. Chesterton writes:—"If there was ever any doubt (which I do not admit) as to 'Its' desirability (odious word!), the very fact that doctors as a class give it a warm welcome must, one would think, dispel that doubt from the mind of the ordinary sane man."

Many people who have *not* got "It" yet will be rushing out this week in thin shoes and forgetting their overcoats in their hurry to get "It."

And they *will* get "It."

The stock is absolutely unlimited.

But what is "It"?

Ask your friends! Ask your doctor!

Both, we fancy, will recommend you to

Try "It" in Your Bed!

For those who have found the answer to the above we append the following simple facts and precautions, reprinted from the contemporary Press, by observing which anyone can avoid the prevailing complaint. All you have to do is to remember that—

Influenza germs can only exist in a vitiated atmosphere. Always ride on the outside of omnibuses.

Cold winds and chill lessen the vitality. Avoid all unnecessary exposure.

Sleep with bedroom windows as wide open as possible.

Above all things, carefully avoid night air.

Damp holds the microbes. Do not go out in the wet.

The recent rain will do much to clear London of the epidemic, for which a dry and dusty February is responsible.

Keep the system well fortified by a generous diet which will enable it to resist infection.

Influenza attacks the well-to-do most, especially those who over-eat.

Avoid all strong scents which irritate the mucous membrane.

Take plenty of eucalyptus.

Keep cheerful. Determine that you will not be ill and you won't be.

Go to bed at once.



THE DREADNOUGHT BROTHERS.

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour—Two Minds with but a Single Thought.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 9.—With the exception of one quarter, red-cushioned Chamber thronged. In spite of recent recruiting, viewed with distrust by Hugh Lea, the muster of Liberal Peers at epochs of excitement is ludicrously small by comparison with the array opposite. Perhaps it was desire to display studious indifference to question at issue that accounted for absence of his Majesty's Ministers. When proceedings opened only Elgin and Portsmouth in places. To them presently entered Tweedmouth, smiling cheerily as he looked round the galleries crowded with Peeresses out for a Roman holiday, not without hope that somebody's head would be cut off before teatime.

Prince of Wales on front Cross Bench. On his left hand Rosebery. Steps of Throne thronged with Privy Councillors and elder sons of Peers. Undistinguished Commoners peopled the pens by the Bar, jostled each other in the inadequate space allotted to them in Gallery above it. Wedged in among the long line of Peeresses sat a group of Foreign Ministers.

What had they come out for to see? Well, it was Tweedmouth shaken by *The Times*. The German Emperor had posted to him a private letter. Instead of writing across it "Not known at the Admiralty" and returning it through Dead Letter Office, First Lord opened, read, and replied. Had even talked of the correspondence in private conversation which someone betrayed. Piercing eyes, regarding incident from Printing House Square, fiercely snapped at pretence of personal correspondence. What had really happened, they clearly saw, was that German Emperor, intent on baulking British determination to maintain supremacy on the seas, had privily written to First Lord of Admiralty, with design of modifying our Navy Estimates.

"An absolutely insane inference," said Rosebery, going to root of matter in a brief speech contributed to conversation between Tweedmouth and Lansdowne. "Aren't we, as a nation, making ourselves ridiculous?" he asked. Noble Lords murmured assent, and turned with almost ostentatious interest to consider two small departmental Bills that constituted legislative business of the Sitting.

"What I feel about it," said the Member for Sark, as we strolled back to the Commons, "is that by comparison with the Germans we 've been made to look exceedingly small. You remember a little episode in the career of St. John Brodrick when he was at the War Office? The German Emperor held a big review of his troops. On the appointed day there rode on to the field a warlike figure disguised in the uniform of the Surrey Imperial Yeomanry. It was the British Secretary of State for War. Here was the pick of the German Army conveniently assembled. The latest resources of civilisation in the way of arms and men were displayed. The warlike instincts of the Surrey warrior, trained to highest stage of perfection, would take all in at a glance. Scanning the scene with assumed intention of ascertaining where the refreshment tent was situated, he would master all the points of the German military system, and would naturally utilise his knowledge to the advantage of the Army under his control.

"Did any portion of the German Press hysterically denounce the German War Office for permitting the incident? Were Ministers hotly interrogated in the Reichstag? No, sir. The foreign visitor was politely treated, and before he dismounted was photographed free of charge. It would be unpatriotic to say that the Germans are a bigger people than we. Certainly upon occasion they show they have more common sense."



Tragic Scene at the Admiralty.

(The figure marked with a cross is Lord Tw-dm-th.)

Business done.—In Lords and Commons the bubble floating over German Emperor's letter to Tweedmouth is pricked.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—The event of the day, striking and memorable, happened unexpectedly. Usual long list of dull questions gone through, Members with one accord strolled forth to chat, write letters, read papers, or otherwise pass the slow hours before Division bell clanged. House in Committee on Navy Estimates. Prospect of some hours pecking at details. Prince Arthur's appearance at Table only slightly stirred scanty audience. Wanted to know whether it is the fact that towards end of year 1911 Germany will be going one better than Great Britain in respect of ships of *Dreadnought* class?

Neither in voice nor manner did Asquith indicate exceptional importance of statement he was about to make in reply to this question. In low conversational tone attuned to desolate appearance of Benches he laid down the principle that Great Britain must maintain unassailable supremacy at sea, to which end the Two-Power standard was desirable. As to the German programme on paper, threatening by November or December, 1911, to

have thirteen *Dreadnoughts* against twelve British, if there be apparent possibility of its being carried out "we should feel it our duty to provide, and we should provide, not only for a sufficient number of ships but for such a date of laying down those ships that the superiority of the Germans the right hon. gentleman foreshadows will not be an actual fact."

By this time the House aware of importance of the occasion, the momentousness of decision announced. By its naval programme Germany, designedly or not, had thrown down the glove; Asquith on behalf of the nation had picked it up. Done so quietly too. No blare of trumpets, no beat of drum, no defiant attitudinising. For once in a way plain business manner became at a grave crisis dramatic by reason of its simplicity and directness.

Business done.—Asquith pledges himself to see to it that Britannia continues to rule the waves.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Painful impression created by appearance on Paper of question standing in name of Mitchell-Thomson. Proposes to ask Under Secretary of State for Colonies whether his attention has been called to statement in the Report on Southern Nigeria for 1906, to the effect that the only outcome of the present legislation on game preservation has been "to limit the shooting of a few *bonâ-fide* European sportsmen."

This the first intimation the House has received of existence of the outrages. Strong desire to know when, where, and by whom the European sportsmen were shot? Something odiously cynical in suggestion that stops short of absolutely prohibiting the practice, merely talking of limiting it.

Members recall with a shudder the fact that during his recent visit to Africa the Under Secretary for the Colonies, a representative *bonâ-fide* European sportsman, got a little shooting at big game. Happily it was in another part of the continent. That a mere accident. Duty might have called him to Southern Nigeria; and what would Lord Elgin have said had anything happened to Winston?

Business done.—Army vote agreed to.

Friday.—Lively debate on Unemployed Workmen Bill, brought in and supported by Socialist section of Labour Party. The "Universal Pauperism Bill," as Harold Cox, nothing if not logical, prefers to call it. Its principal clause decrees that



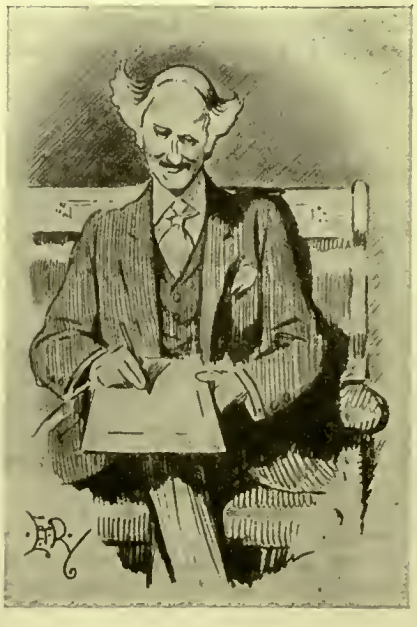
The Member for Balmoral (and the rest of West Aberdeenshire).

Mr. J. M-cd-n-ld H-nd-rs-n.)

the Local Authority shall provide work for every person who registers himself as unemployed.

The Member for Sark suggests a sinister alternative. It is nearly as old as the Sphinx. Record of it will be found in Herodotus, where it is written: "King Amasis established the law that every Egyptian should appear once a year before the Governor of his canton, and show his means of living, or, failing to do so and to prove that he got an honest livelihood, should be put to death."

Business done.—Second reading of Unemployed Workmen Bill refused by 265 votes against 116.



Socialists on Toast.

Study of Mr. H-r-ld C-x preparing for one of his delightful little raids into the Socialist "china-shop."

THE BARD'S SPOT AND SPOTS BARRED.

An overflow meeting has just been held, under the chairmanship of Mr. Balfour, to attempt definitely to decide upon the site for the proposed Shakspeare Memorial. Among those present were Lord Esher, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Belloc, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and the Surveyor of the London County Council.

The Chairman in his opening remarks said that everyone present must agree with him that a Shakspeare Memorial was an absolute necessity to Londoners, given as they were to playgoing, that highest of intellectual pastimes. Every day of his life he was more amazed at the number of theatres, all of them doubtless—he was no reader of newspapers, and could not therefore speak with authority—all of them doubtless busy with one or other of the Immortal Bard's masterpieces. (Mild sensation.)

The present idea, he said, was to erect the Shakspeare Memorial in Portland Place. Why, no one knew, unless it was for the convenience of American visitors to the Langham. They were met to-day to see if they could not devise a better scheme. For himself he would suggest that Portland Place was absurd when you had Stratford Place close by. (Cheers.)

The Chairman then read a letter from Miss Marie Corelli on the subject. London, she considered, did not deserve a Shakspeare Memorial at all. What it wanted was a statue either to Mr. George Edwardes or to the author of *Dear Old Charlie*. That was what London really wanted. This whole scheme was a device on the part of a lot of literary men to—— (Roars of indignation.)

Mr. Beerbohm Tree said he should be delighted to provide a site for the Shakspeare Memorial on the roof of His Majesty's Theatre. That obviously was the fitting place for it, and he was astonished that he had not been approached before.

Lord Esher said he was very sorry but he could not support the project for taking down the Duke of York's

column and substituting Shakspeare, although he was convinced that there was not a man in Germany, from the Emperor downwards, who would not be glad to know that the Duke had been deposed. (Panic.)

Mr. G. K. Chesterton said the Memorial, in his opinion, should be on a vast scale. He went on amid cheers to offer to give sittings to the sculptor.

The Surveyor of the London County Council urged upon the meeting the importance of selecting the waste ground in the Strand where Holywell Street used to be, which at present is used only during General Elections to make known the results. He pointed out how central it was and how eligible. Not only would there be ample room for the Memorial, but ample room for the public to waltz round it.

Mr. Sidney Lee agreed. He said that he had seen that morning an eloquent article by a gentleman who first said that he was too humble himself to make any proposition, and then went on to propose that the Memorial be erected in Hyde Park, by the side of the Zuy—the Serpentine. For his own part he thought that a poor suggestion for many reasons, one being that there were no deer in Hyde Park. (Laughter.) Besides, it was too far away. They wanted Shakspeare in their very midst—all among the men in the street. (Cheers.) Incidentally he would say that the Life of the Poet could be had on very reasonable terms at any bookshop. It was no use looking at a memorial of the author unless you had first read his life.

Mr. Bernard Shaw ridiculed the whole affair. Why raise another memorial to Shakspeare? he asked. There was an excellent statue in Leicester Square, opposite the Empire. Nothing could be more suitable than that. Let the people save their money until someone worthy of a memorial on the proposed scale should have qualified for it by passing away—he would not use so vulgar and absurd a word as dying.

At this stage of the proceedings Mr. Belloc started singing the *Marseillaise*, and the meeting broke up in some confusion.

The Carnarvon Bench have refused the application of farmers for exemption from licenses in respect of dogs used for churning. This seems unreasonable, as licenses are never required in the case of dogs used for sausage-making.

AN EXCHANGE OF HOSPITALITY.

(Drama in Two Acts.)

"ONE MAN'S MEAT IS ANOTHER MAN'S POISON."



I.

Major Heavysides has been mounted by Captain Crashover on what the latter regards as "the best horse in the stable."



II.

Captain Crashover has been mounted by Major Heavysides on what the latter regards as "the best horse in the stable."

"Many a woman sighs for what the French call 'the foot of earth,' without in the least wishing to marry."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

A "foot of earth" sounds rather skimpy for an adult's grave, even if the lady is content with leading the single life underground.

"Cricket.

London, 29th February.
Ireland beat Scotland by 16 points to 41."
Egyptian Morning News.

The great point is to impress the natives with the idea that things are always going on in England.

A PLAIN TALE FROM THE HILLS.

THE Anglo-Indian novelist has much to answer for. He has even corrupted the untravelled innocence of some of our dramatic critics. Nothing short of the hottest curry and spice will serve to content their jaded palates. And so when Captain JOHN KENDALL, ex-gunner, with many years of service in India, produces a plain unvarnished tale from the hills, here and there you find the ingenuous protest—"This is not KIPLING: this is commonplace." Well, one, if not more, of these remarks is true of most things in life, of which the Stage is never tired of professing itself to be the Mirror. And I think that thanks are due to Captain KENDALL for correcting, in a very quiet unassertive way, our florid notions of the Orient, and showing that even in an Indian hill-station the average Briton remains incurably British.

A very pleasant humour runs through the play; not scattered indiscriminately all over the dialogue, but deftly distributed among the characters that have a congenital aptitude for its exhibition.

There are interludes of comparative dulness, but these may be explained by the artistic honesty which distinguished between probable and improbable channels of cynicism. The author knows his atmosphere too well to indulge a flattering estimate of regimental intelligence. His soldier-men may be a little too near the angels in point of altruism, but in their mental outlook they are never unwarrantably *spirituels*. And they have the advantage of being drawn from life, and not from the magazines. Any one of them would have bitterly resented the imputation of being a hero.

The type is not, of course, a stage tradition, and Mr. RUDGE HARDING, who played the laconic *Captain Smith*, had little enough precedent to go upon. He acted conscientiously, but did not quite succeed in covering up the traces of careful coaching. One felt that even his manners had been got by heart. Mr. VIVIAN GILBERT, again, has still something to learn about the affable assurance of our subalterns. But if these two did the author something less than justice, Miss MARIE ILLINGTON, as the match-making *Mrs. Bill*, may be said to have enhanced the excellence of his humour by personal qualities of her own. For the rest, Mr. GARDEN as her worse half; Mr. HOLMES-GORE (with eye-glass) as the Colonel; and Miss BEATRICE TERRY as a young thing with two minds, were all admirably at their ease.

It is, perhaps, a defect in the play that certain things essential to its development occur off the stage and have to be set out in retrospective dialogue. I do not refer to tiger-shoots and punitive expeditions, for which the accommodation at the Court would be inadequate. But I feel that we ought to have been allowed to see with our own eyes something of the changes that were going on inside *Mabel's* adaptable heart during the period between *Captain Smith's* departure and his death, and again between his death and resurrection. However, the author may well plead the unambitious brevity of his scheme.



HIS SECOND TIME ON EARTH.

Horror of *Mrs. Bill* on discovering that there is one more *Smith* in the world than she had supposed.

Mrs. Bill . . . . . Miss Marie Illington.
Captain Smith . . Mr. Rudge Harding.

The interest of the story, by the way, was appreciably modified, for all but first-nighters, by the revelations of the critics. There should be an article in the code of professional propriety forbidding the betrayal of plots on the day after. To give the secret away before the first night is regarded as an act of infamy; yet the distinction is almost negligible.

In a review written by one of those critics who made the discovery that Mr. KIPLING was not the author of this slight comedy, I have read that it "smelt abominably of the theatre." Well, if it did I think it very clever of Captain KENDALL that he should have assimilated this notoriously subtle odour at the first time of trying. Many novices are admonished not to write again till they have acquired the primary elements of stage construction. But I am confident that Captain KENDALL will live down the flattery of that review, as he will also live down the initial disadvantage under which he labours of having already achieved success in another field of art. The British public resents the suspicion of such duplicity. But I would wager something round and large that he will soon persuade them that a man may be an excellent playwright even though he happens to have made some of the best light verse in the language.

O. S.

SITTING TOO TIGHT.

DR. ISTVAN BACU (we hope we have his name correctly), of Temesvar, Hungary, according to the papers, attributes most of the physical evils of modern civilisation to our excessively sedentary life. Long ago, also, KINGSLEY maintained that "of sitting, as of all other carnal pleasures, cometh satiety at the last."

Stimulated by such high authorities, an Anti-Sitting League has sprung into existence, and its members intend to conduct an aggressive propaganda.

Among the first objects of their attack will be the Mother of Parliaments herself, on the ground that the sittings of the House are needlessly long, and the Sessions likewise. M.P.'s will in future be allowed only to stand for their respective constituencies, and not to sit or to lie on their behalf.

Perpetrators of the Postcard Smile will be severely discouraged from bestowing further "sittings" on photographers. Young (or middle-aged) ladies who offend against this rule will have to go back to school until the smile wears off.

Able-bodied individuals who retain their seats in crowded District trains while we are strap-hanging are to be taken back to the station whence they started and there suffer the utmost penalty of the law.

The twenty thousand or more spectators who sit and shout at each football match on a fine afternoon, instead of exercising their own muscles, shall be condemned to play in two "elevens" of ten thousand a side against each other until there are only twenty-two survivors.

The common hen shall be deterred from sitting too long on the British breakfast egg.

FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF TIBERIUS DULL.

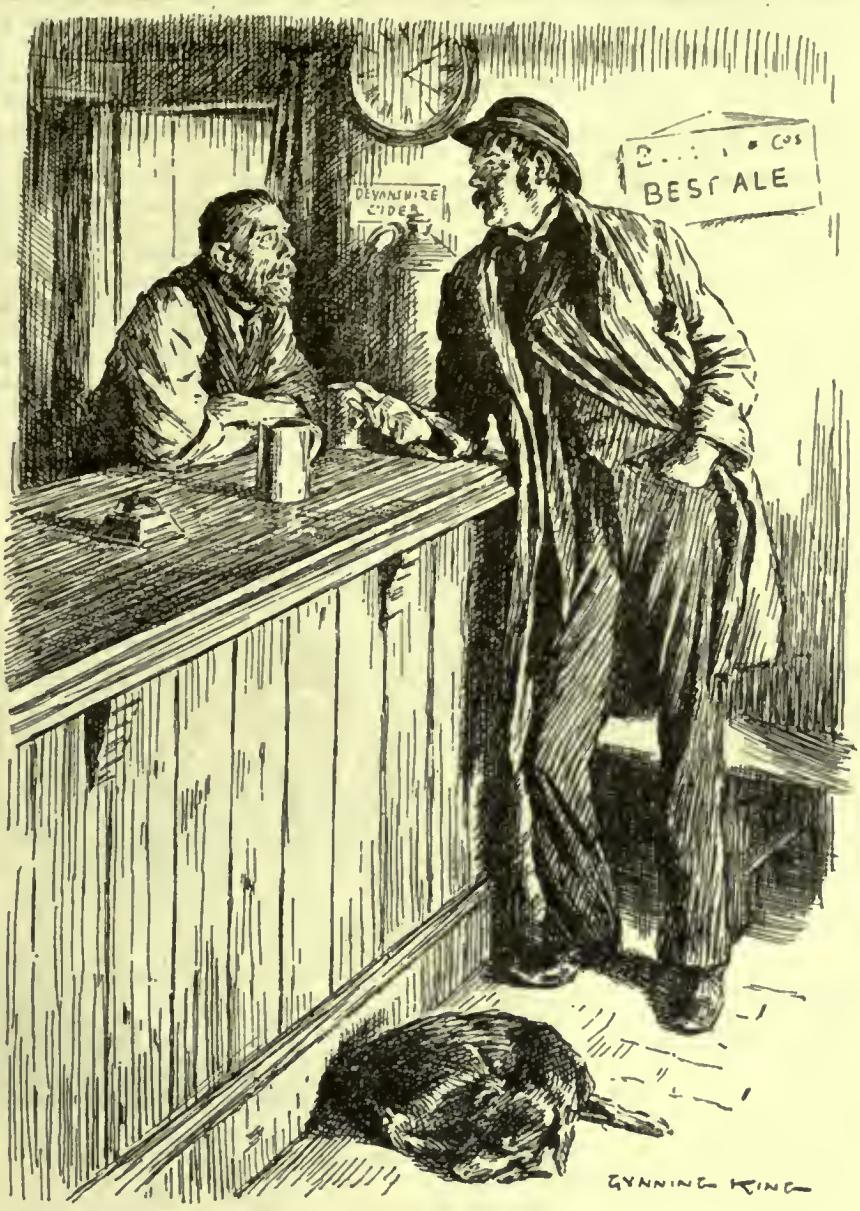
ON THE POETRY OF HUSTLING.

I.

. . . . THE hustler need not be a noisy and feverish person. The old American hustler (derived from the onomatopœic word "ostler," which records the sound made by a man who is rubbing down a horse) was of that type—always "on the bound," always loud, always feverish, obstreperous—or, as some humourists say, obstropolous—bullying and impatient. But this type of hustler is passing away. The true and nobler type is to be found not only amongst adults but amongst what Mr. PETER KEARY—himself a master of the art—so charmingly calls "kiddies." Perhaps the most perfect example of the infantile hustler is to be found in the American child. Thus Mrs. ROGERS, writing in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, gives a delicious picture of "an elaborately dressed American baby of six, entirely unattended, walking into a huge hotel dining-room where her parents had lived for years, and ordering 'Devilled crabs and pink ice-cream' for her dinner," which she actually ate amidst the enraptured glances of the guests and waiters. But American children have immense advantages over their cis-Atlantic brothers and sisters. Here, for example, parents do not live for years in huge hotel dining-rooms. They move from place to place, from room to room, thus acquiring a feverishness entirely alien from the calm tranquillity of the cultured American hustler. Still this type is not altogether unknown in our midst. For example, I know one of the greatest hustlers in London. But he is a man of the stillest and quietest demeanour, low-voiced, leisurely and patient, with sleek hair, a pathetic smile, and an eye like a kind boot button. For the last ten years his income has never been less than £10,000, and yet he seldom goes anywhere without a copy of the bijou edition of Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL'S *Ten Minute Sermons*. He knows each man's business and each man's capacity. He has written down in plain figures the value of each man in his firm. I imagine that the hustler of the future will be a man of this austere yet lovable nature.

II.

We do not need many hustlers in the world, and we cannot expect to find them. There are indeed few master minds of the calibre of SHAKSPEARE, JULIUS CÆSAR, Sir CONAN DOYLE, and Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE, all of them hustlers and all of them poets. The two first-named laboured under great disadvantages. In their day there were no great hotels, no lifts, motor-cars, or any of the modern contrivances which lend life its voluptuous velocity. SHAKSPEARE never ate devilled crab, nor was JULIUS CÆSAR able to mitigate the terrible strain of his Atlantean labours by indulging in the refreshment of pink ice-cream. Yet they made their mark and carved their way to success. SHAKSPEARE compares unfavourably as a narrator with Sir CONAN DOYLE or Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, and JULIUS CÆSAR lacks the humour of Mr. W. W. JACOBS or Mr. PETT RIDGE. Still they were strenuous and remarkable men, both inclined to baldness, and both cut off in early middle age. And they both made themselves so much a part of the life of all who belonged to them that for some time it seemed as if their place could never be filled.



Publican. "AND HOW DO YOU LIKE BEING MARRIED, JOHN?"
John. "DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL."
Publican. "WHY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WI' SHE, JOHN?"
John. "WELL, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING IT'S MONEY; WHEN I GOES 'OME TO MY DINNER IT'S MONEY AGAIN; AND AT SUPPER IT'S THE SAME. NOTHING BUT MONEY, MONEY, MONEY!"
Publican. "WELL, I NEVER! WHAT DO SHE DO WI' ALL THAT MONEY?"
John. "I DUNNO. I AIN'T GIVEN HER ANY YET."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When a young beauty publicly announces in a ball-room that she must find a husband before midnight (or else, by the terms of a will, just come to hand, she will lose a fine heritage), and then and there holds an auction and knocks herself down to the most likely bidder—that 's not a bad start for a romance. So thought the authors of *Colonel Kate* (Methuen), those two brilliant Irish sisters who take the composite name of K. L. Montgomery; and they give you no chance of getting your breath again till half an hour after the finish. If ever you are tempted to pause it is only when you want to probe some mystery, such as that which shrouds the politics of *Lord Lovat*, or the morals of the lady of "the Taffety Parlour." In a dozen lines these clever writers can conjure up an atmosphere of obscurity which Mr. Henry James would be proud to produce in as many hundreds. As in an earlier novel of theirs, *Major Weir*, they give us here a variation, this time more *allegro*, on the Prince Charlie theme. They are as prodigal as ever of adventures, and once more have made a book with stuff in it for ten; its matter, like its manner, of the rarest quality.

There never was a couple of worse economists than K. L. Montgomery. I am tempted to appeal to them, as good artists, saying: "Spare the axe, and spoil the forest." But I know quite well that they won't listen to reason; they are too incorrigibly a law to themselves. And so would I be to myself if I had their brains.

Of all the musical-comedy girls that are so smart, there 's none (at least if there is I must really get to know her) like pretty *Sally*. She is the darling of young *Lord Kidderminster's* heart, and lives (or will, when *Kiddie* gets the marquisate) at Buckminster, the family seat, which is several sizes larger and considerably less squalid than our alley. When she married *Kiddie*, *The Comet* said that her father was *Mr. James Snape-Mainwaring*, for long honourably known as closely connected with our shipping industry. In other words, *Snape*, who hastened his wife's departure to a happier world with a hobnailed boot, was a drunken dock-labourer. Thanks to the painful experience of her *Sally Snape* days, there's not a lady in the land who could teach *Lady Kidderminster* anything in the arts of stitching trousers, making jam, or putting on smart clothes; and as *Miss Sarita Mainwaring*, of the Grecian Music-Hall and the Verandah Theatre, she was unrivalled as a dancer. But it was not these qualities, nor even her red hair and green eyes, that made *Kiddie* fall in love with her, and finally overcame the prejudices of his family. She owed her success and her salvation to the quality which Frank Danby expresses in the title of her book. At each stage of her upward career *Sally* thought herself in clover, till she found that in the clover there were also pigs. But she kept them all at arm's length, and incidentally made a man of *Kiddie* by virtue of the heart of a child which was in her. Very likely there are more "Sally Snapes" in musical comedy than one is apt to imagine. If so, so much the better for our social "Kiddies," to whom, as well as to anyone else who wishes to enjoy a clever and delightful book, I cordially commend *The Heart of a Child* (Hutchinson).



"I want a glass eye, please."
"Certainly, Sir. What size do you take?"

An attractive preliminary note is sounded in Mr. George Birmingham's narrative of *The Bad Times* (Methuen). It is a dedication in verse to Sir Horace Plunkett, an Irishman who has done more for the welfare of his country than any Secretary of State or any agglomeration of Nationalist Members. The Bad Times recorded happened in Ireland during the plenitude of the power of the Land League. The reference suggests polemical writing. I confess that reading the book leaves me in pleasing doubt whether the author is a Home Ruler or a Unionist. What is certain is that he knows the country, the period, and the people of whom he writes. The chapters present a picture gallery of Irish types showing the wealth of genius pent up in the island; genius that only rarely expands to full proportions unless it is transplanted. Amongst half-a-dozen studies of character the finest is that of *Rafferty*, the old Fenian, who carries to a lone island off the coast the smouldering fires of his hatred for England and his scorn of Land League agents who lurk behind trees and walls, shoot landlords, and, occasionally missing them, by inadvertence kill a woman.

Mr. Edward Noble, if I may judge from his book *The Grain Carriers* (Blackwood), knows the sea from truck to kelson. He knows her storms and her calms, and he knows the people who live and die in her company. He can put down on paper all that this means as vividly as any writer I know, and he can paint character; but I am afraid none the less that he is not a very good hand at a story. At least, the story here is hardly worthy of its setting. The underlying object of the book is to expose the disgraceful conditions to which seamen are subjected on the windjammers that compete to supply England with cheap corn. Such an exposure can be made effectively only by keeping to facts. Mr. Noble's indictment may be true in the main, but there are too many revolvers, too many brains blown out, too much gore generally, to make it convincing. There are pressgangs and fierce mutinies on the high seas which urge one's mind back to the eighteenth century, the novelist's golden age of such things; but an author has no business to indulge in these old-world romantics when there is Mr. Lloyd-George's name on the first page after the "Prelude." I should have liked to skip Mr. Lloyd-George, but you can't very well skip the first page of the first chapter.

It is denied that Mr. George Birmingham has in preparation a sequel to "The Bad Times," entitled "The Excellent Daily Mail."

By the way, when are we to have a great novel of Town Life written by Mr. George Birmingham, Mr. Jack London, and Miss Ellen Glasgow in collaboration?

THE BACON MEMORIAL.

A numerously attended meeting was held in the East Ham Athenæum last night to decide upon what measures should be taken for raising a fitting memorial to Bacon.

The chair was taken by Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart. Among those present were Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. William Harris, Mr. Denny, the brothers Hudson, and His Honour Judge Bacon, great-great-great-great-grandson of the beneficiary. Various plans, the Chairman said, had been suggested for perpetuating the fame of the great Lord Chancellor, and not only the fame, but, he would add, the name. (Cheers.) It was a name of which they were all proud. (Hear, hear.) It was time that Englishmen rose to the occasion and let it be known to the world at large that the prosperity and eminence of the nation were due to Bacon. (Wild enthusiasm.) As for himself, no one could feel more strongly than he did how great a man Bacon was, how fine an intellect. None the less he was in agreement with that great statesman William Cobbett, who, when a certain utilitarian inductive philosopher had gravely propounded the view how greatly to be hoped it was that the time might come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by reading Bacon, remarked: "Much more to the purpose if the time could come when the poor man, after the labour of the day, might refresh himself by *eating* bacon. (Long and increased cheering.)

The Chairman then proceeded to read letters from eminent men. Mr. Sidney Lee wrote that he saw no reason for the memorial. (Groans.) Dr. Furnivall stigmatised the meeting as a sty. (Tumult.)

Among other communications read to the meeting was a quatrain from the sprightly pen of Mr. William Archer, who seems to be in favour of a Bacon Theatre. He wrote:—

What needs my Bacon for his honoured bones?
I pray resolve me that.
The answer comes in no uncertain tones:
Parts full of fat.

And now, said the Chairman, having cleared away opposition, let us get to business. (Laughter.)

Mr. Denny then rose and proposed that the memorial take the form of a gigantic statue of Lord Bacon at work upon *Hamlet*, with suitable symbolic groups all around the base. He would suggest as a site Smithfield.

Lord Grimthorpe agreed as to the monument, but said that he thought St. Albans should be the venue. (Laughter.)

One of the Hudsons seconded this. He said that a man's statue should be erected in a man's town. Lord Bacon was a St. Albans man, and St. Albans ought to have his statue. Look at Bunyan. He was a Bedford man, and his statue is at Bedford. Look at Nelson. He was a Trafalgar man, and his statue is in Trafalgar Square.

The other Hudson differed. He said that a national genius should be celebrated in the national capital. That was London. He would defy anyone to say that London was not the capital. Peaceable as he was, he was prepared to fight the man who contradicted him on the point.

Order having been restored, the meeting was addressed by His Honour Judge Bacon, who said that speaking as a member of the family—(prolonged enthusiasm)—he could assure them that his ancestor preferred modest statues to anything vast. Gray's Inn was undoubtedly the best site. As for *Hamlet*, that was, perhaps, a little bit dangerous. They must not forget the Brown Dog difficulties at Battersea, brought about by controversial matters on the inscription. He thought it would be wise not to name the play that Bacon was writing, but merely to indicate that it was a play, and let the public draw their own conclusions.

At this moment a lady, rising at the back of the hall and asking what were the speaker's views on votes for women, brought the meeting to an abrupt if welcome close.



THE SEEING EYE.

Observant Navvy. "Furriners they be, Bill!"

Socialism and the Family.

"If they had no unemployed the workmen would find no difficulty in housing his own family, or in feeding his own children under his own table legs, which, after all, under the very best circumstances, was the very best place in which they could be fed."
Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"We already see around us signs of spring, and the summer will shortly be with us with its long winter evenings."—*The Cabinet Maker.*

"The first-class swimming baths at the other bathing establishments of the City will be reserved for ladies during the summer months, of which due notice will be given."
The Birmingham Daily Mail.

To the ordinary Briton, who is now quite unable to distinguish between the seasons, the caution of *The Cabinet Maker and Complete House Furnisher* (you have to be cautious with a name like that) will appeal more readily than will the optimism of *The Birmingham Daily Mail.*

"The damage caused by the fire will very closely resemble £400."—*The Bodmin Guardian.*

If the resemblance is very close an attempt at least should be made to pass it off on some stranger as £400.

AUTHOR TO ARTIST.

"Nunquamne reponam?"

Dear James, I have your card;
And, under protest, I will go
Next Sunday afternoon and throw
Upon your private picture-show
A cursory regard.

As for my sense of paint,
I never could contrive to tell
Whether it 's handled ill or well,
Though I appreciate the smell,
Which turns me sick and faint.

And I can seldom judge
What the design is meant to be,
Or know, without a printed key,
A "nocturne" from a "symphony,"
Or either from a smudge.

Still, as your card has shown,
If honestly it seems to you
My patronage is worth a sou
It 's not for me to take a view
Less sanguine than your own.

Besides, I like to think
I 'll find some living pictures there
(Women of fashion, wondrous fair,
Come to expose their fresh spring-wear),
And lots to eat and drink.

But if I prattle Art,
Praising your work's ideal aim,
Don't hope to make me buy the same;
If that is your insidious game
I simply *will not* part.

For well your conscience knows
That you in turn would smile awry,
Finding my humour fairly dry,
Were I to hint that you should buy
The stuff that I compose.

Some day I 'll hold a test:
I too will circulate a card
And rope you in to listen hard
While the *chefs d'œuvre* of me the bard
Are flung from off my chest.

Some sultry afternoon
I picture you, profoundly bored,
Hearing my epic, *Gideon's Sword*,
Followed by *Lines to One Adored*,
Jetsam and *Nuts in June*.

Round you shall lie whole reams
Of order forms that quote the charge
For luxe-editions wide of marge,
And I will watch you gaze at large
Musing on other themes.

O. S.

Seasonable Riddle.

Q. Why is the boot-and-knife boy when he chops?

A. Because the fire, the hewer.

M.P.'S AND THEIR SPEECHES.

If anything can remove the stigma attaching to the M.P. who is suspected of getting his speeches made for him it will surely be the enterprise of the Epoch-Making Speech Preparation Syndicate, whose prospectus lies before us. We have pleasure in giving a few quotations, for the information of those among whose duties public utterance is included:—

"Why be ashamed of getting your speeches made for you by another? Your clothes are made by another—why not your speeches? Both, after all, are necessary to a successful Parliamentary career.

"Speeches are the bugbear of the politician. Without them his life would be infinitely happier. The happiness of others, too, is involved.

"Look at our prices!

"Political Speeches. For a good, rousing, fighting speech, our fee is 3 guineas per 1,000 words. Jokes, 9*d*. apiece extra. Extra is also charged if the past career of the opponent is to be investigated or invented. For a learned, statistical speech, with quotations from John Stuart Mill and other standard authors, our fee is 5 guineas per 1,000. (We prepare this type of speech in such a way as to provoke, without fail, certain questions from an intelligent audience. Effective, 'scoring' answers to these questions are supplied at 5*s*. each.)

"Impromptu Speeches (for any occasion). As these require more time in their preparation, it is necessary to make a charge of 7 guineas per 1,000, which is, however, inclusive of humour and quotations. Our series of 'Impromptu Speeches for One Hundred and One Occasions' can be had for £500, or on *The Times* system of payment for £50 down and thirteen monthly payments of £50 each.

"Accessories. Audiences, stewards, applause, local newspaper reports, and other accessories on the cheapest terms.

"The Empee Gramophone. We commend our Compactum Empee Gramophone for the use of politicians. So small that it can be worn hidden beneath the coat; so perfect that no difference between it and the human voice can be detected. Is increasingly used in the House of Commons, Peckham, the Eustace Miles Restaurant, and St. Paul's Cathedral. The mechanism is so simple that any Parliamentary candidate or M.P. can work it. We make the speech; you read it, by the quiet of your own fireside, into the instrument; and when the time comes for the speech to be delivered all you have to do is to stand up, press the button, move your mouth about, and wave your arms. A faint click, heard only by the wearer, warns him when to stop. Prices on application.

"Mode of Payment. Payment in all cases (excepting where *The Times* system is applied) on delivery, to save future trouble and litigation."

A PRIVATE MEMBER'S BILL.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, M.P.,
at The Playhouse.

We were wrong, after all, in imagining that the *Entente Cordiale* was an invention of our own days. It seems that there was a good deal of it going on among the outposts along the lines of Torres Vedras; and certainly one French prisoner on parole in Devonshire had a very complete understanding with *Marjory Strode*, daughter of a neighbouring magistrate. Warlike sentiment, however, still ran deep. Witness the very graphic scene when the news of a British victory, in which the local regiment had borne a gallant part, was read out in the hearing of the French prisoner, his presence being overlooked in the general excitement.

Mr. Mason's play turns largely upon a contest of wits between Youth and Crabbed Age. Both the very young *Marjory* and her very old uncle showed a most remarkable cunning for their years. But love and parental pride are always excellent intellectual tonics. At one point we came within a trigger's pull of tragedy; but Mr. Mason's admirers never quite lost confidence in their man's ability to get his puppets safe out of a tight corner.

The character that did most to bring about the happy conclusion was a certain Spanish convent-girl who, being in sudden need of protection, threw herself, very sketchily attired, into the arms of the young Ensign *Dick Strode*, and ultimately relieved his parent of any further need to press his boy's suit elsewhere. Unfortunately, and to my profound regret, this seductive creature was not permitted to appear on the stage, where I am certain she would have been very well received.

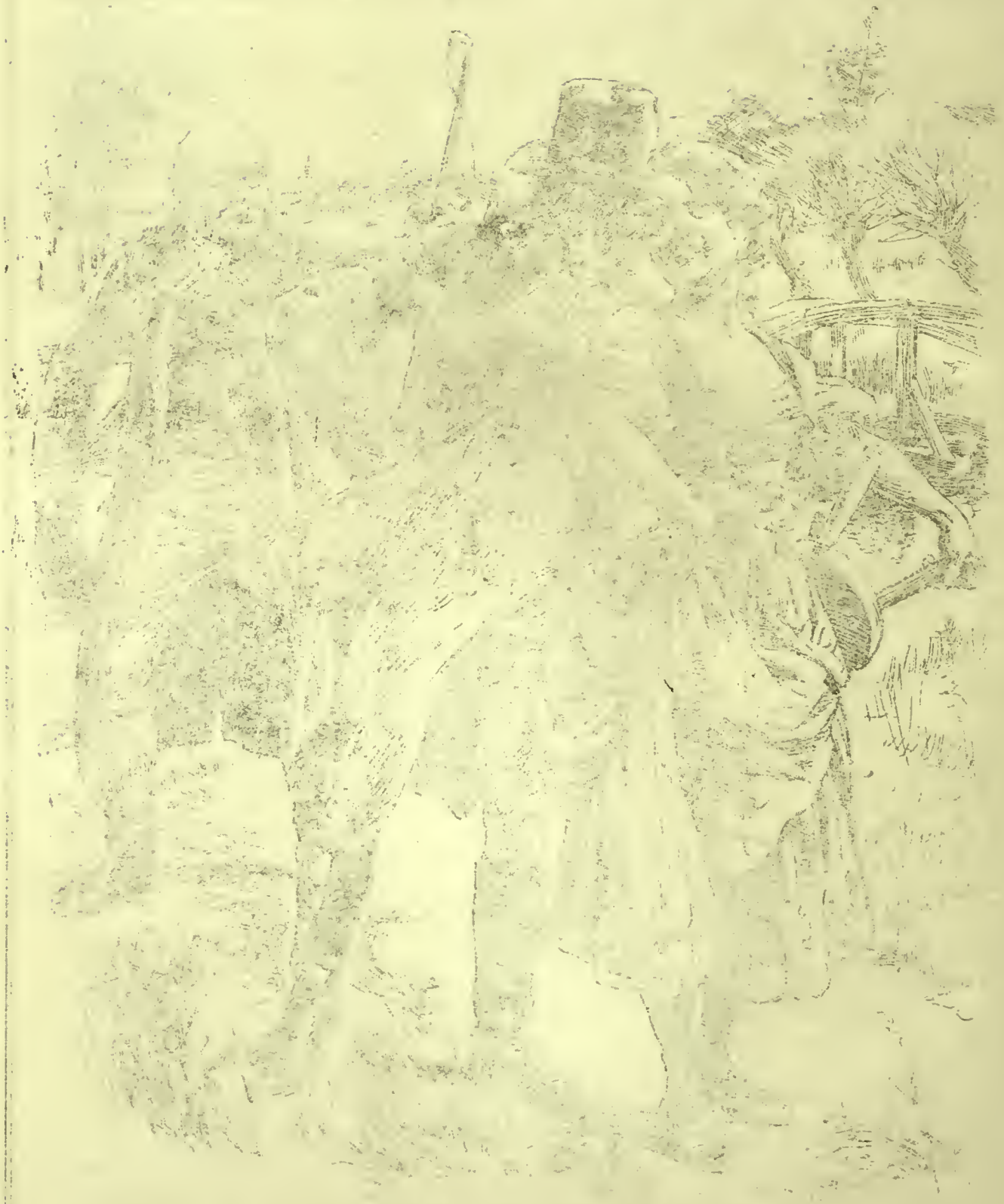
There were one or two rather conventional effects, such as *Marjory's* song of separation, and the foreign marriage of her rejected suitor; but these found a sufficient set-off in the novelty of the main scheme—the prisoner's efforts to get himself



CALLED TO HEEL.

Gay young Radical dog (*to Socialist charmer*). "WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?"
Squire Whiteley (*his guardian*). "I DON'T KNOW—OR CARE—WHERE *SHE*'S GOING TO; BUT *YOU*'RE COMING HOME WITH ME, MY BOY—AND I'LL TALK TO YOU LIKE A FATHER."

[Mr. George Whiteley, Liberal Whip, has publicly rebuked those of his Party who voted for the Unemployed Bill. They seemed to think, he said, that "they were entitled to philander and flirt with certain elements of Socialism."]





SELF-DENIAL.

Host. "Care to play Auction Bridge?" *Guest.* "Sorry; but I only play ordinary Bridge in Lent."

arrested so as to be relieved of his parole.

The spontaneous humour of the first two Acts (the second was exceptionally fresh and piquant, and full of engaging contrasts) gave way to more serious movement in the third, save always when *Dackum*, most delectable of butlers, animated the scene in the person of Mr. John Harwood; but it came again in the last Act with *Dick Strode's* confession of his exotic marriage. The audience, though they derived a very solid satisfaction from the play, were not always immediately responsive to Mr. Mason's humour. I fancied, for instance, that the grotesque toy-figure of Wellington, constructed by the French prisoner to hasten his arrest, was rather wounding to their insular susceptibilities.

The two old brothers *Strode*, admirable foils to each other, were excellently played by Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Alfred Bishop, with the assistance of Art and Nature respectively. But much as I enjoyed their performance, I could have done with a little less of them, if I might have had a little more of Mr. Ainley. In the part of *Jean de Selac* he was an astonishingly attractive figure. To a very masculine dignity he added an almost womanly persuasiveness. As a lover he was irresistible; and his own discretion, aided by a slight French accent and deportment, carried him comfortably over the pitfalls of sentimentalism.

In the title-rôle no one could have bettered Miss Sevening's charm of face and manner; but the part called for rather more impulsiveness and mobility than she had at command.

I was privileged to sit close to a politician of Mr. Mason's own colour; and I wish now that I had thought to tell him that I regard the evening's Bill—a private member's—as likely to be the most popular one that the Liberal party has produced since it came into power. Perhaps he will kindly accept the present intimation of my views on this head. O. S.

"B. and B. will require April 7th an unqualified junior assistant; no Sunday or week-day duty."—*The Pharmaceutical Journal.*

To the thousands of earnest workers who will rush to apply for this post, we would point out that there is certain to be a catch somewhere; probably something silly about Saints' Days.

"THE SIGHT OF MEANS TO DO ILL DEEDS."

I 'm always worried when I see
The capes of Scotland Yard suspended
Upon a lamp-post or a tree,
Apparently quite unattended;
It seems to me a bit unfair,
Robert, to go and leave them there.

If in the Park I doffed *my* wraps,
The atmosphere becoming sunny,
And hung them—on a rail perhaps,
You 'd think my action rather funny,
And even come and lecture me
For aiding petty larceny.

Yet may not your effulgent cape,
When telescopically twisted,
Present temptation in a shape
That 's very hard to be resisted?
It surely cannot be a trap
To catch some waterproof-less chap?

"An extraordinary act of somnambulism is reported from Cawnpore. A European passenger by an early morning express walked out of his compartment while the train was about half a mile from Balrai station. The shock woke him."—*The Pioneer.*

It reads, somehow, as though he were in the Civil Service at home.

GETTING INTO FORM.

"April will soon be here," said Miss Middleton with a sigh of happiness.

"Bless it," I agreed. "My favourite month. Twelve," I added conversationally, "is my lucky number, and Thursday the day of the week on which I do least work. When next the 12th of April falls on a Thursday, which may not be for centuries, look out. Something terrific will happen."

"It 's about now that one begins to wonder if one is in form, or likely to be."

"Just about now," I agreed. "I always say that when the draw is announced for the Semi-Finals of the English Cup, in which, of course, I take not the slightest interest whatever, and in fact hardly know what teams are left in for it, though I must say I hope Southampton win this year, because, after all, Fry did play for them once, but they 'll have a bit of a job to beat the Wolves, you know—and then there 's Newcastle and Fulham after that, and, of course, you can't be . . . ."

"I 'm tired of that sentence," said Miss Middleton.

"So was I. I only wanted to make it clear that I have no use for these spectacular gladiatorial combats. Give me cricket, the game of——"

Miss Middleton did not appear to be listening.

"Do you bowl as fast and as good a length as you talk?" she asked thoughtfully.

"No. More swerve perhaps. And I bowl with my head a good deal."

"I see. Quite different. Well, then, will you coach me this spring? Do, there 's a dear."

"I should love to. I know all the things to say."

She got up excitedly.

"Come along, then. I 've got the rippingest bat. But you must promise not to bowl too fast."

I had said that I knew all the things to say, but as a matter of fact there is only one thing to say: "You should have come out to 'er, sir." (Or I suppose, in Miss Middleton's case, "You should have come out to him, madam.") It is a silly remark to make, because it is just what one is always doing. At school I could come out to anything that was straight and not too high; the difficulty lay in staying in. Nobody ever told me how to do that.

Miss Middleton led the way to a walled-in tennis lawn, which lay next to the rhubarb and things, and was kept away from it only by six feet of brick. If it had simply been a question of rhubarb I should have said nothing, but there were grapes there too.

"I know," said Miss Middleton. "But we *must* play against a wall. Don't bowl too much to leg."

I hadn't bowled since October the 4th. The first post-October ball was a trifle over-pitched, and a little too much to the right. All the same I was just saying, "You should have come out to that one," when there was a crash from the direction of long-on.

"By Jove, I didn't know you were so good. Was that the grapes?"

"How awful! Yes. It simply seemed to fly off the bat. I did ask you not to bowl there, didn't I?"

She looked so penitent that I had to comfort her.

"It 's all right," I said consolingly, "I had a man there. You would have been out all the way. Besides," I went on, "a little air will do the grapes good. They stay all the time in one hot room, and then when they go out into the cold they don't muffle up, and the natural consequence is—— Or am I thinking of influenza?"

"Never mind. We must remember not to do it again, that 's all. Give me some to cut."

There are several ways of cutting. For myself, I was taught to cut "square" with the left leg across and "late" with the right, the consequence being that I can do neither. W.G. (to work downwards) generally uses the fore-arm for the stroke, Ranji the wrist. Miss Middleton keeps both feet together and puts her whole body into it; and the direction in which the ball travels is towards long-on. There was another crash.

"Golf is your game," I said admiringly. "You lay it dead on the greenhouse every time."

"I say, what *shall* we do? Father will be furious."

I looked at my watch.

"I can just catch the 3.25," I said.

"Oh, don't be a coward, when it 's all your fault for bowling so badly."

"Perhaps the glass is insured," I suggested. "It is generally."

"It 's insured against hail," she said doubtfully.

I looked at the sky. It was one of the most beautiful blues I have seen.

"No," said Miss Middleton sadly.

"It will be a point for lawyers to argue, I fancy. What is actually meant by hail? You would probably define it at once as aqueous vapour cooled down in the atmosphere to the freezing point of water."

"I don't know. Perhaps I should."

"But 'hail' here obviously has a wider significance. I take it to mean 'anything that descends suddenly from the clouds.' I haven't *Williams on Real Property* with me, but——"

"Come on," said Miss Middleton, "let 's say it does mean that. And could you please keep them a bit more on the off?"

"It 's no good my keeping them there if *you* don't."

The worst of coaching—I speak now as an expert—is that it is so difficult to know what to say when a lady whirls her bat twice round her head, gives a little shriek, gets the ball on the knee, and says, "What ought I to have done then?" The only answer I could think of was "Not that."

"I thought you knew all about coaching," she said scornfully.

"But, you see, it depends upon what you were wanting to do," I said meekly. "If it was a drive you should have come out to it more, and if it was a cut you should have come down on it; while if it was a Highland fling you lacked *abandon*, and if you were killing a wasp——"

"A good coach would know what was the *best* thing to do with that particular ball, wouldn't he? And that 's just what he would tell you."

"He wouldn't know," I said modestly. "You don't often meet that sort of ball in good cricket."

"No, I suppose not. That 's why I didn't know what to do, I expect. You know I generally know exactly what to do, only I can't do it."

"Is that really so?" I cried excitedly. "Why then, of course, *you* ought to coach *me*!"

* * * * *

We had a very jolly afternoon. I fancy I shall be in some form this year. Miss Middleton is one of the best bowlers I have seen, but I brought off some beautiful shots. I wanted some tea badly afterwards.

"What glorious days we have now," said Miss Middleton's mother, as she handed me a cup.

"Glorious," said Miss Middleton's father.

"H'm, yes," I said doubtfully. "But you know I 'm afraid it won't last. It 's beginning to look rather like—like hail."

"Yes," said Miss Middleton. "We both thought so." A. A. M.



Philanthropist (home from China). "YOU KNOW, MY DEAR PEOPLE, THE PRISONS THERE ARE NOT THE SORT OF PLACES TO WHICH YOU AND I ARE ACCUSTOMED."

ALL ABOUT THE COMMON HOUSE-FLY.

[EXPLANATORY NOTE.—As soon as I heard that a *Children's Encyclopædia* was about to appear in parts, I sat down and composed this article expressly for it. I thought it might strike the Editor as chatty but instructive, and calculated to please not only the tiny tots, but boys and girls of a larger growth. I was mistaken there, because it didn't. The Editor replied that I "appeared to have completely misunderstood the scheme and purpose of the work," and "regretted his inability to use the contribution I had been good enough to submit to him." He will regret it even more when he sees how well it looks in print. But I am not angry with him, only rather annoyed.]

You may have noticed sometimes, when lying awake in your little white cribs on a summer morning, a quantity of small black dipterous (or two-winged) objects apparently engaged in playing "I spy" in the air above your heads. And very likely you have wondered what these objects can possibly be. They are Flies. Their Latin name is *Musca domestica*—but you need not trouble about that, as no fly ever answers to it. Perhaps, too, you have wondered how it is that they never happen to knock up against another. The reason is that they are clever enough to know that if they did they would be stunned, and perhaps severely bruised. They are far more intelligent in their games than most children. But how do they manage to walk up window-panes, and upside down on the ceiling? If *your* hands and feet were round hairy discs or suckers, like theirs, you would be able to do so too. But as they are not, perhaps you had better not try. The fly, when perfect, has six legs, but all of them are extremely thin. It is very sociable and readily attaches itself to human beings, especially when they are not so young as they used to be. If you possess a dear grandpapa you will probably have observed this for yourselves. But it likes butter even better. It is fond of animals—especially horses, cows, and dogs. Some considerate people who keep horses always have their tails cut quite short, because, otherwise, the poor flies would be liable to be disturbed just when they had settled down comfortably.

There is a pretty story of *Uncle Toby* (a kind old gentleman in a celebrated book which you will know all about some day, though you may never find time to read it) who once caught a fly which had been buzzing about his nose. Then he opened the window and let it out, saying: "I 'll not hurt a hair of thy head. Go. This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me." This fly was so touched by this act of generosity that it refused to accept its liberty, and persisted in returning to remain by its benefactor ever afterwards.

This will show you that a kind action is never thrown away—even on a fly.

It was a fly, as I daresay you have read, who was the only witness of the last moments of Poor Cock Robin (*v. article* "Redbreast [Robin]" *in future number*). "'I,' said the Fly, 'with my little eye, I saw him die.'" Though, really, a normal Fly has *two* eyes. These are compound, and enable it to see all round itself, which is, of course, a great convenience. It also possesses a long fleshy proboscis, or trunk, like an elephant's (*v. article* "Elephant," *in Part* 3), through which it sucks up its drink. In hot weather it is afflicted with a perpetual

thirst. A great poet (it might have been Dr. Watts, but I really forget—you might ask your governess) once addressed it as: "Busy, curious, thirsty fly," and invited it to share his ale with him. But that particular fly must have been unusually modest, because as a rule they do not wait to be asked.

The Fly, like the Cuckoo (*q.v.*), is the Harbinger of Spring, though it has not the same characteristic call. When you see the first fly, you will know that Winter is coming to an end. But do not write to the paper about it—leave that to your papa.

The Fly is most particular about its personal appearance. If you watch it you will frequently see it brushing its hair and cleaning its face with its front legs. In this respect it affords a good example to children who do not always keep themselves as tidy as they are told to do. Ahem!

I am sorry to say that quite lately people have been trying to take away the Fly's character. One very clever and learned man provided a large piece of cheese and induced a fly to walk all over it. Afterwards he examined its footprints through a thing called a microscope (*v. article* "Microscope," *later*). I think you will agree that this was not quite a nice way to treat one who was, after all, in the position of a guest. In fact it seems rather sneaky. But he did, and reported that it had left goodness knows how many thousand *bacteria* (I must tell you more about these interesting little creatures some other day) in each footstep. Which is all very well, but if that learned man ever examines his own bootsoles after he has come in from a walk, I should just like to know how many thousand million *bacteria* he would find on *them*! And in all probability he only has two feet, while a fly, as we have already seen, has six!

Yet he proposes that we should abolish all flies while they are still *larvæ*, *i.e.*, quite babies! Have you ever thought what would happen if there were no flies? I will tell you. Quantities of poor people would be thrown out of employment, and your poor papa would have to pay more rates and taxes (you will know what rates and taxes are when you are grown up) to support them.

All the people who live by making fly-papers, and those pretty coloured paper globes for the flies to settle on, and the other things coated with sticky stuff which are useful but not so pleasant to look at, and are sometimes called "Catch 'em alive oh's"—all those hard-working people are entirely dependent for their living on the humble little fly, and would miss it dreadfully if it disappeared altogether. Very likely that clever man forgot to think of them; but when you come to know a little about Political Economy (you must never expect to know very much) you will see that there are two sides to every question, and generally several.

Another interesting fact about flies is that it is never easy to be certain whether they are really dead, or only think they are. So, if you should discover one seemingly lifeless in your cup of milk or tea, remember that there is *always hope*. If you will only persevere for two or three hours in the treatment recommended for restoring animation to the apparently drowned (*v. article* "Humane Society," *in next part*) you will, in nine cases out of ten, be rewarded by perceiving signs of returning vitality.

But if, on the other hand, the fly is found embedded in a currant bun, you will merely be wasting your time in any efforts to revive it.

And now I have told you all it is necessary for you to know at present about the Common House-Fly.

F. A.

THE DREADNOUGHTS.

A Ballad Adapted to the Two-Power Standard.

[Dedicated, without any responsibility on the part of *Mr. Punch* (that stern advocate of a strong Navy), and with apologies for all metrical and tactical irregularities, to those extreme Germanophobes who appear to forget sometimes that the "Two-Power Standard" was adopted in order to protect this country against *any hostile combination of two Powers*.]

I.

At Rosyth, in the North Sea, Sir Richard Grenville lay,
And a submarine, like a spouting whale, came plunging from far away:
"German ships of war at sea! We have sighted fifty-three!"
Then swore Lord Thomas Howard, "'Fore God, I am no coward;
I was never son of a gun, but I have not two to one;
I have only a hundred-and-five; we must fly to keep alive.
One-hundred-and-five *Dreadnoughts*! Can we fight with fifty-three?"

II.

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville: "I know you are no coward;
You keep the double standard of the Ad-mi-ra-li-tee.
But, although it *is* a beast-coast, I decline to leave the East-coast;
I should count myself the coward if I left it, my Lord Howard,
To the porcelain-pipes and *Sauerkraut* and *Schnapps* of Germanee."

III.

So Lord Howard on a *Dreadnought* he swiftly passed away,
And he left one hundred-and-four to fight off the Eastern shore;
And Sir Richard looked not to the right nor yet to the left that day;
But his colours to his mast
With a nail he then made fast,
And the battle-array was fixed and the battle-signal was made
To the men who manned the ships; and they blest him with their lips,
While the battle-thunder waited and the boldest grew afraid.

IV.

He had only a hundred thousand men to work the ships and to fight;
And he lay off Rosyth harbour till the German came in sight,
With his inky *Nassaus* smoking, fifty-three, and all abreast.
"Shall we fight or shall we fly?
Good Sir Richard, which is best?
Woe is us for two that fail us that would make them one to two."
And Sir Richard said again:—"They be bulky Teuton men;
But we 'll play a round of rubbers with these hairy German lubbers;
And we 'll batter them and shatter them, and beat them black and blue."

V.

Hundreds of their soldiers, with their *Pickelhauben* complete,
And hundreds of their sailors grew pale when they saw the fleet



M.F.H. (*getting up*). "WHAT THE DEUCE DO YOU MEAN BY RIDING OVER ME LIKE THAT?"
Youth (*with bad stutter*). "S-S-S-SO S-SORRY! I H-H-HADN'T T-T-TIME TO SAY W-W-W-W-WOA!"

Steaming on and on, till we drew
A circle round about them with our two millions of tons,
And our turbines, and torpedoes, and our nine-point-something guns,
And our men to fire them fitly, and our paint so bright and new.

* * * * * *

VI.

And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the hundred-and-four and the fifty-three.
And the night went down and the sun smiled out, as it often had smiled before,
And still the fight was a sporting fight 'twixt the fifty-three and the hundred-and-four.
And still they are booming and fighting on, for we know that it is not right,
When the British are less than two to one, to finish a naval fight.
And some are shattered, and some are sunk, but all are earning a deathless fame
By keeping the Two-Power Standard true; I hope we may do the same.

"Wanted, experienced Nurse, good London accent."—*The Times.*

Specimen application: "Now then, fice, whad'yer grinnin' at? Cawn't yer see I 've come abaht yer biby?"

The Freedom of the Press.

According to one portion of *The Daily Record and Mail*,

"Hayti has an army of 8000 men, mostly Generals, and a navy of a few ships in an advanced stage of senile decay."

But according to another fragment of the same date the island only

"has a population of about 1000 negroes of African descent, and a few hundred white traders."

"Gentlemen," we can imagine a political speaker saying, "these statements, so damaging to the Government, do not come from the fifth page of *The Daily Record*. (*Laughter.*) They come from the second half of the fourth column of the third page. (*Loud and prolonged cheering.*)

"Under the trees are hundreds and hundreds of herds of horses grazing. On the bare backs of many of these animals cheerful cowboys are riding in groups."—*Daily Mail.*

All the same, the beautiful lady in the gauze dress, who stood upon one foot and kissed her hand to us twenty years ago, holds a place in our hearts which can never be filled by another.

From an Exchange Telegraph:—

"The whole of the north-east coast has been averted by the quiet influence of Mr. Lloyd-George."

May we beg Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE to come south at once, and avert the Strand Site?



Stout Party. "The idea of expectin' people to walk six mile is simply redic'lous!"
Friend (by way of solace). "But it'll give you twice the thirst!"

CHARIVARIA.

We cannot help thinking that the Royal Humane Society was in too much of a hurry in bestowing its medal for "the bravest act of the year." It now transpires that someone has smoked one of the cigars made from tobacco grown and cured by the Royal Botanic Society at Regent's Park.

***

In a symposium in *The Review of Reviews* Mr. Silas K. Hocking writes:—"I now smoke half-a-dozen cigarettes a day—*sometimes more.*" The italics are ours. Oh, Silas, you profligate!

***

Tokio and London Trams is the alluring title of an article in *The Daily News;* but we strongly advise our readers to hesitate before putting any money in such a venture.

***

A valuable ring was found inside a herring the other day. This raises the interesting question: Do up-to-date fish now go through the marriage ceremony?

***

"Marriage is by far the better state for man—though I think not necessarily for woman," says Mr. Basil Tozer in *The Irony of Marriage.* And now, we suppose, all our marriageable bachelors will be for claiming the virtue of altruism.

***

We are getting on. Matinée hats have been a feature of our places of worship for some time past, and now comes the news that a Wesleyan chapel which has just been opened at Middlesbrough is provided with "tip-up" seats similar to those in use at theatres.

***

The French Academy has refused a legacy of £4,000 for the purpose of reforming the morals of Paris. It was felt, we suppose, that if the morals were reformed the realists would starve.

***

Miss Gladys Desmond of the Gaiety Theatre has been put to considerable annoyance, leading indeed to an action in the Courts, by the publication of a testimonial given by an American lady of the same name in favour of a wrinkle-remover. The fact that there are two Winston Churchills has also caused trouble, one of them, we understand, objecting most strongly to the statement: "Winston Churchill is fast becoming one of the greatest masters of fiction."

***

A pleasing innovation in railway accidents was introduced last week at Wembley Park, when all the coaches of a train left the rails, and one was overturned, but nobody was injured seriously. If all accidents were like this there would be far less outcry against them.

***

Lecturing at Ealing on the Pan-Anglican Congress the Vicar of Kingsbury mentioned that, when it was first proposed to form the Congress, the opinions of the Anglican Bishops all over the world were invited, and the replies in the handwriting of the Bishops were almost illegible: a Standard IV. child would have put them to shame. Evidently the Bishops' Education Bill which was introduced in the House of Lords last week comes not a moment too soon.

***

"One day," says one of the released Suffragettes, in recounting her prison experiences, "we organised a grand lark. We all agreed to roar like hungry animals at dinner-time. We made a fearful noise." After this we hope we shall hear no more about women being devoid of a sense of humour.



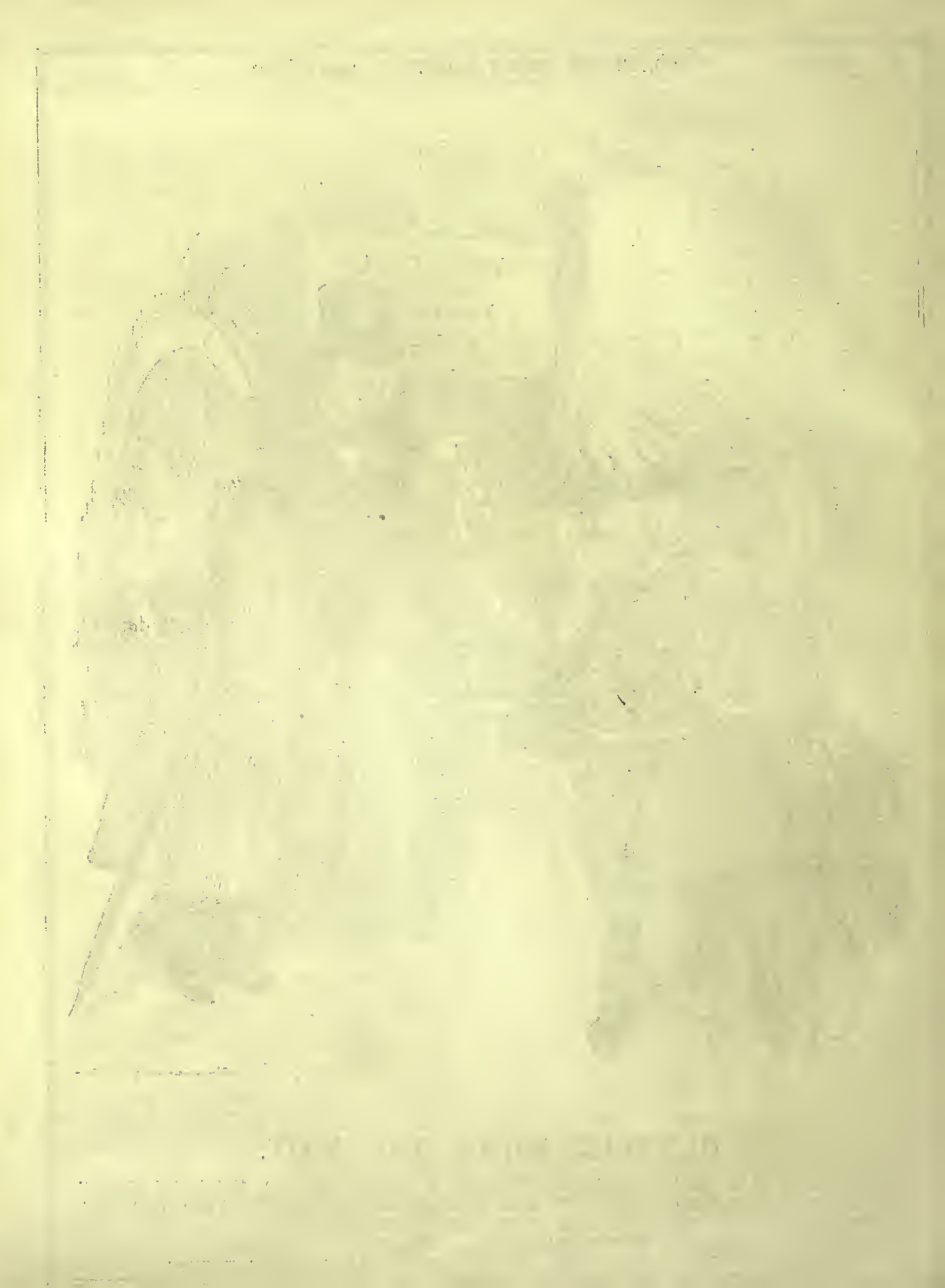
GUNNERY WHILE YOU WAIT.

Mr. Haldane. "IN THE EVENT OF INVASION I SHALL DEPEND UPON MY BRAVE TERRITORIAL FORCE TO MANIPULATE THIS MAGNIFICENT AND COMPLICATED WEAPON."

Field-Marshal Punch. "GOING TO GIVE THEM ANY TRAINING?"

Mr. H. "OH, PERHAPS A FORTNIGHT OR SO A YEAR."

F.-M. P. "AH! THEN THEY'LL NEED TO BE PRETTY BRAVE, WON'T THEY?"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 16.—The smell of gunpowder permeates both Houses. The talk is all of guns, fifteen-pounders or eighteen-pounders. A park of field artillery fills the Star Chamber Court. Members, trained in ordinary peaceful pursuits, involuntarily straighten their backs and move in military step as they enter the House. Across the space of Palace Yard, which really ought to be surrounded by a moat, the tap of busy hammers closing rivets up gives dreadful note of preparation. (This, to be precise, is only the workmen taking up Victoria Street flanking Westminster Abbey. They always do it when Parliament is in session.)

In the Lords, Carnot Midleton, Organiser of Victory, has raised the whole question of the readiness and fitness of the Army for War. In the Commons N. Bonaparte Haldane, all unconscious of what was in store for him, entered the House at Question time blithe and debonair.

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front," quoted Prince Arthur, glancing at the Secretary of State.

Scarcely was he seated when the storm burst. Fire opened from a masked battery served by Faber. Smashed an unsuspected weak point in administration of Army affairs. Appears from successive volleys of questions that Napoleon B., as representative of War Office, was owner of "The Coach and Horses" licensed public-house at Hilsea, near Portsmouth, which lately came under hammer. Designing to obtain a big price, he, according to Faber, manœuvred to withhold from persons assembled in auction-room, with presumable intent of purchasing, knowledge that the Government contemplated passing a Licensing Bill which would annihilate, blow up, undermine, crush, knock over sideways the Trade, incidentally lessening the value of "The Coach and Horses."

In vain Haldane cited fact that Ministerial intention of bringing in Licensing Bill had been common property for two years. To deaf ears he pleaded that Secretary of State for War has nothing to do with settling terms of sale of public-houses. Faber, having got the range, not to be shaken off. Blazed away for full five minutes.

This merely a reconnaissance. Arthur Lee, who, being a warrior bold, Professor of Strategy and Tactics, was made by Prince Arthur Civil Lord of the Admiralty, now advanced with main attack. Wanted to know why Napoleon B. H. had parked only fifteen-pounder field-guns in Star Chamber Court? Where were the eighteen-pounder quick-firing guns?

Ah! You can't deceive the Adjutant of the Isle of Wight Royal Artillery. The whole thing was a blind. The fifteen-pounders were designed for the service of the Territorial Army. The eighteen-pounders reserved for regular forces. Mr. Perks and other Members going down to inspect the guns, finding only one class on exhibition, believed all was well. Place an eighteen-pounder beside a fifteen-pounder, and the edifice of false security devised by Haldane's subtle brain would crumble in dust.

In the Lords, Portsmouth beleaguered by overwhelming force. Here also harping on the fifteen-pounders. Dartmouth gave note of acute human interest to long palaver. Under-Secretary for War, reading list



On the Fiscal Black List.

Confederate. "Never you mind who I am—that's a secret!—but there's no admittance for *you* till you take the oath of the 'Brotherhood'!"

(Lord H-gh C-c-l and ——?)



"I am afraid Shropshire has got it."

(The Earl of P-rtsm-th.)



"The task is one of overwhelming difficulty, and it is the more difficult when you have two horses to ride at the same time and which I must ride. *Under the circumstances I submit to the House of Commons that the rate of progress is one which is sufficiently rapid.*"—*Mr. Haldane, March 19th.*

of county garrisons to which a gun had been allotted, mentioned Staffordshire and Shropshire. Dartmouth protested that Staffordshire had not seen the gun. The guilty Under-Secretary attempted to change the subject.

Dartmouth sternly interposed with question, "Where is my gun?"

"I am afraid Shropshire has got it," meekly answered the hapless Under-Secretary.

Amid murmur of sympathetic cheers Dartmouth hurriedly left the House. Understood he has gone down to Staffordshire, will raise the county in arms, march upon Shropshire, and seize the gun.

Haldane begins to wish he hadn't left the Bar.

Business done.—Army affairs hotly discussed in both Houses.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Striking instance presented itself to-night of manner in which House is liable to submit to subtle influence of passing circumstance. Sitting set apart for business in connection with closing of financial year. In Committee of Ways and Means, bang went £44,355,000 on account of coming year. A mere trifle, scarcely worth mentioning; decidedly not worth discussing. Next came Report stage of Supplementary Estimates. On vote for Board of Agriculture, Laurence Hardy rose to offer a few remarks. At the moment, following close on Question time, habitually the most crowded period of sitting, benches fairly filled.

Glancing round faces of expectant audience, he remarked, "I desire to call the attention of the Committee to the manner in which the Destructive Insects and Pests Act is administered in relation to Gooseberry Mildew."

Gooseberry Mildew! Hardly were the words uttered than change was wrought in appearance of House. Blight fell first on benches below gangway on Opposition side. Nationalists and Labour Members, folding their copy of the Orders like the Arab, as silently stole away. Crossing the floor, Mildew descended on Ministerial garden plot. Under its influence Members curled up like the young gooseberry leaf, and their places knew them no more. Loyal to an esteemed colleague, the group of Members immediately before Laurence Hardy for a while withstood the dire influence. Ulstermen a tough breed. Can suffer an hour's, even a night's, bickering with Home Rulers below gangway. Gooseberry Mildew quite another thing. Even Winterton succumbed. Conscious of a gathering hue on his expressive countenance suggestive of a gooseberry sickening of a vague disease, the noble lord staggered towards the door, closely followed by Captain Craig, Corbett, and A. S. Wilson.

The Speaker, to some extent immune under canopy of the Chair, further sheltered by full-bottomed wig, bravely sat it out. Possibly had the Deputy Speaker been within hail he might have yielded to temptation and obtained a substitute. But Emmott, who abhors Mildew, cannot indeed stand blight of any kind, was, like the "little Jane" of early-Victorian verse, among "the first to go."

Big Ben tolled the knell of parting day. One by one Members passed slowly o'er the Bar. Laurence Hardy plodded his weary way, and left the House to Gooseberry blight and me.

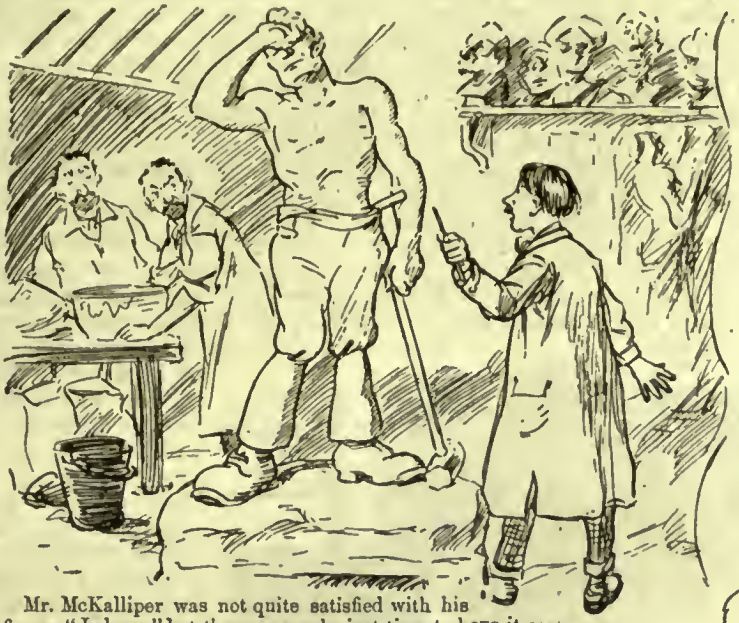
Sitting never recovered effect of visitation. In vain Banbury, who invariably takes the palm on these occasions, endeavoured to interest Committee in exportation of silver coinage to Africa. Darkly hinted there was more in it than met the eye. Can't be too careful with a Ministry in power such as that which now holds the reins. Subsequent effort to discuss appointment of Public Trustee fell flat. Craig and Corbett, returning to their places, each carrying a smelling-bottle, opened fire on Nationalist quarters. They were empty.

"Gooseberry-Mildewed," Winterton bitterly said.



"Gooseberry Mildew."
(Mr. L-r-nce H-rdy.)

ACADEMY FORECASTS.



Mr. McKalliper was not quite satisfied with his figure "Labour," but there was only just time to have it cast.



However, owing to a defective armature, it doubled up, and the title had to be changed to "Treasure Trove."



Mr. Cheyne Walker, knowing that pictures which happened to fit odd corners stood a better chance of being hung, has this year adopted the brilliant idea of departing from the usual shapes.



The ingenious Mr. Smartleigh has painted a picture which can be hung in four different ways, all equally intelligible.



Kindly Critic: "Oh yes; it stands a reasonable chance of getting in. There 'a always the possibilty of its being inhaled by one of the Hanging Committee."



A final effort.

At half-past eight found impossible to carry on, and House adjourned.

Business done.—Gooseberry Blight fell on House.

Thursday.—More and more Mr. WEIR distrusts Secretary of State for Scotland. Tries to approach him from various avenues. Most familiar position is front bench below gangway on Ministerial side. Next day he rises from bench behind. Anon, when case is very bad, he confronts the Minister from midst of camp of Independent Labour Members.

To-day, taking him unexpectedly on the flank, he "asked the Secretary for Scotland whether he has received a copy of a resolution passed at a recent meeting at Ness, Stornoway, Island of Lewis, representing 4,000 inhabitants of the Ness district, and pressing for the construction of a sea-wall and boat-shelter at Skigersta, Island of Lewis, in order that the people may be enabled to prosecute the deep sea line-fishing by means of the larger-sized decked boats, the in-shore line-fishing being no longer remunerative owing to the action of illegal trawlers."

And what do you think was the answer?

"Yes."

Only that and nothing more.

Mr. WEIR gasped. A curious inarticulate sound resembling the gurgling of deep waters was heard below the gangway. It was Mr. WEIR as rapidly as possible putting in motion the hydraulic process by which he pumps up his rolling voice from the depths of his boots.

Unfortunately, confident that this time he had collared a shuffling Secretary with the deadly *minutia* of his question, he had prematurely let his voice go. To bring it up again is an achievement of no slight engineering effort. Just as the Speaker was about to call on the next question the bench on which Mr. WEIR sat shook with subterraneous motion. There was a rumble reminiscent of Niagara approached by rail at the five-mile limit. Then the deep note of the re-captured voice.

"Is that all the right hon. gentleman has to say?"

"I answered the question on the paper," pleaded SINCLAIR, trying to shield himself behind the figure of WHITELEY, fortuitously swelling with indignation at the conduct of a section of his flock who the other day voted with the Socialists.

"Then I'll put down another," said Mr. WEIR, slowly resuming his seat so as not to interfere with the fall of the weighty but delicate hydraulic machinery that controls and economises his voice.

Business done.—Navy and Army Estimates in Committee of Supply.



The Constable. "YES, YOUR WORSHIP, THE PRISONER IS A MOST SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER."

The Accused (indignantly). "IT'S HIM THAT'S SUSPEECIOUS. AW'M NO SUSPEECIOUS O' ONYBODY!"

THE PEARSON WHO WAS WEEKLY.

(With acknowledgments to the author of "The Man who was Thursday.")

BELLINDA OF THE BALCONY.

WHEN CYRIL saw him, his first thought was that his weight must break down the balcony of stone. His vastness did not lie only in the fact that he was abnormally tall and of colossal bulk. The man was planned enormously in his original proportions. He was enlarged terribly to scale. His head looked bigger than a head ought to be. His nose reminded one irresistibly of the outline of the Gross Glöckner. His gestures were elephantine and his laugh like the Great Bell of Moscow. CYRIL never thought of asking the waiter whether the monstrous man who almost filled the balcony was the great Manager of whom the others stood in awe. He knew it was so with an inexplicable but instantaneous certainty, and his heart sank into his boots at the prospect of the impending conflict.

AT THE SAVOY RESTAURANT.

"You remember, of course," resumed the soi-disant millionaire, pulling his false beard gingerly and looking out of the window, "that when we broke up rather hurriedly the whole arrangements for the atrocity were left in the private hands of Lord BLAUSCHWERT and Prof. VON DER VOGELWEIDE. Lord BLAUSCHWERT is by this time probably on his way to Jericho. But whether he will go there or what he will do even the Manager himself does not know. The only man who does know is the Professor."

"Confound it!" roared CYRIL. "And we don't know where he is."

"Yes," said the other calmly, "I know where he is and I will take you there."

"What do you mean?" asked CYRIL sharply. "Will you take the risk?"

"Young man," said the millionaire pleasantly, "I will answer you in your own familiar rhetoric. You think that it is possible to pull down the Manager. I know that it is impossible, and I am going to try it," and, opening the door of the Savoy Restaurant, he led CYRIL, crying like a child, into the tumultuous roar of the Strand.

THE DUEL.

Both combatants had thrown off their coats and waistcoats and stood sword in hand, CYRIL in a close-fitting tunic of Newfoundland wood pulp, and the Manager in a doublet of three-quarters levant with Turkish trousers and an Albanian fustanella.

The Professor suddenly said, "Engage," and the two blades touched and tingled. Cyril fought like a demon, while his enemy parried his thrusts with a kind of clockwork skill which reminded his opponent, he knew not why, of Printing House Square . . . Twice Cyril knocked his opponent's point far out of the fighting circle; the third time his sword actually bent under the weight of the Manager's body which it had pierced. But when he withdrew his sword there was no blood on it. A minute later he felt his point enter the monster's neck below the jaw. It came out clean. Surely the man bore a charmed life. The Professor was only a goblin; but the Manager was a devil—perhaps he was the Devil. "After all," said Cyril to himself, "I am more than a devil; I am a superman," and he fell to fighting again with a supernatural levity, like a Mohammedan panting for Paradise. Suddenly, to the astonishment of everyone, the Manager sprang back quite out of sword reach and threw down his weapon. "Stop!" he cried in a terrible voice like the trumpeting of a rogue elephant. "We are fighting to-day, if I remember right, because you expressed a wish to pull my nose. Would you oblige me by pulling it now as quickly as possible, as I want to appear before the Court?" Walking in worlds he half understood, Cyril took two paces forward and seized the massive proboscis of his redoubtable antagonist.

He pulled it hard, and it came off in his hand.

The Manager's Triumph.

One by one the wanderers ascended the bank and sat in their strange seats. But the central chair was empty. Suddenly the Manager passed silently along the front like a shadow and sat down in it. He was clad plainly in a pure and terrible white vellum, and his hair waved in ambrosial ringlets on his encyclopædic temples. The fire slowly faded and the slow stars came out, and the seven strange men were left alone. At last the Manager spoke dreamily but with an accent of placid exultation. "We will eat and drink later," he said. "Let us remain together a little, we who have loved each other so sadly and have fought so long." There was complete silence in the bleak bare wood for a while, and then Cyril turned in his chair towards the speaker and said in a harsh voice, "Who and what are you?"



A New Squire has arrived at the Hall, and the village reprobate has been calling down blessings on lady coming out of the gate.

Lady. "But I think you are making a mistake. I am the governess."
Village Reprobate. "Oh, are yer? And 'ere 'ave I been a-touchin' my 'at and wastin' my time under false pretences!"

"I was and am and shall be the Manager," said the other, without moving.

The Professor started up. "I know what you mean," he cried, "and it is exactly that which I cannot forgive you. I know you stand for ultimate reconciliation, but I am not yet reconciled."

The Manager looked at him and said in his softest *bel canto:* "It seems so *silly* that you should have been on both sides and fought yourself."

The Professor replied: "True, I understand nothing, but I am happy. In fact I am going to sleep."

And then Cyril said with the simplicity of a little child, "I wish I knew why I was hurt so much," and turning his eyes so as suddenly to see the great face of the eternal Manager, which wore a saturnine and colossal smile, "Have you," he cried in a terrible voice, "have you ever suffered?" As he gazed the great face grew to an awful size—larger even than the Sphinx and the Great Wheel combined. It grew larger and larger, filling the whole sky. Then everything went black, and Cyril remembered nothing more until he woke in the middle of next week, murmuring to himself the old line which he had read at Winchester:

Fortunam Priami cantabo et Mobile Bellum.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Having served his country in the Ionian Islands, Jamaica, and India, Evelyn Baring, after the manner of pro-consuls, thought he would like to enter Parliament. In 1879 he had arranged to stand for East Norfolk at the pending General Election. Lord Salisbury, who knew a capable man when he came in contact with him, offered him the appointment of British representative in the dual control of Egypt just arranged with France. It is dangerous to hint doubt as to whether Sir Evelyn Baring would have won his way to the front in the House of Commons, having delayed his entrance till his fortieth year. Fate reserved him for Egypt, and he, more than any other man, worked out the metamorphosis which places the once hapless country amongst the most prosperous of provinces. In *Modern Egypt* (Macmillan) Lord Cromer, with a modesty that adds charm to the narrative, tells the wondrous story. The task reluctantly taken in hand is admirably defined in a sentence. Themselves an alien race, the English had to control and guide a second alien race (the Turks), by whom they were disliked, in the government of a third race, the Egyptians. Lord Cromer makes it clear that there was no pretence on the part of Mr. Gladstone's Government, 1880-5, in their reiterated proclamation of desire to be delivered from the task. They put their hand to it since they could not afford to be indifferent to the internal management of the highway to India. They were forced to complete it by the dillydallying of France, culminating in the withdrawal of the French fleet from Alexandria prior to the bombardment. A series of events compelled them to remain, till Kinglake's prophecy made in *Eothen* is to-day fulfilled: "The Englishman straining for ever to hold his loved India will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile and sit in the seats of the Faithful." Lord Cromer, writing as well as he works, has contributed to history one of the most important chapters added during the present generation.



Modern Bluejacket:

"Oh, I am the cook and the captain bold,
And the 'tiff'* of the *Spendnought* too;
The watch on deck and the 'leather-neck,'†
And a perishin' nucleus crew!"

* Engine-room artificer. † Marine.

The Chichester Intrigue I 've read—
It 's writ by Thomas Cobb,
And published at the Bodley Head
(Six bob).

It treats of points that appertain
Hereto:—a maid, though built
Of purest gold, has just a vein
Of guilt.

Chance carries to her suitor's friend
A hint of what 's amiss—
Ought he to tell his pal, and end
His bliss?
Should she bring all the facts to view,
And jeopardise the match?
Should the swain, knowing, see it through,
Or scratch?

It 's well conceived and deftly done,
And should some deem the plot
Lacking in substance I for one
Do not.

Mr. Archibald Marshall has written *Many Junes* (Methuen), and I have had the good fortune to read it. Mr. Marshall has not imitated himself, for the novel differs greatly from *Exton Manor* and *The House of Merrilees*. Indeed, it is written in a minor key, for *Hugh*, the hero, is one of those unhappy beings whose want of character (cleverly portrayed in this instance) leads them from mischance to mischance and denies them any compensating happiness. He engages himself against his judgment to the daughter of a match-maker. By the somewhat holocaustic death, if I may say so, of a whole family of relatives, numbering, I think, seven (one perishes in an Indian frontier war, the rest are drowned *en masse*), he succeeds to wealth and a great estate, but immediately falls in love with a miller's grand-daughter, with whom he carries on a desperate flirtation. His ill-luck, however, again asserts itself, and he has to marry the lady to whom he was engaged, while the lady of the mill marries an old clergyman. Thus he is left with a good deal of quiet unhappiness still in front of him. Mr. Marshall's style is always pleasant, as his readers know, and his gift of humour plays agreeably over the pages of *Many Junes*.

I had been meaning to say that Georgette Agnew's book *The Night That Brings Out Stars* (Heinemann) was a pleasant story, written with some charm of style. I was to have remarked that I had rejoiced at the death of *Mr. Neill*, first husband of *Felicity* ("so called by delighted parents as a challenge to Fate during a temporary lull in a succession of calamities"), because I had not thought that the author was doing him very well; and that I had welcomed the appearance of *Oliver Durdan*, her second, because he really was well drawn. Finally, I should have paid a compliment to that jolly boy *Rinaldo*, a clever study of a child. But just at the end of the story one of the characters condemns lukewarm praise in reviews, and wishes that the Press would have the pluck only to notice really great books. Naturally I want to be thought plucky, so I don't quite see now how I can say any of the above. We shall have to wait till Mrs. Agnew's next, which, if it has a little stronger plot, we may be able to notice without any lack of courage.

Title for Mr. Belloc's new novel: "The Man who was Thirsty."

TREMENDOUS TESTIMONIES.

[*"The Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum" seen through the eyes of its Readers.*]

The proof of the pudding is in the eating, or, as the Roman poet Sophocles used to say, *Experto credo.* The real test of the utility of the *Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum* is that applied by its purchasers, who range from Field-Marshals to sandwichmen. The opinions which follow, selected at random from billions which have reached us, state in concise yet pathetic terms how helpful our universal *olla podrida* has proved to all ranks, all classes, all creeds, from the king sitting on his crown to the labourer sitting on his cottage.

The chief of a Central African tribe, whose name is unfortunately illegible, has graciously permitted us to make use of the following unique testimonial:—

Literal translation.—"Having devoured your omniscience for the past fortnight I have now renounced cannibalism for ever."

A famous Field-Marshal, whose name we are obliged to suppress in deference to the wishes of the Army Council, allows us to print his opinion of the *Omniscients' Omnium-gatherum*, which he has lately purchased out of his winnings at *Kriegspiel*:—

"I am convinced that the study of these massive and magniloquent volumes cannot but conduce to the inauguration of a pacific millennium. So appalling is the amount of warfare recorded in these pages that if it could only be made compulsory for every private soldier to commit them to memory the fighting instinct would be irreparably atrophied, and the question of international disarmament solved by a universal military strike."

A famous Poet, whose name we are obliged to withhold in deference to his notorious modesty, allows us to print the following appreciation:—

"In the opinion of this writer your work has only one serious drawback. Its attractions are so absorbing that for the last three weeks the fount of his inspiration has been checked, and not a single line has been added to the masterpieces with which he has already enriched the treasure-house of English literature. The loss, however, may be compensated by future gain, as this long abstinence from the Pierian spring can hardly fail to provoke a recurrence of the divine *afflatus* in its most acute form."

A pronounced Vegetarian sends the following remarkable testimony from Pythagoras Mansions, Woking:—

"Your wonderful work is a veritable beanfeast of mental proteids. Since embarking on its perusal I have been able so to reduce my daily diet that before long I hope to be able to subsist on one nut cutlet and two gooseberries *per diem*."

A Rural Dean forwards us the subjoined flattering estimate of our universal Brain-feeder:—

"I have only one thing to say against your *magnum opus*, and that is that I find it so fascinating that my work is apt to suffer in consequence. For instance, the other day I was so deeply immersed in your priceless pemmican of fact and fancy that I entirely forgot to prepare my Sunday sermon. But hurriedly consulting the index under the headings Pericles, Bossuet, Luther and Swedenborg, I was enabled to treat my congregation to such a compendious and illuminating discourse that the parish is still reverberating with the echoes of my eloquence."

A great Pianist sends us the following gratifying letter from the Æolian Hall:—

"Your *Omnium-gatherum* is colossal. I have not touched the keyboard for five days, but when I do it will be with a reinforced brain power that will stagger humanity and cause Thalberg to turn in his tomb."



DISTINCTION WITHOUT DIFFERENCE.

She. "I'm told you believe in nothing."
He. "I never said so. I said I believed only in what I understood."

IN MEMORIAM.

Spencer Compton Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire.

Born 1833. Died March 24, 1908.

If to have held his way with steadfast will,
Unspoiled of Fortune, deaf to praise or blame,
Asking no favour but to follow still
The patriot's single aim:—

If, in contempt of other pride of race,
By honesty that chose the nobler part,
Careless of fame's reward, to win a place
Near to the common heart:—

If these be virtues large, heroic, rare,
Then is it well with him, the dead, to-day,
Who leaves a public record clean and fair,
That Time shall not gainsay. O. S.

WHY NOT?

The "Grand Guignol" performances by the Parisian company at the Shaftesbury Theatre have so successfully tickled the palates of jaded British playgoers in search of a really cheery entertainment that before long we shall probably see some enterprising London manager providing them with something similar, in a language they understand even better than French. The theatre will perhaps be re-christened "The Grown-up Punch and Judy Playhouse," or "The Snippet Show," and the morning after the opening *Mr. Punch* anticipates finding in his daily journal some such notice as the following:—

SHRIEKS AND SHUDDERS AT THE SNIPPET-SHOW.

A THOROUGHLY ENJOYABLE EVENING.

London has seen "*La Ville Lumière*," and gone one better! With yesterday evening began a brighter, happier era for our long-depressed British Drama. We cordially congratulate the management of "The Snippet Show Theatre" on the triumphant success with which they have assimilated and improved upon the dramatic ideals and methods of our livelier neighbours across the Channel. Every one of the five playlets in their present programme may be relied upon to furnish the spectator's spinal marrow with that peculiar *frisson* of delicious horror which is the infallible test of all Great Art. Last night, indeed, two eminent dramatic critics fainted in their stalls, and another had to be carried out in an epileptic fit, while the tumultuous applause was frequently enhanced by violent hysterics from ladies in all parts of the house.

The first drama, "*The Way He Should Go*," by Miss Virginia Junkett and Miss Priscilla Bubb, shows us a room in a fifth-story flat, where a momentous discussion is proceeding between a typical Father and Mother (Mr. Charnell Scully and Miss Cassandra Stair) concerning the education of their infant son. The Father is determined to send him to a Public School "to make a man of him." The Mother, fearing that the boy's individuality would be destroyed and his spirits cowed by bullying, insists on his being brought up at home under private tuition. A wonderful duologue, reminding one, by its strange mysticism and the lurid side-lights it throws on the past and present relations between the pair, of the Norwegian Master himself! The child is sent for, and the final choice referred to him. The poor little fellow (most pathetically played by little Miss Birdie Nickerson) can only answer that, of the two alternatives, he prefers his Mother's. Whereupon the exasperated Father, in a burst of ungovernable rage, hurls him through the open window. A sickening thud is heard below, followed by confused cries of horror. "The area railings are spiked," shrieks the agonised Mother. "You have ruined our only son." "I have *saved* him," is the Father's grim retort. "No one *now* will ever reproach him for being a milksop!" Then, as the curtain falls, both remember with unavailing remorse that, after all, the boy might have attended a Public School as a day-boarder!

"*The Hydrophobiac*," by Mr. Alaric Papsey, was of a somewhat lighter order. A jovial householder, returning late from a fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, is unrecognised by his faithful hound, which fixes its teeth in his nose. Alarmed by the absence of all sensibility in that organ, which he has read is a sure symptom of approaching hydrophobia, the Master orders the dog to be destroyed, and a doctor sent for. Alone on the stage, his symptoms increase in violence. The extraordinarily humorous effects that Mr. Actæon Horniman achieved in this soliloquy—his furious snaps at the furniture, his lips white with *real* foam, his deadly terror of a soda-water syphon, and, finest of all, his dying convulsions—cannot be described here. Suffice it that they are strong enough to draw all London. The doctor, on arriving, removes the dead man's nose, which proves to be merely pasteboard, while the dog is pronounced perfectly sane. "There is a worse disease than Hydrophobia!" he says. "We call it *Imagination*!" which brings the curtain down in a gale of laughter.

The third item on the bill, "*Pinned In*," by Mrs. Eunice Orred, is so daringly unconventional and so appallingly gruesome that it requires an iron nerve to sit it out—though that, of course, is not likely to deter the public from thronging the box office. Just before the curtain rises we hear a grinding, deafening crash, with a roar of escaping steam, and heartrending screams for help. Then a portion of a derailed express is discovered, in the wreckage of which a wealthy financier is seen to be imprisoned. He frantically offers half his fortune to the man who will get him out before the flames (for the wreckage has caught fire) reach him. Unfortunately for him, the only person in a position to rescue him is a platelayer, who, having formerly been ruined by the financier's dishonesty, very naturally declines to render any assistance.

The grim humour of this scene was positively electrifying. But we must confess that, before the moment at which the unhappy financier is, by a marvellously contrived illusion, slowly consumed in full sight of the audience, we made a hasty retreat to the nearest refreshment-bar. So we can only record that the curtain had to be raised nine times before the house had grown weary of expressing its enthusiasm.

After this, "*Grandfather's Clock*," by Messrs. Jem Jamieson and Gotthemar Gehn, seemed comparatively tame. The plot is simple. A collector has just purchased an antique eight-day clock at an auction. It will not go, although it persists in striking thirteen every quarter of an hour, and the local Clock-winder is called in to consult and advise. As he opens the case the corpse of an aged man topples forward in an advanced stage of decay, but the Clock-winder is just able to identify his great-grandfather, who mysteriously disappeared on the Coronation day of the late Queen Victoria. This little trifle is very slight, but it has the



HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHTS.

Japan (*to American Eagle*). "BUT HOW SWEET OF YOU TO COME ALL THIS WAY ON PURPOSE TO SEE ME!"
Eagle. "WHY, YES, I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED!"



SHOW SUNDAY.

Wife of distinguished artist (to departing visitor, who has been tea-ing sumptuously for the last half-hour). "Good-bye. So nice of you to have come! I hope you liked the pictures?"

Visitor. "Pictures? There! I knew there was something I'd forgotten!"

merit of freshness, and its authors may certainly be encouraged to try again.

The concluding piece, "*The Electrocution Cell*," by Mr. Jeremiah Rippin, was more farcical in character. We are shown the Electrocuting Chamber, with its dread paraphernalia, all prepared for action. The condemned man, never having been electrocuted before, professes his utter inability to understand how the apparatus is worked. So the executioner obligingly illustrates the process by seating himself in the fatal chair. No sooner has he done so than the convict switches on the current and escapes, leaving his victim to expire in acute agony. A smart skit on Capital Punishment which provoked the audience to vociferous merriment.

Next week we are promised Mr. [illegible]ban's scathing exposure of Army Discipline, *Last Stand*." We hear that its first scene will depict the pitiable cowardice displayed by a handful of British officers and men, besieged in a stockade by an overwhelming force of savages. The Englishmen offer to betray important strategical secrets if their lives are only spared; but, being unable to express themselves in any foreign language, are massacred to a man. The second scene represents the unveiling of a memorial to their memory, with orators delivering eloquent tributes to the heroes' self-sacrifice at their Country's call.

This mordant satire is certain to delight the growing section of Anti-Militarists.

We should add that a staff of doctors and nurses are kept in readiness at the theatre, and bottles of strong smelling-salts may be obtained on hire from any of the attendants.

F. A.

Mr. Punch gave his readers a few facts about the house-fly last week. Since then, however, an important discovery has been made by a correspondent of *The Daily Graphic*, who writes to that paper as follows:—

"I have found a very effective way to clear a room of the house-fly, and also the blue-bottle, is to use a butterfly-net. When you have caught some put the net on the floor, kill them, turn them out, and commence afresh."

Mr. Punch heartily approves of this plan, which may be adapted with equal ease to an overflow of hippopotamuses, white-mice, or electric-eels—the root idea of "killing, turning out, and commencing afresh," remaining the same.

"Examinations are held in the Senate House (which is comparatively) and in the Guildhall, and (often) in the Corn Exchange (!), a cold, cheerless building."—*The Record.*

This (really) is (!) † *the* §*** record!!!?

AN OPEN LETTER TO SPRING.

Dear Lady,—When I woke this morning to find another damp, dark miserable day I resolved there and then to write to you about it. Is this, I decided to ask you, is this the best you can do? You know, I don't believe you 're trying.

It is, of course, more usual to address you in verse at this time of the year; and I should have done so, only I thought you would be tired of verse by now. You mustn't think that I *couldn't* do it. I could easily; indeed I began something which went like this:—

"O Muse, who never failed me yet;
Save once—when on some Indian tribe row
A chastely-worded chansonette
Turned out an epic to an eye-brow—
Tell me, my pretty,
Is this the spring, or not, or what, and where 's a
Negretti?"

I might have gone on; but the difficulty of finding *any* sort of rhyme to "Zambra" in the second verse steadied me; and, as I say, I knew you would be tired of poetry—even the best. Yet my Muse would have at it again, and we initiated an appeal *ad misericordiam*. Thus:

"I stood in tears amid the flowers,
And waited for you hours and hours."

If I must be truthful, it was really *then* that I saw how much better would be a few stirring words in prose.

My dear, you must do your best for me. Give me a fine April and May, and your sisters shall do what they like with the other months. I am trying to encourage you. Yesterday I took out my bat (the one with which I made that twenty-two last year), and oiled it carefully. She will see I am waiting for her, thought I, and she will come to-morrow. But you didn't, you know.

I don't ask you to think only of me. Think of the flowers and butterflies and birds, and the man who wants to write to the papers to say that he has heard the cuckoo, or caught a tortoiseshell in his library; I doubt if you are being quite fair to them. If I were a gardener I would tell a harrowing tale to bring you to shame. A tragedy of—of dahlias, full of hope and promise, cut off in their prime. Knowing what you do about dahlias you may say that this is absurd; but if I had given you the Latin name you would never have recognised them, and you would have been so sorry. What of the blighted *Frustranea?* Aha, you never thought of *him*.

You gave us one beautiful day last week (for which I thank you); and, as I walked through the Park, I heard a ringdove say reproachfully to his wife (as they do on a fine day), "You—*did*—do it—Ruby—you—*did*—do it—Ruby. . . . Yes." I suppose that Ruby had gone out of her way to attract him; had decked herself out a bit; had, perhaps, put herself forward rather—for a bird; and that now he was throwing it in her face. (The cad.) Well, dear Spring, I want you to think of Ruby. She must be feeling now that she need not have been in such a hurry, after all; that she might just as well have waited another month; that all for nothing had she been unmaidenly. Poor dear, you have been cruel to her, have you not?

To leave birds and flowers (for, after all, I know little about them, and I may be misjudging their feelings), and to come back to myself: I have this also against you, Spring—your fickleness. No doubt we all have that against you (as indeed against all your sex); but I fancy that certain of us are affected particularly. The householder steps into his garden after breakfast, takes the morning for a moment, and says: "A warm day, my dear. I will have my light coat." Very good. But have you ever thought of us others, perched on the tops of high buildings, with no means of tasting the day?

I used to think that the bath was a sure test. When at the first plunge a loud cry of "Help!" came unexpectedly to my lips, then I knew that I should want my thickest coat. When I uttered an unstudied "Oh!" something lighter was necessary. But could I rise silent from the waves then I felt that I might venture into the open all unprotected. Lately, however, something seems to have happened to the cistern. They must ice my water; anyhow, I say "Help!" every morning.

So now I have to take my chance. It was not fair to me, Spring, to give us that glorious day after a succession of cold ones, so that I marched round London in two waistcoats and the thickest of ulsters.

Well, my dear, let me beg you once more. Pull yourself together, and give us a beautiful April. Never mind Zambra or the young woman at *The Daily Graphic*. Put on your greenest frock, your sweetest smile: be your own sunny self. I know that the poems addressed to you must make you long to weep; but see—I have spared you mine. Come then, buck up. Be sure that your smallest effort will be appreciated by your admirers. . . .

P.S.—You will get this on April the First. As I look up I see that it has turned into a beautiful day; and I suppose that you will go on like this now so as to make an April fool of me. How like you! You know, I wondered if you would be able to resist the temptation. In fact that is partly why I wrote. So perhaps it is *I* who am making an April fool of *you!*

A. A. M.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A Leap-Year Dance.

Dearest Daphne, — My *mi-carême* Leap-Year Fancy Dress Dance was a simply howling success, and has had an *enormously* gratifying result in the shape of Hildegarde's engagement to Lord Widelands, of which more anon.

I appeared as "My great-grandmother," after one of our Romney family portraits down at Old Hall. Josiah said, "Where do *I* come in? I can't figure as 'My great-grandfather,' for I don't go back as far as that." "Oh, that 's all right," I told him. "Gives you all the wider range. Think what an *immense* choice of characters you can pick from, and *still* figure as 'Your great-grandfather'!" Finally, he decided on Dr. Johnson (one of the few celebrities he knows of); but, as he had no Bozzy to draw him out and make him say, "No, sir," and "Hold your tongue, sir," and all those sorts of things that have made the old Doctor famous (and a very easy way of getting famous, *I* think!) he fell rather flat.

Bosh and Wee-Wee came as a pair of Historical Puzzles. Bosh was that mysterious Man in the Iron Mask who wrote the *Letters of Junius*, you know, and said "Remember!" to somebody; and Wee-Wee was Perkin Warbeck, who said he was one of the Princes who had been smothered in the Tower, when everyone else said he wasn't. She was got up rather like a Principal Boy, and I will own here that, when I first saw her, I felt a bit cheap, and out of conceit with "My great-grandmother." Babs was the Spirit of the Age. She was all hung with symbolical things. I daresay it was very clever, but nobody took the trouble to stop and learn her.

Norty rather offended some people by coming as Influenza. He was muffled up in grey draperies with a horrid little black figure on them that he said was the microbe of it, and he had on a sort of crown made of small quinine bottles. He said he didn't suppose anyone would have

the courage to ask him to dance, but plenty did.

Lord Widelands, who, as of course you know, has suffered for some time from eligibility in an *acute* form, and has earned quite a name among the *demoiselles à marier* as a *passive resister*, looked very well as a Court Jester in motley, with cap and bells. It certainly *is* a dress, I allow, that wants a *particularly* neat figure and straight legs, and Lord Widelands has *not*, perhaps, exactly a neat figure, and is just a *weeny* bit bandy; but still he looked very nice, and was quite a success. He kept up the character with a lot of funniments. Norty said they were old chestnuts that he 'd learned up on purpose. What if he had? We can't *all* be spontaneous. Hildegarde was simply a *dream* (everyone remarked on her likeness to me) as Aurora, in clouds of rosy *tulle-de-soie*, with the morning-star on her forehead.

Dolly de Lacy made quite a small sensation as "Turkish Delight—the Belle of the Harem." He certainly did both look and act the part *à merveille*. Nobody would have guessed that he wasn't a girl, and an Eastern girl at that! He was brought by Popsy, Lady Ramsgate (she was the cause of her grand-daughter's engagement to Dolly being broken off, you remember; the girl got so jealous of her granny). Popsy came as *Little Boy Blue*. Josiah was furious when he caught sight of her, and said she oughtn't to have been let in, looking like that. I believe he would have liked to turn both her and poor Dolly out of the house! He doesn't get a *bit* more up to date in his ideas.

And now, my dear, for little Hildegarde, and the way she brought off her *coup*!

She and Lord Widelands, who 've been rather pals for some time, were sitting out when the rush for supper began.

"Won't you take me in?" said the Court Jester. "I don't mind," answered Aurora, rising. "Well, you ought to offer me your arm," said the Court Jester. "That 's correct Leap-Year form, isn't it?" "There it is, then," said Aurora, holding out her arm; "but I can't offer it without its *hand*, can I?"

Wasn't it smart of the child? She 's not been under *my* wing for nothing! The engagement will be announced almost at once.

Norty said rather a nasty thing when I whispered the news to him that night before he left.

"The Court Jester will have to alter the spelling of his front word."

He *must* have his joke at any cost. I don't know whether I 'm going to be very angry with him about it or not.

Old Dunstable is just mad, I hear, and looks as black at me as she dares. Never mind. My favourite, little Sis, has romped home a winner, while the old Duchess's girls and a crowd of other "probables" find themselves among the "also rans." Peace be with her, poor old dear! I can afford to ignore her and be magnanimous, for it 's the *second* time her matrimonial apple-cart has been upset by our family!

Ever thine, Blanche.



"Thirty shillings for the picture! Any advance? Going at thirty bob! Oh, I say, gentlemen, it 's worth ever so much more. There 's a copy of it in the National Gallery."

BOAT-RACE PRACTICE.

Unfortunate Incident.

"Cambridge had a row with a Thames Rowing Club scratch eight on the morning's ebb tide."
The Times.

"Our Berlin Correspondent telegraphs that by order of the Emperor William the trousers of seamen of the German navy are in future to be made about two centimètres wider."
The Times.

The rumour that Lord Tweedmouth has written a letter to the Emperor pointing out that the trousers of German seamen are already five times as wide as those of English bluejackets is causing great distress to the Military Correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*.

"Anything that anyone can possibly require can be obtained as cheaply at the *Observer* Printing Works, and (as our samples will prove) as well printed (*sic*) as they could be anywhere."—*The I—— Observer.*

The "*sic*" is ours, and we have put it there to call attention to the folly of offering proofs when it is so much safer to make statements.

PADDY.

(*With acknowledgments in several quarters.*)

Now let me sing of the prowess of Paddy the speedy left-winger,
Paddy the pet of the crowd, Paddy the pride of his pals.
No one more skilful than he ever scudded along any touch-line,
Swift as a giddy gazelle, swift as a bolt from the blue;
Swift as the ready retort of a cabby that 's baulked by a 'bus-man;
Swift as the flash of my brain weaving you verses like these.
Ever since he was "induced" to enrol with the Rottenham Roosters
(Who, to secure such a plum, paid a phenomenal fee)—
Ever since Paddy, I say, first joined the redoubtable Roosters,
Donned the uproarious shirt striped with the red-white-and-blue,
Made his *début* with *éclat* (and *aplomb*) v. the Chippendale Chestnuts—
Right from that day until this, Paddy 's been Rottenham's pet.
Note the reception he gets as he enters the crowded arena—
Plaudits and, now and again, little tit-bits of advice:
"Nah thin, Paddy me boy, give 'em socks"—but why ever not stockings?—
"Give 'em wot for, do yer 'ear? Tell 'em they 'd better go 'ome!"
"Nah thin, Paddy me boy, you 're a-goin' to be beaten—I *don't* think!"
(Neat little touch like the last clearly betokens the wag).
My! how they hang on each twist and each turn of his lithe little body,
Take in the points of his shirt—whether he rolls up the sleeves,
How many buttons there are, and whether he fastens the top one:
All, to the man in the crowd, matters of life and of death.
There goes a roar of delight as Paddy bowls somebody over,
Rolling him right in the mud, spoiling the bloom of his shorts.
There goes another that 's louder, for Paddy is sprinting his fastest,
Swift as—you 'll find it above—straight for the opposite goal.
Now the crowd rises *en masse*—more French, you will notice—on tip-toe,
Watches that slim little chap going for all he is worth;
Watches with eyes that are glued and with breath that (believe me) is bated,
Thrilled through and through to the bone: *points in the League are at stake!*
See, he has diddled the half—but, oh, will he diddle the full-back?
Look! he is past in a flash . . . Gad, he has got 'em a goal!

* * * * * * *

So every Saturday aft. he becomes more and more of a hero,
Paddy the pet of the crowd, Paddy the pride of his pals.

"Cricketers will be glad to hear that —— narrowly escaped being killed last week."—*The People.*

Probably he was a very slow scorer.

ALL ABOUT THE CREWS.

The waterman was standing on the edge of the tow-path near the Putney boathouses, and had just finished shouting something stentorian and (to me) quite unintelligible at the commander of a string of barges that were going up on the last of the flood. The commander, however, had evidently understood him and had answered in similar language with various pantomimic gestures thrown in. The waterman laughed heartily. "I told yer 'e done it—ah, and last Thursday, too! 'E never went back on 'is word. Beg yer pardon, sir; I took you for old Joe. My eyesight ain't what it was. Oxford and Cambridge crews? No, you 've missed 'em. They went 'ome 'alf-an-hour back, but they 'll be out again in about three hours' time on the ebb. Can't wait for it? Well, it 's a pity. They 're a likely lot, both on 'em; 'andles their oars well and sets up to their work." He accepted a cigar, lit it, and puffed. "Which on 'em 's goin' to win? Ah, I 've got my own fancy, you know. Can't 'elp 'avin' it when I seen 'em every day. They can't both win. That 's what I allus say: one on 'em 's got to go faster than tother; and when it comes to that there you are; but they 're all tryin' 'ard. There was a bit of work Cambridge done yesterday—no, it was the day before yesterday. I remember the day 'cos it was the same day last year I 'ooked the ole gal out o' the water. It was nine o'clock of a Toosday night, and I was settin' by the path near the pier down there, when I see 'er come along. 'Well, if 'e won't come 'ome,' she sez, 'e 're goes,' she sez. 'I told 'im I 'd do it.' I 'eard 'er quite plain, same as I sees you, and with that she give a shriek and climbs up the railing and over she goes. She 'd mistook the tide, for the ebb was three parts run out, and there warn't more 'n a foot or two of water where she jumped. She stood there 'ollerin' blue ruin, and I got 'old of a skiff by the 'ard there and after 'er I went. 'Don't save me, sailor,' she sez when she see me comin', 'I 've sworn to die.' 'So you shall, ma'am,' I sez, 'some other day. You 'll die all right, never fear; but you 've got to come aboard 'ere now,' and with that I ketched 'old of 'er. It took me ten minutes to 'eave 'er in, she was stuck so tight in the mud. She kep' cryin' out that she wanted to die first; but she never let go o' me, and I got 'er ashore at last. It was only a 'alf-crown job. 'Er ole man wasn't too pleased when I took 'er back to 'im, but 'e paid up."

"Then you think it 'll be a good race?" I ventured to put in, just to bring him back to his subject.

"Race? Ah, you 'll see a race all right, never fear. There 'll be some 'ammer an' tongs work between this and 'Ammersmith; but there 's only one in it, same as my little dawg when they set 'im up agin a rat last Saturday at the 'Compasses.' It was one shake and no more wanted. 'E 's got some terrier in 'im and a bit o' bull crorsed with a spanel; a very game dawg 'e is, but 'is teeth is gettin' a bit loose. It was all along o' the distemper. D'ye know 'ow I cured 'im? Larded 'is nose with a lump o' tar. Stockolloma tar, mind you, not ornery tar. Ornery tar 's no good for distemper, but this Stockolloma kind 's prime stuff."

He relit his cigar and I brought him round to the subject of coxswains.

"Ah, you may well say coxens. They 're little chaps, but they 've got to 'ave a big 'eart to steer this course. There 's a cruel eddy when you come out through 'Ammersmith Bridge, and Barnes ain't much better; more by token it was at 'Ammersmith I got upset when I went after a dead un. Bobbin' along 'e was, but I



LONG-FELT WANTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

A MECHANICAL FOX, TO DRAW OFF THE FOOT-PEOPLE.

lorst 'im. 'It 's five bob lorst,' sez my missus when I come 'ome to dry myself, and that 's all the pity I got. Two year ago that was; and Joe Naggett found 'im 'alf-way to Barnes. Some folk gets all the luck. But I never was one to complain. I didn't grudge 'im to Joe. Joe 'a all right, and 'e 'a got three more kids nor me. 'Ow many 'ave I got? Why seven: four boys and three gals. They all come to see me when I was in 'orspital last year with the ploral-noomoner, and the nurse she sez, 'Here 's a picter show,' she sez, 'comin' along the ward,' she sez. I didn't want any tellin'. I seen 'em all right. There was a pore chap next me coughed mortal bad, and I wasn't too bright, mind yer, but we 'd got a bit of a laugh for the kids. Well, good-day, sir, thankee, sir. Pity you can't stay to see the crews to-day, but I 've told you all I knows myself, and you might stop 'ere for a month o' Sundays and you wouldn't get to know no more."

GENIUS AND MELODY.

Count Tolstoi's recent declaration of his preference for the classical composers has prompted our enterprising contemporary *Polyhymnia* to circularise a number of distinguished British authors with a view to ascertain their musical likes and dislikes. Out of a vast number of answers we select the following:—

Mr. Clement Shorter, writing on behalf of Mr. George Meredith, stated that his friend the famous fictionist was much addicted to the compositions of the musician known as Clemens non Papa. Some excellent photographs of Mr. Meredith listening to Mr. Shorter playing on the pianola have just been published in Dorking, and are bringing visitors in their hundreds to the quaint old Surrey township.

Mr. H—— C—— playfully confessed to a natural preference for the music of his ancestor Tubal. For the rest it was enough to say that he had been elected by a large majority to the House of Keys on a broadly progressive programme. Mr. C—— added that he thought there was a great deal of insincerity in the cult of Wagner. At any rate the queue at Covent Garden when the *Ring* was being performed was not a quarter as long as that which attended the production of *The Prodigal Son*.

Miss M—— C——, who, it is well known, is proficient on the piano and the mandolin (*Who's Who*, p. 398), and began to compose an opera entitled *Ginevra da Siena* when barely fourteen (*ibid.*), professed her inability to appreciate a good deal of modern music. Still, the name of perhaps her most famous heroine was Mavis.

The Poet Laureate in a long autograph letter observed: "This writer has always been remarkable for the divided allegiance which he has paid to horticulture and the Muses, and, as the greater includes the less, so must distinction in the service of Apollo *ex hypothesi* involve a complete mastery of all the apparatus possessed by Euterpe and Polyhymnia. It was Browning's entire lack of melody that prevented his making good his claim to be considered a major poet, and thereby earning the privilege of writing to the newspapers in the third person. Moreover, Browning's repute was fatally damaged by the discovery that not only the *Ring* but the book had been written by Wagner. In conclusion this writer ventures to recall the following couplet:—

> Aim at a style banjovial, not Brahmsy,
> If you one day would quaff the Laureate's Malmsey."



THE HONEYMOON.

He. "When did you discover first that you loved me, sweetheart?"
She. "When I found myself getting angry every time people called you an idiot."

A PESSIMIST'S LONG VIEWS.

The Opening of The Portland Hall of Varieties.

(*From a Newspaper of* 1918.)

Last night saw the formal opening of the magnificent new music-hall, to which the name The Portland has been given. This building, it will be remembered, began its career as the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre of National Dramatic Art, just as some years earlier the Palace music-hall had begun as the English Opera House. It is perhaps well that the early chapters in the lives of such establishments should be chequered, since it thus becomes the more easy for them to be made brilliantly successful when they fall into the right hands. The end, at any rate, justifies the means. A more comfortable hall than the new Portland could not be imagined. The decorative scheme in white and crimson and gold is exceedingly gay and attractive, the seats are luxurious, and each one is provided with a ledge for glasses and an ash-tray, while the view of the stage from every point is perfect.

The original statues around the walls were fated to be a little out of place, but a few deft strokes on the part of a staff of sculptors put that all right. It is astonishing, indeed, what a clever craftsman can do with a mallet and chisel. For example, the bust of Mr. Sidney Lee, who was one of the prime movers in the original disastrous scheme, needed but a very little treatment to be transformed into that of Harry Lauder, one of the pillars and glories of the variety stage—in fact, one might almost say its Ben Jonson, if, as is surely only just, we consider Dan Leno as its Shakspeare. Among other transformed busts are those of Mr. Gollancz, now George Robey, and Mr. Spielmann, now Little Tich.

The opening programme was of record brilliance. The lion of the evening was unquestionably Larry O'Connor, the Irish comedian, who sang "What is Whisky?" with all his incomparable humour, following it with "The Green Petticoat" and "Kathleen of Killarney with the wicked black Eye." Among the stars who supported him were Tricksy Trixie, the new comedienne; Sol Lazarus, the Jewish patter humourist; Huz and Buz, back-answer specialists; and the famous Australian dancer and *poseuse* Gertrude Waters, the rage of Paris and Vienna, in a series of Biblical hornpipes with waxwork effects. Drama itself was not wholly absent, since for twenty minutes Mr. Marron Glassie and Company kept the house in a roar with the comic absurdities of a new sketch entitled "Mother-in-Law's Kippers." The audience was enthusiastic and called for the manager again and again, and it was long after midnight before the curtain was allowed finally to fall. London is heartily to be congratulated on its latest place of entertainment.



COURAGE DEFERRED.

Mr. Asquith. "THAT'S RIGHT, MY BEAUTY, HAVE A LOOK AT IT. BUT WE'RE NOT TAKING IT JUST NOW. WE'RE GOING ROUND BY THE GATE TO-DAY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Nothing can exceed completeness and weight of gravity with which the House when it pleases can lend itself to what Mr. Carlyle delighted to stigmatise as a simulacrum. Haven't for long time heard anything of Chinese Labour question. As was set forth to-night, when present Government came into power they found 50,000 Chinamen in Transvaal mines. These have been reduced to 34,000, of whom 25,000 will this year go back to home and beauty, the remaining 9,000 disappearing by January, 1910. Labour Members and Radicals, clamorous in denunciation of Chinese Labour, have accepted this process whilst lamenting the necessity of observing contracts which accounts for its slowness. Suddenly, unexpectedly, on motion for second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill, Alfred Lyttelton appeared at the Table with solemn announcement that he has "a very grave matter to bring before the House."

Turns out to be our old friend. It happens that Peckham polls to-morrow. Last time it so disported itself, Chinese Labour question much to front. Many votes filched from Unionist candidate by representation of the Heathen Chinee enslaved in order that the pockets of a class picturesquely described as helots of Park Lane might be filled. An attractive flash of poetic justice if tables can be turned and votes recaptured at Peckham by denouncing Government as false to their pledges, as having climbed into office on back of Ah Sing, leaving him to his fate when they arrive.

On face of it, in view of figures cited, this a little difficult. But at election times, whether dated 1906 or 1908, elector too busy to bother about facts. What he likes is bold statement tersely put. Accordingly to-night Alfred Lyttelton, more in sorrow than in anger, not only denounced Government for breaking their pledges, but was understood to have accused Asquith of deliberately intending to do so at the moment when he assented to re-enaction of Ordinance.

A serious matter this. Had such charges been bandied across the dinner-table fisticuffs would have followed. Conveyed in written form, there would have been action for libel. But Lor' bless you, we know each other in the House of Commons. It is the Unionists' little game to-day. Two years ago the Liberals were ready to start one on same lines. Asquith, being, after all, only human, a little restive under personal charge. House, little more than half full, listened as languidly as if Alfred were stating an abstract case. Had charges been embodied in Resolution on which a division might be challenged, things would have been different. Prince Arthur knows better than that. Not the man gratuitously to provide opportunity for Government ranks to close up and Ministers to receive vote of confidence in their policy on Chinese Labour question. Peckham didn't want Resolutions. What it hankered after were allegations, and here they were plain and plump. Fraud, Hypocrisy, Betrayal were writ large in indictment of Government.

This done, subject dropped. Consolidated Fund Bill read a second time without further ado. Army Annual Bill passed same stage without remark; House adjourned at twenty minutes past eight.

Business done. — The Heathen Chinee once more; this time under new auspices.

Tuesday. — House of Parliament suddenly turned into House of mourning. News flashed across land and sea comes announcing death of Duke of Devonshire. Passed away this morning at Cannes, remote from the turmoil of London life. No time to prepare requiem oration. What had to be said and done must be accomplished straightway. Better thus. More fully in accord with the simplicity of the nature of the statesman lamented. In the Commons, Questions over, Asquith in a score of sentences voiced the feeling of the silent audience that bared its head in reverent memory. As Prince Arthur said, "tribute to a great man departed could not have been proffered in terms more exquisitely or more fittingly chosen." As usual on these



"Why this simian laughter?"

(Quotation from remarks by Mr. Swift MacNeill.)

This is how, for some reason or another, Mr. Swift MacNeill (and no one else) saw the Unionist Party on the night of the Peckham Election.

(With a certain melancholy precedent in mind, Our Artist, having the instinct of self-preservation somewhat strongly developed, has discreetly abstained from showing the hon. member himself.)



STOUT AND BITTER.

Bung. "So much for *Mr. Asquidge* an' 'is little games! 'E arst for the 'bar of public opinion,' an' I 've give 'im the opinion of the 'Public Bar' any'ow, an' that 'll last 'im for a bit!"

occasions—alack how they multiply!—PRINCE ARTHUR himself rose to full height. In the Lords a pall appropriately fell over the half-empty Chamber. The shy March sun withdrew behind the afternoon cloud. Lack of opportunity to prepare funeral orations more marked here than in the Commons. It was Lord ROSEBERY who, in unexpected speech, uplifted the level of oratory. No detriment to effect of his speech that, emotion overcoming him as he thought of the lost colleague and friend, there was occasionally difficulty in catching the closing words of his sentences.

The dead Duke had many honest prejudices. One, most strongly marked, was against speech-making, whether he or other were the transgressor. As ROSEBERY said, "no man spoke with so much previous anguish or so much misery at the time of utterance"—a picturesque sentence that recalled the familiar figure, whether at the Table of the House of Commons or the House of Lords.

Observing him at close range through the varying circumstances of thirty-four years of public life, I perceived close resemblance to the third Earl SPENCER, better known as Lord ALTHORP, who to his personal distress filled a large space in State affairs during the first half of the nineteenth century. Both were men whose innate shyness gave something of clumsiness to their manner. Both loved field sports and desired nothing more than to be left to enjoy them. Both were reluctantly dragged into public life by a sense of duty. Equally devoid of personal ambition, both, to their pained surprise, found themselves exalted to the position of Leader of their Party in the House of Commons. Both won the esteem and confidence of political friends and foes by the simplicity of their manner, the integrity of their mind.

One night whilst ALTHORP led the House he had occasion to make a statement on a matter of fact which he had intended to support by citation of a document. When he reached the appointed place he discovered he had forgotten to bring the paper with him. This would have embarrassed some men. ALTHORP, with the imperturbability we have seen revived in HARTINGTON, explained the accident, and assured the House that if he had only been in a position to cite the particulars they would have found them convincing. His word was instantly and fully accepted. If ALTHORP said so, so it was.

The story is part of the life of Lord ALTHORP. To those who knew him in either House it will be recognised in every detail (not excepting the omission to put an important document in his pocket) as characteristic of the statesman whose earlier name, Lord HARTINGTON, most readily comes to tongue or pen.

Business done.—Lords adjourn in token of respect to memory of Duke of DEVONSHIRE. The Commons busy themselves with Bill that, had he lived to deal with it, would have had his warm support—the Children's Charter.

House of Lords, Thursday.—Not heard much of late of Young WEMYSS. Silence accounted for. Been hatching a joke. Out to-day in Bill printed and circulated (at public expense), entitled an Act to Transfer all Private Property to a Commission. Lengthy preamble. Only one clause. This sets forth that property of all kinds, private and State, shall at the end of fourteen years be transferred to a permanent Commission, who shall manage and distribute it in the interests of Government and for the public good.

Young WEMYSS not the man to evade consequence of his own creation. Does not forget one of old time of whom it was written "He had his jest and they had his estate." Means to afford practical illustration of working of his proposed scheme. To that end, so SARK tells me, he is prepared, in anticipation of the date mentioned in Bill, to hand over his private property to be dealt with in accordance with its provisions. No. 23, St. James's Place, will shortly be in the market. Gosford House and Amisfield House, both situated in Haddingtonshire, will have new tenants. Closed will be the hospitable doors of Elcho Castle, Perth. Neidpath Castle, Peebles-shire, will go the way of Hayes Lodge, whilst Stanway Hall will, figuratively of course, absolutely as far as its present proprietor is concerned, sink in Moreton-in-the-Marsh.

Not often that a Member of either House bringing in a Bill is in position so strikingly to illustrate its working.

Business done.—Cost of Irish Administration discussed.

An indignant correspondent, writing to *The Mansfield Reporter* about the Licensing Bill, says of the present Government:—

"The sword of Demosthenes already hangs over its head, and 'tis to be hoped will soon fall."

DEMOSTHENES, however, only put pebbles, not swords, in his mouth to improve his elocution; the sword swallower of the circus is a later development.



TROUBLES OF THE TAXIMETER.

Jack (stopping taximeter hansom). "'Old 'ard, mate! We ain't a-goin' to sail with our flag 'arf-mast. There ain't any of us dead aboard 'ere, not by a long chalk!"

"WHAT IS WHISKY?"

[A Commission has recently been sitting in the hope of elucidating this problem.]

Day by day in London's city
Meets a Court of London's best,
Wasting time and (more 's the pity)
Money on a futile quest;
Day by day each weighty sitter
Vainly asks, What Whisky is:—
Only those whose Drink is Bitter
Comprehend these mysteries.

Here in old and tempered England—
Still and sparkling, red and white—
All the costliest juices mingl' and
Tempt the connoisseur's delight;
All that brings the soul composure—
All that makes the heart rejoice—
Merely paying (through the nose) your
Money, you can take your choice.

So to these, with all or any
Lotions ready to their will,
Whisky is but one of many,
Mere result of pot or still;
He that pines for information,
Let him pack his traps and roam,
And he 'll get a revelation
That he 'll never get at home.

Let him pass to Cancer's tropic,
"Where the best is like the worst,"
And the one unfailing topic
Is a one unfailing thirst,
There to feel (as often since I 'd
Gratefully have felt) the smart
Freez-y comfort down the inside
Which those orient "pegs" impart:

Out in Quetta let him shiver,
When the mercury has passed
Zero, and the finest liver
Curdles at the cutting blast;
Where, lest aught the frame should injure,
He may learn what 'tis to quaff
Brave Macdonalds, made of Ginger-Wine and Whisky, half-and-half!

Thus beyond all other juices
Whisky serves in each extreme,
But when iron need reduces
Baggage almost to a dream;
When we roam through lands untrodden
By the aspiring feet of men,
When we 're hungry, bored, or sodden—
Then, by all the gods, oh then—

Caledonia! Caledonia!
Though a climate such as thine
Rather tends to give pneumonia
Than to nurse the tendril vine,
When the world grows melancholic,
When, instinctively, the mind
Yearns to something alcoholic,
And the grape is left behind—

Though the spoils of sunnier countries
Have their merits not a few,
Nectar to the stricken hunt'r is
Thine unrivalled Mountain Dew!
For, whatever else be lacking
To his comforts, he can fit,
If he 's any good at packing,
Whisky, somehow, in his kit.

Thus he sits, and as he measures
Out his dram he learns indeed
That above all costlier treasures
Is the Drink that serves his need;
Ay, and let the grave Commission
Find a better if they can,
Grasps this vital Definition:—
Whisky is the Friend of Man.

University Intelligence.

"The Emperor intimated that Mr. Hill was a personal non granta."
The Isle of Man Daily Times.

CHARIVARIA.

Mid-Devon, Hereford, Worcester, Hastings, and Peckham have now spoken, and it looks as if the People were proving fractious. Instead of tackling the House of Lords the stupid voters appear to be determined to reform the House of Commons.

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Peckham, we hear, still bears signs of the recent contest, many of the victorious side continuing to wear the party's colours on their noses.

***

The Liberals of Hastings are making a consolation gift to Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, their unsuccessful candidate. Thrifty, thoughtful Liberals hope that this will not be taken as a precedent, as it might involve their party in great expense in the near future.

***

The Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland has appealed to his men to smoke fewer cigarettes. Should his wishes be ignored it is not impossible, we hear, that the scope of the Children's Bill will be extended to include Infantry of all sorts.

***

It has been decided that there shall be no speeches at the forthcoming Royal Academy Banquet. It seems strange that in the case of such an old-established function it should become necessary to offer additional attractions to guests. For ourselves, we must confess we shall miss (in imagination) the spectacle of tired Cabinet Ministers making long speeches to prove that they know nothing, and care less, about Art.

***

Richmond estate agents have come to an agreement, *The Globe* informs us, to erect only one "To let" board on houses where formerly there had been as many as eight or nine such notices. This will render it difficult in future to describe a small garden as "richly wooded grounds."

Die Kreuzzeitung is annoyed with us for having passed our new Patent Law. It seems that this measure is creating the deplorable impression in Germany that we love ourselves more than we love the Germans.

***

"The motor-omnibus is the poor man's motor-car," says Alderman Howlett of Lambeth, "and can never be driven from the streets." We think that this statement is unfair. We have seen several of these vehicles successfully mount the pavement, and at least one has been known to enter a shop.

***

"Mr. H. M'Laren, M.P., and Mr. Albert Stanley, M.P.," we read, "were proceeding from Stone to Stafford when their motor was wrecked at Aston. Both members complained of being hurt and shaken." But surely, if they have accidents, this is the least they must expect.

***

There are, we all know, cats and Thomas cats. An old lady now writes to ask us whether there are also two sexes among motor-cars, forwarding us a newspaper cutting which mentions that a "Thomas car" is taking part in the New York to Paris race.

***

The death is announced of a Zoo hippopotamus. No one who saw her will be surprised to hear that she died a spinster.

***

A contemporary has just inaugurated a special column for ladies, which is signed "Eve." This choice of *nom-de-guerre* strikes us as being rather unhappy. What can Eve know about Dress?

***

"A picture hat provides a delightfully soothing sensation of restfulness and innocence," says *The Gentlewoman*. "It would be difficult for a woman to commit a crime in a picture hat." And yet how easy for the man who is sitting behind it at a matinée!

***

To pat a man's back with one hand and to deal him a blow with the other is a curiously un-English proceeding, and Mr. J. Williams, of Oxford Road, Ealing, has our sympathy. We refer to the following paragraph which appeared at the foot of an article describing a Flower Show in *The Daily Telegraph* last week:

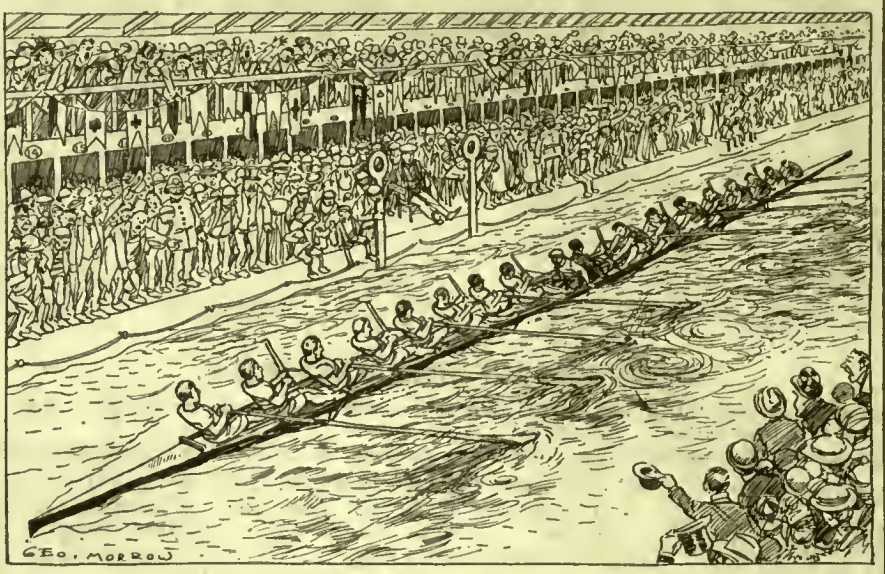
A dainty form of silvered table decoration was sent by J. Williams, Oxford-road, Ealing, and the value of Vall's Bettlecute, a well-known antidote for deposing these pests, so often found in greenhouses, was clearly demonstrated.

***

Sir Robert Giffen, speaking at the United Service Institution, appealed for a National War Chest. Given a sensible scheme of compulsory physical drill we do not see why Sir Robert's ambition should not be achieved.

***

Mr. Benjamin Kidd, we learn from an advertisement, is delighted with the first number of *The Children's Encyclopædia*. This is highly satisfactory, seeing that the very object of the book is to please the family of which he is an ornament.



Why not have the boat-race in a swimming-bath, and let the crews pull against each other in *one* boat? It would be simple, and would save the public a lot of trouble.

"The birth of a camel, and its subsequent christening by Mr. Tree and his daughter, is a comparatively rare event in this country, but it is an every-day experience in countries like Egypt."—*The Sphere.*

In future, however, Mr. Tree wishes it to be known that he will be unable to go south of Khartoum for this purpose on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Camels born on a Friday night should be held over until the following Monday.

MY FUR COAT.

(By "Mr. Punch's" Charivariety Artiste.)

A RICH uncle left it me; and I remember we thought it a very mean legacy, and we only went into half-mourning. As for the coat, "I shan't take it," I said. "I hate all wearers of fur coats. I shall renounce the legacy." "You will do nothing of the sort," said my wife. "I don't want to look like a beastly millionaire," I said. "And why not?" asked my wife. "Well, we 'll see," I said weakly.

The thing was a long while coming. I imagine that for a time the two executors wore it on alternate days as one of the perquisites of office. Anyhow, they had not taken great care of it. "I think," said I, on viewing the coat, "that my uncle would have done better to present this to the Natural History Museum for research purposes," and I angrily removed a couple of moths with the words, "My coat, please." "Nonsense," said my wife; "it 's been neglected a bit, that 's all. We 'll have it done up, and made to fit you" —my uncle was a very stout man— "and in the cold weather you 'll be very pleased to have it. After all, why shouldn't you look like a gentleman?" "Very well," I said; "only I haven't the remotest idea what to feed it on, or anything of that sort, and you had better try and find out what is the best handbook on the subject."

It came back from the exterminators as good as new, and I entered into a compromise with my wife, under the terms of which she was not to insist on my wearing the coat in Town, but I agreed to take it with me on a lecturing tour on which I was just embarking. As a matter of fact I found it extremely useful on my tour. It certainly added to my *prestige*. It undoubtedly made me look almost worth my money. At the same time it was not all lavender. The coat, I should mention, was an extremely valuable one, and, at moments when I was striving to amuse my audience, a pained expression would suddenly cross my face. I would be wondering whether some vile fellow was not, perhaps, making off with my coat from the little room at the back. It was the old tale, so to say, of the clown making merry behind the footlights while his favourite child was dying at home.

However, no one guessed the value of the coat, and it survived my tour.

That was last year.

This year opened with weather of exceptional severity. "You 'll be a fool if you don't wear your fur coat," said my wife. The implied compliment that I was not always a fool pleased me, coming from such a quarter—and, besides, it was very cold, and I had got over my initial repugnance to the thing. So I took to wearing my fur coat in Town, and *I have come to like it*. My friends declare that it is exercising a subtle influence on my character, and that I who used to be so modest am becoming arrogant.

Naturally at first I had to run the gauntlet of a number of ill-natured remarks and feeble jests from my acquaintance. The sleeves of the overcoat had a way of working themselves up so that the sleeves of the under-coat protruded. I pointed this out to a man who I thought could, perhaps, suggest a remedy. He put his ear to my shoulder and listened. Then he turned a grave face to me, and said, "Ah, I thought so!" "What is it?" I cried anxiously. "Why, it 's the moths," he said; "I distinctly heard the little beggars crying, 'Now then, all together, pull!'"

Another so-called friend sent his little boy round to me one day with his butterfly net and an insulting request. Yet another acquaintance asked me, "What is the name of your coat—Fido or Dinah?" and another, "I suppose it can catch mice as well as moth?"

(To be continued.)



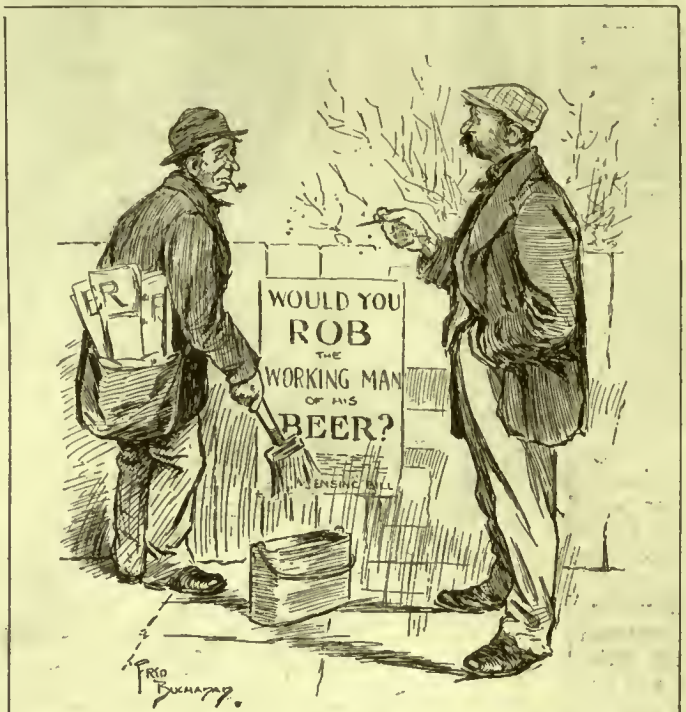
Guest from Town (who is being shown over poultry farm). "ER—AWFULLY INTERESTIN' AN' ALL THAT. BUT WHAT DO THE POOR BEGGARS DO WITH THEMSELVES ALL DAY?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"Toby, M.P.," was never a dog that cared much for dry bones; and his *Memories of Eight Parliaments* (Heinemann) does not pretend to be a work of academic erudition. For chronology, as such, he wouldn't give you a collar-button, and his cheerful contempt for pedantry is reflected in a fluency of style which betrays no sign of superfluous lucubration. Yet his head is a veritable treasure-house of Parliamentary knowledge; for up aloft there, from his vantage-place of looker-on who sees most of the game, he has allowed little that was worth noting to elude his watchful eye. But Mr. Lucy ("for it is he") has also enjoyed, as few other journalists, a personal acquaintance with the best politicians of every shade; and it must be accounted to him for virtue that he has so little to say about himself. He even underestimates, in his title, the length of his experience, which has extended over *nine* Parliaments. And his discretion is such that it would be a hard matter to decide from the internal evidence of his book what are his own political leanings. He appears to be a Liberal-Conservative, with a slight bias in favour of Unionist-Radicalism. His judgment is as kindly as it is catholic; and Lord Rosebery, whom he describes as a "tireless worker," should not be the only one to give him credit for erring, if at all, in excess of approbation. So infectious, it would seem, is the atmosphere of geniality that emanates from *Mr. Punch*.

The Human Boy Again (Chapman and Hall) has set me wondering where on earth Mr. Eden Phillpotts and sundry other less eminent writers of school stories get their raw material. I suspect that they must dig it up from the back numbers of the sixpenny magazines. There, of course, I have often read of the sort of school (where the ages of the boys range from eight to eighteen) which Mr. Phillpotts calls "Merivale." The school-sergeant, "who was old and had seen battle, and had a grey moustache and medals and a fiery expression," is a very old friend. So is the Doctor. I know by heart the sesquipedalian phrases which he will give away with the prizes, and I should feel defrauded if his daughter *Milly* were not secretly engaged to the rottenest kid in the school. Also, "me being older than her," I know that the boys cannot help themselves. It isn't that they will be boys. They 've got to be boys, and go in for keeping guinea-pigs, and fighting, and scoring off the masters, though all these pastimes have long ago ceased to be part of the ordinary public-school curriculum. And their conversation must be an ungrammatical imitation of the Doctor's stilted language, plentifully seasoned with such words as beastly, frightfully, kids, spiffing, swizz, chouse, blub, curious, decent, and so forth, and in everything that they do or say or write they must unconsciously serve as the butt of their creator, the author's, humour. At least that is the fate of the twelve Merivale boys who tell the stories in what they would call the book of Phillpotts. I am not denying that they are human or that their stories are fairly amusing, but I do wish that the next time Mr. Phillpotts wants to talk about boys he would try to be a little more up-to-date instead of giving us the Magazine Boy again.



Gentleman of Leisure. "You don't say you've started work, Joe? This is the first stroke I've seen ye do since I've known ye."

Joe. "It's the first job I've ever found as I could put me 'eart in."

While I admire extremely the ingenuity which Mr. A. C. Fox-Davies has brought to the making of the series of episodes contained in his book *The Finances of Sir John Kynnersley* (Lane) I cannot quite bring myself to admire *Sir John*. The story of his financial achievements is that of a number of very daring and beautifully planned frauds by which the baronet, left penniless by a swindling company-promoter, acquires wealth and honour. In several cases he gets back on people who have done him bad turns, and here he has my sympathies, for though the means are questionable the end is made to seem to justify them. Besides, he is on the whole a quite pleasant, well-mannered fellow. But when he annexes the proceeds of a bazaar in aid of the Cancer Research Fund; when he buys *The Times* in the name of an inoffensive millionaire whom chance has put in his way, and, backed by the "Thunderer," juggles mercilessly with the money markets; and when he deliberately pirates copyright books and resells them to publishers, then I say that he does not deserve the G.C.B. which he gets for a fortuitous service rendered to the War Office. Still, I read every word of the book, and enjoyed nearly all of them. Among the exceptions were those which went to the composition of split infinitives.

"The Throne" on "Diana of Dobson's."

"Somewhere or other she has read or heard a quotation, 'one crowded hour of glorious life.' She does not know it is Tennyson's."

But she might have thought it was, and that would be almost as bad.

"Upon the removal of the cloths, everything went with an *esprits de corps*, which, notwithstanding an hour's extension, the hour of departure arrived all too soon, toast, song, and recitation so agreeably blending as to form a most pleasant evening."—*The Tonbridge Free Press.*

We are afraid that the *esprits* were too strong for the *corps* in one instance.



Boy (who has been naughty, and sent out into the garden to find a switch to punish him with). "Oh, Mummy, I couldn't find a switch anywhere, but here's a stone you can throw at me."

THE SWAINS' REFUGE.

"Engaged" recently wrote to a contemporary to complain of the distressing condition of similarly betrothed couples, who have to wander through interminable streets in all weathers or waste money, that they would rather save, at places of entertainment, for lack of a club or institution of unquestionable respectability for the benefit of the matrimonially-inclined.

We are happy to assure such sufferers (and their bereaved relatives) that an establishment of the kind will very shortly be opened. With this purpose in view the Keeping Company Company (strictly limited) is in process of formation. Already the rush of applicants is so great that prospective shareholders may be seen daily extending in a long coo down Maiden Lane, where the offices of the Company are situated.

The rules of the proposed Club, the premises of which will adjoin the Tête-à-Tête Gallery, are as follows:—

1.—Name.

The Club shall be called "The Armshouse, London," with the motto "Between Four Eyes."

2.—Objects.

The Objects embraced by the Club shall be those commonly observed in silent communion in the more sheltered parts of the public parks. These shall be facilitated by the judicious arrangement of screens in the Club-rooms.

3.—Qualifications for Membership.

Candidates shall have proposed and been accepted, in pairs, and shall have become a nuisance to their respective families.

4.—Original Members.

All the other members shall appear original, not to say quaint, to any particular couple. Each pair, however, will constitute a world in itself, and, as far as possible, ignore the rest of the Club.

5.—Life Membership.

There shall be no Life-members.

6.—Extraordinary General Meetings.

All the meetings of any fiancé and fiancée shall be, in their own eyes, of extraordinary importance, and the same shall apply generally.

7.—Expulsion.

Any member jilting another shall *ipso facto* be suspended from the use of the Club premises. The presence of the party jilted shall also be considered superfluous, as roving or unattached members may cause complications.

8.—Retirement.

Every couple, if and when their banns are published for the third time, shall automatically retire.

Zig-zag.

The Brutal Game.

From an advertisement in a Lancashire newspaper:

"Football Season, 1908-9. To be let, about 100 acres of Slaying Fields."

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS.

[Being the bitter plaint of a temperate Unionist on the alleged association of his Party with a policy of Beer.]

Mid-Devon, Worcester, Hastings, Leeds,
Behold the Liberals chew the dust;
Lightly we did heroic deeds,
As men who knew their cause was just;
Good was it then to be a Tory,
Fighting for issues clean and clear;
But now the swelling scroll of glory
Is badly soiled with Beer.

Silent our foemen bore the shock
Like losers in a decent game;
Now Malice gets her chance to mock
A crowning triumph smirched with shame;
Another victory such as Peckham
Is like to cost the Party dear,
And see our hopes—naught else could wreck 'em—
Swamped in a swill of Beer.

I hold no brief for Asquith's Bill;
If England wants to cure a vice,
Why then let England have her will,
But let her pay the current price;
I sniff aloud at virtuous robbery,
But most I loathe the easy sneer
That twits us with the taint of jobbery
Which seems to lurk in Beer.

Give me a fighting line that asks
No aid from semi-savage types,
Who, rolling up their reeky casks,
Poison the wells with pungent swipes;
To shift our simile to Ocean—
There 's better stuff on which to steer
Straight for the fruity land of Goshen
Than bulging seas of Beer.

God save us from our so-called friends!
I 'd sooner miss the shoreward flood
Than use, to gain the best of ends,
Methods that smack of malt and mud;
Sooner I 'd lie on sea-weed pillows
In Davy's locker dank and drear
Than bound across the bar on billows
Mainly composed of Beer.

O. S.

"New Age" Pensées.

(From the Editorial Book of Maxims.)

There is only one Bernard Shaw; but there is no end to the articles that can be written by him or about him.

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When in doubt have an article on Belloc.

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When in doubt again have an article on Chesterton.

***

When in grave doubt have an article on the Chelloc.

***

When in still graver doubt have an article on the Bellerton.

***

"Charge, Belloc, charge! On, Chesterton!
Were the last words of Barmion."*

***

When neither Chesterton nor Belloc can be drawn have an article on Wells.

***

Having had all these articles have them all over again.

* The crumpet.

HOTEL STATISTICS.

Wonderful as have been the new London hotels during the past few years nothing has been done hitherto to compare in magnificence, luxury and splendour with the new Pall Mall Hotel, now rapidly approaching completion. In mileage of electric wires alone it is more remarkable than any other, while if its myriad chimneys were placed vertically on end they would, it is conjectured, go some distance towards reaching the moon. This curious and unparalleled fact should of itself fill the hotel throughout the season. The bricks used in building the Piccadilly hotel would, it has been stated, if placed longways in a straight line, extend from London to Buda Pesth—that is, of course, if the direction was right, although how the difficulties of the Channel are to be surmounted is not said. But the bricks used in building the Pall Mall hotel would (if sufficient space were left between them) put a girdle clean round the earth, or, without any intervening space, reach not only to Buda Pesth but back again! These facts have only to be known to have the proper result.

The decorations of the Pall Mall Hotel are also of the most sumptuous. In every bedroom will be a wash-hand stand supplied with real water, thus rivalling some of the most famous and realistic effects of the melodramatic stage. The furniture of even the cheapest bedroom, if we may use so common an adjective, is Louis Quatorze or Quinze, the latter being a sovereign more. Everything that art can do has been done.

There are so many bedrooms that if all the carpets were made into a patchwork quilt and spread over London it would extend from Hampstead Heath to Sydenham, and East Ham to Putney. Fact. The passages are so lengthy and numerous that it would take a man walking at the rate of four miles an hour a week to traverse them completely.

Who could choose to go to another hotel after that? Moreover, special interpreters for the use of American visitors are to be stationed on every floor, with plovers' eggs and iced "watter" always ready. Plovers have been engaged by the tens of thousands in Scotland and elsewhere, and are at the present moment laying eggs as fast as they can against the opening of the hotel.

Other alluring peculiarities of the Pall Mall Hotel will be its *cuisine de luxe*, special receptacles for every article of food having been designed by some of the first artists of the land. Thus its salt-cellars are of pure gold, and into every finger-bowl will be dropped Attar of Roses at a guinea a drop. It has been well said that the Pêche Melba dishes and Cantaloupe melon bowls will be of more than passing interest to its clients—so much so, indeed, that a large staff of trained detectives will be always in the vestibule.

But we have said enough to convince Londoners that their interests are being well looked after by the hotel proprietors of the present moment. No one who has a few bank-notes in his pocket need ever starve, or sleep on an Embankment seat.

"Thus the rats at the docks are responsible for nearly £60 worth of damage a day, or, in round figures, £3,000 a year."—*Daily Mail.*

Even leaving out Sundays and Bank Holidays, and giving them a week at the seaside, we get rounder figures than that.

An artesian well is being bored in Shorter's Court, This is good news for temperate readers of *The Tatler*.



A COUNTER-ATTRACTION.

British Workman. "BEG PARDON, MR. ASQUITH, BUT COULDN'T YOU SPARE A BIT SO AS I CAN GET INTO THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF A SUNDAY *ALL THE YEAR ROUND*—SAME AS THE PUBLIC 'OUSES?"



Local Oracle. "Well, gents, it's like this 'ere. There's things as is, and there's things as isn't; and there's some things as neither is nor isn't. And, to my thinking, this 'ere noo regulation o' the parish council comes somewhere between the last two."

CAN SCIENCE END WAR?

Wonderful New Inventions.

The marvels of the new Simpson gun, expounded by Colonel Maude in the current number of *The Contemporary Review*, have already attracted considerable attention in military circles. But the invention is vitiated at the outset by the fatal objection that its efficacy rests in the last resort on its purely destructive power. We are glad to be able to announce that various alternative methods of attaining the same desirable end by purely pacific means have already been devised, and will shortly be tested by a Select Committee appointed by the War Office, and consisting of Lord Rosslyn, the Marquis Townshend, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., the Countess of Warwick, Mr. Stephen Coleridge, and Mr. Wigglesworth D'Arcy.

Recent developments in the progress of wireless telephony have suggested to an eminent novelist, who for the present desires to remain anonymous, the happy thought of reciting select passages from his most famous works to audiences in all the most turbulent storm centres of the world. By means of an auxetophone attachment he is enabled so to magnify the tones of his voice that it can be transmitted to a distance of 30,000 miles, and on arrival will be distinctly audible at a radius of 200 miles. Tentative experiments on the savage Chunchuses in Mongolia and the ferocious clans on the North-West Frontier of India have been attended with the most gratifying results. Seventeen of the most desperate Chunchuses fled precipitately into the depths of Lake Baikal, and a large bevy of intransigent Afridis committed hari-kiri with unanimous enthusiasm. Emboldened by these preliminary triumphs the inventor now proposes to try the effect of his method on the Amazons of Dahomey, the insurgents of Mississpanca, the dacoits of Burmah, and other irreconcilable tribes. A remarkable feature of the new invention is that by the employment of a sound-proof chamber at the transmitting station the operator does not lacerate the tympanums of the surrounding population.

Hardly less epoch-making than the Manx telephone is the new Improved Astral Body Projector which has been recently perfected by Messrs. Gosling and Quackenbusch. This astonishing instrument, which has no recoil, and causes no explosion whatever, enables the operator not merely to project his astral body to unheard-of distances, but to expand and inflate his cranium and features to an altogether exorbitant extent, causing the assembled spectators at the receiving station to fall into a state of obtuse apathy. A detailed account of the apparatus, from the talented pen of Major Colney Hatcham, will shortly appear in the *Wapping Lyre*.

The May number of the *Earlswood Review* will contain an electrifying article on his new musical instrument the Jumbophone, by the inventor, Captain WOOLLEY DODDER. The Jumbophone, which in appearance suggests a combination of a bombardon and a theodolite, is composed entirely of fluorescent brown paper, with a kedgeree mouthpiece and vulcanite valves. Its timbre is singularly luscious, and the inventor confidently expects that his instrument will finally supersede the kibob, the balalaika, and the octoroon. We understand that a concerto for the Jumbophone, by Herr JAMRACH, will shortly be included in the programme of one of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts.

A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WHEN you played at Bridge with me,
When I saw you lightly make,
As my smiling *vis-à-vis*,
Every possible mistake,
I forgave you, though I paid
Dearly for the slips you made.

When you played at Golf with me,
When your efforts made the ball
Through the green or from the tee
Into every bunker fall,
I forgave you, though it cost
Many a pang each time we lost.

When you played at Love with me,
Ah! what science then, what skill
Drew me to your feet, to be
Now discarded at your will;
Shall I still forgive you? Yes!
Nothing ever grieved me less.

"Dog found, probably fox terrier.—Apply at once, Eaton Terrace."—*Morning Post.*

Mother: Oh, what a sweet little St. Bernard!

Father: Don't be silly, dear, it 's a spaniel.

Ethel: More a Pomeranian, isn't it?

Tom: Good old Ethel, not to know a greyhound when she sees one.

Ernest: Most dogs are fox-terriers, aren't they?

Father: Well done, Ernest. It probably *is* a fox-terrier. [*Exit to write advertisement.*]

From the prospectus of a certain Musical Society:

"Fees from £1 11*s.* 0*d.*, according to length of lesson, instrument, and professor."

Only a spendthrift would take lessons on the trombone from an ex-Guardsman. The wise man would study the penny-whistle with quite a little fellow.

A DOMESTIC PROBLEM.

FOR days and weeks the cloud
Was always growing bigger,
MIRANDA'S head was bowed,
And trouble bent her figure.
Her courage all was cowed,
The crisis grew acuter,
For she must tell the wedded pair
Who kindly cooked our homely fare,
And made the beds and brushed the stairs,
They really did not suit her.

Thick lay the lurid dust,
The rugs were brown and muddy,
The tongs were red with rust,
The very grates were ruddy;
And oh! the thing called crust
That filled the sodden pie-dish!
Few, few the things that we could eat;
Impossible the blackened meat!
MIRANDA lived on bread and beet,
While apple-sauce was my dish.

Yet how were we to part
With all this imbecility?
MIRANDA had a heart
Compact of sensibility.
Some mistresses are tart
In their domestic dealings,
Some treat their Abigails as dirt,
Are rough, abusive, crude and curt—
But she would rather die than hurt
The meanest mortal's feelings.

My wife, I may explain,
Requires but small incentive
To exercise a brain
Incredibly inventive.
Again and yet again
MIRANDA started planning:
"Let 's swear you 've been appointed—say,
Prime Minister of Mandalay,
Or that we 're off to Hudson Bay
To practise walrus canning."

Then, after days of thought
And nights of deep dejection,
A plan MIRANDA caught,
A counsel of perfection.
"I 'll say the post has brought
Some news that 's very grievous:
My mother thinks of coming here
To settle down with us—poor dear!—
She brings her maids, which means, I fear,
That you will have to leave us."

At lunch and dinner we
Discussed the tale and plotted,
We crossed with care each *t*
And every *i* we dotted.
But soon we were to see
Love's labour lost. Next morning
Our wedded pair appeared in view
And crudely gave us notice. "You
Are not what we 're accustomed to,
And so we give you warning."

CHARIVARIA.

THE French Minister of Justice has appointed M. SILVAIN, the actor, of the Comédie Française, to teach young lawyers how to use their natural gifts to the best advantage. Evidently they have no more objection in France than we have here to a Court of Justice being turned into a theatre.

***

The Registration of Clubs (Ireland) Bill was introduced into the House of Commons last week. It is receiving the support of the Irish party on the understanding that the word "Clubs" does not include shillelaghs.

***

In an article in *The Century Magazine* Dr. PERCIVAL LOWELL, the American scientist, expresses the opinion that the world will eventually die of thirst. This view has been held for some time in this country by those pessimists who fear that the Licensing Bill will pass.

***

In the House of Lords last week a lady let her muff drop from the gallery to the scarlet benches below, "where," according to a Socialist contemporary, "it took its seat among its peers."

***

"Drawings by Guys" is the title of an article in *The Daily News* on an exhibition at the Baillie Gallery. We cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that personal remarks of this kind are in deplorable taste, especially at a time when artists are showing a tendency to discard long hair and art-bows.

***

English theatre audiences, it is said with a certain amount of justice, are the least intelligent in the world. It certainly makes one blush to read that even a Bosnian audience objected to "The Merry Widow," and that its production at Serajevo caused a riot.

***

Mr. R. B. MARSTON'S statement in Court last week to the effect that collections of short stories do not sell well is disputed by the editors of several halfpenny newspapers.

***

The April issue of *The London Magazine* is described on its cover as a "Fiction Number." This seems a little bit hard on Mr. DONALD MORRISON, who contributes to the number in question an article entitled "A Modern Robinson Crusoe," which purports to be a veracious

description of the writer's experiences on a desert island.

***

The Family Doctor declares that it is a fallacy to imagine that fat persons are less susceptible to cold than thin ones, and says "Notice how fat people wrap up in winter." But surely this is only due to natural secretiveness.

***

In an interview granted to a correspondent of *The Figaro*, Sultan Abdul Aziz of Morocco signified approval of the French military operations in his country, and expressed a wish to have some photographs of the war. This proof that the war is being carried on under really distinguished patronage has given the keenest satisfaction to all concerned.

***

The Daily Mail alleges that doctors do not practise what they preach in the matter of leaving windows open at night-time. The complaint is no new one, and letters, we hear, are reaching our contemporary from burglars in every part of the kingdom urging it to persevere in its crusade.

***

A propos of the Licensing Bill much satisfaction has been caused in certain quarters where drink restrictions were feared by a fact that came out in the Society Dentist's case last week, namely, that it is possible to have a bar fixed up in one's mouth.

***

Gradually all our open spaces in London are disappearing. Building operations are now being projected even in Aldwych.

W. I. I., OR WALLERING IN IT.

Truly, the stage has its terrors. *The Daily Mirror* of April 2 has unearthed at Streatham a society of some fifty young lady-enthusiasts, who are banded together every Monday evening to discuss Mr. Lewis Waller and all his works. They recognise each other by a badge containing a photograph of their idol and a shield emblematic of three of his most popular plays *plus* the pansy, his favourite flower. They are further distinguished by the mystic initials K. O. W., which stand for "Keen Order of Wallerites," or, according to another interpretation, "Keen On Waller." These devoted ladies, however, are pledged never to speak to the object of their admiration, which, they are careful to explain, is for the actor and not the man, nor to embarrass him by hugging the stage-door, but they "don't think anything of waiting four hours in the queue for Mr. Waller." If these suburban theatrical cults extend we shall expect to see other symbolical adornments on feminine bosoms in the various pit crowds. For instance, T. T. T. will, of course, stand for "True To Tree," and A. S. S. for "All Smart Shavians." G. O. G.'s — *i.e.*, "Gush Over Georges"—will haunt the gallery of the St. James's; and in other directions will be noticed the Wild-On-Wyndhams, the Dotty-On-Du Mauriers or the Hysterical Hicksites. Lastly M. A. M.—*i.e.*, "Mad After Maud(e)"—will do double duty at the Playhouse or the Palace.



"What, begging again? I'm perfectly sure I gave you something this morning in the City, and now I meet you in Bond Street."

"Quite correct, lady. This is my West End branch!"

From *The Evening News* feuilleton:—

"His praise was a taunt to her. She turned away, biting his lips, feeling a little ashamed. She wasn't really brave at all."

Brave indeed! We should think not. It was a most cowardly attack.

Fresh Light on the Time Limit.

"The Church of England Temperance Society decided to give the Licensing Bill in general a hearty support, with an open mind on the question of extending the lime-light."—*The Wrexham Advertiser.*

The co-operation of Mr. Beerbohm Tree should now be assured.

MY IDEAS FOR A SHAKSPEARE MEMORIAL.

No one, I am perfectly aware, has expressed the least desire to hear my views on this, or any other, subject; but, after all, if I waited for *that!* . . . And, in this particular instance, I have some ideas which I really do think are worth considering. You may not agree with me there, but I hope that at least you will not decline to listen to them.

I gather that, at present, although all the distinguished persons whose opinion has been consulted are in favour of a National Memorial, they differ considerably as to the precise form such a memorial should take. Some approve of a Statue, on condition that it is erected on a spot more frequented by Shakspeare, when alive, than Portland Place—such as the Embankment. Others object to any effigy in human semblance, preferring something symbolical—which I suppose would be in the nature of a gigantic swan. Others again will not hear of anything but a National Theatre, in which all of Shakspeare's plays could be presented in their entirety. While a fourth section will only consent to a Theatre, provided that it has a statue of Shakspeare in the vestibule.

Now *my* plan combines the advantages and avoids the drawbacks of all these schemes.

First, I think we are all agreed on one point. If as a nation we are going to do the thing at all, we must do it *well*. We must go on as we mean to begin. After calling in all the Intellect and Culture of the United Kingdom, and appealing for contributions to the whole civilised world, we cannot be content with some such compromise as a Shakspearean Cycle (for subscribers only) at the Royalty Theatre, or an unobtrusive drinking-fountain in Finsbury Park. That would be almost an anti-climax. No, our memorial should be grandiose, imposing, sublime; something to strike the imagination of the ages to come. If we can't rise to that we should do very much better to leave it alone altogether.

Very well, then. The next point is the site. This should be as high as possible. I first thought of Primrose Hill; but that possesses a Shakspeare Tree already. It is unnecessary to pamper Primrose Hill. There is Tooting Bec, but we have no records showing that Shakspeare had any intimate associations with Tooting Bec. And it is not nearly so high as Campden Hill. That is the site *I* should select. It is true that it is not mentioned by Shakspeare, but it must have been there in his time, and he could have gone up it if he had felt disposed. If he was fond of exercise he probably did. There are Waterworks with a lofty tower on it now; but these could surely be removed. It would cost something, no doubt, but if we are really sincere in our determination to do honour to the World's Greatest Dramatist, we shall not allow any sordid questions of expense to stand in our way. You agree to Campden Hill, then? Thank you very much. Then, after clearing the ground, we will proceed to erect our Memorial. And, before doing so, we must make up our minds what it is to be. I see it myself as a Statue. But no ordinary statue. A figure immense, so colossal as to dominate the whole Metropolis, and be seen from all points beyond the six-mile radius—even the *chauffeur* of a "Taxi" will know his way to it! Bronze, of course, and at least 500 ft. high. I haven't worked it out, but I calculate roughly that if every British subject in our dominions were to contribute a copper the sum total would amount to quite a handsome figure. And this without counting all the pfennigs that would flow in from Germany, where Shakspeare is regarded as a Teutonic discovery.

This statue should, I think, be easily recognisable as the Bard, though it need not resemble either the Stratford bust or the effigy in Leicester Square. I wouldn't have the legs crossed. I should represent him seated, the chin supported by the left hand, while the right (which would hold a pen) lies loosely on the table before him. This would show him engaged in thinking out the plot of his finest play, which of course each spectator would be at liberty to imagine was his or her own particular favourite. The features could be idealised—that could be left to the sculptor—but with one restriction, which is absolutely essential if *my* plan is adopted. I mean, there must be no hair on the top of the statue's head. Not so much because we know, if the evidence of contemporaries can be trusted, that Shakspeare, even in his prime, was never in much danger of incurring the fate of Absalom, as for another reason that will be apparent later on. If you *must* have your swan it could be sitting at his feet under the table; but this is by way of concession to the symbolists. Personally, I am against a swan. I think it superfluous. I doubt if Shakspeare himself could have composed in any comfort with a swan so close to his ankles. I know *I* couldn't.

We 've got our statue. Now for the pedestal. This need not be more than 150 feet high. I should treat it in the Elizabethan or Jacobean style, with Renaissance *façades*, and the interior would form the National Theatre. Let the design be severe, rather like the *Prinz Regenten Theater* at Munich, with plain tip-up seats in Austrian bent wood, and a marble proscenium.

From the theatre-lobbies visitors would ascend by hydraulic lifts and spiral staircases to the first floor of the statue, which naturally would be hollow. This floor would be on the level of Shakspeare's waistband, and contain the Library, furnished with a complete collection of all the volumes that have ever been written about him in any language, also MSS., including (I hope) the original MS. of the late Mr. Curdle's celebrated essay "On the Character of *Juliet's* Nurse's Deceased Husband." (I was so fortunate as to secure this the other day at Sotheby's, and am open to offers.) There would also be a platform, on which readings, in morning dress, could be given of all the less known dramas. The Library would be lighted not only by electricity but from windows pierced through the slashes and buttons on the statue's doublet.

A corridor through the right Arm would communicate by an exit in the palm of the hand with the table. This platform would serve as a spacious promenade, and might be provided with a Summer Theatre (for Elizabethan masques or variety entertainments), a band-kiosk, and an open-air restaurant. Returning to the Stomach, a lift would enable the visitor to reach the Chest, which I should reserve as a School of Elocution, where pupils could be instructed in the art of delivering Blank Verse precisely as if it were Prose.

We then ascend to the Head, where there would be a luxurious Winter Garden under a lofty glazed dome. *Now* perhaps you will understand why I insisted upon keeping the Statue bald. Think of the effect at night. When illuminated, that mighty brain would be visible for miles, apparently glowing with luminous fancies. No city in the world, not even Rhodes or New York, could boast a more majestic and impressive landmark! British sailors far out on the German Ocean might see it, and bless the Bard that provided them with so noble a beacon!

Altogether, I should expect my Colossal Shakspeare to rival the Great Wheel and Eiffel Tower as a public



A QUESTION OF FORM.

Golfer. "She's a fine woman, Andrew!" *Andrew.* "Ay, she's fine the noo, but she gangs a' to pieces in the rain."

attraction, especially on Bank Holidays, when it might serve as an incentive to the study of his works for many who are now content to witness them at the Lyceum at popular prices. While, what with a shilling charge for admission, booking for the theatre, pupils' fees, and the sub-letting of the restaurants, refreshment bars, and Shakspearean side shows, I am greatly mistaken if the Statue does not pay for its own upkeep, and perhaps even return an occasional dividend on the subscribed capital.

It is very possible that this scheme may fail to commend itself to the Provisional Committee. They may have something even better up their sleeves; but I shall be surprised, as well as pleased, if they decide on one which would be anything like so popular. F. A.

THE LONG GUN AND THE MAN BEHIND IT.

It is really very hard on Mr. Haldane that, just when his Territorial Army comes into being, publicity should be given to the fact that a Mr. Simpson has invented a wonderful gun with a range of 300 miles, which ought to render armies of little use. It has not yet been tried, however, and there is some discussion as to where the test should take place, and on whom. Certain enthusiasts think the gun should be mounted in the Highlands, and pointed at Burton-on-Trent, while another view is that from the latter place it should try and find East Fife. In Ireland, again, there is an opinion that, fired from Waterford, its projectile might, with a favouring wind, reach the House of Commons, and a trial is solicited.

In any case we feel that the firing of the gun should be entrusted to a thoroughly capable person. Surely among our eminent journalists there are many whose mastery of the art of "firing the long gun" would qualify them for the work. What about the military correspondent of *The Times?* Or there is Lieut. Coulson Kernahan, First V.B. Royal Sussex Regiment, whose hair-raising adventures as an officer and a gentleman have recently been appearing in *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily Chronicle*—might he not be told off for the daring experiment?

"Do the Poles move?" asks *The Daily Mirror.* If the inquirer had studied history with any care, he would know that the Poles have frequently risen.

"To estimate the weight of sheep. Kill a few and take the average when dressed."—*The Field Service Pocket Book, issued by the War Office.*

So never ask a soldier to guess your weight. Or if you do, run before he has finished his toilet.

"Take the Radical party itself. Its right and left wings are morally wide as the polls asunder."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Yet, according to *The Daily Telegraph*, recent polls have all pointed the same moral.



Betty (convalescent from appendicitis). "And now I can eat *all* the grape-pips, can't I?"

LETTERS WHICH WILL MAKE HISTORY.

I.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—I have been a life-long supporter of the Liberal Party. It must be nearly forty years ago that I first recorded my vote against the Tories, and it has been recorded against them ever since. In the dark days of the Home Rule split, when he was deserted by many of his oldest friends, I remained loyal to the great Gladstone. When the Boer war burst upon us I was content to be upon the unpopular side; I laboured unceasingly for the cause during those dreary days of opposition; and I had my reward later in the knowledge that I was one of those who had triumphantly returned the present Government to power with the greatest majority on record. But now I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that I can support them no longer. I can be no party to a system of organised robbery such as is this Licensing Bill. At the General Election, which cannot be long delayed, I shall for the first time in my life vote for the Conservatives.

I am, etc.,

Disgusted Liberal.

II.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—For fifty years I have been in the habit of contributing freely to the various charities which have been brought before my notice. I need not specify them here, but I may say that the total sum of such subscriptions would amount to a considerable figure. Moreover, on attending a place of worship I have invariably given with cheerfulness my mite to the offertory. I regret that, owing to Mr. Asquith's unauthorised campaign of plunder, I, as a life-long holder of Brewery shares, shall be unable to continue these subscriptions.—I am, etc.,

Disgusted Shareholder.

III.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—As a life-long Temperance Reformer, Teetotaler, and Minister of the Gospel, permit me to record my disgust at the present Licensing Bill. If I could see in it the smallest attempt to deal courageously with the Drink Traffic I should be the first to support it. But having considered the terms of it carefully I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that if it passed into law it would actually increase intemperance rather than diminish it.

I am, etc.,

Disgusted Minister of the Gospel.

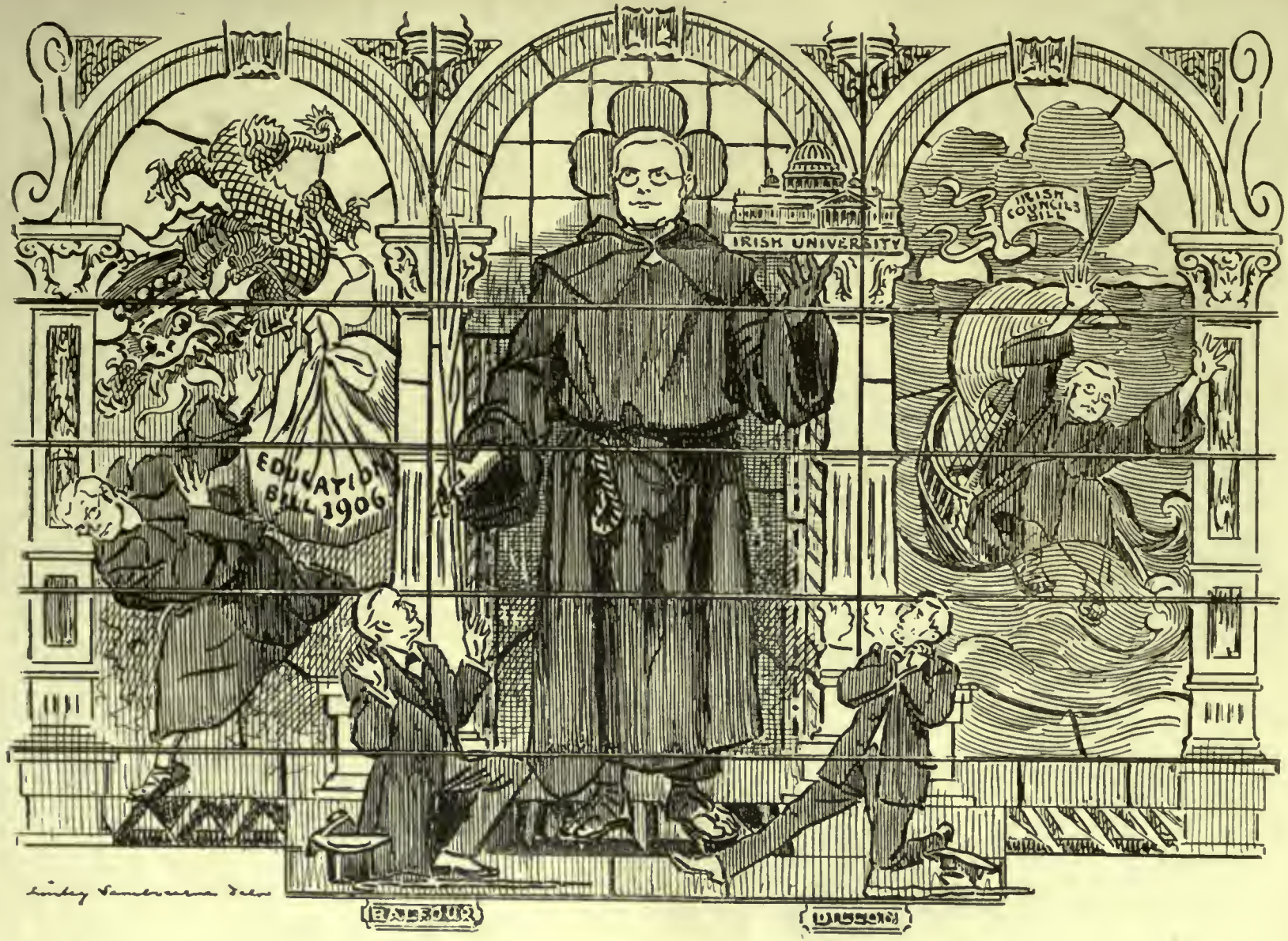
IV.

To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph."

Sir,—As a life-long Brewer I would welcome gladly any honest measure of Licensing Reform. Though an ardent Conservative I was prepared to support such a measure, and, if necessary, to vote and work against my own party in order that it should become law. But Mr. Asquith's Bill is frankly ridiculous. Is it a joke, or what?

I am, etc.,

Disgusted Brewer.



ST. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

(Design for a stained glass window depicting his trials and triumph.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 30.—Members never so relieved in their lives as when they saw Long John O'Connor walk out of the House without having George Clark, shipbuilder and engineer, tucked under his right arm. As everyone knows, it is a little Parliamentary mannerism invented and cultivated by Long John. It 's his way of moving the Closure. Earl Winterton knows all about it. Last Session, having raised Long John's dander (whatever that may be), he was himself uplifted, packed under a muscular arm, and carried forth kicking. At least I 've seen a picture in a veracious weekly paper describing the scene. Anyhow, it is a remarkable coincidence that the Member for Horsham, up to that period known as Viscount Turnour, immediately after changed his name, and now meekly confronts the Ministerialists under the style Earl Winterton.

Clark contributed to Home Rule debate an interesting study of Irish character. In the north, where they make ships and things, the people are, he said, thrifty and prosperous. In the south and west they are lazy. This too much for Member for Kildare. Lifting his tall figure till its monumental six feet eight and a-half brought his head in dangerous contiguity to the overhanging gallery, he casually observed that Mr. Clark was a coward. Captain Craig, having recovered from physical exhaustion following on effort earlier in the sitting to envelop St. Augustine's reluctant figure in the folds of the Union Jack, appealed to Deputy Speaker to say whether such remark was in order.

Long John gloried in his iniquity. "I admit it," he shouted.

Mr. Reddy's shrill voice led storm of cheering from Irish camp. When Deputy Speaker succeeded in getting a look in he ordered Long John to withdraw the offensive expression.

"No," said the Monument, shaking its cupola more in sorrow than in anger (for everyone likes Mr. Emmott, and would in ordinary circumstances hasten to oblige him), "I will not withdraw."

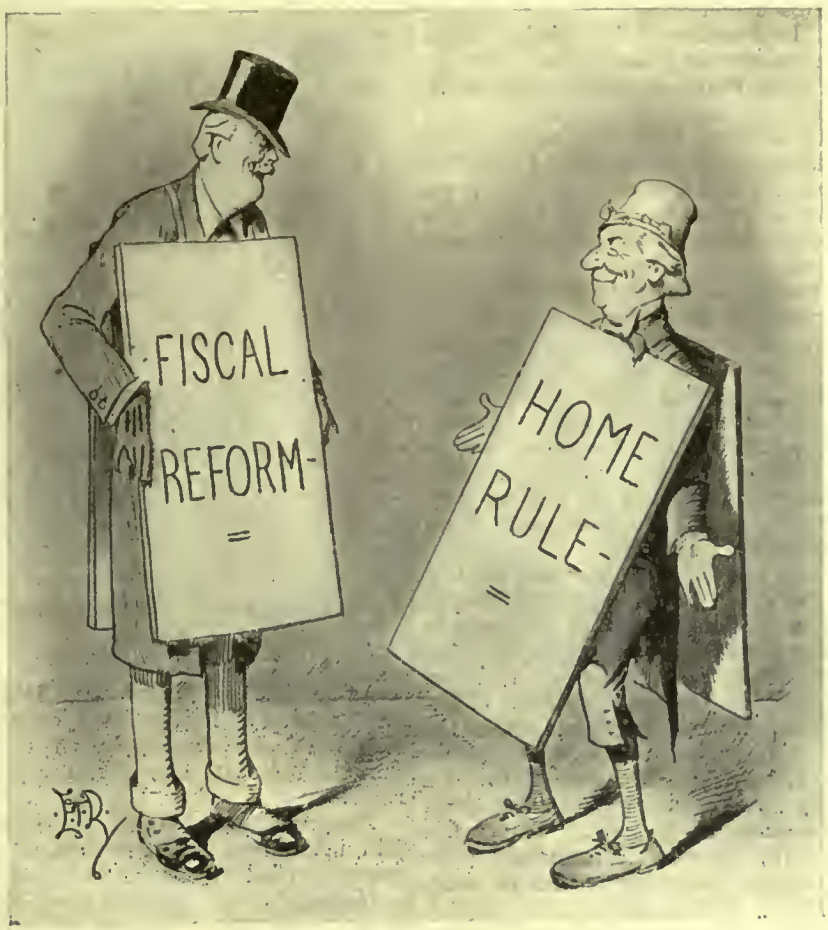
"Then I must name you, Mr. John O'Connor," said the Deputy Speaker.

Customary procedure in such circumstances is for Leader of House to move rule suspending the offending Member from further attendance. Motion to that effect would be put, House would divide, and twenty minutes would be lost. Whilst Asquith was hurriedly hunting up the text of rule, Long John arose in his might and strode towards the gangway, above which George S. Clark, shipbuilder, sat wishing there was a tug in sight.

Was he literally "going for" him? Winterton secretly wished he might be. Friendly and nice that another fellow should know what the method of locomotion towards the door was like. Captain Craig, late of the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, instantly took command of the defence. He threw out Moore (the term is used in its military sense) on the right front, directly in the pathway of the advancing force. For himself he took up a position in the rear whence, as he remarked, he could obtain a more undisturbed view of the situation.

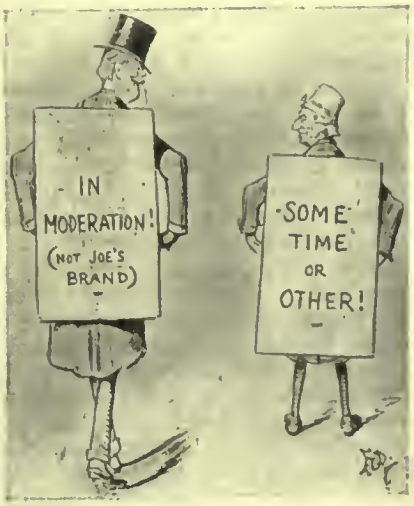
These manœuvres proved unnecessary. Long John, having reached the gangway, wheeled sharply to the right, bowed to the Chair, and walked out of the House unaccompanied.

Business done.—John Redmond moved resolution designed to pledge Liberal Party afresh to Home Rule. Prince Arthur gleefully regarded Asquith as being in what he described as a tight place. Warned him would be no use meeting situa-



Balfour. "Don't you feel awfully embarrassed carrying that horrid thing about? Mine 's bad enough, but that 's *simply beastly!*"

Asquith. "Never felt less embarrassed in m'life, dear boy! Have you seen the board at the back? That 's where the fun comes in!"



Balfour. "Same he-ah!!"

tion with "a nebulous exposition of things in general."

"Embarrassed!" cried Chancellor of the Exchequer. "On the contrary never so comfortable in my life."

Of course, with due safeguarding of supreme authority of Imperial Parliament, Ireland will some day get Home Rule. But not to-day, or during existence of present Parliament.

Tuesday.—Just a quarter of a century since Gladstone, then in the prime of power politically, physically and intellectually, brought in an Irish University Bill. Rejected on second reading, it dealt, in boomerang fashion, a fatal blow to the tottering edifice of one of the strongest Ministries of the century. Mr. G. resigned office, and Dizzy refused to accept it.

This page of history comes back to the mind as St. Augustine Birrell walks up floor of House bringing his sheaves with him in shape of another Irish University Bill. A general cheer greeted him. Only Black Ulster sat in ominous silence. Since the historic failure of 1873 other Ministers have attempted to deal with thorny question of University Education in Ireland. The latest was Bryce, who immediately after indicating his scheme fled to sanctuary in Washington.

One is never sure of anything relating to Ireland, more especially in respect of legislation. Really it does look as if this time St. Augustine had come by his own. On conclusion of his speech explaining details of the scheme, a strange thing happened. In succession Prince Arthur, John Dillon, Butcher, William O'Brien, Wyndham and Carson rose up and called the Bill blessed.

Only Ulster grim, implacable in opposition. Its hostility was voiced by Moore, after rapid survey of bench below gangway where Long John sits. It is not usual to oppose introduction of a Bill. Members, assuming a virtue if they have it not, admit it will be just as well to know exactly what they are fighting before opening fire. Accordingly they allow the first reading as a preliminary to having the Bill printed, thus securing opportunity for studying its detail. Ulster knew all about the Irish University Bill without wasting time upon its text. Regarded it as a surrender to the Roman Catholic Bishops, and would have no dealing with the accursed thing. It went into the Lobby against the first reading, and came out twenty-four strong against a muster of 307.



"He threw out Moore on the right front."
(Mr. Wm. M-re.)

As in 1886, "Ulster will fight." Grandolph, if he were still with us, would not continue quotation of his famous distich, "and Ulster will be right."

Business done.—Irish University Bill introduced amid chorus of approval, varied by one note of discord.

House of Lords, Thursday.—"Suppose," said *Mr. Pecksniff* to *Martin Chuzzlewit* on the introduction of the new pupil to the office, "suppose you were to give me your idea of a monument to a Lord Mayor of London; or a tomb for a Sheriff; or your notion of a cow-house to be erected in a nobleman's park."



UNDILUTED VITRIOL.
(A sketch of Tim H-ly walking into Asq-th.)

There is no point of resemblance between Lord Dartmouth and the architect and surveyor of Salisbury beyond the attitude of interrogation and a habit of suddenly submitting posers. Noble lord came down bristling with a sort of Shorter Catechism designed for searching the mind of Under-Secretary for War. In the catalogue queries were numbered up to five. Actually, with subsidiary questions they ran up to a score, covered the whole field on which is bivouacked the new Territorial Army. The Catechism, nearing in length the proportions of Speech from the Throne, covered more than page of folio paper. At end of fourth group of questions Dartmouth, with possibly unconscious echo of the directness and brevity of a query that has come down through the ages, suddenly asked—

"What is a unit?"

Portsmouth gasped for breath, as indeed Dartmouth had done when he worked off the penultimate volley leading up to this heavy round shot, "What is a unit?" He might, quoting the dictionary, have replied, "A single thing or person; the least whole number; one."

That would have been a mean way of slinking out of a quandary. Portsmouth is not Hereditary Bailiff of Burley, New Forest, for nothing. Feels he must live up to his reputation.

"In its ordinary military sense," he answered, fixing Dartmouth with gleaming eye, "unit is a somewhat elastic term, depending for its precise significance on the context with which it is used."

Dartmouth's turn now to display emotion. If he had been in the House of Commons it would have been suspected that he was suddenly smitten with gooseberry mildew. Limp he sat and speechless, what time Portsmouth ambled on to the end of his reply. The collapse is, however, only temporary. He is thinking of an impromptu retort. We may have it next week. If not, it may be looked for after Easter.

Business done. — Civil Service Estimates.

The Dearer Sex.

"The following are some of the most notable prices at the sale:—

	£	s.
Mrs. Dorothea Morley (Romney)...	2,887	10
Mr. Morley (Romney)	315	0
Mrs. Anne Poulter (Romney)	1,575	0
Mr. Poulter (Romney).....	420	0"

Daily Express.



LONG-FELT WANTS IN THE HUNTING FIELD.

(A Suggestion for next Season.)

Why not have a Starting-gate for the Thrusters?

KILLED IN THE OPEN.

Pull 'im an' worry 'im! *Poo-ll* 'im an' worry 'im!
Wanderer, Wisdom an' Watchman an' all!—
Thowt 'e 'd a-beaten me over the plough:
Lifted 'em onto 'im, clever knows how:
I 'ad the run of 'im:
I 'ad the fun of 'im:
Lorst 'im an' coursed 'im an'—look at 'im now!
Eighty-five minnits, an' well it may be:
Biggest ole dog-fox what ever I see!
Ah, the ole plunderer!
Ah, the ole blunderer!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-'o!—Talli-'o!
Romulus, Rhymer, an' Ringwood an' all!

Pull 'im an' worry 'im! *Poo-ll* 'im an' worry 'im!
Daneer an' Dexter an' Dryden an' all!—
Think of 'is lordship be'ind in the drain:
Think of the tommy-tits ridin' the lane:
We 'll 'ave the laugh of 'em:
We 'll 'ave the chaff of 'em:
Swankin' an' clankin' an'—not seen again!
Fourteen-mile point, Sir, as near as can be:
Pity the man that 's gone 'ome to 'is tea!
Ah, the ole wheezy ones!
Ah, the ole greasy ones!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-'o!—Talli-'o!
Ganymede, Gamester an' Guardsman an' all!

Pull 'im an' worry 'im! *Poo-ll* 'im an' worry 'im!
Paladin, Pilot an' Pilgrim an' all!—
Think of 'em rowstin' 'im out by the mill:
Think of 'em sereamin' up over the 'ill:
They 'd 'ave a seet of 'im:
They 'd 'ave the meat of 'im:
Stoopin' an' swoopin' an'—look at 'em still!
Runnin' like smoke since a quarter to three:
Gamiest gallopers ever I see!
Lor', 'ow they sung to it!
Lor', 'ow they clung to it!
Nobody up but the Master an' me!—
Poo-ll 'im an' worry 'im!—Talli-'o—Talli-'o!
Rifleman, Roland an' Raglan an' all!

The Yellow Car Mystery.

"On the road home I was seated on the chauffeur's right hand. All at once a ear brushed by my left arm, missing it by less than an inch."—*Daily Mail.*

The Nature-Journalist.

"The ponds are now full of toads and, I suppose, when the sun shines quite genially, their song is heard in the land."—*Daily News.*

At a shilling a word, and they *couldn't* pay him less, that comes to £1 3*s.*

MY FUR COAT.

II.

Of course I did not wear my fur coat with absolute confidence all at once. That came gradually. At first I suffered cruelly from self-consciousness, and I imagined that every passer-by was trying to solve the problem: Is he a Nobleman, or a Fraudulent Bankrupt? I dared not smoke a big cigar with it. And when, in accordance with my custom, I read my *Daily Mail* in the train, I imagined the thought of everyone seated opposite to be, "Fancy that wealthy man reading only a halfpenny paper! He 's one of those mean millionaires, I suppose." Sometimes this idea got on my nerves to such an extent that I would buy two copies of *The Daily Mail* instead of one. But now I have grown out of all such silly fancies, and realise that the wearing of the fur coat means for me increased respect with all classes except the unwashed.

The Stationmaster, because he wore grander clothes than I, used always to cut me. Now he says "Good morning" to me, even when it isn't. And a pleasing incident took place only yesterday. A respectably dressed woman said to her little boy who was asking for his ticket at the booking-office when I arrived, "Let the gentleman take his ticket first, Johnnie." And a dear friend of mine who has seen better times through no fault of his own asked me the other day whether he might walk a little way with me in the City, as it would improve his credit. Naturally I consented, as I love to do these little acts of kindness.

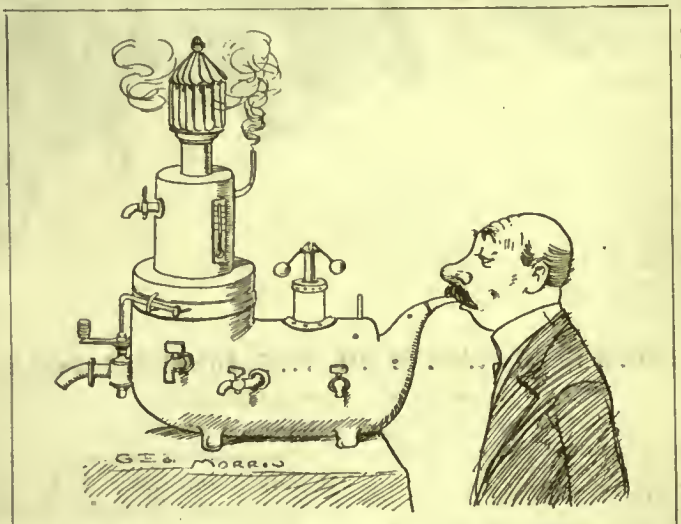
The coat undoubtedly does improve one's credit. I had a striking example of that not so long ago. I went up to a newspaper vendor who has a shop round a lamp-post, and asked for an evening paper. When I came to pay for it I found that I had—as befitted me—nothing smaller than half-a-crown, and the man had not sufficient change. "Never mind, guv'nor," he said, "pay me next time you pass."

But the wearing of the fur coat is also a shockingly expensive business, and I sometimes wonder whether I shall be able to keep it up. One has so constantly to remember "*Noblesse oblige!*" The other evening when I gave the functionary who helped me on with my coat at the Savoy a shilling, he looked so glum that I had to say, "Sorry, but I 've got no gold with me." And then there are the cabbies! And one windy morning my new silk hat blew off. Now a man in a fur coat cannot be seen running after a hat. I had to let it go, and to pretend that its loss was a mere bagatelle to me, and that I usually bought two or three of them in the course of a day.

If only I could gain the respect of the unwashed! This is the one class to whom the sight of my coat seems unpleasing. It appears to arouse their worst passions, and I have even been called "a blurry haristocrat." They refuse to realise that as honest a heart may beat beneath a fur coat as beneath a dirty corduroy jacket. How different is their bearing to that of a hardworking class for whom I have the greatest regard. I refer to servant-girls, who eye all wearers of fur coats admiringly. We are, I fancy, the heroes of their novelettes. In fact, when ruin faces me I shall, I think, hire myself out to them for walks at a shilling per hour, like a soldier.

Meanwhile, as regards the unsatisfactory attitude of the mob, this has led, I think, to a feeling of solidarity among wearers of fur coats. When we meet, even though strangers, we eye each other in a sympathising manner; and, if the Revolution ever breaks out, we shall, I fancy, be found standing shoulder to shoulder, and I dare swear that we shall give a good account of ourselves when the evil-smelling throng closes round us.

P.S.—An unpleasant dream which has recurred night after night recently troubles me somewhat. I dream that I am kidnapped by gipsies who, after roughly manhandling me, strip me of my fur coat, and drive me forth to rejoin the ranks of the Middle Classes. It is absurd how this trifle worries me.



The Latest Hygienic Pipe—*not* seen at the recent Tobacco Exhibition.

MR. PUNCH'S GREAT EXPERIMENTS.

In common with all thoughtful men we have been deeply moved by the progress of that great enterprise, *The Daily Mail* Farm. We have followed with breathless interest the story set forth day by day of the heroic tenant, selected in the face of overpowering odds for his high mission, who was destined to leave behind the pigs and daffodils of his back-yard for a wider sphere. We have read of the fourteen acres and the great ash-tree that were to be his on Lady-day. We have debated within ourselves the wisdom of his decision in starting with two cows. We have mourned with him in spirit over the two stepsons who refused to go. We have rejoiced with him over the son in the chemist's shop who has resolved to share his fortunes. Above all, in tender moments our eyes have filled with tears at the contemplation of the two "*tiny* girls" who will feed the hens. They *will* do it. They are determined not to leave it to father. They have already been practising in the parlour.

For by these humble instruments *The Daily Mail* will solve at last and for ever the whole mass of tangled questions concerning agricultural economics that have baffled our legislators for a century.

But there are other problems. Now that *The Daily Mail* has shown the way it seems a pity to waste the time of Parliament in fruitless discussion, when by the new method the whole thing can be done in the course of a three years' lease. Why all this talk about Education? What need of this worry over the Licensing Bill?

Let the nation look to us, and it shall know the truth.

We have started a School.

For many weeks a large staff of clerks has been at work sifting and arranging the van-loads of applications which arrived every morning at our door, and we have selected our Schoolmaster. We feel that we



"Now, my good man, you mustn't bring your wheelbarrow through here. You must go round the other way. Aren't you aware that this is consecrated ground?"

"Well, zur, I didn't knaw but what the barry warn't consecrated too. I borry'd it o' the sexton."

have found in him a thoroughly representative man. "I have always longed for a school of my own," he said when our decision was communicated to him. "I used to be at school myself, you know, when I was a kid." We hope that in the course of the experiment the religious difficulty will be attacked simultaneously from every side. Our Schoolmaster is a Roman Catholic, and his wife is an ardent supporter of the Methodist cause. His son early threw in his lot with the Plymouth Brethren, and there is a great divergence of religious opinion among his five tiny girls who will conduct the kindergarten branch. One of them is said to be interested in Christian Science. The two stepsons—to their father's deep regret—have emigrated to America. Our representative called upon the Schoolmaster yesterday. He found him in his shirt-sleeves—a good sign in any man. He was busy waxing the business end of his cane. We hope to publish, down to the smallest detail, the progress of this family day by day.

We have also opened a Public House.

In this case we had more than half a million applications to deal with in the two days during which our offer remained open. But we have finally selected our Landlord. We feel that we have in him a thoroughly representative man. "I have always longed for a pub of my own," he said, shaking us warmly by the hand when our decision was communicated to him. "Ever since I was a little lad I 've always longed for a pub. It 's been a sort of dream of mine." Pressed to give some reason for this laudable ambition, he replied that he hated going out of the house on wet nights. Our Landlord is a father. His son, we are told, is actively at work practising with a corkscrew, and has already almost mastered that instrument, while his nine tiny girls are eagerly reading the papers to discover if Mr. Asquith is going to allow them to come into the bar. His two stepsons—to their father's great regret—have signed the pledge. Our representative called upon the Landlord yesterday and found him with his boots off—a good sign in any man. He was engaged in painting his sign.

Detailed reports of the progress of this venture will be published in our columns.

MORE ENTENTES CORDIALES.

[Lord Cromer states that Free Traders may in time come to some agreement with the Tariff Reformers.]

We learn that a *modus bibendi* is to be arranged between the Licensed Victuallers and the Temperance Party on the Licensing Bill.

Dramatic authors have been very reasonably met by the Censor. Forbidden plays may in future be performed, but the fireproof curtain will have to be kept down throughout.

At a friendly dinner given to the M.C.C. before they sailed it was agreed to divide the ashes in equal parts, and in future to play four matches per annum, two to be won by each side.

Negotiations have been re-opened by the Kaiser and Lord Tweedmouth relative to abolishing both the German and English navies.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Too often, when novelists carry us back to the studied graces of a century ago, their characters lose in spontaneity what they gain in courtliness, but Clementina Black has provided a very charming exception in *Caroline* (Murray)—a lady who, defying her date, which is 1780 or thereabouts, seems to step straight in from the spring sunshine. And indeed she could never have known a cloud at all, I suppose, had it not been for that fatal tendency to eavesdropping which heroines find it so difficult to resist—a tendency traceable, I think, more to their innate charity towards the plot than to any laxity in their code of morals. *Caroline* overhears an apparently damning confession from the lips of *Gilbert Hardy*, and so accepts *Lord Pevensey*, whom she does not love a bit, though he is a very great gentleman all the same. Then a rather uncouth "detrimental," with a taste for smuggling on the sly, conceives the idea of a forcible abduction, and *Captain Hardy* has his chance. He comes to the rescue post-haste, but in so compromising a manner that he is charged with the very crime he is trying to frustrate. So the book ends in a trial, which would perhaps be more exciting if we were not certain that a lover who has rescued a horse from a burning stable when only a boy, and subsequently helped to relieve Gibraltar, is bound to be acquitted by a jury that knows anything about novels at all. However, nothing can detract from the sweetness and freshness of the story, qualities which, it is pleasant to remember, are still permissible in romance.



CUPID AT THE HELM.
A Spring Fancy.

An Amateur Adventuress (From Hutchinson), by Frankfort Moore, is
Void of that wit which I confess
Is what I look for in his stories.

A maid of modest means it shows
Who, since her life has little lustre,
Draws her small capital, and goes
A gloriously reckless buster.

Forthwith she 's pestered with a rout
Of sisters who compete with mothers
In calling up and trotting out
Their eligible sons and brothers.

Here, surely, is a theme of themes
To move a reader's ribs to laughter,
But that 's no longer, so it seems,
An end the author hankers after.

I do not happen to have read any of Miss Ellen Glasgow's earlier novels. If they are as good as *The Ancient Law* (Constable) I regret the oversight. The scene of the story is laid in the United States, and is redolent of that country alike in its urban and its rural aspect. The canvas is large, peopled with many figures; but whether light sketches or elaborated studies they are all real personages, if we except the unworthy people. The villain of the piece, the ex-convict who dogs the steps of *Daniel Ordway*, is tiresomely melodramatic. The rich City man who runs off with *Ordway's* daughter is conventional. But delightful is *Beverley*, whose airy manner and gay selfishness are reminiscent of *Harold Skimpole*. The interest of the story is kept up to the last page. There were three possible endings. *Ordway* might have married the girl he fell in love with; he might have become reconciled to his frigid wife; or he might have died of the fever caught in his last effort of expiation. These would have been commonplace conclusions. With artistic instinct Miss Glasgow finds a better way, which the reader will do well to search out.

The problem presented in your ordinary murder-story is, of course, a much more elaborate affair than the classic Cock-Robin case. Still, the intelligent reader can generally spot the murderer long before the author has finished his little game of fastening suspicion upon everyone but the right person. But I confess that the mystery of *Garianni*, the foreign blackmailer, as set forth in *The Virgin Widow* (published by Methuen, and invented by Mr. Randal Charlton), is beyond me. At first I thought, greatly against my will, that the widow herself was the culprit, in which view I was backed up by *John Bulmer*, and by *Bramwell Moore*, the unresponsive object of her love. But we were all wrong. Then we—that is to say, the widow and *Mr. John* and I—agreed with the law in suspecting *Bramwell Moore*. Wrong again. Finally, for one moment, I wondered whether *Moore's* second guess had hit the mark. Perhaps *Mr. John*, who tells the story, had been pulling my leg all the time, and had fired the fatal shot himself. But I was obliged to acquit him. There wasn't a shred of evidence against him, and he, like the other two, left the Court without a stain on his character. After that I gave it up, as I rather think the author meant me to do. All the same I am very glad I read the book, which is clever and entertaining, and does not lose in verisimilitude because it is unconventional enough to leave the mystery unsolved.

Almost ready—by an anonymous author well-known in Berlin Court circles—The first volume of "The Letters that Should Not have been Written."

CHARIVARIA.

To judge by a puzzle which is being hawked about entitled "Find the Kaiser," that august personage is very much cut up, and it is easy to believe the rumours that he has decided to bring his career as a Man of Letters to an end.

***

Prince Edward of Wales is now completely recovered, and we are somewhat surprised that it did not occur to a certain ultra-loyal newspaper to publish a photographic enlargement of one of the royal measles.

***

At the recent fire at the house of Mr. Somerville, a master at Harrow, a number of the boys, it is stated, lent a hand in saving the furniture "and articles of value" from the burning building. It would be interesting to know how many school-books were rescued.

***

There has just died, the newspapers tell us, at the age of eighty-nine, a gentleman who never slept out of his own house. We trust this does not mean that he never went to church.

***

"A pure milk supply would be a great aid to temperance," says *The Essex County Chronicle*. This confirms an opinion we have long held that topers would at once give up the nasty beer and spirits if we could only guarantee the purity of the glass of milk we offer them.

***

"There is many a quack who is as good as a doctor," declared Mr. Justice Ridley last week, and the quacks and the doctors are not quite sure for which of them the compliment was intended.

***

A project is being considered for the transference of the celebrated *Jardin des Plantes* to a site three miles outside Paris, where it is intended to create a "Zoological Oasis," in which the animals can have comparative liberty. One feature of the "Oasis" is to be a large hot-house in which all kinds of butterflies would be reared. It is to be hoped that due precautions will be taken to prevent these fighting with the lions.

***

A wave of excitement is passing over theatrical circles. Actors and critics alike can scarcely live for pleasurable anticipation. "Fluffy Ruffles," the great American success, is to come to London.



ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

"Very well. I engage you as housemaid. Er—have you any followers?"
"No, 'm; but I can soon get some."

Mr. Justice Jelf visited the Oxford Music Hall last week in order to decide a question about a sketch and a cinematograph picture. To turn a music-hall into a Law Court is reversing the usual procedure.

***

The swing of the pendulum? London's latest novelty is a Clothing Exhibition. The other day it was Maud Allan.

***

The birth of a boy with three hands is recorded. He is to be trained as a ticket-collector for the Central London Railway.

***

At length the Near East is waking up to modern ideas. A bomb weighing 22 lbs. has been found in the harem of the Palace at Constantinople.

***

In future a charge is to be made for programmes at Mr. Tree's theatre. It is thought that this return to sound financial principles is the result of playing *Shylock*.

***

The De Beers Company is now being urged to reduce the price of diamonds "so as to bring them within the reach of the masses in Europe and America." We cannot help thinking, however, that when everyone wears them the effect of the constant glitter and sparkle will have a deplorable effect on our eyesight; on the other hand, as Mr. Asquith would say, your De Beers will cost you less.

SELECTIONS FROM MR. ASQUITH'S LETTER-BAG.

No. I.

Dear Sir,—Though years have passed since we met, I venture to recall myself to your memory once more, though my former letter, written when you became Chancellor of the Exchequer, has remained unanswered. Of course you remember Teddy Tompkins at school—the small boy who used to walk along the desks on his hands. Well, that was I. Since then I have done a good many things, been in America, Brazil, New Zealand and South Africa; but it hasn't come to much. What I want to say is that I have invented a new food, in which the common nettle is the chief ingredient, and I want to bring it before you. It only needs to be put forward influentially to be universally adopted. Will you, therefore, kindly grant me an interview on an early date? Three-quarters of an hour would probably be enough. I shall bring specimens of the food with me. It is made in small square cakes and can be carried in the pocket. A prompt reply to the Post Office, Balham, will find me.

Congratulating you on your elevation to the office of Prime Minister, I am yours truly,

Edward Hopkinson Tompkins.

No. II.

Sir,—I am instructed by the Mannington Branch of the "Votes For Women" League to forward to you the following Resolution, which was unanimously passed at a largely attended meeting of the Branch:—"That this Branch of the V.F.W.L., whilst refusing to join in the disgusting congratulations which have been offered to the Right Honourable H. H. Asquith on his acceptance of the post of Prime Minister, reiterates its solemn determination to pursue him through the length and breadth of the United Kingdom until he recognises the right of women to the suffrage, after which the Branch will combine to support him."

I am desired to add that ten of our members have formed themselves into a doorstep brigade and propose to begin operations shortly.

Faithfully yours,

Edith Pethington Panknorpe.

No. III.

Sir,—Is there a place for an honest man in the ranks of the miserable aggregation misnamed a Government, of which, if the daily Press may be trusted to have deviated from its customary mendacity, you are to be the chief? I have spent a long life in exposing the iniquities and subterfuges of party politicians. I am still *integer vitæ scelerisque purus*, and am prepared to continue as I have begun. Still, the battle against ignorance, rapacity, and injustice is a tiring one when waged by a single pair of hands. I should be content to accept any post in which I should be able to influence the decisions of the Government in the right direction, but it must be understood that the acceptance of a salary however large is not to constitute a claim upon such blind support as is unbecoming to one whose watchword through life has been *sic semper tyrannis*.

Yours obediently,

Donnisthorpe Bott.

No. IV.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—Our Social Debating Society is going on Tuesday to discuss a motion that Liberalism is on the whole of greater advantage to the Empire than Conservatism. I thought that as you have just been made Prime Minister you might be able to give me some hints about proposing this. When you write please don't bother about writing too much. Two or three sheets of notepaper will do, and I shall be most awfully obliged to you, and I should like to smash the other side, which I shall easily do if you will do what I ask. My father heard you speak once. Would you mind writing by return of post? I am sorry I could not let you know before.

Yours truly, Arthur Minchin.

No. V.

Dear Sir,—The Peddlington Tariff Reformers wish me to say that they have unamiously passed this Rellosution that the permorfances of the Government entitles them to no creddit.

Yours obedient W. Smith.

[Besides these there are 2,500 applications for posts in the Post Office, Docks, Government Offices, the Police, the Corps of Commissionaires, and the Staff of the House of Commons.]

HINC ILLÆ LACRIMÆ.

[It is said that an antiseptic property has been discovered to exist in tears.]

Hearken, my friends, to the last therapeutical
News, that may save you your medical fees;
Listen, and drive from your tissue and cuticle
Any attack of infectious disease;
Learn how the mumps and the measles and scabies
Straight from a lachrymal drop disappear;
Chicken-pox, atrophy, fever, and rabies
All of them run at the sight of a tear.

Had but the Greeks, in the days of Thucydides,
Scented the use of a blubbering eye,
Then had they lived in a slightly sore-lidded ease,
Never lain down in their thousands to die;
Had the Florentines dreamt of the properties,
So prophylactic, of weepings and wails,
Then they had started to weep and to mop hurt eyes,
And we had wanted Boccaccio's tales.

Germs are concealed in a penny or halfpenny;
Therefore at shops, when receiving your change,
Shed on the coppers a tear, and escape any
Perils of eczema, struma, or mange.
Yes, and 'tis probable too that a germ 'll lie
Hid in a handshake, a kiss, or a touch;
Weep then when shaking the hand of a firm ally,
Weep when you kiss your inveterate "Dutch."

Pollen brings fever that troubles your ocular
Organs, and darkens their luminous ray;
Weep then, however internally jocular,
When you are looking on barley or hay;
But, that the cure may not ruin your eye, oh, be
Careful to shed but a modest amount;
Lest, like the recklessly sorrowing Niobe,
You should entirely dissolve to a fount.

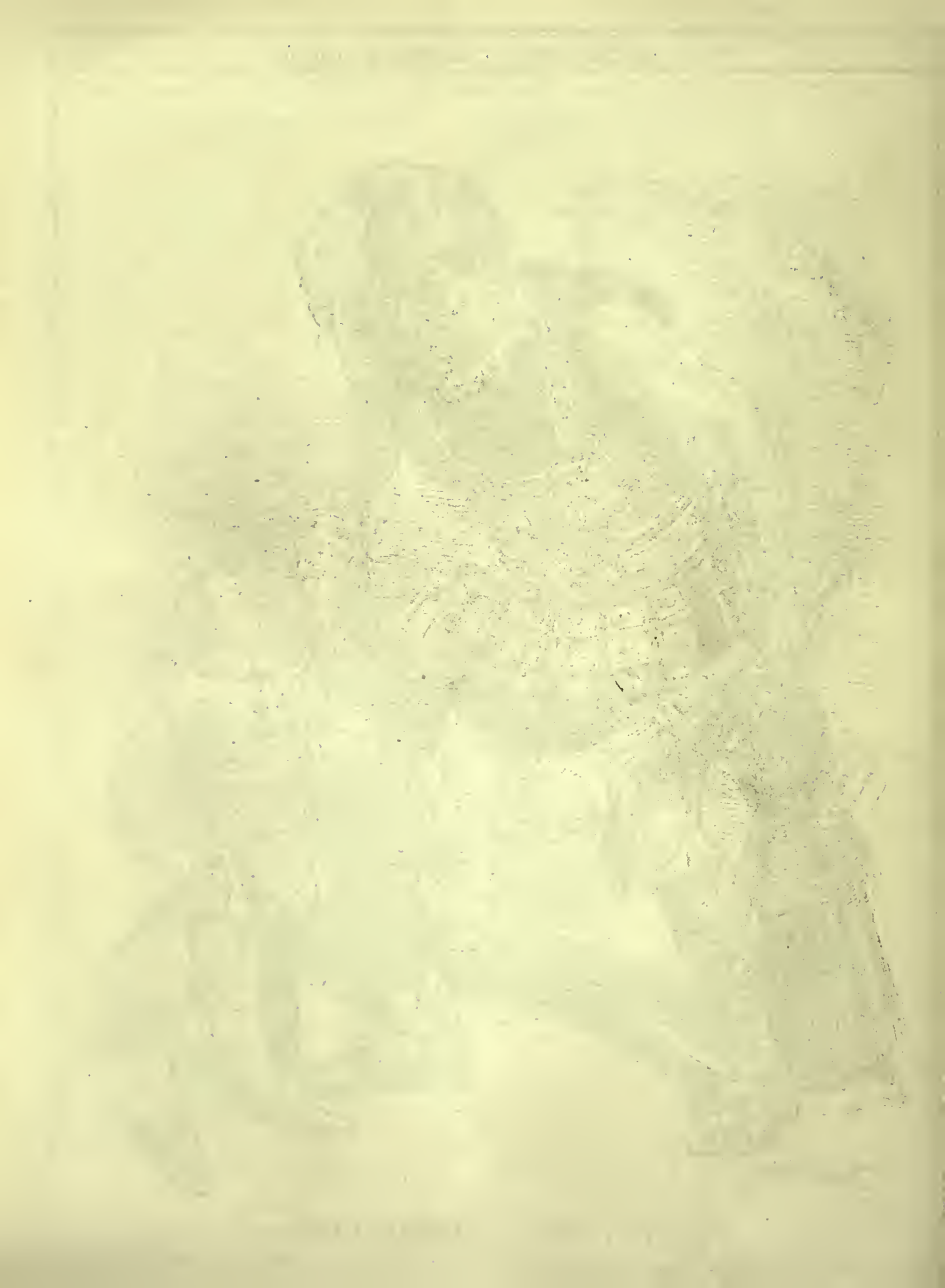
From an account in *The Cambridge Daily News* of the College Servants' races on the Cam:

"The winning crew 'caught crabs' rather badly, but maintained their speed . . . Trinity No. 2 lost his oar, which probably materially affected their time."

No wonder Cambridge does so well at Putney, so long as this dauntless spirit prevails among her gyps.



WINSTON THE GIANT-KILLER (?)





AND YET THEY EXPECT THE VOTE!

Caddy. "Say, Miss, we 're just going to drive on to that green."

Aunty. "Oh, thank the gentleman *so much* for sending you to tell us! Then we shall have a *beautiful* view!"

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S POSITION.

(From a wholly untrustworthy correspondent.)

Will Mr. Winston Churchill join the Labour Party? (This is our own original question, and is not borrowed from any halfpenny paper.) He is nearly sure to have the offer of a Cabinet appointment, and his acceptance (which, we understand, has already been given, requiring only the offer to complete the arrangement) will entail his re-election for North-West Manchester. But his majority there was only 1,241, and if he fails it is a question as to how he can get back. A few of his friends have offered to retire in his favour, but there is no one among them whose majority was more than 3,000. We understand that Mr. Churchill considers Sir John Bethell (Romford, majority 8,855) his best hope; but Sir John has been invited to dinner, and has been talked to about possible peerages, without effect. Liberal Members feel an especial pride in their position in the House, and knowing that if they once relinquish their seats they may never recover them—at any rate for thirty or forty years—they are naturally slow to offer help.

Thus, should Mr. Churchill fail at Manchester, he stands a good chance of not sitting on the green benches for a very long time to come, as a Liberal. Knowing what a disappointment absence from the House would be to him, the Labour Party has approached him (I am informed) with a view to winning him over to their ranks. Having changed his political views once, they argue, he may be prepared to change them again, and certainly the conversion of this brilliant young aristocrat into a Labour Member would be a great accomplishment. Of course, as has been pointed out to him, the red tie is quite optional. If Mr. Churchill agrees, the proposal is that Mr. Fenwick (Lab., Wansbeck, maj. 7,176) and Mr. W. Hudson (Lab., Newcastle-on-Tyne, maj. 6,927), should toss, the loser to retire in Mr. Churchill's favour. Mr. Churchill would make a most popular Labour candidate, with a little preparation. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is quite willing to lend him the necessary clothes, including a hat; Mr. Will Crooks has volunteered to give him lessons in the vernacular any time Mr. Churchill cares to step down to Poplar and look in for a cup of tea with him and Mrs. Crooks; and Mr. Victor Grayson has offered him the loan of his private vocabulary in the hope that in a few years Mr. Churchill may be persuaded to go a step further and become one of the Socialist group.

Mr. Winston Churchill has not yet replied to the suggestion, but there is every possibility of interesting developments taking place.

Table of Precedence.

(For licensed victuallers who really don't care for Mr. Asquith.)

2 pins	= 1 button.
2 buttons	= 1 straw.
2 straws	= 1 brass farthing.
2 brass farthings	= 1 twopenny dam (small Indian coin).
3 brass farthings	= 1 ordinary ditto.

THE OLD BLUE-PYE.

I 'm a lean old, mean old sight in a street
  With a foolish, ghoulish glare at a man,
And my kennel-mates look grand at a meet,
  With a bloom on the Belvoir tan;
And they sneer who gape on my colour and shape
  And my veteran, villainous, bloodshot eye,
For the crowds that swarm round fashion and form
  Pass over the old blue-pye.
But the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
  And the blood of a fox my joy;
So I clear my way thro' the thick of the pack
To where he sits on the bay mare's back
With his, "Poor old Vagabond—Vagabond—Vagabond!
  Poor old Vagabond, boy!"

I 'm a hard old, scarred old, quarrelsome brute,
  I 'm a peevish, thievish bundle of bone,
But I 'll sing to a fox when the rest are mute
  On a line as cold as a stone.
Oh, the Belvoir blood is gallant and good
  On a scent you could eat, when it hangs breast high,
But the casting vote on a doubtful note
  Is left to the old blue-pye.
And the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
  And the blood of a fox my joy;
So clear the way for the pick of the pack,
When he waves us in from the bay mare's back
With his "'Leu-'leu, Vagabond—Vagabond—Vagabond!
  'Leu-'leu, Vagabond, boy!"

I 'm a slinking, blinking beast on a bench,
  I 'm a sulking, hulking bully at home,
But I 'm king of the sport of kings as I wrench
  Thro' the woods where the red rogues roam;
And my fine sleek mates must bury their hates
  And gather and gallop to get to the cry
When the brushwood rocks and the word is, "*Fox!*—
  On the faith of the old blue-pye."
For the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
  And the blood of a fox my joy;
So cleave your way to the pick of the pack,
When he wakes the woods from the bay mare's back
With his "Huic, to Vagabond!—Huic, to Vagabond!
  Yoo-ick, Vagabond, boy!"

I 'm a creepy, sleepy slug in the straw,
  But endure as sure as fate on a line,
And a fox must make the most of his law
  When the set of his mask is mine;
And the riders troop to the shrill *who-hoop*
  On staggering horses and steeds that sigh
As the word goes round that the fox was found
  And killed by the old blue-pye.
For the Huntsman knows what a hound can do,
And he knows that I know that he knows it, too:
He knows my voice on a fox is true,
  And the blood of a fox my joy,
As he fights his way to the thick of the pack,
Where my jaws are crushing a wet red back,
With his "Leave him, Vagabond!—Vagabond!—
  Vagabond!
Leave him, Vagabond, boy!"

MORE AIDS TO AUTHORSHIP.

Anxious as ever for the encouragement of genius in distress, we have now pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the following circular:—

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To illustrate the wide scope and practical utility of our assistance, we append a few extracts taken at random from recent correspondence. Originals can at any time be inspected on application.

(1) "Bow Belle" (a novelist with one of the largest circulations in contemporary fiction) writes:—

"The second chapter of my new romance begins thus:—'Three days later they were in Florence. There, standing together before the mighty masterpiece of . . . . . perhaps the most supremely magnificent and moving canvas in the whole realm of art, they, etc.' Kindly fill in title of any really first-class picture to be seen in this town, with not less than four lines of expert appreciation. On the way back to the hotel I want the heroine to be run over by a bullock-waggon and carried into an adjacent catacomb. *Is this all right?* If not, please suggest suitable alternatives. Shall probably be writing you again in a day or two."

(2) "Recluse" (Devonshire) is under the distasteful necessity of introducing one powerful sensation scene to liven up his forthcoming volume of philosophical reflections, *The Vicarage Spare-Room*. His idea is that the leading female character should be decoyed to a lonely portion of the South Lancashire coast, and there murdered. A cursory inspection of the map has suggested Blackpool as a spot possessing an appropriately sinister name; he would therefore be obliged if Messrs. M. B. M., Ltd., would favour him with a description of the locality, enclosing height of cliffs, tide-table, and all similar details likely to be of assistance. Are there any houses near?"

Also inquiries for a geyser, a Zulu impi, a Patagonian broncho-buster (two applications), and the purlieus of a mango-swamp.

We have helped others. Let us help you.

Write to-day.

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

[N.B.—This is not an extract from the Home & Colonial Stores Price List, as it might seem at the first glance, but a by-election speech guaranteed to win any seat at the present moment.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—In addressing you—the enlightened and intelligent electorate of the Peckish Division—I ask you, in the first place, on what cry did the conglomeration of ravenous brigands which calls itself a Government—on what cry did it come into power? You know, gentlemen, the cry of Free Food. Two years have passed away. I ask not whom have they done—for they have done everybody—but what have they done.

The Big Loaf of which they bragged costs the careworn housewife a penny more. The Butter, with which the honest toiler renders his dry crust more succulent, has risen from 1*s.* 1*d.* to 1*s.* 3*d.*

The Margarine, which the profligate expenditure of a dishonest Cabinet often compels us to use as a substitute, has also risen from 6*d.* to 8*d.* per lb.

Bacon—Gentlemen, my emotions will hardly allow me to dwell on bacon—suffice it that from many a humble home the smell of the appetising rasher is absent.

Meat—whilst the jester Birrell drives cattle in Ireland his Socialistic colleagues drive up meat prices in England.

Nor with such an Admiralty—indifferent to England's interests on the high seas—can we wonder that the pleasing Winkle grows scarcer and dearer?

So, gentlemen, I can go through the entire catalogue of your domestic needs—the sugar that sweetens your bitter cup, the appetising pickle, that poor man's joy the kipper, the bulls-eyes which your stalwart lads suck, the chocolate creams which delight your winsome daughters—all, all have risen through the baleful influence of a Government which came in on Free Food.

And Beer—Gentlemen, I tremble when I think of Beer. In that delightful melody which you sang at the opening of this meeting with such religious fervour are these stirring lines—

> "Up with the sale of it
> Down with a pail of it."

The motto of this Government—the infamous Cabal which will soon be swept away by a free and intelligent people—is "Up with the price of it." In that profligate Act, of which Titus Oates would be ashamed, there are provisions which will inevitably raise the price of Beer to 4*d.* a glass. What will be the hideous consequences? The working-man will be deprived of that pure nut-brown beverage which is his natural drink, and drunkenness will be multiplied tenfold.

Now, gentlemen, this is my programme. By the imposition of light taxes on imported food, which the foreigner will pay, the prices of foodstuffs will be instantly decreased. On the other hand I will resolutely oppose all increase in the duties on beer or the imposts upon publicans—for it is an ascertained economic fact that whilst any tax on food falls on the producer, not the consumer, a tax on beer falls solely on the working-man.

Will you endure for a moment longer, gentlemen, the existence of a Government under which your army, navy, colonies, homes, wives, religious faith, and alcoholic refreshment are imperilled. Will you? (*Thunders of interested negation.*)



Boy. "Sixpenn'orth o' cod liver oil, please, Sir. An', I say, don't give me too much, 'cos it 's me what 's got to drink it."

LONDON LETTERS.

I.

Dear Charles,—I saw a sad thing last Monday outside the House of Commons. A dozen sandwichmen were parading the street with boards on their backs, imploring us to notice which way Members voted on the second reading of the Licensing Bill. Of course the second reading had just been postponed for a month, so they will have to come out again after Easter. This means that a whole day was wasted; and I don't know how many shillings of the widows and orphans. A sandwichman, you know, gets one-and-six an hour (or is it a day?—anyhow I know it 's one-and-six); and if you multiply that by a thousand, or whatever the number of them was, you get a lot.

Talking of the Licensing Bill, I know a man called Bass who writes fiery leaders against it in one of the Unionist papers. He isn't really one of the Bassy Basses, being more of a Baritone, and of course his leaders aren't signed; but still, I don't think he ought to do it, do you? He is bound to be prejudiced. I am quite disinterested about this. If his name were Cocoa or Aerated I should object just as much to his writing for the *Westminster*. A journalist, dear Charles, must be above suspicion. ("Like Cæsar's wife," as we say in the profession.)

Oh, I say, I 've just had a nephew! (Uncle doing well.) Did you know? Look here, we 'll arrange a sporting match between him and your son over hurdles for 1922. Your boy will still be a year older, but, bless you, I don't mind that. My nephew is so ugly that I feel he *must* be good at something. Probably hurdles. Of course if either of us perishes in the meantime the nominations become void. ("The nominations become void"—did you notice that? Quite the sportsman.)

What sort of weather are you having? I ask because the weather differs according to the locality, and down at Castle Bumpbrook it may be quite fine, while it is raining here, and *vice versâ*. Why is this? Why shouldn't the weather be the same everywhere? Something to do with the solstices, I believe. What is a solstice? (I have asked you no end of questions in this letter, and I don't suppose you will answer one of them.)

Have you ever thought——

Oh Evans, oh the Dickens and Jones—I 've just remembered that Hilda is staying with you! So you did know I had a nephew, and you 've observed him for yourself. Look here, you simply mustn't let her see this letter. Or if, following a distinguished precedent, you have to leave it about, just block out the bit about the "ugly," as they do in Russia. And I 'll put in a P.S. on a separate bit of paper, which you can show to Hilda. See?

I seem to have stopped, rather unfortunately, at "Have you ever thought?" I was going on—Have you thought how awkward it would be if the weather were the same everywhere? Like the stars. Whenever I go away for a week-end to a strange place I arrive at tea-time, and break the ice by saying "And what sort of weather have you been having *here?*" I can then help myself with some distinction to muffins, and by the time I have eaten the last muffin everything is going on very nicely. Now, if I had said, "What sort of stars have you been having here?" that wouldn't have led to anything, least of all (probably) to muffins. You see what I mean? But I don't suppose you do. You never think of things like that in the country. What *do* you think of at Castle Bumpbrook? Tell me.

Do you grow oranges at Castle? (Forgive the familiarity.) I have just eaten about six. I get through quite a dozen a day. The fact is I heard a doctor say the other night that they were awfully good for the complexion—or else awfully bad, I couldn't quite catch which. He spoke very indistinctly. It was a pity that I missed what seems to have been the important word; it wouldn't have mattered so much about the "awfully." However, I go on eating them, and if one day you turn up in town and find me a full-blown mulatto, you will know that the word *was* "bad." I shall become a sort of test case, like "*Wreford* v. *Partington* (1883)." Eminent people will refer to me. How nice to be referred to—not that it would be the first time. "Refer to drawer," I remember on my cheques at Cambridge. That, sir, was *me*.

Do you know, I made up the names *Wreford* and *Partington* on the spur of the moment. The names are simple enough, but I think the combination is wonderful. There *must* have been such a case in 1883. Who do you think *Wreford* was? I fancy he was a small chandler, and he fell down the coal shoot of *Partington's* in Cannon Street. *James Partington*, the senior partner, said (fairly enough) that a great firm like his, which had branches all over England (including Norwich), *must* have coal some time, if they were to cope successfully with increasing foreign competition, which, owing to the present Gov—— Oh no, this was 1883; I forgot. Well, anyhow, he said they must have coal. *Wreford* retorted that he didn't mind their putting *coal* down their shoot, but when it came to including respectable citizens of London——

You remember the excitement when the case came on? We were only babies then, but I have a recollection that my nurse was a pro-*Partington*. *Wreford* won, but as he was heavily fined for having knowingly caused a crowd to collect it did him little good, poor man.

Good-bye. I have written you a long letter. Write back at once, on one side of the paper only, pinning your sheets neatly together, and marking them "Elephant" in the top left-hand corner. Ever yours,

William of Orange.

P.S.—Have you heard about my nephew? He is the dearest baby you ever saw. His face I should call interesting and clever, rather than handsome; but it is one that grows upon you. A. A. M.

VER VERECUNDUM;

Or, Nature's Gentility.

O Spring-time, how can I express
The coyness of your gradual coming,
The caution of that first address
So different from the loud caress
That bards are bent on thrumming?

They see (with Eros at her side
Affixing to his bolt a new barb)
A corybantic lady glide,
And all the woods about her pied
With red and green, like rhubarb.

They sing how at a glance she stirs
The seeds that slumbered during snow-time,
Till all the conquered dale is hers,
And on the bough the catkin purrs
In practically no time.

I fail to see it. Calm and slow
(A patch of rain and now a dry bit)
A proudly proper gait you go,
And, as I said, I do not know
What words can well describe it.

Not with a sudden rosy stamp
That sends a flush through fields and fences,
But dim and delicate and damp
With large goloshes and a gamp,
The English spring commences.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Visitor. "I say, old chappie, tell me, what is about the average price of an Old Master?"

ANOTHER HUSTLER.

An Interview.

Handing him my card, I awaited his words, note-book in hand. It was in the smoking-room of the Astor Hotel, amid circumstances of peculiar grandeur and the smell of the very last thing in paint.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I am Mr. Cyrus K. Dexter, at your service for ten minutes. I can give you till a quarter of six."

"Is it the case," I asked, "that you are in London in connection with a recent change of fashion here?"

"Yes, sir, I am. That is so. The news came that the British aristocracy were giving up frock coats, and I took the next boat across. I caught it by twenty-five seconds and a biggish jump. I came on the *Torymania*. She is a great ship. Fine."

"What was your idea?"

"My idea, sir, is to make a corner in the best English frock coats for American wear. In our country, sir, we have a liking for the frock coat, but our tailors are inferior. In your country you have good tailors, and are tired of the frock coat. Do you see?"

I said I saw.

"My idea, sir, was to buy up the classiest frock coats that had so suddenly gone out of fashion, and take them back with me carefully marked."

"But how?" I began.

"I go, sir, not to the master but to the man. I go to the valet. At the present moment I have in my possession four hundred and eighty-two frock coats in good condition, all once the property of noblemen. Others are continually arriving. I shall return to New York on Wednesday next with the complete haul; and I promise you the scene on my arrival will be worth witnessing. There is a demand for these coats among our leading citizens such as you cannot imagine. I am receiving cables on the subject every few minutes. Here is one I have just had with regard to the Earl of Rosslyn's, with satin facings.

"But," I said, "supposing they don't fit?"

"Fit, sir," said Mr. Dexter, "will come not first; nor will it come second or third. Before fit will come the shape—the frockiness, as I may put it, of the coat; before fit will come the tailor, the builder of the coat, with his London label; before fit will come the guarantee of genuineness, the certificate signed by a reputable valet, as to its previous owner's connection with it. . ."

"But the fact that the coat is second-hand?"

"Sir," said Mr. Dexter, "it is a quarter of six. I must bid you a very good evening. You evidently do not know our people."



CIVILIAN AND SOLDIER TOO.

"Haldane Terrier" (a little late for parade). "I WONDER WHAT THE DEUCE THEY WANT TO BOTHER ME ABOUT NOW?"

THE INDISPENSABLE INFORMANT.

BIARRITZ.

OF brilliant Biarritz, which has just become the centre of the universe, too much cannot be known. All eyes have been turning that way and every ear strained for news from the French Brighton, as it has never before been called. For Biarritz, you must know, is on the sea: to be exact, it is on the Bay of Biscay; and not the least of its many attractions is the sound of voyagers in agony on the numerous vessels which cross that uneasiest portion of the uneasy Atlantic. Breezes blown in from the sea add to the healthiness of Biarritz. There are occasional gales; rain sometimes falls, and sunshine varies with cloud. In summer the sea is bathed in. In winter, not.

Brilliant Biarritz, so called because it was there that His Majesty received Mr. ASQUITH in audience, is, like other French towns, whether maritime or inland, divided into streets. It has an "hotel de ville" and a railway station, or "gare," as these places are wittily called by our lively neighbours. (Hence the English word "guard"—one who is found at a "gare.") Biarritz has shops ("magasins de nouveautés") and visitors often buy things in them. The visitors are not only French but English, and American too, who stay for the most part in the hotels, walk out on fine days, and seldom pluck up enough courage to complain of their bills. Nothing can exceed the uniqueness of Biarritz or the brilliance. Brilliancy is indeed its keynote.

Such a town naturally has its lions, chief of whom is ARNAUD MASSY, the golf champion, who was born at No. 4 Rue de Fer, where his aged mother still resides. Few indeed are the young golfers who do not visit the old lady in the hope of acquiring a tip or two. Mrs. MASSY, who has not only discarded her Dolly Vardon bonnet for the season, but has now given up Taylor-made clothes, is herself no mean practitioner, and can wield her "cercles," as clubs are called in France, with the best, and with them make rings round even the most formidable opponents. With pardonable pride she refers always to her mashie as her massy. Dear old soul.

At present the fares to this charming resort are not excessive, nor is the price of living there too high; but if the new French Licensing Bill passes it is conjectured that your Biarritz will cost you more.

Letting them down gently.

"One of the most essential points in rifle-shooting is to lead a somewhat temperate life."—*The Rifleman.*

"Be your motto therefore 'Moderation,' or, in simple Latin, In medus tubissimus ibis."
Cheltenham Chronicle.

"You will get there immediately by the Tube" is perhaps a better translation of this simple Latin phrase.



ASQUITH'S GREAT CABINET PUZZLE.

(With acknowledgments to the "Answers" Elephant.)

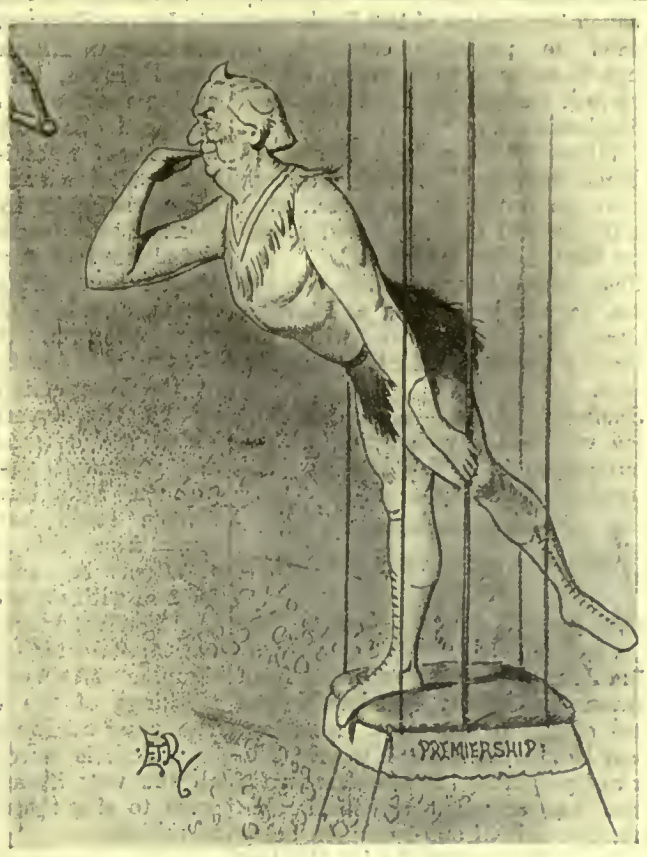


ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 6.—House met at usual hour amid customary observances. Perhaps benches were more than usually crowded for a Monday. Strangers' Galleries thronged. Thin black line of Peers occupied Front Bench of gallery to right of clock. Amid murmur of conversation ordered business went forward. There were new writs to be moved—one for Kincardineshire, in the room of J. W. Crombie, whose taking off whilst still in the prime of life as years count has been partly overlooked in public record occupied with the sickness and death of more prominent Parliamentarians. The House knows it has lost a man of gentle nature, rare intellectual gifts, a speaker who touched the chord of pathos or humour with equal sureness, who, handicapped by constitutional physical frailness, bravely made light of his burden.

Over four-score questions on the paper, of something more than usual nothingness. Three were addressed to the Prime Minister. Members turning over the pages were conscious of the fact that there was not any more a Prime Minister, nor in truth any Ministry at all. This morning official proclamation flashed through the country that C.-B. had resigned. In accordance with constitutional usage, simultaneously with his withdrawal disappeared the fabric of the Ministry he had created. Yet here were Secretary of State for War, Under Secretary for the Colonies, Home Secretary, Secretary to the Treasury, Attorney-General, and the rest, all answering questions addressed to non-existent Ministers.



Mr. Asquith "Kisses Hands" on Appointment.

As the long process went forward anxious eyes scanned the Treasury Bench, wandering off to the passage behind the Speaker's Chair whence Ministers enter upon the scene. Asquith still tarried on the way; or was he not coming?

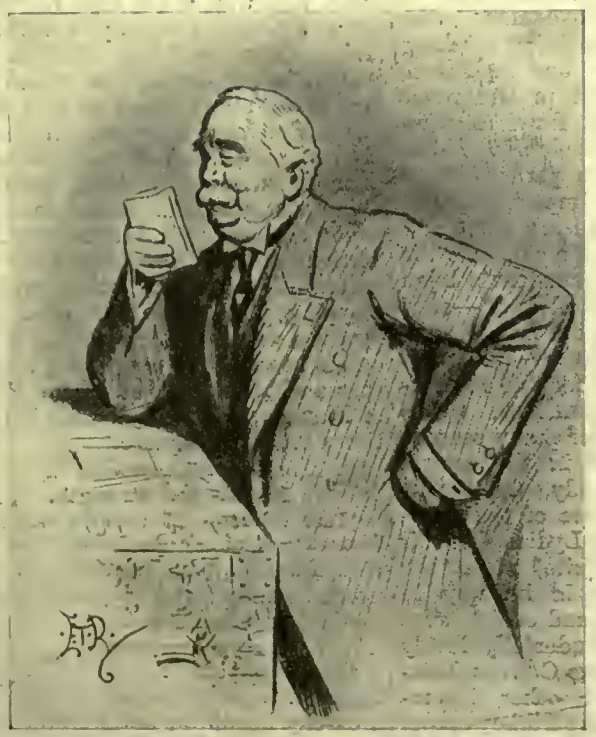
At twenty minutes to four a cheer rose from the Ministerial benches; not high or exultant, just warmly welcoming. A slight passing incident testifying to the fine instinct that ever underlies the House of Commons, whatsoever may at the moment be its political or social predominance. Here was the Premier-designate making his first appearance on the scene of a triumph won by sheer ability. It would be ungracious not to cheer him. To indulge in jubilation would be disloyal to the memory of C.-B. Accordingly the cheer, though hearty in tone, was low in note.

Asquith, above all things, a man of business. Occasion historic. To himself, momentous. But there was work to be done. As soon as Questions were over he stood at the Table, greeted again by the low murmur of cheers. As usual went straight to point.

"Since the House rose on Friday," he said, "his Majesty the King has been pleased to accept from the Prime Minister the resignation of his office, and the Government is now without a head."

With passing reference to "our revered and trusted chief," made in voice trembling with rare emotion, he came to business. In the circumstances impossible for the House to carry on its work. Accordingly moved adjournment for a week, during which Committees will have power to continue their sittings upstairs.

Members intently following slowly spoken words noticed peculiar phrase



"Our Revered and Trusted Chief."
Henceforth a Happy Memory only.
(In respectful farewell to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as Prime Minister.)

in which Chancellor of the Exchequer alluded to probable condition of things to-morrow week when Parliament will reassemble for despatch of public business.

"When that has been transacted I should imagine," he said, "though I have no authority to speak, that the House will then be asked to adjourn for the Easter recess."

Five hours later, bidden by the King, he was journeying to Biarritz, whence he will return with the authority he now punctiliously disclaims.

Business done.—Announcement made of C.-B.'s resignation of the Premiership. Both Houses adjourned till Tuesday week.

FULSOME FARE FOR RADICAL READERS.

(With grateful acknowledgments to "The Daily Chronicle.")

Sir Julius Schloss returned from Mentone last Friday, and for the first time slept in his new mansion; Mosel House, Arlington Street. The work of preparing the mansion for its owner has occupied a considerable time, upwards of 500 workmen being employed day and night for the last nine months, but the final touches were given about ten days ago, since when the major-domo, Lord Sandown, and the entire staff of servants (numbering 167) have been anxiously awaiting their eminent master.

Mosel House is now a positively Sardanapalian palazzo, and contains old masters, plate, bijouterie, tapestry, and first editions of priceless value. . . The lighting of the classic servants'-hall is one of the most striking features of this magnificent apartment. Old Roman lamps of antique bronze are suspended, like the sword of Damocles, from the ceiling, but the illumination is supplied, not by the oil flame, as in the pitifully primitive days of Heliogabalus, but by electric torches fitted to the lamps. The servants'-hall, it may be added, is furnished with a sumptuous musicians' gallery, from which Sir Julius's private orchestra of 100 performers, conducted by Herr Bolossy Bamberger, discuss symphonic music to the assembled meniala four times a day. Plain living and high thinking is, however, the rule enforced by Sir Julius, who only allows his domestics good sound claret *à discrétion* on week-days, and the dryest champagne on Sundays.

Before leaving England on the occasion of his last visit, and when Sir Julius Schloss was in Abyssinia, the German Emperor paid a visit to Mosel House, his Imperial Majesty having previously expressed a desire to Lord Sandown to view the wonders of what is undoubtedly the most sultanic and miraculously gorgeous residence in London. Lady Goldwasser received his Majesty in the absence of her brother, and conducted him through the numerous rooms, of which there are seventeen more than in the Vatican. The Kaiser was particularly fascinated by the Pompeian pantry, and above all by the superb Turkish baths, which are constructed of porphyry and platinum, the cork mats being studded with fine emeralds. The Kaiser could hardly tear himself away from this superb temple of ablution, in which the soap is scented with attar of roses, and caged nightingales, trained to sing directly the taps are turned on, mingle their seraphic strains with the dainty plashings of the luxurious bathers. The water used in this bath, it should be added, is conveyed in gold pipes all the way from the Bosphorus in order to give the correct local colour to the scene.

On taking possession of his new home Sir Julius Schloss hands over his old residence, 390, Park Lane to his niece, Lady Cosherley, who already possesses one bijou dwelling in Berkeley Square, one in Palace Gardens, and a third in Grosvenor Gardens. The Park Lane mansion is second only in splendour to Mosel House, and has been perhaps more often honoured by Imperial, Royal and Grand Ducal guests than any other private house in town. On the other hand, Lady Cosherley's bijou Berkeley Square "band-box"—as it was wittily called by the late Hereditary Hospodar of Podolia—had grown altogether too small for the requirements of Lady Cosherley, whose dinner parties have for many seasons struck the top note in the gastronomic gamut. Lady Cosherley shares her uncle's love of the beautiful, and her Mixo-Lydian boudoir was almost, if not quite, one of the most unique things in its way in London. The walls and ceiling were ornamented with wonderfully lovely paintings by Sigismund Goetze, Herbert Schmalz, and other incomparable artists, and the Turkey carpet was of so astonishingly thick a pile that Lady Cosherley's pet Schipperke used to disappear from sight when walking across the room. It is hardly likely, however, that Lady Cosherley will take up residence in Park Lane before the end of May. She has felt the death of her famous Borzoi intensely, and her husband, Sir Joshua Cosherley, is so fully occupied in handicapping the competitors in the putting competitions organised by the Grand Duke Michael at Cannes that he will be unable to return to London for several weeks. Sir Joshua, it will be remembered, was recently elected an honorary member of the Kitchen Committee of the National Liberal Club.

Many well-known faces were at Garridge's for tea yesterday when Dr. Fillingham Bridger's lecture on "Royalties whose teeth I have crowned" proved very interesting. Lady Margery Molar was picturesque in terra-cotta, and Lady Matlaske in pastel shades, with a floral toque, was sitting at tea with Lady Zerboa Pilaff and the Hon. Azimuth Blandamer. On the same evening the restaurant was very full for dinner. Sir Jasper Salsify and Count Pimento were dining together, and Baron von Gulp of the German Embassy was also entertaining.

The reference in a recent issue of *Madame* to a feat of strength of King Edward, who in his early days made and won a bet that he would carry a small pony up a flight of stairs, has set the fashion of "athletic luncheons," at which the guests are all expected to give proof of their physical prowess. A charming example of this form of entertainment was recently held at Lady Durdle's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square. Sir Hugo Burleigh carried a baby elephant from the ground floor to the attics without stopping; but the first prize was awarded to Lord Lundy, who poised on his head a tank containing a small sperm whale kindly lent by the Prince of Monaco, and walked with it three times round the square.

Health and Strength.

"Lady Advances £5 upwards daily; any distance."—*Manchester Daily Dispatch.*

Mr. Punch, too, advances 5 lbs. upwards daily (after his bath), and to a considerable distance.

Many papers nowadays try to brighten their leaders by giving them a catchy headline; but we still think it was a mistake of a Sussex contemporary to call its weighty article upon the dissolution of the Vedrenne-Barker partnership "The Excavation of Memphis."



THE POINT TO POINT SEASON.

Excited Countryman (to Huntsman, who is keeping the course). "There's one of 'em in the water! It's that gent what runs the Temperance Club. 'Adn't you better go and 'elp 'im?"

Huntsman (not an abstainer). "Oh, 'e's all right. 'E's in 'is helement!"

AN UNSPEAKABLE CALAMITY.

Some tragedies there are that teach
How powerless is human speech
To comfort or relieve,
When at some sudden stroke of fate,
Hopelessly inarticulate,
In mute despair we grieve.

Bitter is unrequited love;
Grievous the split of new-bought glove;
Cruel the broken gut
That lets the biggest fish go free;
The careless gulp of scalding tea;
The foozled six-inch putt;

The heavy hammer on the thumb.
But, though for some brief moments dumb,
In accidents like these
The sufferer in time can turn
From thoughts that breathe to words that burn
And find in language ease.

But ah! no adjectives avail,
Verbs in all moods and tenses fail
To soothe such grief as mine,
Splashed, by a hansom passing by,
With mud on collar, shirt and tie,
When driving out to dine.

Licensing Note.

"Premiers are weak in Diamonds."
Money Market Report.

Then why not have a go at Clubs, Mr. Asquith?

"Henry VIII. was less of a lathe painted to look like iron than Mr. Hueffer makes him."
Sunday Times.

It had never occurred to us (somehow) to call Henry VIII. a lathe.

"By means of geological specimens and shells elementary botany is taught."
Manchester Evening News.

And, *vice versâ*, a primrose by the river's brim was just geology to him, and it was nothing more.

From a column in *The Southend Echo*, entitled "Bright and Brief":

"Mrs. —— was obliged to keep her bed yesterday in consequence of a sharp bilious attack."

We hope it was brief, but it cannot have been bright.

"The hon. member for Merthyr was arrayed in the old brown tweed jacket which has always been his only apparel at Westminster, and one cannot help wondering whether it was in this garb that he made the acquaintance of 'Afric's burning fountains and India's coral strand.'"—*Manchester Courier.*

Probably. But think how cold he would have been on Greenland's icy mountains.

"Mr. Asquith left Paris for London at ten minutes to ten this morning."
Westminster Gazette.

On any other occasion he would just have caught the 9.50 like an ordinary person.

THE JEW OF VENICE.

While Mr. Tree was about his business of remodelling *The Merchant of Venice*, I rather wonder he did not think to improve its title as above. For *Shylock*, at His Majesty's, has the pick of the limelight, of the curtains, of the dramatic pauses and delays. He dominates the Ghetto, and for his sake this obscure *quartier Juif* becomes the fashionable resort of carnival. He appropriates an extra episode (not in the book) that he may have the opportunity of reversing Shakspeare's estimate of him as a man who thought more of the loss of his ducats than of his daughter, and so appealing to emotions which the author never proposed to excite.

But Mr. Tree justified himself to all but the pedants. His *Shylock* was a very subtle study of character, marred only by its noisier passages. Miss Alexandra Carlisle had a far harder task with *Portia*. She elected to be consistent with herself rather than to attempt to follow the inconsistencies of the character that Shakspeare drew. For it is difficult to conceive of *Portia* as the "great lady" that some of the critics would have her to be, and at the same time capable of just any girlish deviltment that occurs to her. Miss Carlisle's youth has been made a charge against her; yet, of course, one of the chief virtues required (and not always found) in an actress who plays *Portia* is that she should enjoy that "lack of years" for which *Bellario* apologised when he recommended her to the *Duke's* notice. This gift of nature Miss Carlisle supplemented by a very charming vivacity, tempered with enough of dignity to support the magnificence of her establishment at Belmont.

The rest of the cast did not shine too conspicuously, though I liked the contagious gaiety of Mr. Quartermaine's *Gratiano*. Mr. Anson played the blind *Old Gobbo* very carefully; and Mr. Norman Page made the most of the indifferent fooling assigned to *Gobbo Junior*.

The trial scene was an illumination. In reading the play one fails to appreciate the extraordinary licence permitted to spectators in a mediæval Venetian Court of Justice. Every moment I expected Mr. Plowden (who was in the stalls) to intervene and remind *Gratiano* that if there were to be any pleasantries in court they must emanate from the Bench only.

Another thing that impressed me was the astonishing discretion shown at Belmont in the matter of the secret of the caskets. When one suitor after another had failed with the gold and the silver, everybody, from the major-domo downwards, must have made a shrewd guess as to the whereabouts of the hidden portrait, yet nobody gave the answer away. I do hope that the household of the ex-Premier at that other Belmont, N.B., has always been equally reticent about any state secrets that it may have overheard.

The music was a very notable feature of Mr. Tree's production; but the beautiful old Hebrew melody, *Kol Nedrei*, was drowned in the cackling of the audience during an *entr'acte*, and the adorable song, *Tell me where is fancy bred*, was no sooner begun than it was obliterated by the deafening bark of Mr. Basil Gill over the caskets.

Both scenery and costumes were of an amazing beauty, but the gondolas annoyed me; their motions, as usual on the stage, being most condemnably sticky.

O. S.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Another Great Restaurant Strike.

Remarkable scenes took place at a West End teashop the other day. At the stroke of 1.30 p.m. every customer in the place dropped his knife, fork, or spoon, and left off trying to eat the alleged food before him. No matter where they were or what they were doing, on the stroke of 1.30 the customers stopped. The waitresses were thunderstruck, and tried all they could, some protesting, some cajoling, to induce the customers to go on with their lunch, but in vain.

On the arrival of the manager, who had been fetched from a neighbouring hotel, where he was getting something to eat, the ringleader of the customers, a small, fair-haired, vivacious man who is known to his friends as "Ben," handed him a document written in chalk on the bottom of a tea-tray. This document contained the demands of the customers, among which were the following:—

That all customers shall be guaranteed to be served with their lunch within fifteen minutes of giving their orders (matinée days, twenty minutes).

That the eggs served shall be eggs, and the beef beef.

That waitresses shall be occasionally reminded by the management that they are there to earn their living, not to confer favours.

That no breadstuff more than ten days old shall be put before customers.

That no customer shall be poisoned or have his digestion ruined for a period of three months from the date of the document.

The Managing Director of the Company was telephoned for, and on his arrival he took in at a glance the seriousness of the situation, and at once signed the document with a chocolate éclair. Thereupon the customers cheered, and quietly went on with their work.

"Ben," interviewed by our representative, said, "For fifteen years I have come here to lunch and sat at the same table; and every day my lunch has been two half-scones and two pats of butter, with a cup of cocoa. Yes, I should prefer variety, but I feel that by having nothing but scones I ensure the supply being at least moderately fresh. Were I to change my meal, even for a single day, my food the next day would be some twenty-four hours older than usual. I have observed the troubles of my fellow-customers for some time, and have long felt that something ought to be done—as a rule it is either underdone or burnt to a cinder. Yes, I am prepared to go on with this great work if the management do not abide by their undertaking"—and he flourished the tea-tray proudly.

TO LUNA.

O moon,
All poetasters have to croon
A song to thy refulgent rays.
Hast thou observed that nowadays
Our harps are somewhat out of tune,
O moon?

O moon,
The nigger or the octoroon
Addresses thee whene'er he sings,
And lightly twangs the banjo strings;
But that 's because thou rhym'st with coon,
O moon!

O moon,
The months of April, May and June—
When Spring grips poets in her clutch—
I think must try thee very much.
But, courage! They 'll be over soon,
O moon!

O moon,
The fountain pen is such a boon,
But mine has run completely dry,
My inspiration too, so I
Had better say good afternoon,
O moon!

A TIP FOR PRESTWICK.

["France will be well to the front at the Golf Championship. Massy is already at the top of the tree, and there are great possibilities in Gassiat and Baptiste Bomboudiac."—*Daily Paper.*]

Some prate of Braid and Taylor,
And oke of Harry V.
(Admittedly a nailer
At driving from the tee),
But of all the golfing heroes
Whom common punters back
There 's none to me so dear as
Baptiste Bomboudiac.

A Gassiat or Massy
May do distinguished things
With iron or with brassy—
But *his* the name that rings.
Daylong through all my fancies,
Nightlong my sleep I lack,
Through sizing up your chances,
Baptiste Bomboudiac.

To drive, and pitch, and hole-out,
With skill satanical,
Wears an opponent's soul out
And sends him to the wall;
The "influence" called "moral"
Will ward off such attack,
Awarding thee the laurel,
Baptiste Bomboudiac.

We need not be affrighted
To meet a White or Jones,
Whose Christian names are cited
In quite familiar tones;
But diffidence comes o'er us
When driven to attack
Polysyllab-sonorous
Baptiste Bomboudiac.

PARS ABOUT THE PREMIER.

(*With apologies to* ALL *our contemporaries.*)

Mr. Asquith owes his present exalted position in no small measure to the fact that he was born a boy. Had Fortune ordained otherwise it is possible that to-day he might have been the trusted leader of the Suffragettes. He is, as everyone knows, a Balliol man.

***

Mr. Asquith is a man of purpose. Watch him as he leaves his office and steps boldly down Whitehall. His object is to reach the House, and he does it by his sheer ability to overcome difficulties. He is, you see, a Balliol man.

***

It is often said that "Asquith is a born speaker," but from what we have heard from those who knew him personally during the first few weeks of his career the word "speaker" would seem to be merely a corruption of "squeaker" (q.v.). There is no doubt, however, that he is a Balliol man.



POINTED.

Policeman. "So I've got yer this time, 'ave I?"
Burglar. "Garn! It takes somethin' sharper 'n *you* to ketch me!"

Popular tradition represents Mr. Asquith as an austere politician with no particular love for his fellows. This is not so, however; he is, on the contrary, a genial kindly man, with (in spite of the Licensing Bill) a distinct sense of humour, and he is very popular with his Tennants. Jowett predicted great things for Mr. Asquith, which seems to show without doubt that he *is* a Balliol man.

From an advt. in *The Pioneer:*
"FOR SALE, OWNER GOING ON LEAVE. 1 Sandow's Obesity Reducer, never used . . . 118-ft. Fishing Rod . . ."
These two items seem to explain each other.

"With no desire to be hypercritical, and this is a soldiers' book, but Capt. Gilson does not always write correct English."
Westminster Review.

With still less desire to be hypercritical, and this is the tenth of April, but the reviewer can't talk.

In fear lest some confusion follow upon the production of the American play *The College Widow* at the Adelphi, Mr. A. C. Benson writes to remind us that it is not a dramatisation of his sparkling pasquinade *From a College Window*, although at first sight it looks like it. This being so it is a matter for extreme gratification that the new play is not being performed by the Benson Company.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The civilian reader will probably complain that in his *Memoirs of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman* (Smith, Elder) Sir William Lee-Warner has been too generous with military details. In reading the chapters recording the assault and capture of Delhi, one cannot see the wood for the trees. This is not the biographer's fault, save inasmuch as he is responsible for the marshalling of the material placed at his disposal. Sir Henry Norman was a soldier—to be precise, an Adjutant-General—and in his diary and letters there appear a wealth of particulars of men, armament, movements, and consequences, admirable in an official report, a little repellent in a book for general reading. There comes within the story, for example, the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate, one of the finest feats of heroism in the record of war. Sir Henry Norman's pulse does not seem stirred by the episode, which he reports in the bald style proper to noting a change of sentries. Nevertheless, from the accumulation of detail unassisted by literary art, the reader is impressed with the peerless courage, endurance and self-denial crowned by the recapture of Delhi. Under fire night and day the little band of Europeans and natives suffered sunstroke alternating with pitiless rain, in many cases finishing off with cholera. On the day of the assault 66 officers, including the two Nicholsons, fell, and with them over 1,100 men. Norman had a charmed life. Bullets fired point-blank at him missed fire, shells exploded at his feet, carrying havoc to those who stood by. Save for a shot which, after killing his horse, grazed the rider, he came out of the Mutiny scatheless. When *The Delhi Gazette* appeared distributing crosses and promotions his name found no place in it, much to the indignation of comrades who had watched his strenuous efforts through the siege. Later in life honours were showered upon him. He rose to the rank of Field-Marshal, was appointed Governor of Jamaica, and was offered the Viceroyalty of India, which on reflection he declined. A gallant soldier, a tireless worker, a modest man, of such are the makers of Empire.



House-agent demonstrating to prospective clients that the villa is within a stone's throw of the railway station.

The principal theme of *The Weaning* (Werner Laurie) is calf love, of which a violent case is described in detail. Secondary, and more interesting, is a picture of the motor industry in the act of wrecking the country's manners and morals. The book is, I believe, the fifth which has come from Mr. James Blyth during the last fourteen months, and he is perhaps to be congratulated on bearing the strain of production without showing signs of wear. I have read four of the five, and this seems to be as good as any of them. There are the usual number of disagreeable people, the usual rather insincere-sounding outbursts on various social questions, and the usual amount of unctuous elaboration of the obvious. One of the outbursts is brought to a close with words which reveal an attitude of mind that the author should be urged to cultivate. "But avaunt! I am on a pet subject, and though it will ease me to let fly, it will bore my readers ineffably."

It is a pity that Mr. Albert Dorrington took the scene of his novel *And the Day Came* (Hutchinson) away from the Australian Bush. Of Bush life he writes with both simplicity and strength, and he emphasises its influence over his heroine, *Nora Hastings*. "Sadness, of course, was the keynote of the Australian Bush. The men laughed, but they seemed always to be laughing at the wrong thing: they laughed at a bewildered dog .... But never, never had she discovered them laughing at themselves." The sadness and loneliness drove *Miss Hastings* straight into the arms of the *Hon. Manton Belstrade*; a man who broke the seventh commandment so habitually that little sympathy could be felt for him when he died—very abruptly—through someone else breaking the sixth. Perhaps Mr. Dorrington would do better to leave the aristocracy alone altogether, and to write a novel of Bush life plain and simple, for I am sure he would make good stuff of it. The Bushman who could laugh at himself might be the hero.

Mr. Charles E. Hands, *The Daily Mail* Special Correspondent at Biarritz, had a stirring interview with Mr. Asquith on his arrival, in the course of which the Premier remarked that he had nothing to say. Our contemporary, however, was not content with this unique triumph on the part of its correspondent, and urged him to further efforts; the result being that on the next day all the papers came out with large headlines:—

"Mr. Asquith Kisses Hands."

The New Wrestling Style.—"Scratch as Gotch can."



LONG-FELT WANTS.

"Subject" Cards, or "What I can talk about." To be exchanged between newly-introduced dinner-partners. For example:—Miss Winifred Brown-Smythe—Painting, Poetry, Italian Lakes. Captain A. B. de C. Jones—Polo, Simla, Humorous Army Chestnuts.

INVINCIBLE HANKY-PANKY.

[Medicated wool dabbers are suggested as substitutes for handkerchiefs, which, according to a medical expert, should never touch the eye, as handkerchiefs, however clean apparently, are stated to be infected with germs.]

When times are hard and husbands harder,
And quite convinced that woman's mind,
To nursery, needlework, or larder,
Must be exclusively confined;
Another blow we have to face,
For now the very latest crank is,
To ban those scraps of lawn and lace
Our eloquent embroidered hankies.

Robbed of their pitiful appeal
The problem facing Miss and Mrs.,
Is how to bring our lords to heel
And change their coldness into kisses.
Down well-worn ways of sobs and sighs
May we without effect go plodding,
If forced to dab our welling eyes
With bits of medicated wadding.

For instance, when my Benedick
Is proof against caress or pouting,
My handkerchief will do the trick,—
Inscribe the cheque or fix the outing.
It cures his churlish words and looks,
Referring to a lacking button,
His grumbles at the tradesmen's books,
His discontent about the mutton.

It draws a dainty veil at will
O'er eyes that brim with lachrymations,
As well as eyes that fail to fill
In spite of pumping operations.
Then leave our handkerchiefs, we plead,
For though they carry germs about them
They are to us a crying need,
And married life 's no fun without them.

A Club for Poets.

We notice that a good deal of fuss is being made in the Press over a club for minor poets, as if that were something new. But such a club, as everybody should know, has been for many years a necessary article of furniture in every newspaper office in Fleet Street. We ourselves have one—not much to look at, somewhat dented and stained, yet a really lovable implement, which proves itself a good friend at least three times a week.

Family Reasons?

"Motor Bicycle; 6-h.p. Matchless; good reasons for selling; £18; or take mail-cart, cot or bassinette in exchange."—*Kentish Independent.*

"L. O'C. began as a private soldier, and now resides in London."—*Pearson's Weekly.*
Yet to his friends he still remains the same simple unaffected man.

THE UNANSWERED QUESTION.

SCENE—*A railway carriage, first smoking, on a suburban line.* TIME—9.20 A.M. *There are five passengers of the usual City and Suburban kind.*

First Passenger (*addressing the world in general from behind a halfpenny paper*). What 's all this fuss about?

Second Passenger. What fuss?

First P. Why, all these elections.

Second P. (*in amazement*). My *dear* chap! Where *have* you been?

First P. (*hurt*). Same place as you, worse luck.

Second P. (*to the rest*). Here 's a chap who doesn't know we 've got a new Prime Minister; he 's never heard the name of ASQUITH; he thinks WINSTON CHURCHILL 's the name of a chest protector; and he believes LLOYD-GEORGE is a golf pro. Good old BILL! Isn't he a daisy?

The Rest (*appreciatively*). Good old BILL! You 're the limit.

First P. (*indignantly*). Oh, none of your rot. I know all that rubbish. What I want to know is——

Second P. (*interrupting amiably*). Give him air. Don't crowd him. Somebody ought to undo his collar. Now then, look out for it. He 's opening his mouth. He 's going to speak. Listen, everybody.

First P. (*sternly*). Funny dog. You 'll hurt yourself if you don't watch it. (*To the rest.*) Can't one of you tell me? You 're not all out of your minds, are you?

Third Passenger (*compassionately*). Right, BILL, I 'm sane. I 'll give you a chance. What is it?

First P. What do they want to have all these elections for? There 's WINSTON CHURCHILL in Manchester and RUNCIMAN in Dewsbury. I thought they were Members of Parliament already.

Third P. (*benignantly*). So they were till yesterday.

First P. Well, why aren't they now? What 's happened?

Third P. (*in a superior way*). They 've accepted office under the Crown. It 's an old Act of Parliament.

First P. (*suspiciously*). What 's an old Act of Parliament?

Second P. (*breaking in*). That 's right, BILL. Don't you spare him. *Make* him tell you.

Third P. (*beginning to realise he is in a tight place*). It 's this way. If a chap takes office he 's *got* to fight an election. It doesn't matter his being an M.P. In fact it makes it worse.

First P. (*triumphantly*). Oh, but that 's rot.

Third P. (*coldly*). What do you mean?

First P. Mean what I say. (*Refers to his paper.*) They 've made SEELY Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and a fellow called MASTERMAN has got a job too. They 're both Members of Parliament, but there 's not going to be any election in their places.

Third P. (*incredulously*). Where do you find that?

[*The paper is handed over and the statement is verified.*]

Third P. (*defiantly*). Well, all I can say is that they *ought* to have an election. (*A light breaks in on him.*) I 've got it. Of course. Didn't I tell you it was an *old* Act of Parliament?

First P. (*grudgingly: suspecting a trap*). Yes, you did.

Third P. (*with determination*). Well, then, there it is. When that Act was passed these jobs that SEELY and MASTERMAN have got hadn't been invented. They 're new jobs, and so they don't come under it.

Second P. HARRY 's got it. Isn't he a red-hot wonder? Now then, BILL, your turn again.

First P. (*unconvinced*). It 's all very well for him to think he 's found it out; but what I want to know is, why the other two chaps have got to be elected again. It 's no good jawing about old Acts of Parliament. Any fool can do that. But none of you philosophers can tell me why an Act like that was passed, and why it should get hold of WINSTON and t' other chap and leave out SEELY and *his* pal. (*Silence prevails.*) Ah, I thought not. Well, you are a jolly wise lot. Public school and university education, and all that. Bah!

[*The train arrives at the terminus and the passengers disperse.*]

TO PRISCILLA, F.G.S.

[A poll is being taken as to the advisability of admitting ladies to Fellowship of the Geological Society.]

PRISCILLA, knowing, as you surely do,
That in my eyes it 's altogether shocking
To hint that you wear open-work of blue—
Or hint at all about a lady's stocking—
Why *have* you put aside your recent craze
For hockey (which you played with courage stoic)
To spend, monotonously, all your days
In search of fossils that are eozoic?
It pains me to remark that you *won't* find them;
And, if you do—what good is there behind them?

You once were troubled if the smallest hint
Of horny-handedness should come upon you;
But now you hammer beastly chunks of flint,
Despite resultant blisters; and, anon, you
Will bid me put aside my studies classic
To tell you all I know of trilobites,
Or what 's the proper way to spell "Jurassic,"
And how cretaceous fossils rest o' nights.
What would befall, my dear, if you mistook them,
And questioned me about the way to cook them?

Think you that life its dreariness will lose
If you become a LEIBNITZ or a HUTTON,
And yet ignore the proper way to choose
A juicy, tender joint of Cymric mutton?
If mesozoic mysteries distress you,
Dismiss them, dear PRISCILLA, from your mind;
And don't let metamorphic rocks impress you
With their stupendous value to mankind.
It may, of course, be very nice to know them;
But what 's the use?—you 'll *never* learn to throw them!

A PLATFORM NOTE.

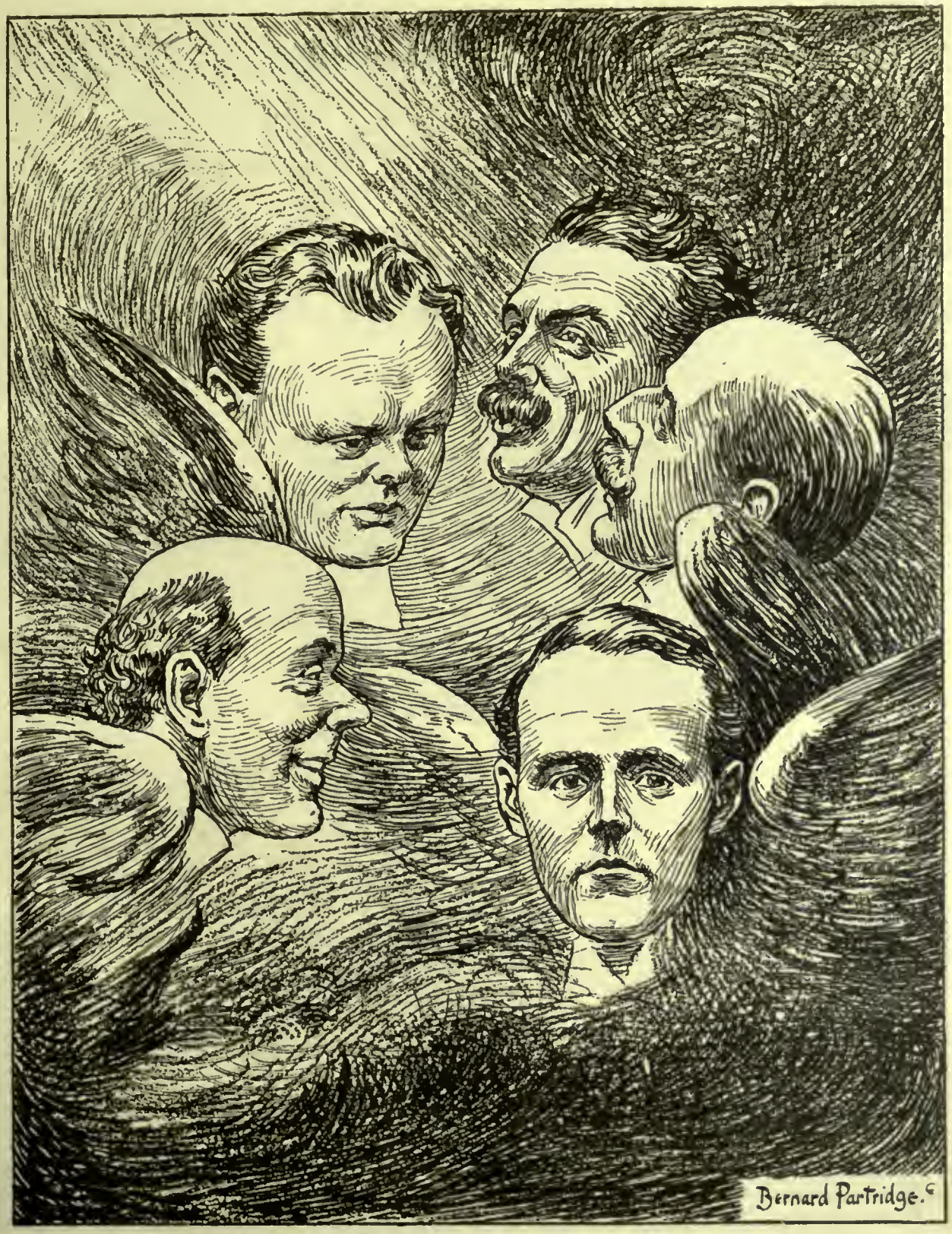
IT is bad enough to be turned out of almost every train between High Street and South Kensington to wait for another to take one through to Charing Cross or the City; but it is worse when the only advertisements on each side of the track are obsolete. All refer to the late-lamented *Tribune*. "Gives the news while it *is* news," says one notice several times repeated. "If you see it in *The Tribune*," says another, "you can trust it"; while the third, plaintively, and obviously with its tongue in its cheek, asks, "Have you got your copy to-day?" Then the train at last comes in, with standing-room only.

Modesty.

"He was surprised that his learned friend, Mr. Marnan, got up so excitedly to protest.

Mr. Marnan: I don't think the adjective is necessary at all."

Westmeath Guardian.



THE CABINET CHERUBS.

(*After* Reynolds.)





"Whit way hae ye gi'en ower smokin', Donal'?"

"Weel, it's no sich a pleesure after a', for ye ken a buddy's ain tebaccy costs ower muckle; and if ye're smokin' anither buddy's, ye hae to ram yer pipe sae ticht it 'll no draw."

ANOTHER RANK POET.

(From our very own Correspondent.)

A good deal of fuss has lately been made over Settimio di Vico, the cabman-poet, who plies for hire in the Piazza di Spagna at Rome. It seems only fair, therefore, to tell you of a similar case that has come to my notice in the person of William Scroggs, a London cabman, whose rank is in the Tottenham Court Road. Although originally the driver of a hansom, he is now the chauffeur of an auto-taxi; and it was while riding in the latter that I made the discovery of which I am about to give you the particulars.

I was nestling back in the cushions, thinking how well they do these things nowadays, when I suddenly caught sight of a small volume, neatly bound in grey cloth, stuck in a lappet at my side. Drawing it out, I read the title-page, "Between Fares—a Collection of Lyrics in the five-line Metre, by William Scroggs." On the frontispiece was a photograph of the said Scroggs, which I had no difficulty in identifying with the gentleman at that moment occupying the box-seat. The book (gracefully dedicated "To my Mews") proved to be nothing more nor less than a collection of successful and unsuccessful Limericks, which the author had evidently been in the habit of sending in for the different competitions. He explained to me how his success in those competitions had enabled him to give up his hansom and take a three months' course of lessons in motor-driving, which had led to his present more lucrative position. He has himself summed up the situation in characteristic style:—

There was a young fellow called Scroggs,
Who steadily went to the dogs,
Till a Limerick prize
Of exceptional size
Put a new set of spokes to his cogs.

The racy metaphor of the last line is a good instance of the happy allusiveness that permeates all Scroggs's work. A noteworthy feature of the volume is the Foreword by a well-known Limerick judge. Scroggs sells his book personally over the mudguard at the absurdly low price of one shilling; but, of course, he expects a *pourboire*.

It should be added, in conclusion, that W. S. (initials of good omen!) hopes shortly to publish another volume of verse, in which the tacksy metre will be largely employed as the vehicle of his poetic fancies.

"Young Man wanted, twelve or fifteen years old, knowing both languages and bookkeeping, one with experience in a lawyer's office preferred."—*Montreal Daily Star.*

It would be a tragedy if an accomplished linguist and book-keeper with a lifelong experience of a lawyer's office, were rejected merely because he was thirteen or fourteen years old.

SCOTLAND FOR EVER.

Great Public Meeting.

A meeting of influential Scotsmen and others has just been held at the Argyll Rooms to come to some decision with regard to a testimonial to Mr. Harry Lauder for his services in bringing before the English public the more alluring side of Scottish life. Among those present were Mr. A. J. Balfour (in the Chair), Lord Tweedmouth, Mr. Andrew Lang, Lord Rosebery, Miss Annie Swan, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, Mr. Crockett, etc.

Mr. Balfour in opening the meeting said that although he had never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Lauder in person—(cries of dismay)—yet he took his place at the head of that meeting without misgiving. (Cheers.) He had heard him on the gramophone—(renewed cheers)—and he had read his life. (Applause.) He could confidently say that no one had done more to make the Scotch popular.

Lord Tweedmouth, speaking in his capacity as a Knight of the Thistle (which, he said, he found very good eating) supported Mr. Balfour. He had received, he said, a telegram on the subject from an illustrious personage which it would be no impropriety to read aloud. (Panic.) It said, "Wish Lauder all joy, and may his porridge-bowl never know low tide." (Cheers.) This he, the speaker, need hardly say was signed William Hohenzollern.

Lord Rosebery said that he entirely concurred in the object of the meeting. It was a great thing that a Scotsman of genius had at last risen to tell the world what Scotsmen really were like: not dour, commercial-minded, censorious folk, but a rollicking, convivial, tickling, dancing people, full of jest and fun, with great loving hearts and nimble feet and voices of exquisite timbre. Too long had the world been thinking the contrary. Not since Sir Walter Scott had any one man done so much as Mr. (he wished he might say Sir) Harry Lauder to turn southern eyes to the land of cakes and the leal. (Terrific applause.)

Messrs. Cook and Son here rose *en masse*, and testified to the effect of Mr. Lauder's songs on the tourist business. Thousands of Englishmen, they said, who used to go to Ostend and Paris and other gay continental resorts for their holidays now go to Scotland in the hope of meeting with Mr. Lauder's heroines.

Dr. Robertson Nicoll opposed the testimonial. Mr. Lauder, he said, neither took in *The British Weekly* nor had he taken any active part in disapproving of the Rev. R. J. Campbell.

Miss Annie S. Swan cordially supported Dr. Robertson Nicoll. The songs of Mr. Lauder, she contended, lacked the true domestic note, and were aggressively instinct with what she might call the *joie de vivre*.

Mr. Andrew Lang said that the success of the great patriotic *Minnesinger* whom they were met to honour was a striking example of the vitality of apolaustic hedonism—(cries of Help!)—amid a Puritanical environment. He added that he hoped to develop in an appendix to the next volume of his History of Scotland an interesting parallel between the songs of Mr. Lauder and those of Ronsard.

In conclusion he moved that funds should be raised to present Mr. Lauder with a gold-mounted sporran engraved with the motto "*Lauder a laudato.*" The motion was supported by the Master of Elibank in a pathetic speech, and carried, Dr. Robertson Nicoll and Miss Annie Swan alone (as ever) dissenting.

THE GIRL, AN ODD RHYME OR TWO, LOVE, TOBACCO, AND THE POET WHO WAS A BIT OF A BOUNDER.

[For the purposes of reviewing, indexing in albums, reciting, setting to music and quoting enthusiastically to one's friends, this article may be referred to briefly as "The Girl, &c."]

Her name was Delia, just the sort of name
  No girls would stand outside a silly poem;
Or, if they would, their parents are to blame,
  I 'm glad to say that I at least don't know 'em;
But, if they would or not, it 's all the same
  And makes no sort of difference to this proem.
Whatever else her name was in the flesh,
It wasn't Delia. Let us start afresh.

Her name was Delia. There I go again!
  I 've said it was, it wasn't and it was,
And yet it wasn't. Let us have this plain,
  I want to have it very plain because
I think you ought to know her name was Jane,
  As nice a name as anybody has.
(I don't much care what sort of rhymes I use,
But "was," "because," and "has"! . . . My *dear* old Muse!)

Her name being Jane, and not, as you 'd have thought,
  Being Delia, I kissed her pretty face,
Then asked her if she 'd marry me, and brought
  Some argument to bear upon the case.
She hum'd and ha'd, and said I didn't ought,
  But, as I had, she 'd like a little grace;
So might she have five minutes, say, to think?
I said she might. I 'd go and get a drink.

Now beer is good, and beer is furthermore
  Extremely good: I know a man, my dear
('Tis not because I love you, Reader, or
  Because I hate you that I say "dear" here,
But knowing "beer" was coming soon), who swore
  He loved his wife but better loved his beer.
But even so the time was hardly ripe
For beer just then. Instead I smoked a pipe.

A coarse, a black, a noisome-looking growth,
  Having a smell cross-bred of glue and tar;
Its proper name (I would not take my oath
  Upon the wherefore) "Tawny Yellow Star,"
Once called "The Dustman's Pride" (or "Joy," or both),
  When dustmen weren't the faddy men they are;
And costing roughly half-a-crown a sack (Oh,
Beshrew these rhymes!); such is my . . . yes, *tobacco*.

With that dank weed I filled my pipe withal,
  My only pipe, a frayed but chubby fellow
That you 'd have loved, short in the stem and small;
  Without—a greyish-reddish sort of yellow;
But, oh, within!—what ladies always call
  Most vilely foul, but we divinely mellow.
I sat and smoked, the strictest silence keeping.
What wonder that I ended up by sleeping?

* * * * *

Her name was Delia. "Delia? Delia What?"
  'Twas Delia Nothing, dear but stupid friend,
For I have told you once, or have I not,
  Her name was Jane? Jane Smithson. I intend
To fix upon this most convenient spot
  To bring my poem to its tragic end.
But how to gild that bitter, bitter pill? . . .
Her name is Jane (not Delia) Smithson still.



Old Lady (to Conductor—her first drive on an electric tram). "Would it be dangerous, Conductor, if I was to put my foot on the rail?" *Conductor (an Edison manqué).* "No, Mum, not unless you was to put the other one on the overhead wire!"

POLITICS IN MUFTI.

[The Tariff Reform League is being accused of disguising its lecturers as tramps and labourers.]

Scene—*Tap-room of the "Brindled Cow."*

Election Agent (disguised as labourer with a smock-frock, clay pipe, and purple cheeks) to farm-hand. Huv 'nuther pint, mate! (*Continues argument.*) What I sez is, we woan't get our rights till this yur Turiff Refarm cums in!

Farm-hand (suspiciously). Turiff Refarm! I doan't see as how Turiff Refarm 'll do us wurking men any good. We——

Agent. Look ye 'ere, me man; you uv an intelligent face, you listen to me. And if any of your friends over thayre 'll uv a pint w' me—(*here large numbers of yokels, hitherto invisible, evolve spontaneously from darkened quarters of the room*). Look yur. Last year, twelve millyons five 'undred and——

The crowd of yokels (murmur). They was good sheep, they wur, and fower bobs' worth o' wool on each of them.

Farm-hand. Stutistics! We 've got stutistics — heaps uv them! Wy, seven millyons three 'undred and fifty-four——

Agent (raising his voice and looking anxiously towards the crowd outside). No, they didn't! Look yur. What a wurking man wants is wurk. If we 'ad a Turiff Refarm——

Farm-hand. Ah, I never 'eerd good of Turiff Refarm. They do say as 'ow 'e 'ain't enny better 'n 'e ought to be. They do say 'e drinks and——

Murmur in the crowd. Leicester sheep 's no use yurabouts; we want Romneys yur, w' a touch of the Lincoln.

Agent (getting desperate). Huv 'nuther drink, mate. What I sez is, a open-handed gentleman like Sir William 's the Member fur us yur—takes a hinterest in the wurking man and knows what 'e wants. (*Lowers his voice.*) And uf it was a shilling or two in a man's pocket to voat fur 'im at the 'lection——

Farm-hand (softening). Wull, mebbe Turiff Refarm 's not such a bad chap after all—eh, mates? (*Turns to crowd.*)

Mates. They 'll be wantin' turnip feed this weather, sheep.

Farm-hand. Mebbe you 're right, mate, an' if I can do ennything—(*strokes his face and accidentally brushes off two false side-whiskers*).

Agent (startled). Here, you—— Why, blamed if you 're not Taylor, our lecturer! Why, you 're on our side all the time. (*Accidentally knocks off his own hat and discloses his identity.*)

Farm-hand. Jones, our agent, by Jove! Dash it all, I was only playing up to you to get up a discussion among those wooden-headed idiots! [*Exeunt hurriedly, exchanging winks.*]

Agent (outside, indignantly). And I 've fuddled myself with that poison, and spent five shillings trying to convert *you!* Bah!

CHICK-FOOD.

AUNT SLOPPY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR CHILDREN.

(With homage to the ingenious conductors of "The World and his Wife.")

THE NEW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

DEAR CHICKS,

This is the beginning of a scrumptious new serial, a sequel to *Alice in Wonderland* by the delightful Lewis Carroll. Lewis Carroll, chicks, was one of the kindest men living, and he would have adored both this magazine and *The Children's Encyclopædia*, especially Mr. BEEBIE'S revised Bible. Nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to know that we were re-writing his famous work, which we can do what we like with now, as it is out of copyright. Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

JUST as Little Alice had decided that she 'd never—never—never get in a temper again, she suddenly found she was in one—and a very bad one, too! But, really, I don't wonder, for someone trod right on her very "littlest" toe; and if there 's one thing more than another that puts most people into a bad temper, it is having their toes trodden on!

"You—you—CLUMSY thing!" she cried, giving a violent push to the person who 'd stumbled.

"I—I—really beg your pardon," said a very humble voice, "but I 'm in *such* a hurry to get to the match. Are *you* coming?"

"No, I 'm not!" snapped Little Alice, though in her secret heart she meant to follow this very clumsy person, and see what the match was, and where it was to be held.

Looking up when she thought his head was turned away, she saw—whom do you think? The Mad Hatter. Just as Little Alice looked up he was busy changing the label on his hat. He 'd had one on saying that the hat was ten shillings and sixpence; now he stuck one in the band saying "For Tennis."

"Now I 'm ready," he said with a contented sigh. And Little Alice decided that he evidently thought people would call his tall hat a tennis-cap now that he 'd changed the label.

(To be continued.)

TID-BITS.

Here, chicks, are some riddles for you, and some interesting facts. AUNT SLOPPY.

Lightning comes before thunder. If you count after seeing the flash you can tell how far the storm is away. It is just so many miles as you can count before you hear the thunder.

* * * *

When is a dog in a dairy like a clever traveller?

When he noses (knows his) whey (way).

* * * *

Common grey marbles are made in Germany of pieces of stone left over in the marble quarries. Little boys break these pieces into small cubes, and afterwards these are rounded and finished by workmen. How did you think they were made, I wonder?

* * * *

What great Roman Emperor's name would a man say to a policeman who was running after a female thief?

CÆSAR (seize her).

THE NEW "ROSE AND THE RING."

DEAR CHICKS,

The old "Rose and Ring," which everyone, alas! has now forgotten, was written by a writer named THACKERAY, who lived at Kensington (not very far from the present home of the Duke of ARGYLL, who by a strange coincidence is an author too). Some day, chicks, when you are grown up, you will read more of this great man's writings, of which no one can ever tire. Your loving

AUNT SLOPPY.

The royal pair had one only child, the sweet Princess ANGELICA. It was said she had the longest hair, the largest eyes, the slimmest waist, the smallest foot and the most lovely complexion of any young lady in all Carmelitia. She could play the most difficult pieces at sight, and she knew *The Children's Encyclopædia* by heart.

Her nursery governess was Mrs. GRUFFANUFF, who would not let her go to *Peter Pan*, but kept her at her lessons all day. This was because Mrs. GRUFFANUFF did not believe in fairies and disliked to have them mentioned, while as for waving her handkerchief to save one of their trumpery lives, never!

But how about the Fairy Blackstick?

(To be continued.)

THE NEW "CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES."

DEAR CHICKS,

This month I give you another great treat—a modern version of a very delightful book by dear old ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, the great writer who loved you all so much (as who could help doing!) that he made a book of poems on purpose for you. But as his cruel publishers won't let me give it to you free, as your kind AUNT SLOPPY would love to, I have had to get a clever young man to write it a little differently, although just as well. See, chicks? Your affectionate AUNT SLOPPY.

THE KIND COW.

The cow we meet along the lane
I love with all my soul.
She gives me milk with might and main
To fill my china bowl.

A THOUGHT.

The world is so full of jam tarts and NOAH'S Arks,
I 'm sure we should all be as merry as larks.

SYSTEM.

The child who is not clean and smart,
With many things to please his heart,
Is either naughty, or his sire
Has failed great riches to acquire.

ANOTHER THOUGHT.

A child should be extremely good,
And speak so 's to be understood,
And try at table still to sit—
As far as he can manage it.

LOOKING FORWARD.

When I 'm grown a man to be
I shall behave most haughtily,
And tell my playmates not to dare
To meddle with my toys, so there!

(To be continued.)

AUNT SLOPPY HERSELF.

(A Character Sketch.)

DEAR CHICKS,

Knowing how much you want to know all about me I have at last acceded to your request, many times expressed, and have given leave for a description of me to appear in *Chick-Food*. I could not, of course, write it myself, for that would not be nice, and so it has been written by another. I hope, chicks, you will like it.

Your faithful AUNT SLOPPY.

Picture to yourselves a beautiful old lady with a kind pink face and the sweetest eyes beaming through her gold-rimmed glasses. Picture her seated in her high-backed chair in her charming drawing-room surrounded by happy children as she bends towards them and in her soft and soothing voice tells them one of the old, old stories. Do you think Aunt SLOPPY is really like that? Do you?

"Japan's mission is in the word of one of its greatest statesmen, 'To lead sia.' This is an intelligible programme, there is no deception about it."—*The Week* (British Columbia).

Yet, perhaps, just for a second or two some really dull mind might not leap to it.

From an advertisement of a Norfolk hotel:—

"The view of the surrounding country is a realistic ideal of the mountainous scenery of Switzerland."

Explorers are flocking into Norfolk by every train.

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



As the débutante *might* make her first entrance into society.



As she does. (The Débutante is marked with a +.)



QUALIFIED RAPTURE.

Lady Bountiful. "I HOPE YOU ARE COMING TO OUR 'PLEASANT EVENING' TO-NIGHT AT THE COFFEE-TAVERN, GILES?"
Giles. "WULL, I S'POSE I SHALL *HEV* TO!"

ODE TO A "MINERAL."

(Inspired by the prospective dearth of alcoholic "refreshments.")

HAIL to thee, blithe fluid,
"Drink" thou never wast,
That with æther brewèd,
Upward still art tossed,
Until thine airy heart in nothingness is lost.

Higher yet and higher
Leap thy frothy gases;
When I loose the wire
Out they come in masses,
Milder than ALLSOPP'S own, and more refined than BASS'S.

When the vault is shining
Then thy praise is sung;
I have seen men dining
Roll thee round their tongue,
Like a full-bodied port laid down when they were young.

Even millionaires,
Dukes and such, a-loll
Soft on silken chairs,
Thy renown extol,
And drink thee when their doctors veto alcohol.

What dost thou resemble?
Snowflakes on the breeze,
Gossamers a-tremble,
Gardens full of bees?
I do not greatly care; take which you like of these.

Anyhow, thy joyance
Leaves no after-pain;
Subsequent annoyance
Shadows not its train;
One drinks and only feels a mild internal strain.

Others have preferred
Beer in time of drought;
I have never heard
Cork of ale or stout
Expelled with such a cry of rapture from the spout.

Ah, if men would scorn
Wine and malt and hops,
If the globe were shorn
Bare of baleful crops,
Who knows what England might become on sparkling pops?

Better than all treasures
That in Rheims are found,
Better than pint measures
Insolently "downed,"
Is thy impetuous form, thou spurner of the ground.

Clear our heads of troubles,
Comfort us when dry;
Fill us with thy bubbles,
Also tell us why
They sate so soon, but oh so seldom satisfy.

Alarming News about the Blenny.

"When feeding the blenny (which had learned to come up to the surface of the water and take shreds of muscle from my friend's fingers) he noticed, etc."—*The Scotsman.*

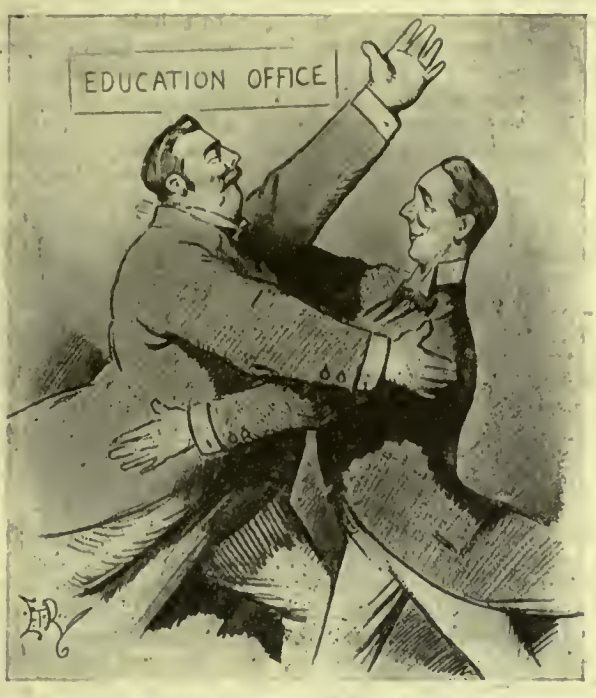
We shall send back our blenny at once, and ask for some quiet vegetarian in its place.



JOHN MORLEY.

"HONOUR AND LORDSHIP ARE HIS TITLES."

ONLY ASQUITH'S FUN.



Amazing Fulfilment of the Witches' Prophecy!

"Fear not until McKinnon Wood
Do come to Runciman."—(*Macbeth*, more or less.)

(By direct telepathy, or by some astounding freak of the Doctrine of Chances, the Prime Minister, braving superstition, has brought together in the Education Office these two gentlemen, for whose conjunction Our Artist has watched with frenzied eagerness for many months.)



"The Two Macs" (Champion Knockabouts) at the Admiralty.

Being a timely caution to Admiral Sir John Fisher and other eminent persons who may be interested in making the acquaintance of their new political chiefs.

(The Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna, and Dr. Macnamara.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 14.—With the succession of a new Premier there were noted certain indications of indefinite postponement of the struggle for predominance between Commons and Lords. To-day, on meeting of Parliament after interval occasioned by reconstruction of Ministry, there was forthcoming evidence of maintenance of deeply-rooted jealousy and distrust.

Speaker took Chair at 2.45 as usual. Unexpectedly large gathering on both sides. Questions on Paper deferred. Only business was moving of writs for new elections consequent on Ministerial changes, and the bestowal of royal assent on Army Annual Bill.

List of writs disposed of, when movement observed in neighbourhood of door leading to Lobby. Serjeant-at-Arms hurriedly left his chair. Loosing his sword in scabbard, he advanced to door by which hastily mustered body of messengers. In the twinkling of an eye the heavy open door was banged to, closed, and bolted.

Among startled Members watching the scene explanation circulated. The Lords had despatched Black Rod to summon Commons to other House to hear royal assent given to Army Bill. If, however, the proud Peers thought their emissary would be allowed to cross the threshold of the Commons at his will, they were mistaken. The door barred, a sliding panel cunningly let in was cautiously withdrawn by the Serjeant-at-Arms, who casually inquired, "Who 's there?"

Back came the strident answer, "Black Rod!"

Oh, very well. If that was all, he might as well come in. Bolts were ostentatiously withdrawn, the door flung open, and Black Rod, carrying his wand of office resting on his shoulder, entered. A messenger going before pulled up at the Bar, and, bowing to the Mace, announced "Black Rod!" That functionary, halting thrice to make obeisance, advanced, delivered his message, and retired backwards, threatening at every step entanglement of his shapely legs. The Speaker and one or two Ministers present obeyed the summons, passing out through the upstanding lines of Members.

This, of course, is no new thing. A ceremonial dating back to Stuart times, it is solemnly performed whenever hapless Black Rod presents himself. What was significantly new was the action of the Chief Whip. As soon as the first indication of movement in the Lobby reached the Treasury Bench, or ever Black Rod came within sight of the barred door, George Whiteley was on his feet moving "that the House do now adjourn." Had the motion been carried, there would have been an end of the business and the sitting. Black Rod would have been left forlorn on the wrong side of the doorway, and a bloated peerage that lately threw out a Scotch Small Holdings Bill would have, so to speak, bitten the dust.

An anxious pause followed the action of the Ministerial Whip. Would the motion be put from the Chair, and would conflict between the two Houses be precipitated on this side issue? Happily the public peace was saved by the presence of mind of the Speaker. Obviously he might not be party to revolutionary procedure. After a brief pause that to the strained attention seemed to stretch the full length of fifteen minutes, he remarked that arrange-

ments had been made for a Royal Commission in the other Chamber, and till its business was fulfilled motion for the adjournment should be postponed.

Thus was a Constitutional crisis averted. Black Rod was permitted to enter and deliver his message, and on the return of the Speaker from the other House Whiteley again moved the adjournment, this time with success.

Business done.—Adjournment for Easter holidays. Commons meet again on Monday the 27th.

LONDON LETTERS.

II.

Dear Charles,—Many thanks for your definition of a solstice. Is it really? Fancy! By answering one of my questions you become a unique correspondent. Nobody else answers questions in a letter. Sometimes, of course, one is asked, "What train are you coming down by on Saturday? Let me know at once." But the proper thing to do in such a case is to wait till Saturday afternoon, and then wire "Just missed the 2.22. Hope to catch the next." Questions in letters are mostly rhetorical; which is why I ask you, How, oh *how* could you have the nerve to head your paper "Castle Bumpbrook," and fill it with arguments against the Licensing Bill? It is hardly decent. You know, I doubt if you ought even to have heard of the Licensing Bill at Castle Bumpbrook.

What I expect from you is pleasant gossip about the miller's daughter. Is she engaged yet to the postman? Has the choir begun to practise the Christmas anthem? When does Mrs. Bates's husband come out? These are the things you should tell me. Tell me, too, of your simple recreations. Has whist reached Castle Bumpbrook yet? It is a jolly game for four. One person deals, and you turn up the last card, and then the—— But I must send you a book about it.

I have been having a correspondence with my landlord as to what I should do in case of fire. Of course, if your little cottage got alight, you would simply hop out of the window on to the geranium bed; but it is different in London. Particularly when you are on the top floor. Well, he tells me that I can easily get out on to Mr. Podby's roof next door . . . . and so home. This is certainly comforting, but—Podby! I don't like it, Charles. Supposing anything happened, just think how it would look in the papers. "The unfortunate gentleman was last seen upon Mr. Podby's roof . . . ." No, I shall have to go for the drain-pipe at the back.

Look here, I have two stories to tell you. One is quite true, the other isn't. Which will you have first? All right, the truth.

When I first came to town I was very—I mean I believed everything I was told. One Sunday I met a small but elderly gentleman on the Embankment, who asked me the way to the German Embassy. He had the river on his south, so obviously all the Embassies were in the other direction. I pointed vaguely towards the north. He thanked me and said that—— (By the way, do you prefer *oratio recta?* I forgot to ask you.) Well then, he said:

"The Embassies would be shut on a Sunday, *hein?*"

I said: "Doubtless."

He said: "I am a Professor at Heidelberg. I have just arrived in London, and I have no money. To-morrow I go to my Embassy and get some. Meanwhile, could you lend me five shillings?"

Charles, in those days I was very—— Well, I gave him half-a-crown.

He said: "I should like to pay this back to you."

I said: "Quite so. That is the idea."

"Then would you give me your card, so that I can send you the money to-morrow?"

Charles, I—— You see, I had just had some cards printed. They had "Mr." on for the first time. I was very—— Well, I gave him one.

That ends the first scene. An interval of nearly five years elapses, and we come to last Saturday. I was walking through the Green Park, when a small but elderly gentleman came up to me.

He said: "Is this the way to the School of Music?"

I said: "Which one do you want? There is the Guildhall School, and the Royal College, and the Royal Academy, and——"

He thought for a moment, and then he said in German the German for "Do you speak German?" (My dear Charles, I *can't* spell it.) I said "*Nein.*"

He considered a little, and said, "*Parlez-vous français?*" I said —— (What 's the French for "Not very well?" Well, that 's what I said.)

At this his face brightened. He drew a long breath, and began:

"I am a Professor of Music at Heidelberg——"

Charles, I had to interrupt him. I simply couldn't help it. I said, "Then you owe me half-a-crown." He stopped, and looked at me with a sort of sad dignity. Then he turned round with a sigh and plodded wearily across the Park. And oh, I do hope he had better luck with somebody else, because he has been at it for five years now, and it must be a heart-breaking life. His hair had gone quite grey since I saw him last.

Charles, you do see that that is a true story, don't you? If I had been making it up, I should have said that he gave me back my own card as a reference. I wonder why he didn't. I suppose it had got rather dirty after five years.

Do you want the other one now? It is the merest anecdote, and Hilda told it me, and I know it 's not true.

She has a cat called "Didums poor little kitty wee, then"; you put the accent on the "then," and spread it out as long as you can. Well, Didums, etc., goes about eating moths; a curious diet for a cat, but I believe it keeps them thin. He swallowed them whole, you know, and Hilda told him how cruel it was. She seems to have spoken of the sufferings of the imprisoned ones in the most moving terms. Anyhow she found Didums next day up in her bedroom remorsefully eating a seal-skin coat.

I am surprised at Hilda. If she is not careful her baby will grow up a journalist. I have seen him since he came back from you. This time I approached from the west, and I noticed a great difference. He is certainly a fine child, and as he let me put him to sleep I love him. After all, looks don't matter tuppence to a man. The great thing is wisdom. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. I remember a General Knowledge Paper in my Mays. One of the questions was, "Give a list of the chief coaling-stations you would pass on your way to New Zealand." The only two I could think of were Cyprus and Rickett Smith. I never heard whether I got full marks; probably not. But since that day knowledge has come, for I have a friend in the Admiralty. He was a very high Wrangler the year I wasn't, and just as Fisher is the man behind the First Lord, so he is the man behind Fisher; at least, he tells me so. And he buys his tobacco by the knot—or is it the quid?—and plays the Hague Convention at Bridge, and (as I say) knows



TRIALS OF THE GENTLEMAN-RIDER.

Unfeeling Friend (to very sensitive amateur rider, who has been badly unseated more than once). "You'll look A 1 in the Music Hall, old chap! There's a cinematograph man at every fence!"

all the coaling-stations from Cambridge to New Zealand.

Wisdom Lingers. What a splendid title for a novel! You would expect a fine moral tale, and it would turn out to be the story of the *Lingers* family. *Wisdom K. Lingers.* There you have the essence of successful book-naming. I hand the idea to you, Charles, in the certainty that you would steal it anyhow.

Do you know anything about gas? I buy a lot every week for my geyser. You get about 1,000 for half-a-crown. A thousand what? I don't know; but I like to take part in these great business transactions, and I am now writing to ask if they could make it 1,200, seeing that I am a regular customer. No harm in asking.

Ever affectionately yours,

A. A. M.

"The British Minister and his wife are exceedingly popular in Copenhagen, and are 'personi grati' at Court."—*The Observer.*

They have a special man for that sort of thing. *Omnibi, quori, tertii quidi*—it 's all the same to him.

A PARABLE FOR PROTECTIONISTS.

There was once a Man who lived at Torquay in excellent health. But one day a Quack came to him and said:

"My poor friend, you are in a terrible state. You 're dying, that 's what 's the matter with you."

"Am I?" said the Man anxiously.

"Yes," said the Quack. "Only one thing can save you. You must go and live at Margate. Bracing up, that 's what *you* want."

"But," said the Man, "I tried that a long time ago, and it didn't suit me at all, and I 've been here now for years and years, and——"

"Go to Margate," said the Quack, "or you 'll be dead in a week."

This made the Man so nervous that he decided to journey to London and see a Specialist.

The Specialist lived in Queen Anne Street, and he smiled as the Man put his case before him.

"*You 're* all right," he said. "You stay where you are. Why, the east winds at Margate would kill you in a week."

"Are you sure?" asked the Man.

"Quite."

"And if I stay at Torquay I shall be perfectly well?"

"Perfectly," said the Specialist.

"You pledge your reputation on that?" asked the Man, for he wanted to be certain.

"I do," said the Specialist.

"Then I shall go back to Torquay," said the Man; and he caught the 6.30 from Paddington.

But on the very next day, as he was taking the air on the Marine Parade, he fell and broke his leg.

"*There* now!" cried the Quack.

. . . . . .

Of course the Specialist had to leave Queen Anne Street. People had quite lost confidence in him.

The New Reviewing.

"C. R.," writing in *The Chronicle* on a book by Mr. C. Lewis Hind, remarks that "'Hindish! Delightfully Hindish!' was the criticism of a woman who collared the book." At this rate, though *Sherlock Holmes* may be Doylish, and *Robert Elsmere* Wardish, *Rob Roy* becomes merely (as we always suspected) Scottish.

THINKING ALOUD.

BY JAMES WATTS-DOUGLAS.

(Author of "The Quintessence of Eulogy," "Pinolatrous Ponderings," etc.)

I REMEMBER as if it were yesterday a certain morning in 1884. I was then living in the wilds of Dunton Green, and I had ordered from London a new umbrella modelled on the picturesque and magnificent implement wielded by the immortal author of *Aylwin*. When the postman put the parcel into my hand, I trembled with the foretaste of joy. I can see myself very plainly, a vague-faced boy with a mist of down on lip and cheek—both as yet innocent of the safety-razor—with hesitant eyes, and a lambent, limpid laugh. . . . There I stood, greedily alone, nursing my selfish bliss. That moment became a landmark of my youth, and to this day I associate the name of Dunton with a brown-paper parcel and a downy stripling stricken with jealous delight. There are other famous personages connected with umbrellas in history and romance—GEORGE BORROW and *Mrs. Gamp* and Mr. GLADSTONE, to mention only three—but the *parapluie* of my friend ALGERNON DUNTON, like that of the King of DAHOMEY, standeth alone "as the nightingale sings." Withdrawn beneath its spacious canopy, he dwells aloof in the tents of his soul, austerely detached from all literary cliques and coteries, and communing with all the mighty masters of the immemorial past. . . . But in those days I did not even dream, callow child that I was, that I should ever see the owner of this priceless and *impayable* pagoda. *Heu vatum ignaræ vates!* You know BROWNING'S lines:—

> "And did you once see ALGY clear,
> And did he stop and stamp,
> And did you on all fours draw near,
> And serenade his gamp?"

* * * *

Let me tell you how I first saw ALGERNON. I was free-wheeling over Putney Bridge one rapturous spring morning when suddenly I was aware of a limber, lithe, lyrical figure gradually outstripping me from behind. He was not like anyone I had ever seen, but I recognised him at once. He was striding along at a terrific pace, his step had the *abandon* of a Samothracian gazelle, and ever and anon he waved as it had been the *mystica vannus Iacchi*, his great green Gargantuan gamp. His clothes were negligible, and his magnificent head was obscured by an unbecoming puggaree; but the man was palpitating with vibrant vitality, he was vibrating with vital palpitations, he was vitalised with palpitant vibrations. The sight set my flesh aflame and my nerves afire. I wept tears of rapture. I was torn out of the world by the tempestuous rhythm of his enormous *en-tout-cas*. The life around me became remote, and I looked upon my fellow-men as I looked upon the cattle in the fields. They were outside my Paradise. As the man went by our eyes met, and I felt in my bones that he was either ALGERNON ASHTON or ALGERNON DUNTON.

* * * *

The next time I saw him it was at "The Artichokes," the famous semi-detached villa on Primrose Hill in which he has lived with his illustrious friend THEOPHILUS BOTTS for the last fifty years. I was taking down a monologue of Mr. BOTTS'S when the poet burst into the library. He was fresh from his morning walk. It had been raining heavily, and as the sun, with pardonable intrusion, shone on him, the raindrops on his pontifical beard shone like diamonds, and I saw that he was drenched to his superb and spacious skin. It was indeed an intolerably exhilarating experience, and again I wept tears of rapture. Religious mystics record their exaltations, and I really do not see why mystic poetists—to use the adorable word coined by *The Daily Chronicle*—should not record theirs. Looking at his magnificent head——

[Come off!—ED. *Punch*.]

THE NEW AUTOCRAT.

ERE hockey had shown her what sport meant,
Ere yet she grew giddy and pert,
She doted on dolls and deportment,
And only came down for dessert:
Her sisters would apprehend no sting
From one so exceedingly green,
Nor jibbed at the casual toasting
Of bashful fifteen.

Her tastes were not always considered;
She seldom got more than her share;
And parents, whenever the kid erred,
Brought suitable pressure to bear!
But gone is the rule of the hoar head;
Old age is dismissed with a grunt;
And youth's irrepressible forehead
Has come to the front!

O wormwood and gall to our women!
O torture far worse than the rack,
To find that the smartest of trim men
Are off on a different tack:
For both at the helm and the prow, too,
There lolls an unspeakable chit,
And Thirty now learns she must bow to
Fourteen and a bit!

Her locks are confined by a ribbon;
Her language is open and free;
She talks like a parrot, she 's glib on
The problems that petrify me;
Her phrases are novel; to-day, what
I marvel at most are the queer
Little statements she clinches with
"Eh, what!"
Tacked on to "Old dear!"

Though chaperons tell her where minxes
Are certain to go when they die,
A sequence of eloquent winks is
Her sole and sufficient reply;
Though dowagers, itching to slap her,
Would send her in tears to her bed,
The simply ineffable Flapper
Goes smiling instead!

And yet, when reflective December
Repines at the pertness of May,
Sweet solace it is to remember
She too has her time of decay:
She too, when she starts to put flesh on,
Will take a subordinate post,
While babies, devoid of discretion,
Are ruling the roast!

CHARIVARIA.

MR. MCKENNA'S suitability for the office of First Lord of the Admiralty has been questioned. It evidently is not generally known that he rowed in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race in 1887.

***

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL in his election address draws attention to the fact that it is peculiarly appropriate that he should represent the Exchange Division of Manchester. One was forgetting that not so long ago he exchanged one political party for another.

***

The latest portrait of the KAISER, as a Doctor of Laws of Oxford University, by a German artist, must be worth seeing. His Imperial Majesty, a Berlin telegram informs us, "is shown standing in an imposing attitude, wearing his university robe over knee-breeches, and in his right hand he is holding the academical cap. As he also wears a scarlet scarf, in addition to the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and Bath, the

colour effect is, as may well be imagined, very striking." The Queen of Sheba, we should say, would cut a poor figure by the side of this typical 'Varsity man.

***

Mr. John Murray has published the Life of Delane of *The Times*. We understand that he would also like the life of the present Editor of that journal.

***

Speaking at the annual dinner of the Parliamentary Press Gallery, Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes "created much amusement" by describing the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee as "The Minister for the Interior." We must confess we always like this joke ourselves.

***

A certain literary gentleman of diminutive stature was introduced to a lady as one who wrote in the style of the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills." "Oh," said the lady, "then you must be the Pocket Kipling I see advertised!"

***

Reading in an account of the entertainment at Hengler's that "some really funny clowns have been engaged for the Ring," an ill-informed correspondent writes to ask whether this is a belated attempt to brighten up Wagner.

***

Mr. Frohman proposes to bring over American companies to play in London with a total disregard of money-making. "There will be no trouble about finding theatres for them," he remarked to a representative of *The New York Herald*, "and hang the expense! It will be my treat." Does this mean that it will be no treat for the British public?

***

The Cremation Society of England, with a view to attracting customers, has lowered its fees, and an appeal is made to persons of small means to give it a trial.

***

"You must only keep your parents if you have a surplus," ssid Judge Bacon last week. The pronouncement, we hear, has caused considerable uneasiness among parents, who now fear confiscation.

***

A report just issued shows that forty fewer passengers were killed in railway disasters last year than in 1906. It would be interesting to know their names.

***

A lady from the country who travelled by the Central London Railway for the first time last week



Boots (who has overslept). "Will ye plase to get up, Sorr. It's an hour later than it was this toime yesterday mornin', Sorr."

saw, upon alighting, the words "This way out" upon the floor of the platform. Unable to find a handle by which to raise the flap of what she presumed to be a flight of stairs, she looked helplessly around her, when her eye was caught by another notice:—"No Exit." At that, uttering the word "Trapped!" she swooned.

***

As a result of the strike at a Restaurant a rival institution, known briefly as "Ken's Kabin," was opened, and those who are on the look-out for new humourists are asking who is responsible for the witty title.

***

Burglars broke into the Fever Hospital, Fulham, last week, and stole £160. It is now proposed, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such an incident, to train a number of sturdy microbes to fulfil the functions of watch-dogs.

***

Dr. J. W. H. Eyre, by the way, has been delivering a lecture on "Beneficent Bacteria," and the fact that there are good microbes as well as bad microbes makes one wonder whether it might not be possible for the former sort to wear a badge to distinguish them. Hitherto, we must confess, we have been scowling at all alike.

***

Chased by the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt last week a deer ran into an inn at Charing Heath. About a month ago the same deer finished up a run by entering a public-house in a neighbouring village. It is thought that the ignorant animal mis-read a certain notice as "Deer, glorious deer."

***

A man has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for selling watered milk. The Bench refused to believe that some of the April showers had been so sharp that the rain had forced its way into the cow.

"The French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences has unanimously elected Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., correspondent for the Moral Section."—*Irish Times.*

A little unkind to so agile a politician.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE been counting up Mr. MARION CRAWFORD'S novels and find they reach the respectable figure of 35. Pretty well; but better still is the fact that there is nowhere any sign of haste or indication of failing power. His latest—*The Prima Donna* (MACMILLAN)—reaches the level established a quarter of a century ago. It opens effectively with a scene in a New York opera-house. An explosion shakes the building to its foundation. The lights go out; panic ensues; there is danger of great loss of life, when the Prima Donna begins her song again, holds the audience spellbound, and averts catastrophe. Mr. CRAWFORD speedily changes the scene to England, where the mystery of the murder of a young girl in the opera-house on the night of the explosion is unravelled. A minor plot shrouding the acquaintance of *Van Torp*, the American millionaire, and the daughter of an English Peer, is cleverly maintained and satisfactorily worked out. Mr. CRAWFORD is a shrewd observer of men and women, especially women. His description of one sitting down for the first time in a perfectly new gown is a masterpiece of close observation and original thought. It is a safe assertion that no one before thought of the serpent in this connection. When it is suggested, there seems a good deal in it.

That *The Statue* (CASSELL) is really an exciting story you will agree when you hear that it includes one murder, one secret trial—I mean marriage, between the son of the man who was killed and the daughter of the man who killed him, two detectives, one proper trial with reporters, one escape from Dartmoor, one Cabinet meeting, and one threatened war between Germany and France. It also contains the secret of the statue itself, which was nothing more nor less than—see Chapter XXV. You didn't really think I was going to give it away, did you? The authors are EDEN PHILLPOTTS and ARNOLD BENNETT, so that in addition to the adventures you have both humour and style. Why should not other authors take a holiday together and collaborate in a book of this kind? Messrs. HENRY JAMES and BART KENNEDY, for instance, might give us a splendid story, full of sentences about the right length. I must not expect to see this suggestion adopted immediately, but the interval of waiting will not be long if the PHILLPOTTS-BENNETT combination continues to give such pleasant entertainment.

Miss MARJORIE BOWEN'S graphic account of all that came of the *Mariage de Convenance* between ANDREAS, Prince of Hungary, and GIOVANNA, Queen of Naples, appropriately resembles, in richness and variety of colouring, a Neapolitan ice! Thus, in the first paragraph of *The Sword Decides!* (ALSTON RIVERS) the sky is turquoise, the evening-glow purple, the stars golden, the olives silver and grey, and the foam of cherry-trees white. Miss BOWEN has a wonderful eye for colour, particularly that affected by the beardless undergraduate, when he sets to work to paint the town—or the Empire—on boat-race night. Inside as well as outside her book is red with the red of blood. Her portraits, landscapes, interiors, battle-pieces, and murder scenes nearly all reek of it; and yet they all prove her to be a born painter. She takes the dry bones of Neapolitan history, A.D. 1343, and really makes them live, clothed on with flesh and blood (especially blood), and decked in all the colours of the rainbow. Personally I could do with rather less of the predominant colour. When I sit down to sup on horrors I don't like them quite so underdone. Still I think this is Miss BOWEN'S best book up to date.



WHEN THE COMMISSION FOR THE SHAKSPEARE STATUE IS GIVEN OUT.

ENTERPRISING ARTISTS' MODELS WAITING TO INTERVIEW THE SUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR.

"As he approached the steamers it was observed that he looked pale and anxious, but a closer view showed that he was neither one nor the other."—*Timaru Herald.*

New Zealand has its sporting journalists too.

CHARIVARIA.

Indignation has been caused in the British Colony at Tangier by a notice published by the Consulate that the British Government cannot in future ransom anyone captured by brigands—the money, it is presumed, being required for Old Age Pensions. Several important kidnappings have in consequence had to be indefinitely held over.

***

In the course of a report to the Colonial Office the Resident of Borgu Province, Nigeria, mentions that the Chief Kokafu is said to have attained the age of 205, and his son that of 157. "There is a general opinion," the Resident says, "that the average duration of life in the province is decreasing unaccountably." Probably as the result of missionary efforts, the people are becoming more truthful.

***

Torpedo-boats Nos. 074 and 071 of the Medway flotilla are said to have collided while carrying out night exercises in the North Sea. No. 074 was slightly damaged on the port side, but the other was uninjured. This raises the interesting point: Did they both collide, or only one of them?

***

"Mr. Asquith," says Lord Tweedmouth, "is determined to maintain the British Navy, its personnel, its ships, its armaments, and its works in high efficiency." So much for those who alleged that the new Premier was in favour of fostering better relations with Germany!

***

There is, we suppose, nothing like being thorough. In view of the threatened Licensing Act the mayor and chief residents of Burton-on-Trent have decided not to hold the usual lifeboat demonstration this year. They will have nothing to do with anything associated with water.

***

Several persons living in North Westmeath claim to have seen a leprechaun recently, and it is now proposed that the provisions of the Licensing Bill shall be made to extend to Ireland.

***

At a meeting of the Mitcham Parish Council a letter was read from the Surrey Territorial Association asking the Council to induce their employés to join the Territorial Army, but it was pointed out that the Council's only employé was a gravedigger. It is thought that the Army Council will now suggest that he will be a capital fellow for making entrenchments.

***

Poor Shakspeare! Coming out of His Majesty's Theatre after the revival of *The Merry Wives* a playgoer was heard to remark that he much preferred "the same author's *Merry Widow*."

***

The cablegram received by Mrs. Langtry some time ago, announcing that a silver mine had been found on an estate purchased by her in America, has turned out to be a hoax. It only remains to hope now that her new play, in spite of appearances to the contrary, may turn out to be a gold mine.

***

Mr. G. A. Storey, A.R.A., having stated that a portrait painted by a stupid person will make the sitter look stupid, several stupid painters write to deny that this is so.

***

And Mr. B. W. Leader has been made an honorary Old Master. Burglars have stolen a picture of his from the Wellington Art Gallery.

***

The practice of amateur Oratorio Choirs visiting gaols is increasing, and in one instance several prisoners are said to have objected on the ground that it was not included in their sentence.

***

The New York correspondent of *The Express* sends an account of a young woman who, having never spoken to a man until she was twenty-nine years of age, married the first man she met. We have often wondered how some men were able to get married.

***

Two hundred women employed by a firm of hatters at South Norwalk, Connecticut, recently went on strike because their employers wanted to know their ages in order to promote the three oldest to the position of inspectors. It is now, we hear, intended to appoint the three who look the oldest, and more trouble is feared.

***

At a time when no one seems to have a good word for the housebreaker it seems only fair to record the fact that a party of burglars who made their way into a vicarage last week left untouched a number of valuable sermons—and this in an age which is certainly not distinguished by reverence.

***

Dr. Romme's theory, published in *La Revue*, to the effect that by a law of nature a child takes its sex from the weaker and not the stronger of its parents is not meeting with general acceptance among fathers of families of boys.

***

The crumb of comfort! The first cab left the rank, and the other horse-cabs moved up automatically. "Yah!" shouted one of their drivers, "Show me the motor-cab that 'll do that!"



Maud (counting Ethel's fruit stones). "So I see you're going to marry a poor man, Ethel." *Ethel.* "I'm not. 'Cos I've got an apothecary in my mouth!"

DICTATION.

Scene—*A room. He, with his arm in a sling, is pacing up and down the floor. She is sitting at a writing-table.*

He. Are you ready?

She. Quite ready.

He. Just read over that bit we managed to do yesterday. I forget how it went.

She (*reading aloud*). "As he heard these awful words, Julian sprang to his feet. A violent flush overspread his face, and in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth——" (*She stops reading.*)

He. Well, go on.

She. There 's nothing to go on with. You said you 'd think it out.

He (*testily*). Oh, come, I 'm quite certain I dictated more than that. I remember it quite well.

She (*calmly*). If you remember it quite well, you can do it again. I 'm waiting.

He. Say the last word again.

She. "Teeth."

He. Give me the word before that.

She. "Clenched."

He (*meditatively*). Clenched teeth? Clenched teeth? What did he clench his teeth for?

She. I haven't a ghost of an idea. You *said* his teeth were clenched, and you ought to know why he got them into this condition. *I 'm* not responsible for his goings-on.

He. There you go! You 've driven it all out of my head again. I wish you 'd stop talking and let me think.

She. Yes, do. (*A pause.*)

He. I wish you 'd read over the whole of the last bit again.

(*She does so in a highly dramatic manner.*)

He. How can a chap be expected to think if you read like that? One would imagine you had an idea you could do it better yourself!

She. So I could, and so could any of the children. Shall I send for one of them?

He. Oh, do keep quiet. (*Passes his left hand wildly through his hair.*) Got it! Are you ready?

She (*scornfully*). Yes; have been for half-an-hour.

He (*dictating*). Inverted commas, please——

She (*after writing*). I should think he might have said that without clenching his teeth.

He (*stonily*). Would you mind reading what you 've written?

She (*cheerfully*). Not a bit. (*Reads.*) "And in accents that bore testimony to the tumult of his feelings, he muttered between his clenched teeth, 'inverted commas, please.'" Go on, do.

He (*in a freezing tone*). Have you *written* that?

She (*pleasantly*). Yes, dear, written every word of it. It sounds most awfully mysterious and exciting. Do get on quickly with it.

He (*wildly apostrophising the universe*). Great Heavens! Here 's a woman who actually doesn't know about inverted commas.

She. Oh, yes, dear, I do. They are those funny little twiddly things that they print in books when they quote poetry.

He (*in a tone of profound melancholy*). Quite right, darling, *quite* right. That 'll do for this morning. I 'm most awfully obliged to you for helping me so much.

(*Scene closes.*)

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

Oxford Memories.

Oh, in the day when Folly decked my brows,
And prescient manhood bloomed upon my cheek;
When I combined a genius for carouse
With Socialism and the bards in Greek;
When that first "fancy knitted" oriflamme
Of freshness lent my limbs a suppler grace;
When I evinced a taste for epigram
And hung a "Captain Warren" in my face;

When in an atmosphere of Gothic age,
Fixed seats and sporting prints and Bernard Shaw,
I throve on picnics, port and persiflage,
Drank Audit ale and took a "third" in Law,
I little dreamed how soon would come a time
When I should be collecting outlawed bills,
Preparing leases and defending crime,
In far-off townships under alien hills.

I was immortal then; inured to Art,
And dandled on the lap of every Muse,
I pored on Hamerton in groves apart,
Derided Mill and scoffed at Nietzsche's views.
Pater was mine, and Symonds; Matthew A.,
Ruskin and Morris held me in their thrall;
I babbled Brahms with men of kindred clay,
And sat out Elgar in the Balliol Hall.

And there were days when, straining at the oar,
I stapped my vitals for the College weal;
Stroked (with consummate pride) a "junior four,"
And ate raw beef at every other meal.
And there were moments, birthday wines and bump
Suppers when, pledged to woo the vinous god,
I haled the College porter to the pump
And lit a bonfire in the chapel quad.

But now—Ye Gods! can I be that same youth
That down the classic Cher was used to roam,
Pressing the search for elegance and truth,
Aided by frequent subsidies from home?
Am I that youth whose cynicisms wrung
Æsthetic coteries' approving smiles;
Round whose Apolline limbs sublimely clung
Distinguished raiment in the latest styles?

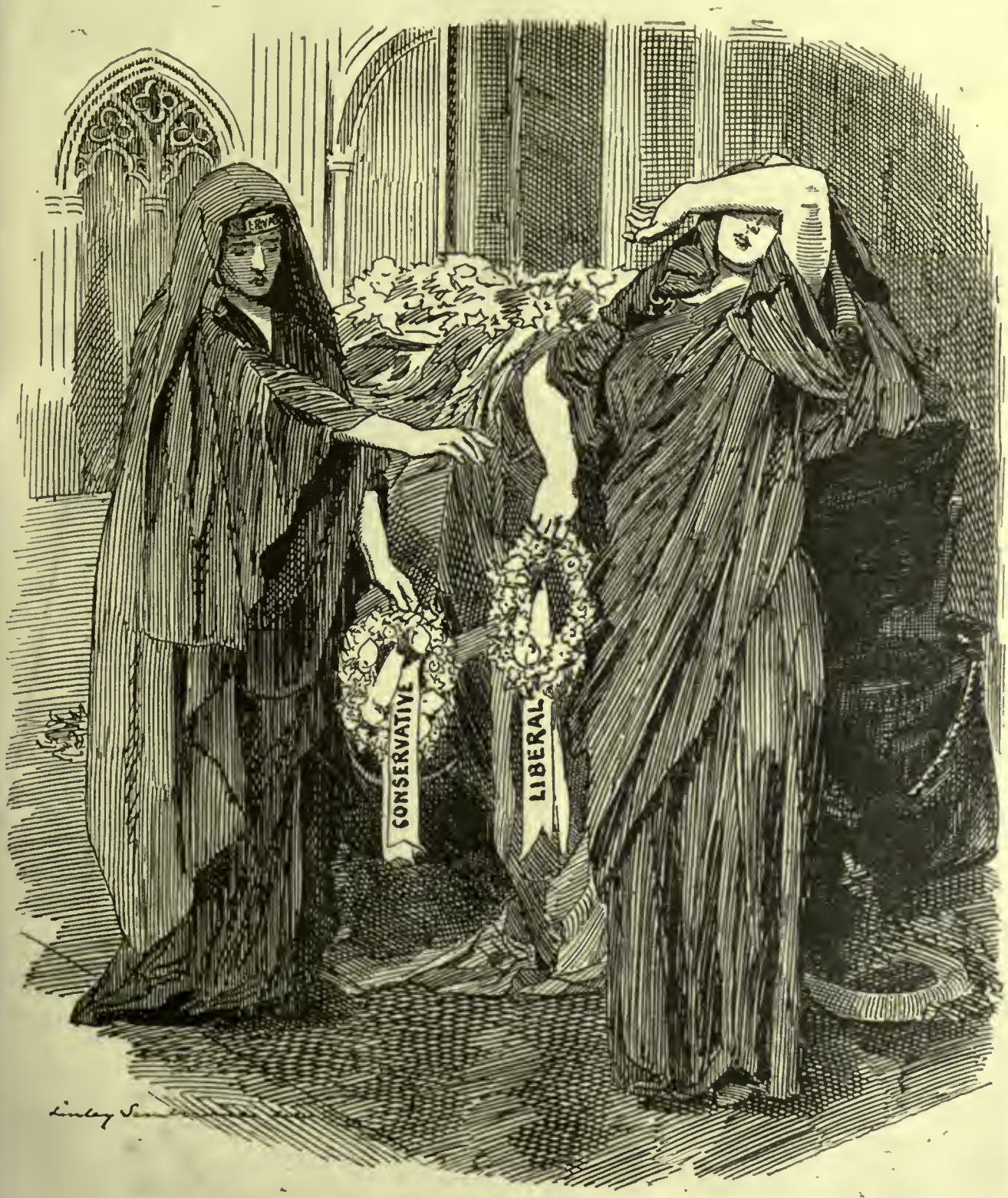
Here in a ten-floor office block I ply
The small attorney's inexpensive trade;
No fires of inspiration light this eye,
My speech is terse, my costume ready-made.
Codes of absurd procedure hold in check
A soul once intimate with all the bards;
I pour the shameless cocktail down my neck,
Start work at eight and spend the night at cards.

Briefly from Intellect's essential springs,
A cultured exquisite, I quaff no more,
But toil, the victim of material things,
A seedy exile on an alien shore.
I don't repine; but ofttimes in the sad
Long sleepless hours I murmur, "Would that I
Were once again the careless undergrad,
That trickled blithely down the dear old 'High.'"

Algol.

In the Navy Estimates for 1908-9, the following item occurs:

"Funerals by contract or agreement (including coffins) . . . . chapel allowances, carting rubbish, amusements of Lunatics at Yarmouth, and other small expenses."



A COMMON GRIEF.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Born 1836. Died 1908.



Club Member. "Waiter, please bring me *Punch*."

Privileged Waiter. "I'm very sorry, Sir, but all the *Punches* are engaged. Perhaps you'd like to see the 'complaint-book'—there are some very good jokes in that."

FROM MANXLAND TO SPHINX-LAND.

The Nameless One in Egypt.

A bald and jejune paragraph in *The Daily Mail* recites the bare facts that the Nameless One has recently spent three months in Egypt studying and mixing with the people, that he received the warmest hospitality from all the inhabitants, and that a crowd of Egyptian students bade him farewell at the railway station at Cairo.

We are glad to be able to supplement this meagre statement with some interesting details communicated by a trustworthy correspondent on the spot.

It appears that the Nameless One, who has long been profoundly interested in Egyptology, has made a complete and exhaustive trip through Upper and Lower Egypt.

Wherever he went he was greeted with showers of scarabs, *wakfs*, and other indigenous and honorific comestibles.

Seventeen of the finest and most highly-mettled donkeys at the Pyramids have been called "John Storm" in honour of the novelist.

An enterprising firm of Coptic publishers are arranging to issue a magnificent *édition de Luxor* of all his novels.

The Khedive is asserted to have expressed the wish that His Three-legged Nibs should take up his residence permanently in Egypt, and to have offered him free quarters in the Pyramid of Cheops.

The Nameless One is alleged to have made the astounding discovery that Pasht (the sacred cat of ancient Egypt) was of Manx breed.

While journeying up the Nile one of his suite shot a quail, on which the famous fictionist sadly remarked, "*Sic transit Gloria!*"

"At a quarter before four o'clock the Rev. E. D. heard noises in his house."—*The People.*

No wonder, in this weather.

A photographer in Victoria, B.C., has the following advertisement:—

If you have Beauty, I take it;
If you have none, I make it.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War."

"The engines began moving before the ropes were got on board, and a hawser got entangled in the port wheel. The captain tried to disentangle it by going astern, but was afraid to continue for fear of bringing down the scala. He therefore gave orders to cut the rope, but there was nothing on board to cut it with. So he again gave orders to go ahead and succeeded in breaking the rope, but at the same time the paddle wheel went to pieces. Captain Themistocli who remained perfectly cool then gave orders to let go the anchor, but after a long search the sailors reported there was no anchor or chain. The captain then decided that the only thing that remained was to put the ship ashore, and this time was quite successful, after the steamer had struck and demolished a bath house."

The Levant Herald.

On the Brain.

The Irish Times reports Mr. Joynson-Hicks as follows:—

"Mr. Churchill knew that the will of the people of this country was in accord with the House of Lords, and like the immortal Beer Tax, he preferred to lie low on the subject."

At this rate the immortal Tar Baby will become Tariff Rabies.

LONDON LETTERS.

III.

Dear Charles,—Do you truly want me to recommend you something to read? Well, why not try the serial story in some ha'penny paper? There you get a glimpse of the real thing. I turned idly to *Lepers in Israel* (or whatever it is called) last night, and found myself suddenly up to the neck in tragedy. *Lord Billingham.* . . .

Charles, you 're a married man, tell me if it really is so. The gentle *Pamela* is urged by a cruel mother to espouse *Lord Billingham* for his money's sake. *Lord B.* is a vulgar brute, I 'm afraid; in any case *Pamela* is all for young *Prendergast;* but one must be sensible, you know, and money does make a difference, doesn't it? So she becomes *Lady Billingham;* and a year or two later *Prendergast* comes back from South Africa to find that it is *he* who is the real *Lord Billingham* after all. (I got most of this from the "synopsis," which enables you to start the story *now*, so I can't say how it was they overlooked him in the first place.) It would be extremely cruel (you see that, Charles?) to talk about it, because *Pamela* would then become plain *Mrs. Stubbs*, and no money at all; so *Prendergast* decides to say nothing to anybody. But he was reckoning without *Mrs. Trevelyan*, no less. *Mrs. Trevelyan* finds out the secret, and threatens *Prendergast* that she will tell everybody that he is the real *Lord Billingham* unless he marries her. So of course he has to.

It is at this moment that we meet *Capt. Pontifax. Capt. Pontifax* is in love with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, at least he thinks he is, and he says that if she doesn't marry him he will let on about what happened to *Mr. Trevelyan*, who was supposed to have died of old age. At the same time the news gets out that *Prendergast* is really *Lord Billingham*, and so *Pamela* does become *Mrs. Stubbs;* and as *Prendergast* cannot honourably withdraw from the alliance he is about to contract with *Mrs. Trevelyan*, it looks as though she is going to be *Lady Billingham*. But on the eve of the wedding a body is found at the bottom of the old chalk quarry. . . *Whose?* . . .

What I want to hear from you, Charles is, Do people always get married for this sort of reason? Are you really the Duke of Norfolk, and did Kitty discover your secret and threaten to disclose it? Oh, you coward! I don't mind anybody knowing that I am the true Earl Billingham.

About the body. We shall know to-morrow. I think it 's *Capt. Pontifax* myself, but I will send you a telegram.

Are you an authority on dress? A man got into my carriage on the District to-day wearing a top hat, a frock coat, and brown boots. Is that right? I ask it seriously, because the point I want to discover is this: Supposing you suddenly found that you had nothing in the house but brown boots and a frock coat, would a bowler or a topper be the better way out of it?

You see the idea, Charles. If you add a bowler then the thing you have to explain away is the coat. I don't quite see how that is to be managed; you could only put it down to absent-mindedness. But if you add a topper then you have only the brown boots to account for. This could be done in a variety of ways. A foggy morning, a sudden attack of colour-blindness, or that your mother asked you to wear the thickest ones, dear, and never mind about the silly fashion. It is an interesting point which has never been dealt with properly in the etiquette books. You and I are agreed upon the topper, it seems.

I went to a play last Tuesday. It was not bad, but the funniest scene happened right at the beginning, when I watched an American buy a seat at the box-office. They gave him J13. and he only discovered it after he had paid for it, and had put his change carefully away. Do you know, Charles, he nearly cried. The manager assured him there was nothing in it; people sat there every night, and were heard of again. It was no good. He got his money back, and went away looking quite miserable. Isn't it childish? I am going to be married on Friday, May 13, just to show. When is that? Sickening if it 's not for years and years and years. I have a patent calendar somewhere which tells you the date for any year up to 1928. I never know why it should stop there; something to do with the Golden Number getting too big. It won't go backwards either, which is a pity, because I have always wanted to know on what day of the week I was born. Nobody will tell me. It was one of the lucky days, I am sure. How can I find out?

To-morrow.—I have just sent you a telegram to say that it was *Sir Richard Tressider's* body. Strange that you hadn't thought of him. Charles, I felt very shy in the Post Office. Yes, about Castle Bumpbrook. She didn't believe there was such a place; I offered to bet. We went through the Telegraph Directory together. Do you know, you come in the Castles, not in the Bumps at all. (Put me among the Bumps.) Something ought to be done about it. I always thought Castle was your Christian name, kind of.

Yes, it was *Sir Richard's* corsp. It occurs to me now that you will get this letter a day after the telegram. How did I put it?

"Body believed to be that of *Sir Richard Tressider.* Death certified as by drowning. *Inspector Stockley* suspects foul play."

An eleven-penny touch, Charles, and I never signed it, and you 'll wonder what on earth it 's all about. Probably you will dismiss it as a joke, and that would be elevenpence thrown away. This cannot be allowed. You can get a telegram repeated at half price, can't you? I think I shall go and have a fivepenny ha'penny repeat.

I say, what are you doing about the weather? Are you taking it lying down? I want to sign a petition, or write to my M.P. (haven't got one, then I shall write to yours), humbly showing that it 's the rottenest do there 's ever been. Do you remember the story (it comes in *Gesta Romanorum*, or should) of the man who built a model of another man and threw things at it, and the other man sat in a bath with a mirror in his hand, and whenever the first man threw he ducked under the water. If he got under in time his enemy missed, and it was all right. Otherwise he was killed. Well, I am going to rig up a Negretti in my room, and throw boots at it, and if the original has to spend all his time in a cold bath, ducking, I think, Charles, we shall get some warmer weather soon.

"Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day."

Charles, in your courting days was she ever as cold to you as this? Poor old dear! Never mind, it 's all right now. Give her my love, and believe me to be always yours, A. A. M.

"To the Editor of The Financial Times.

Sir, — I notice in your Stock Exchange notices that you say the Committee have been asked to appoint a special settling day in the Golden Links, Ltd., 5 shares of 5*s.* each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5*s.* each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195.

I beg to inform you that this announcement is not correct. It should be: 5 shares of 5*s.* each, fully paid, Nos. 1 to 5, and 353,190 shares of 5*s.* each, fully paid, Nos. 6 to 353,195."

We strongly advise the editor to stick to his guns and refuse to be browbeaten by anybody.

THE PASSIONATE GOLFER TO HIS LOVE.

Dearest, it almost breaks my heart
To speak the word that bids us part
For ever past recall.
Were you less charming, had you less
Of that perfection in excess
Which holds my soul in thrall,
I might dismiss you from my mind
At lucid intervals, and find
My eye upon the ball.

Now, when I raise my club to drive
My well-meant efforts seldom thrive,
Your presence seems too near.
No open champion, since the sky
Saw the first shaggy divot fly,
The first bare patch appear,
Could at one time in rapture dwell
On all the charms you wield so well
And also strike the sphere.

So when I 'm playing through the green
The thought of all your grace, my queen,
Intoxicates like wine.
'Witch'd by your beauty's mute appeal,
'Stead of the leathern grip, I feel
Your tender hand in mine.
Then if I press, oh, who could blame?
Not Zeno's self, yet all the same
The ball goes off the line.

But, ah! my cup of woe is full
When after socket, slice and pull
Or fatuous half-topped roll,
Forth from the bunkers' grim embrace
With trembling lip and pallid face
At last I near the hole—
Only to find, absorbed in you,
One cannot putt and worship too—
Each needs a single soul!

So we must part; but not all grey
Will be your solitary way,
For though our bonds I snap,
You 'll watch as I relinquish fast
Stroke after stroke until at last
I offer you, mayhap,
To dull the pain of parting thus
The privilege of seeing +
Before my handicap!

THE SCHOOL FOR EXPERTS.

Of a new putative Old Master recently discovered in Vienna the gifted Frau Hoegel, the picture-restorer, who is "a high authority on old paintings," is reported to have said "that the colouring of the hair, eyes, and mouth is conclusive proof that the work is original. While tolerably certain that the painting is a Van Dyck, Frau Hoegel thinks there is a bare possibility that it may be a Rubens."

There is an agreeable vagueness here, a having-it-both-ways line of country which makes it easy for anyone to become "a high authority on old paintings."

We may try it ourselves. "Yes, sir, it is certainly an old painting. Look at the dirt and the cracks. At present, since the surface is entirely black, it is hard to say whether it is a Velasquez or a Tintoretto; but both have been dead some years, and both used oils."

Or, of a picture not quite so far gone—"It may of course be a Leonardo, but if not, why should it not be a Luini? They were very much alike. Perhaps Luinardo is the best ascription."

Or, of a bad picture of some age: "It is not good, we admit, but we advise you to buy it, just to see if there is not a Rembrandt underneath. Mr. Humphry Ward found one the other day, for which a German collector paid thousands of pounds. No English art-critic need ever despair of a market for his finds so long as Germany and America exist; and if our own National Gallery complains, why, let it obtain a worthier grant. Business is business all the world over."

Or, of a modern landscape—"Yes, it is an interesting work. If it is not a Corot, which we are inclined to doubt, it is a Van Hier. In his best and ripest manner too."



THE RULING PASSION.

First Examiner. "O cuckoo, shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"
Second Examiner. "State the alternative preferred,
With reasons for your choice."

DONE INTO ENGLISH.

ACCORDING to "Playgoer" in *The Weekly Dispatch*, "a London manager says that the next time he buys a play on the Continent he will have it done into English at a translation bureau, and that version, polished up a little, will stand every bit as good a chance of catching the public support as a version for which he would have to pay fees."

Of course the London manager is absolutely right; the manners and customs of polite society in England and France have become so similar—especially since the *Entente Cordiale*—that the services of a skilled adapter are now superfluous. In support of this assertion *Mr. Punch* begs to submit a few specimen extracts from a *verbatim* translation of a modern comedy by one of the most brilliant and successful of Parisian dramatists.

The scene, it is true, has been changed from Trouville and Deauville to St. Leonards and Bexhill; the names of the characters have been Anglicised, while as many of them as possible have been given titles in order to render the play interesting to a West End audience. But otherwise his translator has faithfully followed the original text:—

ACT I.—*A large apartment in Seaview Villa, St. Leonards, occupied by* Lord RONALD SHILLINGFORD, *and his widowed sister,* Lady LAURA STREATLEY.

Lord Ronald (to one of his guests, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, *a Sheffield ironmaster).* Whatever may come of it, we will try, dear Sir JOSEPH, not to leave you too bad an impression of our St. Leonards.

Sir Joseph. And I am not sorry, besides, to see what a pleasure-city at the commencement of the twentieth century is like.

Lord R. You have permitted me, have you not, to introduce some of our friends to you presently? We shall have Lord HURSTMONCEUX (*to* LUCIAN BRYANT, *Sir Joseph's son*). In fact, HURSTMONCEUX is a schoolfellow of ours. We shall have WELDHAM—steelworks, forges, blast-furnaces, metallurgy—like you.

Lucian (*modestly*). A hundred times larger!

Lord R. I say, *there* is one who has a constitution of steel. He is a little good man of nothing at all. Since the death of WELDHAM *père* he conducts all alone a colossal business, which does not prevent him from enjoying himself.

Sir Joseph. Yes, he is the holiday-making manufacturer, one of the marvels of contemporary industry!

Lord R. Ah, there he is, arriving from the shore with Lady MAINWARING. I was forgetting to tell you that we are dining with Lady MAINWARING, his cousin.

Lady Laura. What will Sir JOSEPH think? She is not only his cousin, she is also his *fiancée*. She is a charming woman, divorced from Sir HECTOR MAINWARING, who has conducted himself odiously to her.

Lord R. Our other guests are two club friends—WINKWORTH and KENNARD. They are very nice.

Lady Laura. Very nice, but great gossips, and slightly slanderous.

Sir Joseph. That is of no consequence.

(*Enter* WELDHAM *and* Lady MAINWARING.)

Lord R. Dear friends!

Weldham. My good SHILLINGFORD!

Lord R. Introductions are unnecessary. Let us effect them in a summary manner. (*To Lady M.*) Dear Madam, Sir JOSEPH BRYANT, Mr. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lady Laura (to Mrs. LUCIAN B.). Lady MAINWARING—Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.

Lord R. (*presenting* WELDHAM). Mr. WELDHAM.

Lucian. Sir! (*He presses his hand while inclining himself.*)

Lord R. (*to the* Hon. MONTY WINKWORTH and ALGIE KENNARD). My dear friends! (*Introduces them.*)

Monty Winkworth. Madam, Sir.

Kennard (*same business, to Lady M.*). Dear madam. (WINKWORTH *and* KENNARD *proceed to talk scandal about* Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lady Mainwaring (*laughing*). I do not detest, myself, that one slanders Lord HURSTMONCEUX!

Winkworth (*gracefully*). You! You are in love with him. It is another thing.

Weldham (*to* Sir JOSEPH *and* LUCIAN). Yes, ravished that our friend SHILLINGFORD has placed us in communication. (*Enter* Lord HURSTMONCEUX.)

Lord Hurstmoneeux (*going straight to Lady* LAURA). Madam, my homage. (*He kisses her hand. After being presented to* Mrs. LUCIAN, *and finding that she has forgotten his having been presented to her on a former occasion.*) I regret no longer having passed unperceived, since it procures me the pleasure of recalling that little incident to you.

Lady Laura. Come, gentlemen, let us take a turn in the garden while we are waiting for dinner.

Lord Hurst. At your orders, Madam. (*He takes her hand familiarly and places it on his arm.*)

[*In the next Act the scene is a terrace at* Lady MAINWARING'S *house at Bexhill, close to the sea.*]

Weldham (*to* Lord RONALD). My dear, you will believe me if you like. I have never had any success with women. I proclaim it to my shame. Explain that to me.

Lord R. Perhaps you are too gay.

Weldham. Then, why do the music-hall singers have so much?

Lord R. Because they are dull in private life.

Lady Mainw. (*to* Lord R. *and the* BRYANTS). You will take lunch with us?

Weldham. On the yacht, you know. On the yacht!

Lady Mainw. Have you given notice to the Blue Hungarians?

Lord R. Blue Hungarians! In broad daylight?

Weldham. Why not? I wish this affair to be tumultuous. (*Music without.*) Come. Go ahead. The Hungarians arrive. Do you hear them? They are thawing their fingers. Sir JOSEPH, you are as nice as everything to come to visit my little installation.

Sir Joseph. Tell me, my dear Mr. WELDHAM, are your Blue Hungarians going to accompany us to the yacht? (*Enter Blue Hungarians.*)

Weldham. Reassure yourself. We are not going to pass through all the crowd with music. And besides, it will be very well, you know. They will applaud our passage like madmen. Bexhill is very gay this year.

[*Later.—The* Hon. MONTY *and* ALGY KENNARD *have been hinting that* Lord H. *has made a conquest of* Mrs. LUCIAN BRYANT.]

Monty Winkworth (*to* Lord H. *mysteriously*). My compliments, dear friend!

Algy. An extra page for my posthumous biography of you!

Lord Hurst. Do you want still another?

Algy. I should think so! Women? No. Duel?

Lord H. Two.

Algy. Two duels? Bravo! Perfect! Admirable! This is the event of the season! And who, without indiscretion, are your adversaries?

Lord H. You!

Algy. Eh?

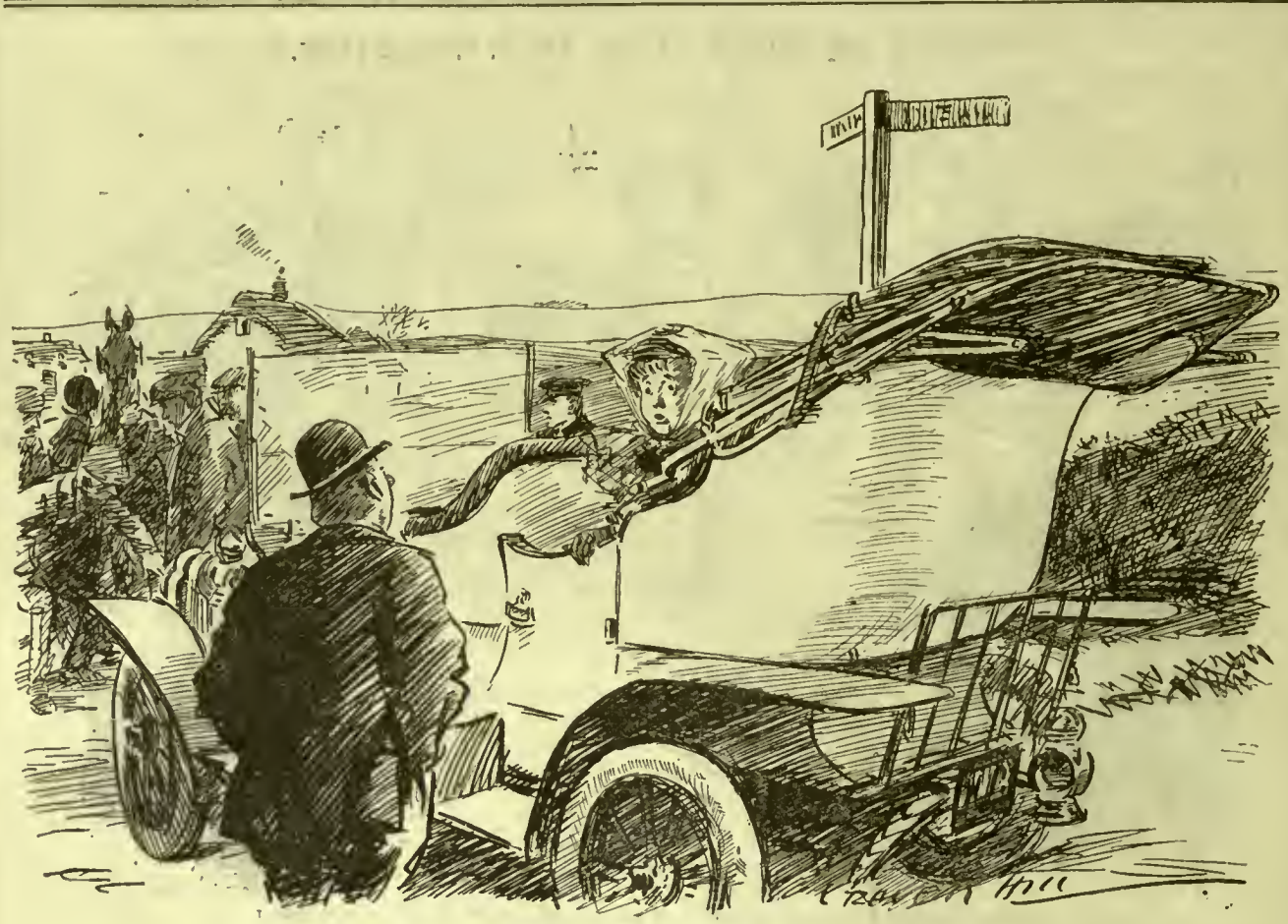
LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



How the gallant young hero might leave his ancestral home to join his regiment.



How he does.



Bystander. "Did you see 'ow it 'appened, Lady?"
Fair Motorist. "Oh dear, no! I was asleep just then."
Bystander. "Ah, then you'll be able to prove a lullaby!"

Lord H. You two. Because you commence to bore me, you are two quite disagreeable little boys, and I am tired of your gossip.

Kennard. Is it serious?

Lord H. My witnesses will be Weldham and Shillingford. I wait yours.

Algy (*with dignity*). That suffices, sir. I am at your orders.

Monty. I the same, sir.

Algy. And enchanted to furnish you so fine an opportunity, my dear musketeer!

Monty (*knowingly*). It will act very well on the imagination of a certain fair provincial!

Lord H. We will arrange a quarrel to-night at the Pier Pavilion. Now let us go. Pass in front, I pray you.

Algy. After you, sir.

Lord H. I will do nothing of the sort, sir.

Algy. I pray you!

Lord H. But no!

Algy. Then it will be to oblige you. (*Goes out with* Monty, *making a thousand politenesses to* Lord H.).

Lord H. (*to the conductor of the Blue Hungarians*). Now, go on! (*The Hungarians play as the curtain falls.*)

Should the London Manager happen to have purchased this particular French comedy, *Mr. Punch's* own *verbatim* Translator will be happy to supply him with the complete English version, polished according to sample, on merely nominal terms. Why pay more?

F. A.

DOMESTICITY.

When Jane was young, her pa and ma considered
That woman's mission was to be a wife
And (for they never yet in what they did erred)
They trained her strictly for domestic life.

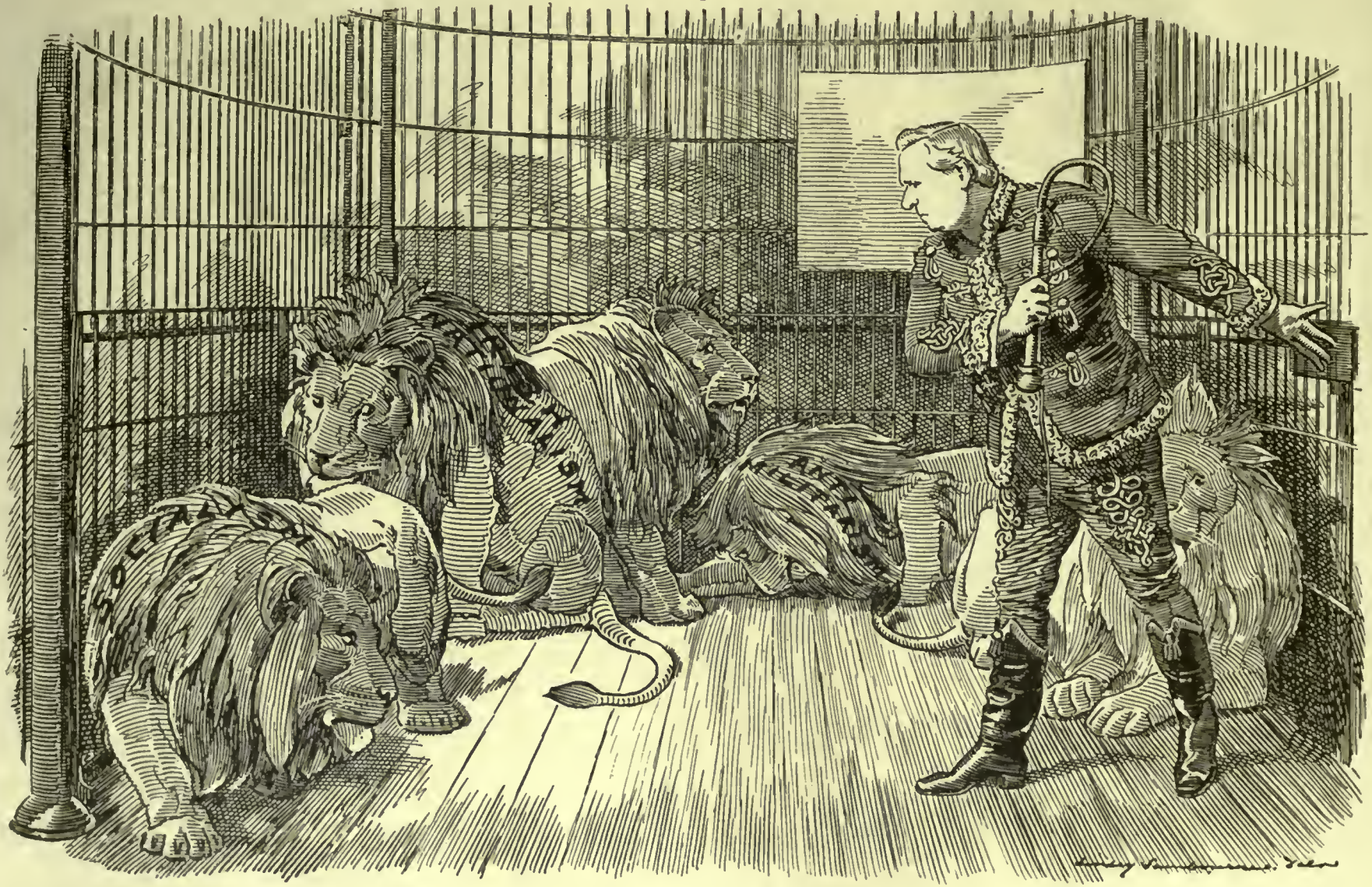
She learned the arts of boiling and of baking,
Was taught the way to grill, and stew, and fry,
And had the very daintiest hand at making
A cake, a tart, a pudding, or a pie.

She had that skill to sew and darn which *does* band
The peaceful home in bonds serene and glad;
She 'd all a wife requires—except a husband,
And somehow he was never to be had.

Meanwhile, across the road, at No. 7,
Sweet Dolly grew neglected all her days;
She 'd sunny hair, and eyes as blue as heaven,
A dimpled smile, and pretty baby ways.

But, ah! she had not one domestic habit,
She could not mend a sock, or bake a tart.
Or even skin an ordinary rabbit—
Her parents simply spoiled her from the start.

But now she 's married; for her useless beauty
Fevered the brow beneath a coronet;
Whilst Jane, expert in every wifely duty,
Lives in a flat, a lonely Suffragette!



A QUESTION OF MASTERY.



Retired Huntsman (who has taken to fishing). "I'LL HAVE TO CHUCK IT, SAM. I THINK THEY'RE ALL T'OTHER SIDE, WHERE I CAN'T REACH 'EM."

New Huntsman (passing with hounds). "HOLD ON A BIT. I'LL SLIP OVER THE BRIDGE, AND TURN 'EM TO YOU!"

WHEN JOVE RULED IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE.

EXTRACT FROM THE RECESS DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Buscot Park, Monday.—Brought with me for reading in rare leisure time ARTHUR DASENT'S *Life and Letters* of his Uncle, JOHN THADEUS DELANE, sometime Editor of *The Times*, just published by MURRAY. Not given to the average nephew to approach GEORGE TREVELYAN in recording the life of MACAULAY, DASENT has successfully accomplished a task of some delicacy.

DELANE was not only Editor of *The Times* through stirring periods of history. He was the friend, confidant, and counsellor of the men who in Cabinet Council guided the destinies of the Empire. In these latter days *The Times* has added to its staff a gentleman known as Parliamentary Lobbyist, a purveyor of political notes. For thirty-seven years DELANE was not only Editor of the paper but was its direct medium of political information. Through successive Ministries he occupied a position akin to that of honorary member of the Cabinet. CLARENDON, ABERDEEN, more constantly and intimately PALMERSTON, in personal interviews or in long letters, informed him in fullest detail, not only of the political situation at home and abroad, but of Cabinet intention upon pending issues. In 1852, when the DERBY Administration was being formed, DIZZY, Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons, wrote him no fewer than four letters within forty-eight hours. One contained promise of the list of the new Ministry, which, "if it be possible I will send you for a second edition to-morrow." Amongst Premiers an exception in this respect was made in case of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whose icy manner is deplored by the biographer. GLADSTONE also habitually refrained from secret intercourse with the powerful Editor.

As far as it affected business in Printing House Square that did not matter, since there were colleagues eager to contribute information. In 1867, when a private meeting of the Liberal Party was held at GLADSTONE'S house to decide on its attitude towards DIZZY'S Reform Bill, DELANE had only to write to four Members in order to secure full narrative of proceedings carried on behind locked doors. Of his correspondents three were C. P. VILLIERS, HENRY BRAND (afterwards Speaker), and BERNAL OSBORNE, a habitual purveyor of political and social news. Lord TORRINGTON, one of the Lords-in-Waiting at Windsor, gloried in the name of "Your Windsor Special." When on duty at the Court he daily wrote to Printing House Square reporting

its tittle-tattle, and what QUEEN VICTORIA said to him in private conversation.

When in 1857 a new Parliament was elected, PALMERSTON consulted DELANE on the choice of Speaker, accepting his designation of EVELYN DENISON. Four years later he offered him Ministerial office, suggesting that he should become Under-Secretary of War. Small wonder that the flattering proposal was declined. To vacate the throne in Printing House Square for an Under Secretaryship would have been poor promotion.

This was a unique position for a journalist to hold. Its long continuance testified to DELANE's trustworthiness. He never betrayed a confidence. Even more greatly to his honour, his favour was not purchasable by its bestowal. DIZZY'S assiduous court to the great man was at an early stage rewarded by the appearance in *The Times* of a review of *Coningsby*, which he "read with pain and astonishment, a review calculated to do the work very great injury." DELANE accepted the favour of contributions by Cabinet Ministers to his news-chest, but he recognised that the power and influence of *The Times* were based upon the foundations of public spirit, concern for national interest, and absolute impartiality in dealing with statesmen. PALMERSTON was his personal friend and his hero. But if he differed from him on matters of public policy he did not hesitate to state his views in the rolling periods of a leading article.

There were two institutions whose welfare lay close to the heart of DELANE. First came *The Times*, next the British Empire. In his own mind doubtless the interests were identical. He served them both with unfailing loyalty, unflagging labour, making and maintaining the position of a morning newspaper at a height of power never before reached or since paralleled.

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

THERE are three of us. I am the writer, she is the pianist next door, and you are merely the reader. At the present moment I am beginning to compose a learned dissertation upon "Abatement of Nuisances, The;" she is warming to her work on the piano; and you. . . . But who cares twopence about the mere reader? Mr. Reader—Miss Pianist: Miss Pianist—Mr. Reader. Now I think we all know each other well enough to be getting on with the dissertation, and therefore, as I said before,

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The . . .

But just half a minute. Do you not think that if she could only be brought to knock off 99 h.p. from the right hand and to omit the left hand altogether, there would be more chance for us? If we could get her to reduce the clamour, at any rate within limits, we might have the pleasure of writing, and. . . thank you. . . the pleasure of reading some very pertinent and entertaining remarks about nuisances and their abatement. But will she do it?

I, knowing the woman, think not; but let us try:—

Letter from interrupted Journalist (male) to active Pianist (female), No. 1:—

"MADAM,—Devoted admirer of the piano though I am, I yet think that it should be used rather as a medium of intellectual diversion than as a form of physical exercise. The hands are generally used for the manipulation of the keys, the feet only under peculiar and unfortunate circumstances. At any rate, if you will forgive my saying so, you are technically incorrect in using both at the same time."

THE ABATEMENT OF NUISANCES.

The late Lord of the Rolls, a boon companion of the Author,

There! I said she wouldn't.

Letter from irritated Journalist (male) to energetic Pianist (female), No. 2:—

"MADAM,—The idea of simultaneously employing both hands, both feet *and* the nose, in furtherance of the sacred art of pianoforte music has all the merit and charm of originality. But can the occupation be a healthy one?"

in one of his rare but very lucid intervals said to him that an instructive and amusing brochure might well be written round this fascinating

Just listen to the woman!

Letter from weary Journalist (male) to hyper-energetic Pianist (female), No. 3:—

"MADAM,—You are indeed lucky in having so sturdy and so willing a maid to help you, but let me remind you of the importance of her confining her operations to the bottom octave. You cannot watch her too closely (if your present position admits of your watching her at all), for should she in a moment of æsthetic passion stray higher up the keyboard, she must certainly inconvenience your left foot, and possibly damage a delicate and irreplaceable coal-hammer."

subject.

Our first effort should be to define a nuisance, and it would be hard, we think, to find a definition more compendious yet accurate than the following, being as it is our own:—A nuisance, it has been well said, is a d—d nuisance.

So far, so good. To define abatement, however,

Would you have thought it was humanly possible?

Letter from desperate Journalist (male) to rampant Pianist (female), No. 4:—

"MADAM,—I apologise for the affront I have put upon you. I did not know, but should have guessed that you had *two* maids and *two* coal-hammers. Is there no hope?"

is not so easy. Properly to deal with this topic would be to discuss nearly every known form of tort and crime. Indeed the pastime of nuisance-abating is far from being an innocent one, involving as it does at the least Trespass against the property of the Individual, Housebreaking, Window-smashing, Unusual Language, and the Infliction of Grievous Bodily Harm upon the King's Subjects. Nevertheless there *are* times. . . .

Letter from insane Journalist (male) to insane Pianist (female), No. 5 and last:—

"MADAM,—When I appear before the magistrate may I rely upon you as the principal witness for the defence?

P.S.—I shall plead guilty to every charge with a strong recommendation to mercy."

* * * * * *

[At this point, I am informed by the Police, the author. . . . But why go into the sordid details?—ED.]

Lest we Forget.

"Florence Lady N. has let her house to Mrs. J. H. S., who is a sister of Mrs. D. If she likes the house it is quite possible she may purchase it at the end of her year's tenancy."
The Observer.

To think that we have remained in seclusion for weeks trying to put the elephant together, and never knew that in the outer world things like this were going on!

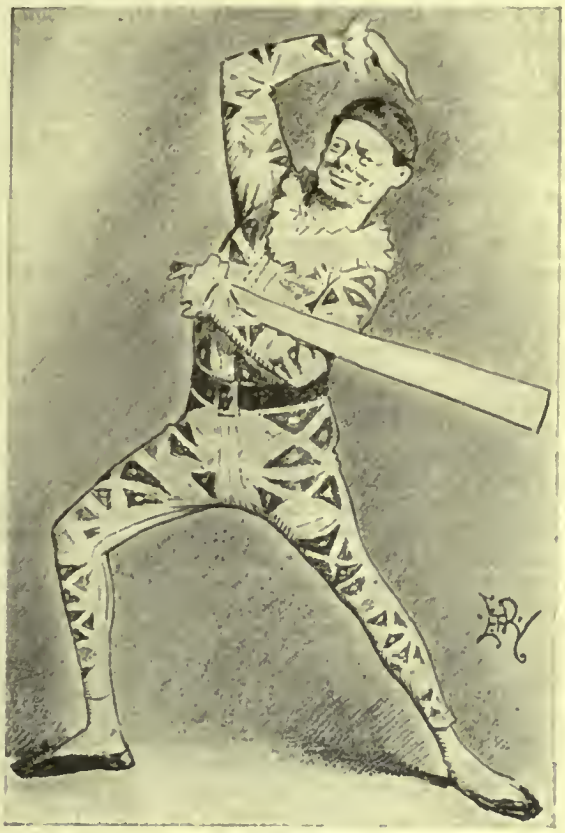
"'This,' remarks the *Lokalanzeiger*, 'means an extraordinary advance in war readiness of our fleet for such prolonged repairs as have, for instance, been carried out in dry dock, five of which has been four months out of use, are not to be feared in the case of floating docks.'"
Daily Telegraph.

It probably looked better in the original German, and the sub-editor should have left it there.

THE GREAT UNSEATED.



In the wild (North-)West.
"I am in search of a safe seat."—*Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill.*



Harlequin Winston.



"A Fust-class Fightin' Man."



"Prince Churchill's Farewell."
"Farewell, Manchester! Fickle town, farewell!"

AMERICA IN LONDON.

The College Widow, a comedy of American 'Varsity life, is given nightly in the original American at the Adelphi Theatre. It is a glorious entertainment for everybody; for, if you are a native, you appreciate Mr. George Ade's humour, and, if you are a Britisher, you are delighted by the novelty of the *mise-en-scène*. When Mr. Michael Morton or Mr. Sydney Grundy has "adapted" it into English (I am sure one of them must) the story will run as follows:—

Act I.—The beginning of the Lent Term at Cambridge. *Mr. Muttlebury* is in despair, for the boat is in a hopeless condition. Oxford is bound to win. While he is discussing the situation with various undergrads in the Trinity Great Court, *Bolton*, an English millionaire, comes along. He offers to bet a thousand pounds that Oxford will win, and mentions that his son *Billy*, the famous stroke, is just going up. The bet is taken; *Billy* himself appears on his way to Oxford in charge of a tutor; whereupon *Mr. Muttlebury* conceives the idea of kidnapping him. The prettiest Girton girl is asked to flirt with him, in the hopes that her fascinations will induce him to remain at Cambridge. She consents.

Act II.—*Lord Rayleigh's* monthly dance at Cambridge, dress optional. *The Chancellor* addresses the undergraduates, and hopes they 'll have a jolly evening. The undergraduates all shake hands with each other. *Jane Witherspoon*, the Girton girl, gives *Billy* several dances, and persuades him to stay on at Cambridge. *Billy* announces to Mr. *Muttlebury* his readiness to occupy the stroke thwart if required. "Cambridge! Cambridge! Cambridge! Rah! Rah! Rah!"

Act III.—Putney. *Lord Rayleigh* addresses the crew. *Billy* frantically in love with *Jane*, and ready for anything. *Jane* asks him not to strain himself. He laughs at the idea, and says that he has often rowed before for Durham *v.* Manchester. "They 're off!" *Mr. Muttlebury* frightfully keen, but not quite sure whether he 'll watch them, or stay and remonstrate with *Jane* for leading *Billy* on. *Billy* is rowing like a demon. "Now then, boys, give 'em ten." Hooray! Cambridge wins! "*Bolton! Bolton! Bolton!* Rah! Rah! Rah!" Oh lor', here 's his father!

"*My son 's in the wrong boat! Help!*"

Act IV.—The celebrations at Cambridge. *Billy* decides to chuck rowing and marry *Jane*. He forgives her for her share in the kidnapping. Old *Mr. Bolton* pays up his thousand pounds and forgives *Billy*. *Lord Rayleigh* forgives everybody. *Curtain.*

So you see what jolly good fun it all is. If anybody says it isn't we will drink his bad health. With musical honours, gentlemen, please.

"For he 's a squab and a pin-head,
For he 's a squab and a pin-head,
For he 's a squab and a web-footed rube,
And so say all of us.

It 's a way we have at Atwater,
It 's a way we have at Bingham,
(Both American 'Varsities),
Which nobody can deny."

M.

THE BLIGHTED BLOSSOM.

[An exposition of the hidebound pedautry of our public schools.]

A brain of more than usual promise
Was that of Charles Augustus Brown,
Though frequently less gifted Tommies
By dint of toiling took him down.

With yawns he hardly strove to stifle
He watched his fellow-victims packed
With Education's crudest trifle,
The bare unnecessary fact.

Not such the road that Culture chooses:
The sapient child was unimpressed,
And communed singly with the Muses
Beneath his flannel undervest.

Not his the finger-end performance,
The mugging-up of date and name!
He brooded idly on the Normans,
But cared not when the Conqueror came.

If 2 + 2 was set to shatter
A brain with theorems alive,
Contemptuous of a pedant's patter
He put the answer down as 5.

'Twas much the same with Charles' Latin,
He lived among the shadowy dead;
But substantives the form were pat in
Got jumbled up inside his head.

And so each morn he failed in grammar;
Each morn, since there was none to tell
The tokens of internal glamour,
He got his trousers warmed as well.

Till finally the Head, a dullard
Whose mental vision, bleared and slow,
The beautiful had never coloured,
Requested Charles to pack and go.

Once more a genius frustrated!
Once more (for mere routine too big)
A mind Minerva had inflated
Went pop like an elastic pig.

And now!—his youthful dreams forgotten,
Diverted from a brilliant bent,
Augustus Brown is broking cotton—
And seems remarkably content.

ART.

(*A glossary for the opening of the R.A.*)

An Artist is a person who paints what he thinks he sees.

An Amateur is a person who thinks he paints what he sees.

An Impressionist is a person who paints what other people think he sees.

A Popular Artist is a person who paints what other people think they see.

A Successful Artist is a person who paints what he thinks other people see.

A Great Artist is a person who paints what other people see they think.

A Failure is a person who sees what other people think they paint.

A Portraitist is a person who paints what other people don't think he sees.

A Landscape Painter is a person who doesn't paint what other people see.

A Realist is a person who sees what other people don't paint.

An Idealist is a person who paints what other people don't see.

The Hanging Committee are people who don't see what other people think they paint.

A Royal Academician is a person who doesn't think and paints what other people see.

A Genius is a person who doesn't see and paints what other people don't think.

A Critic is a person who doesn't paint and thinks what other people don't see.

The Public are people who don't see or think what other people don't paint.

A Dealer is a person that sees that people who paint don't think, and who thinks that people who don't paint don't see. He sees people who don't see people who paint; he thinks that people who paint don't see people who see; and he sees what people who don't paint think.

Finally,

A Reader is a person whose head swims.

"AUTOBIOGRAPHIES UNLIMITED."

Such being the success that is anticipated from the *Life Story of the Arch-foreheadist*, now beginning in *T.A.P.*, with the following chapter heading as a start:—

Why I Wrote this Story.
A Child's First View of the World.
My First Night Away from Home.
My First Nickname.
The Charm of my Grandmother.
Why the Manx People Quickly Quarrel.
Wreckers and Smugglers.

—a money-making syndicate, known as "Autobiographies, Unlimited," has been quickly formed, on the strictly imitative modern principle, to do what it can to reap in *T.A.P.'s* fields, this being a recognised form of commercial enterprise.

The directors have pleasure in announcing that they are arranging for a number of life stories of illustrious personages, the author of each one of which will lay bare his (or her) great heart, tell of the lonely early days and the impressions gathered by the eyes of a child resting on the world, and ultimately reach the large and lasting figures in literature and in history with whom he (or she) has been on terms of intimacy.

Subjoined is a list of the principal autobiographies, with the titles of some of their chapters:—

Dr. Robertson Nicoll:—
My first pseudonym.
My second pseudonym.
My only night away from home.
The charm of "My Father." (2*s.* net).

T. P.:—
How I earned my butter-woman's right to market.
Why I was called Tay Pay.
How I came to take up journalism.
The art of making papers pay oneself.
The charm of my Alma Mater.

Dr. C. W. Saleeby:—
Why I never cease from writing.
The egg of my grandmother, and how I taught her to suck it.
How I learned everything.
What it feels like to know all.

Miss Marie Corelli:—
Why I settled at Stratford-on-Avon.
My love of Flowers.
Why women novelists never quarrel.
How I learned never to advertise.
Why there is no Hall in my house.



Aunty. "Tommy, I put three pies in here yesterday, and now there is only one. How is that?"

Tommy. "Please, it was so dark, Aunty, I didn't see that one!"

Mr. G. K. Chesterton.
The building of the cradle.
My first paradox.
The charm of a magnum.
Breaking the scales.
Why I did not become a dancer.

Mr. Algernon Ashton:—
A child's first letter to the papers.
My first Funeral March.
The charm of Kensal Green.
The witchery of Woking.
The fascination of Père-la-Chaise.

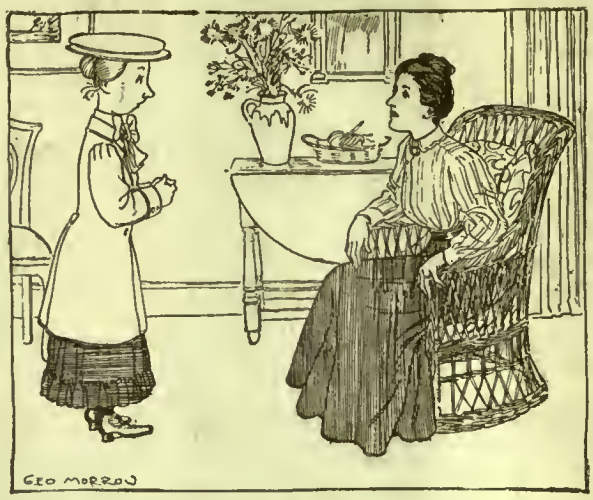
Mr. Winston Churchill:—
My first day at Harrow.
The charm of Joynson-Hicks.
The tragedy of being a Tory M.P.
Why I became a Radical.
The advantages of a clever mother.
How I left Manchester.

Mr. Bernard Shaw:—
"Dirty Dublin" in the sixties.
Why I ran away to England.
My first and last mutton chop.
How I discovered Barker.
Why I dropped the name of George.
I interview myself for the 1,000th time.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

What they want on *Isle Raven* is a mat. A large mat and a qualified referee. No self-respecting native of this extraordinary spot can meet a fellow-islander, or for that matter a harmless visitor from the mainland either, without instantly closing with him (or her) in a silent death-struggle. The story (written by Owen Vaughan and published by Duckworth) rages and seethes round the claim to possession of this modern Corcyra, where law is of no avail and policemen would be murdered at sight. The islanders are of *Black Matthew's* brood, and they raven, it appears, in the year 1902 as they ravened in the time of Prince Rupert (who gave the place to their ancestor). Their eyes flush red and their foreheads grow purple on the slightest provocation, and sometimes, so far as the reader can perceive, on none at all. Nor does the author's style fall short of the passions of his characters. Incoherent sentences abound, and the *nominativus pendens* is as common as the beetling brow; yet there is a kind of wild poetry which carries us violently over the most rocky places. The book opens with the incident of a motor-smash caused by one of the claimants, who calmly drives a "beam-and-spike" harrow across the roadway to intercept a car arriving some forty miles an hour above the speed-limit; but the ferocity of this encounter is nothing to that of the duel of boats later on, during which *Kate Sëlefaut* is hurled about like a diabolo spool. A lady writing to one of the morning papers recently wished to hear of some really "sociable and lively" place to live in on the south coast of England: let me recommend *Isle Raven*.



AN UNFORTUNATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

"I had to leave my last situation because the missus said they were going to lead the sinful life, and they wouldn't want any servants about the place."

To golfers who have long emerged
From dufferdom's domain,
Yet are by keen ambition urged
To reach a higher plane,

No better book can *Punch* commend
To realise that aim
Than that which Jamie Braid has penned
Upon the Royal Game.

He tells you in this handsome book
How to impart at will
A slice or a judicious hook
Unto the wayward "pill."

You 'll learn how stymies may be dodged
By lofting or by screwing;
How bunkered balls may be dislodged,
His sage advice pursuing.

He shows by diagrams galore
How to control your swing,
And how the freakish rubber-core
Behaves when on the wing.

In short, all golfers who aspire
To reach the highest grade,
Should buy or borrow, steal or hire
The work of Jamie Braid.

P.S.—*Advanced Golf* is the title
Of this delectable recital,
Published quite recently at ten-
And-six by Messrs. Methuen.

The heroines of Mrs. Conyers' clever sporting novel *Three Girls and a Hermit* (Hutchinson) seem to me to have points in common with their hunters. *Miss Moira Considine*, like her horse The Star, was inclined to take the bit between her teeth and bolt. *Eva* bore a resemblance to Gog — a surprisingly unenterprising animal—while *Kathleen's* hunter was of an independent frame of mind, and determined to be "in at the finish." In justice let me add that the *Misses Considine* had many charming qualities which were conspicuously lacking in their horses. Owing to *Miss Moira's* desire to hunt foxes, and—if the truth must be told—husbands as well, the *Considines* left the remote corner of Kerry, where they had been brought up, and descended upon the small town of Ballydare. They made, however, a false start, for on their first appearance in the town they succeeded in getting themselves mistaken for the *Sisters Gillespie*, who were performing in a circus. The eyebrows of half the country had disappeared before *The Hermit* arrived to rescue his friends, and to marry one of them. The tale is humorously told, and Mrs. Conyers has the gift of creating an atmosphere of health and fresh air which is delightful to breathe. But when the author writes of "great names" it would be more complimentary to spell them correctly. Tree, Wyndham, Bouchier (*sic*). I recommend *Three Girls and a Hermit* to everyone, with the possible exception of Mr. Arthur Bourchier.

From an advertisement in *The Daily Telegraph:*

"New Song

Since first I saw your face (in the Press), by Mr. R. O., at Gloucester."

Having some experience of photographic reproductions in the ha'penny press we should say that it was a pathetic song.

"Lost, from Hutton Roof, Blackfaced Ewe, M.A."
Westmoreland Gazette.

We remember Mr. Ewe at Cambridge very well, in fact we took our degrees in the same year. Even in those days he was absent-minded.

CHARIVARIA.

In well-informed circles it is thought that one of the earliest acts of Mr. Asquith's reconstituted Government will be to introduce a Bill rendering unnecessary the absurd re-elections which have to take place at present when a Member is raised to Cabinet rank.

***

By-the-by, it seems to us that the right man is not getting the credit for Mr. Joynson-Hicks's victory. Surely it was due to Mr. Churchill more than to anyone?

***

"Tariff Reform means Work for All," we are told. It anyhow means work for poor dear Winston.

***

"You are a brick, sir," said Mr. Joynson-Hicks to his opponent. Well, it remains to be seen how the electors of Dundee will like having one of those articles hurled at them.

***

Meanwhile it is rumoured that an enterprising and eloquent debating society, known as the Willesden Parliament, has intimated to Mr. Churchill that, until he finds a seat in the other place, he will be welcome there.

***

"If I cannot poll a thousand votes in a working-class constituency like North-West Manchester," said Mr. Dan Irving in a foolish moment, "I will eat my hat." Well, we have seen some Socialists' hats, and, if Mr. Dan Irving is a man of his word, the world should now be a prettier place.

***

"Father Kesitch, an army chaplain," says a contemporary, "preached before King Peter in Belgrade Cathedral a sensational sermon, which will probably cost him his place." The ambiguity of the word "him" is happy. Time alone will show to which of the two gentlemen it refers.

***

Two new conventions designed to guarantee the peace of Europe have now been signed—one referring to the North Sea, the other to the Baltic. We trust that these treaties are written on very expensive paper, for that, we suspect, is their worth.

***

Thanks to the generosity of Mr. W. W. Astor, the Balaclava Bugle belongs now, after all, not to U.S. but to us.



Fair Customer. "Is this colour fast and really genuine?"
Gallant Shop Assis'ant. "As genuine as the roses on your cheeks, Madam."
Fair Customer. "H'm!—er—show me something else!"

A feature of the Hungarian Exhibition which will open shortly at Earl's Court, will be a miscellaneous collection of wild animals. At first one fails to see how they will be at all *apropos*, until one realises that they will of course consist of (*a*) wild animals found in Hungary, (*b*) wild animals not found in Hungary.

***

The Express mentions a case of a private who for failing to recognise and salute his officer was condemned to march past and salute a barrack pump for two hours each day for a week. The choice of the substitute anyhow showed modesty on the part of the officer.

***

After all, the report that Raisuli had been assassinated is untrue. We trust, however, that it will be a warning to all Brigands who refuse to appear on the stage of the Hippodrome.

***

Another scandal has now arisen in regard to the four English engineers who were recently flung into an Antwerp prison. They have been released for upwards of a week, but have not yet received an offer of a Music Hall engagement or been asked to write for one of our newspapers.

***

The Strand Magazine publishes an article entitled "Artists' Ideals of Beauty," illustrated by photographs, and we should say that there is trouble now in the homes of some of the artists, who have only themselves to blame for it. For not one of them has selected a portrait of his wife.

Major Trevor, in *The Daily Telegraph*:—

"Long before the luncheon interval was reached Rowe (a right-handed batsman) and Howard had put Western Australia beyond danger of defeat."

Probably Major Trevor wrote "left-handed" (the other sort calling for no particular comment); and the sporting editor, remembering in time that they stand upside down in Australia and have winter when we have summer, altered it at the last moment.

Terminological Exactitudes.

From *Cassell's* Monthly Time Tables:

"*Victoria.*	*Brighton.*
p.m.	p.m.
2.10*	4.18
2.10†	4.18

* *Sats. excepted.* † Sats. only."

"The Fates were kind to Mr. Barrie. Almost from the first he found his feet in some direction."—*The Scottish Review.*

How sad if they had been in opposite directions.

FLOWER OF ORANGE.

By an Egoist Abroad.

White noon that on the columned patio falls
Still leaves the flanking chambers dim and cool,
Here where the swart kings held their alien rule
Behind Alcázar's battlemented walls.

Cusped arch and arabesque and cedar dome
Endure for sign of their illustrious reign,
Wrought in a borrowed art when royal Spain
Once more was mistress in her ancient home.

And here the terraced gardens lie below,
Lovely with rose and iris and the scent
Of myrtle labyrinths where lovers went
Losing their ways and hearts—how long ago!

Made restive by a poignant itch for rhyme,
I yearn, among these Andalusian bowers,
To conjure back from sleep the golden hours,
And solve the strange conundrums set by Time.

Here, then, they lived and loved (or so 'tis said),
Here strolled in couples, trailing courtly feet,
Bathed on occasion in the broiling heat,
And ultimately vanished, being dead.

And was their life-work largely lost in air?
I have no certain news how that may be,
But this I know, because my eyes can see—
At least they kept their pleasaunce green and fair.

Acting without posterity's advice,
Could it occur to them that some fine day
I too, the ages' heir, might walk this way
And want to find their gardens looking nice?

Not it. They failed to read their mission clear,
Yet served, unconsciously, that useful end,
Giving me (see enclosed) my chance to send
This flower of orange home to you, my dear.

Seville, April 21. O. S.

THE SAILOR'S KNOT.

Scene—*A Dressing-room.* Time—8.25 A.M. *He, with his right arm in a sling, is standing in front of a looking-glass. He is without coat, waistcoat, collar and tie. She is advancing toward him with collar and tie in her hands.*

She. I really think I could do it better from the front. It 's so awkward putting my arms around your neck from the back. I never can see properly what I am doing.

He. Oh, very well, have it your own way. (*Turns round and faces her.*) It 's a turn-down collar, and you 'll have to put the tie in first.

She. Which side ought the long end to be?

He. On the right side. Now do be careful.

She. Don't you worry. I know my right hand.

[*She faces collar, and with considerable difficulty proceeds to put tie in with long end on her own right.*

He. There, I knew it, I knew it! You 've done it wrong!

She. I haven't! (*Flaunting the collar in his face.*)

He. You have! I told you to put the long end on the right side, and you 've got it on the left.

[*He attempts to snatch collar with his left hand. She retreats a pace or two.*

She. I know you said the right side, and I 've got it on the right side.

He (*in despair*). Very well, then, put it on me and you 'll see.

[*She puts it round his neck, and contemplates her work.*

She (*triumphantly*). There, it *is* on my right.

He (*in irritation*). Yes, but it 's on *my* left!

She. Oh, that 's what you meant, was it? Why didn't you say so at the very beginning?

[*Removes collar and readjusts tie properly.*

He. I did say so, only you wouldn't understand me. Now, come, do hurry up and let 's get the thing done.

[*She fixes collar at the back, and then begins a desperate battle with the front stud.*

He (*as the battle proceeds*). Oh—ow—ugh—ouch! Don't pinch. Wow! Wow! You 're choking me!

[*Gasps, gurgles, and becomes purple in the face.*

She (*shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat, and speaking with set teeth*). I 'll—do—it—or—die! Keep still, can't you. Let me get my thumb in at the back of that stud. There, done it.

[*She lets go of him, and he sinks down on a chair. The breakfast gong sounds, and steps are heard pattering down the stairs. Children begin to shout below.*

She. There 's the gong! Get up quick, and let me tie it.

He (*rising meekly*). You can't do it. No woman can tie a tie properly.

She. Stuff and nonsense! Which end first?

He. Wind the long end twice round the short end.

[*She does this.*

She. Next, please.

He (*looking over her shoulder into the glass*). Pass it up. No, not in front. At the back—at the back, I say! Oh, that 's all wrong. You 'll have to do it from behind.

She (*attempting to do this*). I can't reach properly. You must make yourself shorter. That 's better. Now say it all again.

He (*repeating the formula while she watches him in the glass*). Wind the long end—no, no, not that way—from above. Not three times, only twice!

She (*firmly*). I won't do any more unless you shut your eyes.

[*He shuts them submissively, and she proceeds with her dreadful work. Children's screams are heard from below.*

She (*giving a final tug to the tie*). There, it 's done! I must go to the children. (*Dashes off.*)

He (*opening his eyes and looking into the glass*). Good Heavens! She 's done it in a bow!

(*Scene closes.*)

"The Kurds round Urumiah are in rebellion, and have pillaged 36 villages, killed 2,000 of the inhabitants, and cut the telegraph wires and communications with Tabriz."—*Press Association Telegram.*

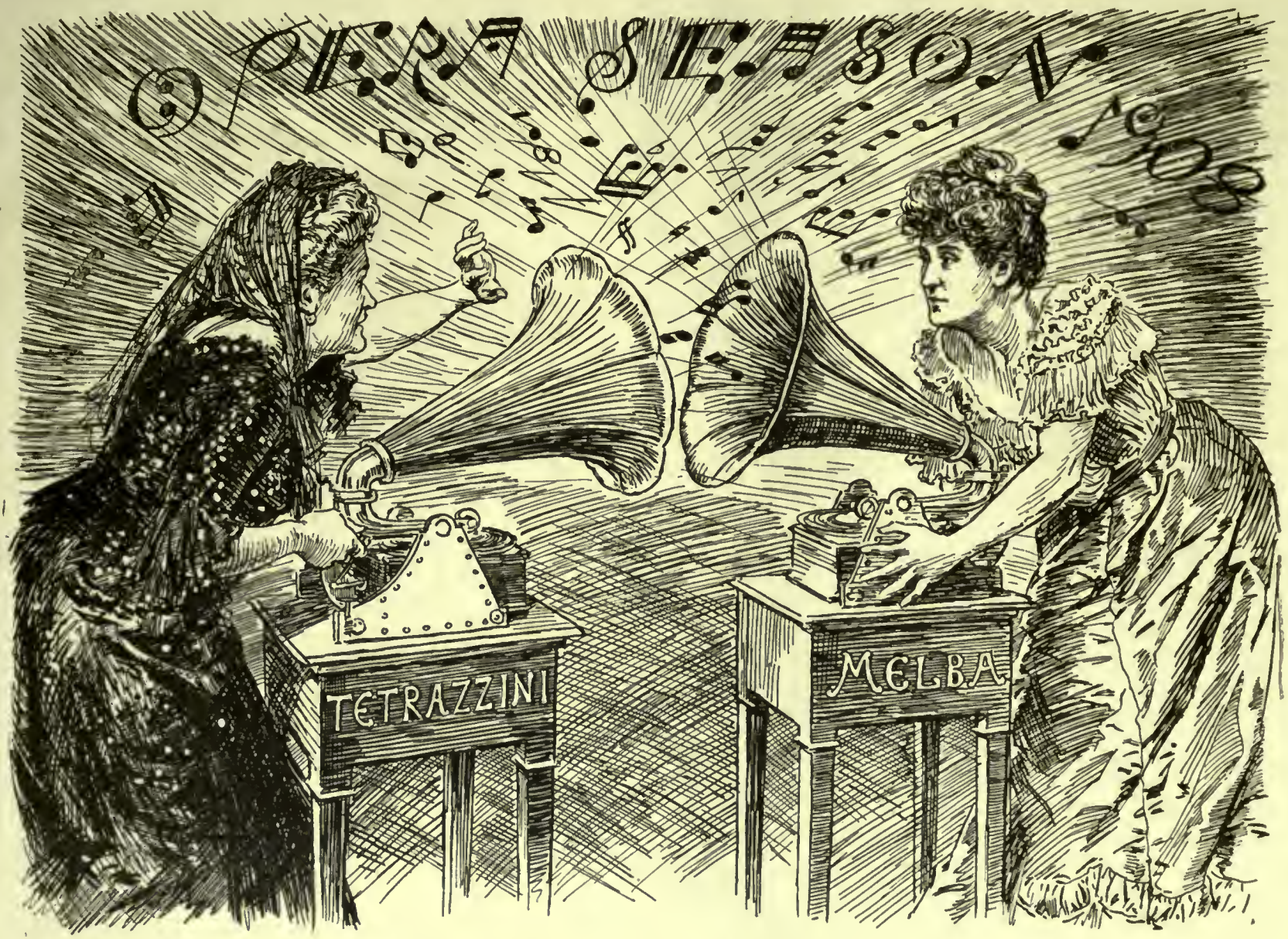
Cutting the wires was really the last straw.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein has been singing the praises of Mme. Tetrazzini in *The Daily Mail.* His E flat in alt. is as follows:

"In America she has a new audience every time she sings."

"Blackheath Golf Club was inaugurated in the year 1608, when James VI. of Scotland played on Blackheath with the English Kings."
The People.

Evidently for half-a-crown a side.



STARS IN OPPOSITION; OR, THE "RECORD" OPERATIC DUEL.



Lady Bountiful. "Well, all I can say is, Jenkins, that if these people insist on building these horrid little villas near my gates, I shall leave the place."

Jenkins. "Exactly what I told them at the meeting, your Ladyship. I said, 'Do you want to drive away the goose that lays the golden eggs?'"

BRIGHTENING THE COMMONS.

The weakness of the Unionist Parliamentary Party in the House of Commons is the subject of a spirited suggestion in a leading Review that the Easter Recess should have been utilised to bring up intellectual reinforcements. "It ought not to be beyond the resources of our Whips," cries the editor, "to find seats for such men as Mr. Hewins, Mr. L. S. Amery, and Mr. Mackinder."

We fully endorse the principle enunciated by our contemporary, but we demur to the narrowness of its application.

The great weakness, not merely of the Opposition, but of the entire House of Commons, is its lack of bright, humorous speakers.

Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., undoubtedly does his best, but he clearly suffers from overwork.

To be more specific, what the House lacks is comedians; and yet, incredible as it may appear, it is none the less true that the Mr. Mackinder whose claims are urged by our contemporary is *not* the famous Gaiety *jeune premier*, but the President of the London School of Economics!

We do not wish to belittle the talents of this erudite gentleman, but we respectfully submit that if the Conservative Whips do their duty, they will give priority to the claims of his more illustrious namesake.

Another claimant for Parliamentary honours whose title to recognition is paramount is Little Tich, whose forehead bulges with intellect, and whose skill as a clog-dancer marks him out specially as an ideal representative for a Lancashire constituency.

Think, again, of the exhilaration that would be infused into the dreary debates if Mr. Keble Howard, the modern Chicot (self-styled), were there to apostrophise Mr. Lowther as "friend the Speaker"!

But the claims of the dramatic profession, scandalously neglected though they are at present, must not be allowed a monopoly of all the vacancies that may occur. We want singers, as well as actors, to sustain the Government and hearten the Opposition during the fatigues of all-night sittings. Mr. Kennerly Rumford, with his wide knowledge of Colonial problems, Mr. Leo Stormont, the Imperialist stentor, Mr. Hayden Coffin, the nightingale of patriotic militarism—these are only a few of the names that leap to the lips in this context. We can only hope that the Conservative Whips will be sufficiently intelligent to realise how enormously they would strengthen the hold of their Party on the nation by the return of men of this stamp.

To say nothing of Mr. Chesterton.

RATHER A FARCE.

Pro Tem. (adapted by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton from M. Alfred Athis's farce *Boute-en-Train*, and produced by Mr. Cyril Maude at the Playhouse, "by arrangement with Mr. Charles Frohmann," though whether that means that he permitted Mr. Maude to produce this particular play, or permitted Mr. Hamilton to translate it, or perhaps in a general way permitted Mr. Hamilton to translate anything he liked, I cannot say for certain; nor does it matter, so long as his name is in the programme somewhere)—*Pro Tem.*, as I was saying, is funny, but I think not funny enough.

In a farce, to amuse is everything; probabilities go for nothing. Seeing that the plot of every farce turns upon some misunderstanding, this is as well; for in real life misunderstandings do not last through three Acts. You can have a short misunderstanding with a cabman, or a hotel manager in making up your bill may mistake you for a millionaire; that is about all. Hence one is not exacting in farce. One is not alarmed for the unities even when everything hinges upon the unlikely circumstance of two people both being called Brown. In *Pro Tem.* there are no Browns, for Mr. Hamilton has rightly kept to the French. But *Dodo Brezard*, coming to a small seaside hotel, is mistaken for the *Prince of Sylvania*. The results are amusing, of course, only not amusing enough.

Mr. O. B. Clarence was delightful as the hotel proprietor's factotum, *Poulette;* so long as he was on the stage everything was all right. Mr. Maude was always happy and bright, but he reminded me too much of Mr. Maude in other parts. The ladies had not much to do, but Miss Hilda Anthony "looked pretty" as the proprietor's daughter: she does this as well as anybody I know.

I must congratulate Mr. Cosmo Hamilton on his restraint; there was only one of those smart topical allusions at which he is such an adept. *Poulette* remarks that the Sylvanian Stock Exchange is closed owing to Free Trade, whereupon a dozen gentlemen, who thought they were in a music-hall, applauded faintly.

The Mikado was revived on Tuesday last at the Savoy, with Mr. Rutland Barrington in his original part of *Pooh Bah*, Mr. Lytton as the *Mikado*, and Mr. Workman as *Ko Ko*—worthy representatives of



Mr. Cyril Maude . . . . *Dodo Brezard.*
Mr. E. Lyall Swete . . . *Albert Halardier.*

three generations of Savoyards who have delighted the public these many years. *Mr. Punch* takes off his hat to Sir W. S. Gilbert and Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, and congratulates them on yet another triumph with this the best of the Savoy operas. M.

LONDON LETTERS.

IV.

Dear Charles,—Don't talk to me about politics, or the weather, or anything; I have lost my tobacco-pouch. Oh, Chas., what is to be done? It is too sad.

I bought it in a little shop at Ambleside, my first, my only friend, on the left-hand side as you go down the hill. It was descended from a brown crocodile in the male line, and a piece of india-rubber in the female; at least, I suppose so, but the man wouldn't say for certain. He called it a trade term. I smoked my first pipe from it—on the top of Scafell Pike, with all England at my feet. The ups and downs it has seen since then—the sweet-smelling briars it has met! In sickness and in sorrow it comforted me; in happiness it kept me calm. Old age came upon it slowly, beautifully. In these later years how many men have looked at it with awe; how many women have insulted it and—stitched its dear sides together!

It passed away on a Saturday, Charles; this scion of the larger *Reptilia*, which sprang into being among the mountain-tops, passed away in a third-class carriage at Dulwich! The irony of it! Even Denmark Hill—— But it matters not now I have lost it. Nor can I bear that another should take its place. Perhaps in a year or two. . . . I cannot say. . . but for the present I make shift with an envelope.

Two thoughts sustain me. First that no strange eye will recognise it as a tobacco-pouch, no strange hand (therefore) dip into it. Secondly, that the Fates, which have taken from me my dearest possession, must needs have some great happiness in store for me.

Charles, I perceive you are crying; let us turn to more cheerful things. Do you play croquet? I have just joined a croquet club (don't know why), and one of the rules is that you have to supply your own mallet. How do you do this? Of course I know that ultimately I hand a certain sum of money to a shopman, and he gives me a very awkward parcel in exchange; but what comes before that? I have often bought a bat, and though I have not yet selected one which could make runs I can generally find something which is pretty comfortable to carry back into the pavilion. But I have never chosen a mallet. What sort of weight should it be, and is it a good thing to say it "doesn't come up very well"? I have, they tell me, a tendency to bowness in the legs and am about a million round the biceps; I suppose all that is rather important? Perhaps they have their mallets classified for different customers, and you have only to describe yourself to them. I shall ask for a *Serviceable Mallet for a Blond.* "Serviceable" means that if you hit the ground very hard by accident it doesn't break; some of these highly-strung mallets splinter up at once, you know. As a matter of fact you can't miss the ball at croquet, can you? I am thinking of golf. What about having a splice with mine; is that done much? I don't want to go on to the ground looking a perfect ass with no splice, when everybody else has two or three. Croquet is a jolly game, because you don't have to worry about what sort of collar you'll wear; you just play in your ordinary things. All the same I shall have some spikes put in my boots so as not to slip. I once took in to dinner the sister of the All England Croquet Champion—I did really. Unfortunately I didn't happen to strike her subject, and she didn't strike mine—*Butterflies.* How bitterly we shall regret that evening—which was a very jolly one

all the same. Here am I, not knowing a bit how to select a mallet, and there possibly is she, having just found the egg of the Purple Emperor, labelling it in her collection as that of the Camberwell Beauty. Let this be a lesson to all of us.

CHARLES, I feel very silly to-night; I must be what they call "fey," which is why I ask you, How would you like to be a Pedigree Goat? I have just seen in an evening paper a picture of Mr. BROWN "with his Pedigree Goat." Somehow it had never occurred to me that a goat could have a pedigree; but I see now that it might be so. I think if I had to be a goat at all I should like to be a pedigree one. In a way, I suppose, every goat has a pedigree of some kind; but you would need to have a pretty distinguished one to be spoken of as a Pedigree Goat. Your father, CHARLES, would need to have had some renown among the bearded ones; your great-uncle must have been of the blood. And if this were so, I should, in your place, insist upon being photographed as a Pedigree Goat "with Mr. BROWN." Don't stand any nonsense about that.

If I ever have a goat, and you won't let me call it CHARLES, I shall call it DAVID. My eldest brother, you know, was christened DAVID, and called so for a year; but at the end of that time we had a boot and knife boy who was unfortunately named DAVID too. (I say "we," but I was still in the Herebefore myself.) This led to great confusion. When the nurse called for DAVID to come and take his bottle it was very vexing to find the other DAVID turning up with a brown shoe in one hand and a fish-knife in the other. Something had to be done. The baby was just beginning to take notice; the leather polisher had just refused to. In the circumstances the only thing was to call the baby by his second name.

Two or three years passed rapidly, and I arrived. Just as this happened the boot-boy took the last knife, and went. Now was our chance. My second name had already been fixed; it was immediately decided that my first should be DAVID. The new boot-boy didn't mind a bit; everybody else seemed delighted. . . . and then someone remembered that in twelve or thirteen years' time I should be going to a public school.

Yes, CHARLES, the initials. . . You know what boys are. . . It would have been very awkward.

And so now you see why I am going to call my pedigree goat DAVID.

A. A. M.



Genius. "AND IS THIS THE FIRST TIME YOU 'VE MET ME, DUCHESS?"

WHOSE ZOO?

[Captain Roald Amundsen, the Arctic explorer, will drive Polar bears in his sledges instead of dogs on his next expedition.—*Daily Paper.*]

SUMMONED for exceeding the speed limit with his team of tigers in Piccadilly, a Hindoo gentleman deposited a tiger in court and challenged anyone to drive it at twenty miles an hour.

The Censor has prohibited the introduction of living asps by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE into his next piece.

The Admiralty are considering the advisability of employing armoured whales and hippopotami to carry torpedoes in war time. A letter of remonstrance has already been received from the GERMAN EMPEROR.

Mr. KEIR HARDIE has raised an emphatic protest against the new Royal Panther Artillery being despatched against the Indian frontier tribes.

From the "Legal Answers" in *The Sunday Chronicle*:—

"Take 10 grains of bicarbonate of potash in an ounce of infusion of buchu three times a day, and wear a wide woollen belt."

Probably the wretched man had written up to ask if he could claim rebatement on the ground of *force majeure*; the answer will put him in a very awkward position.

The Cynic on The Hearth.

To the question: "State what kind of guest you would prefer?" addressed by the Hospitality Committee of the Pan-Anglican Conference, one answer was received: "I do not wish any guest who does not believe in everlasting punishment."

THE PIPARIAN HERESY.

"Hearing there was dissension in anti-carnivorous circles over the spread of 'piparianism,'" writes a correspondent, "I called upon Dr. Pepin, the eminent digestive scientist, in order to ascertain what is precisely the bone, or rather the pip, of contention. . . .

"'You ask me,' said Dr. Pepin, 'whether I think the Piparian theory has come to stay? May I venture in turn to ask whether you are aware of the nature of that theory?'

"'Well,' I replied, 'I understand that piparianism is the dietetic creed of those who regard nutarianism as a needlessly gross form of alimentary sustentation, and believe that by substituting the pip for the nut a more refined and equally nourishing diet can be provided.'

"'You are very nearly right. But when you say "equally nourishing" you understate the piparian claim, which is that the pip is, almost without exception, a more highly condensed form of the vital essence than the nut. You follow me?'

"'Certainly. But are not the quantity and variety of pips exceedingly limited as compared with nuts?'

"'Ah! There you touch the weakest point of the piparian system as at present practised. But this obstacle is in a fair way to early removal. Mr. Luther Burbank, who, as you are probably aware, has introduced the pipless apple into commerce, is expected to produce an appleless pip of a size commensurate with the fleshy envelope thus displaced, and it is practically certain that by judicious crossing a large variety of giant pips will be attainable. A similar process will no doubt succeed as well in the case of the *Orangeadæ*, or citronic group, as in that of the *Cideraceæ*. And, moreover, the resources of chemistry are quite equal to the piptonisation of many food substances not naturally piptonic.'

"'I suppose, then, that at present the pip is usually employed rather as an adjunct to the nut than as a complete diet in itself?'

"'By many people. I myself am not yet a strict piparian. Indeed, only this morning I ate part of a brazil-nut at breakfast. Yet I believe it is far better for the piparian to restrain the occasional desire for the coarser indulgence of general fruitarian nutrition.'

"'Thank you. May I now ask if you will give me a few particulars concerning the ordinary meals of a piparian?'

"'Certainly. Suppose I tell you what I and my family—whom I never allow to transgress in the direction of nut-foods—had on our table yesterday. Let me see. For breakfast we had hot-pip broth, pip-flour scones spread with pipper, and orange-pipskin tea. For luncheon—or rather dinner, for it is our principal meal—we had *pipkin-au-feu*, a savoury stew of pippose forcemeat, followed by a pipsy cake, and a dessert of roasted lime-pips, a delicious finish to any meal. Tea, save for the absence of broth and the presence of a dish of appetising piprock cakes, resembled breakfast. Supper was a light meal, consisting of lemon-pipwiches, and pear-pip tartlets, with pipley water to drink. You will gather that, to use the common parlance, we did ourselves well.'

"'Undoubtedly. But now, and it is almost the last question I will trouble you with, is it true that a special disease not infrequently attacks piparians? I have heard——'

"'You may take it from me that the cases of the disease to which you refer are so rare that the liability to contract it is exceedingly remote. Of course, there is no denying that the very name of that complaint points to its connection with a piparian diet. But, as I have said, the pip is so uncommon a disease among human beings—and it is a remarkable fact that even in the lower orders of creatures only parallelo pipeds are subject to it—as to be no more a bar to piparianism than is chicken-pox to the eating of spring-poultry.'

"'In conclusion, Dr. Pepin, can you give me any idea as to the extent to which the piparian diet has been taken up in this country?'

"'One instance alone will give you a pretty fair notion of the widespread popularity of the new diet,' replied the distinguished foodist. 'You will readily admit that motorists are just now the most prominent type among the upper classes. Well, I am not only frequently informed, but I know from personal experience that so much is the growing piparianism of motorists a matter of notoriety that even the children in village streets are accustomed to chaff them as they dash past, calling out "Pip! Pip!" in every key of childish treble. Ah! there goes the dinner gong. I am sure Mrs. Pepin will be delighted if—— No? You have an appointment. Well, perhaps another time. I am very glad if I have been of any use to you.'

"I thanked the famous scientist for his courtesy and information, and hailing a taxi-pip, went off to lunch at the club."

THE BRITISH TERRI-ERS.

(A long way after the "Vicar of Bray.")

When Good Victoria ruled this land,
Lest England were invaded,
The Volunteers, that gallant band,
They mustered and paraded,
They learned to fight, they learned to shoot,
Their aim was true and steady;
Had foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man had answered "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers,
In "sections," "line," or "fours," sir,
The Volunteers for fifty years
Safeguarded England's shores, sir.

Now Great King Edward rules this land
(No nobler King wore crown, sir),
The Volunteers *as* Volunteers
No longer come to town, sir,
For Mr. Haldane boiled them down,
(At first they thought it sin, sir),
But what came out of his melting-pot
Is as good as what went in, sir.
For this is law I will maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That though the Volunteer has gone,
The "Terrier" 's come to stay, sir.

The Volunteers were true and tough,
No foe were they afraid of;
But 'tis the same old fighting stuff
The Territorial 's made of.
He knows his work, he 's learned to shoot,
His aim is straight and steady,
Let foemen come, at roll of drum
Each man will answer "Ready!"
Then give three cheers for the Volunteers
And the Territorial Army,
While *that* 's your Second Fighting Line,
Old England, none can harm ye!

LESSONS WE MIGHT LEARN FROM THE STAGE.



AS A MAN'S FRIENDS *MIGHT* LISTEN TO HIS LATEST LOVE AFFAIR.



AS THEY DO.



ECHOES OF VARNISHING DAY.

R. A. Attendant (who has been fetching and carrying for Exhibitor for some time). "Well, is there anything else I can bring you?" *Skied Painter.* "Er—a Buyer!"

SHOULD ONE LEND ONE'S CAR?

Interesting Correspondence.

The question, Should or should not a gentleman consent when asked by a friend to lend him his car, is one which never fails to excite warm discussion in motoring circles. Under the impression that it cannot be too widely considered we print the following letters:—

Dear Sir,—I have long made it a rule never to lend a first folio of Shakspeare, and I don't think it has cost me the friendship of any one worth considering. I should extend this principle to a motor-car.

Yours, etc.,
Sidney Lee.

Dear Sir,—It depends on the friend. There are some friends to whom it would be a clever thing to lend a car—provided the car was in a sufficiently unsatisfactory condition, and the steering gear liable to lock. I keep several cars for this purpose.

Yours, etc.,
Timon.

Dear Sir,—My answer is No. I did it once, and am still having to pay for it. The friend who borrowed it was most reckless, and the car was returned to me with little pieces of pedestrian all over the wheels. He is now in prison, and I am in bankruptcy.

Yours, etc.,
"Never Again."

Dear Sir,—I should say No. The best way, if you do not wish to run the risk of offending your friend, is to promise it to him and then arrange an accident to the car trifling in character but sufficient to keep it in dock till the horrible day is over. The trouble is that if this occurs often he will begin to suspect your *bona fides*, and that, of course, among friends, is beastly.

Yours, etc.,
"One Who Knows."

Dear Sir,—I never lend my car.

Yours, etc.,
Keir Hardie.

Dear Sir,—Never having had a car I cannot say; but if for car you read toothbrush I should reply No.

Yours, etc.,
Constant Reader.

Dear Sir,—I have found it very profitable to lend a car, if it is lent to a man at once wealthy, open-handed, and a fool. I obtain a guarantee as to repairs before he starts, and in this way I have succeeded in getting several old concerns made as good as new. I was only had once, when the friend was so suspicious and ungenerous as to have the car overhauled before he started, and then he said quite plainly that on second thoughts he would not borrow it at all.

Yours, etc.,
Nathan Lewinski.

Dear Sir,—In my opinion it depends largely upon the size of the friend. I once lent my car to Mr. G. K. Chesterton and Dr. W. G. Grace, and the results were terrible. But a slim believer in Eugenics may have it any day.

Yours, etc.,
C. W. Saleeby.

Dear Sir,—I know little of motor-cars, but I once borrowed a pantechnicon and it led to lots of trouble.

Yours, etc.,
Christabel Pankhurst.

"The present market price of a four-legged duck is £5. It has been stolen once."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

This paragraph came to us from the blue, without a word of warning from the Editor. Anybody with the dramatic instinct less strongly developed would have led up to it gradually.



THE BLOT ON THE BILL.

The Real Sufferer (*to* Mr. Asquith). "IF YOU WANT TO HELP *US*, YOU WILL CLOSE *THAT* AS WELL AS THE PUBLIC-HOUSE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—One of the most difficult tasks from time to time falling to lot of Ministers or ex-Ministers is that of worthily, appropriately, lamenting death of a great statesman. On a memorable occasion DIZZY, not in this or other respects habitually "conscious of his own infirmity," borrowed a passage from a funeral speech delivered by a French orator, embodying it in his own composition. In modern times GLADSTONE was supreme in the field. His speech on the death of PEEL, with felicitous quotation of WALTER SCOTT's lines on PITT, beginning, "Now is the stately column broke," not only lives in English history but adorns English literature. ROSEBERY is a master of this branch of an art in whose various developments he equally shines. PRINCE ARTHUR holds a worthy place in the small companionship.

To-night ASQUITH was enrolled in it.

Scene in House quietly impressive. Benches filled on both sides. Every man in decent mourning; all heads bared when the PRIME MINISTER, in voice broken with emotion, sounded the opening notes of his lament. Had written out his speech. Manuscript lay before him on the desk; skilfully avoided appearance of reading. The verses from WOTTON with which he finally rounded off his speech were declaimed without a glance at the manuscript. When he resumed his seat a murmur of cheers from both sides paid tribute to one of the finest funeral orations spoken from the familiar place within the memory of the oldest Member. Listeners felt how happily its conception and style were attuned to the simple character of the man they mourned.

With the exception of moving the adjournment on the day of C.-B.'s death, this was ASQUITH'S first appearance as Premier. It will have permanent effect on the relations between himself and the House. Hitherto Members had been accustomed to regard him as a man of iron compared with fellow-mortals of flesh and blood. His intellectual capacity freely conceded, what was lamented was apparent absence of the grand emotion that sometimes flooded GLADSTONE'S speeches, or the mellow humour that illumined C.-B.'s Parliamentary manner. Listening to him this afternoon, watching his struggles to master his emotion as he thought of the friend who was gone, the House discovered it had made a mistake. It began to suspect it is shyness that has been accountable for ASQUITH'S habitually cold manner, his studious restraint of anything approaching emotion.

The error corrected will not hereafter prevail. The revelation suddenly flashed upon the House will have miraculous influence in smoothing the way of the new Premier.

Business done.—House, meeting after Easter recess, forthwith adjourned in reverent token of memory of C.-B.

Tuesday.—French Premier, looking down from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, much struck by singular breadth of mind with which British legislator approaches consideration of controversial questions. To-day the hosts met in battle array round Licensing Bill. On one side measure is denounced as ruthless attack on rights of property. On the other it is upheld as effort designed in best interests of the public to diminish drunkenness.

Second reading of Bill first order of the day. Before it is reached there is sort of reconnaissance in force conducted by Members presenting petitions for and against the Bill. Among them is GORDON HARVEY, Member for Rochdale.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, "I beg to present a petition from 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire in favour of the Bill." Looking again at the document, he hastily added, "I mean against the Bill."

Did this changed condition of



"ROBBERY! CONFISCATION! SPOLIATION!" ETC., ETC., ETC.

Bung: "Lor, wot a nice, kind gen'l'man that there Mr. Cave do be . . . An' 'ow LOVELY 'e do talk! 'Pon my word, when 'e was a-talkin' about me I felt like a sort of Joan of Harc, I did;—I halmos' fancied as I could *'ear voices* an' such like!"

(Mr. G. Cave, K.C., and his grateful client.)



"QUEL PEUPLE!"

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery.



"We have deep and even turbulent streams to cross before we come to the end of our journey. But we know where we are going—(loud cheers)—and we shall not lose our way." (Renewed cheers.)

(Mr. Asquith at the Reform Club, April 30.)

affairs affect the tone or attitude of the hon. Member? Not a bit of it. Nor was he disturbed by fresh discovery made. Whilst the petition purported to come from North-East Derbyshire, he found, as he put it, that "the signatories hailed" from Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places—as if there could be many other places.

"*Quel peuple!*" M. Clemenceau murmured under his breath as he closely watched the countenance and bearing of Member for Rochdale. "What a nation! What *sangfroid!* Or, as I believe they write it on their menus, what *chaudfroid!* Here is a Member finds himself entrusted with presentation of a petition on burning question of day. He announces it as friendly to a certain Bill. Whilst Ministerialists cheer, glorying in approval of 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, he looks again at petition and finds it is against the Bill. Is he flustered? Does he drop on floor and, like Beerbohm Tree in *Merchant of Venice*, rend his garments or, by preference in the case of a business man, those of his neighbours? *Pas du tout.* Trojan and Tyrian are one to him. He calmly announces that so far from petition being in favour of the Bill, it is hostile to it. Whereupon the crest of Opposition rises. They cheer in turn.

"This gives Monsieur from Rochdale fresh opportunity of studying petition. What does he now find? Why, that the 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire 'hail' (or, as some would say, 'rain') from other places scattered about the island. Surely this upsets Rochdale? Ah! *nous autres* do not understand *ces Anglais.* Rochdale thinks it well casually to mention the matter. This done, he walks up to Table and drops into pendent sack (hence, *le membre pour Sark, homme très gentil,* tells me, comes the phrase 'giving it the sack') a petition which is at once against Licensing Bill, is in its favour, and is signed by 1,300 inhabitants of North-East Derbyshire, who live in Birmingham, London, Sittingbourne, West Hartlepool, Doncaster, Burton-on-Trent, and other places."

Business done.—Premier moves second reading of Licensing Bill.

Friday.—Rees (of India), fortunate at the ballot, gives notice to call attention to length of speeches in debate. No new thing this. Whilst Carne Rasch was still with us, he, session after session, protested against the practice. Once he found opportunity of moving resolution affirming desirability of limiting duration. In admirable argument, for whose exposition ten minutes sufficed, he supported his plea. Might have carried his motion but for unforeseen, unfortunate accident. Hon. friend who seconded it so carried away by conviction of its soundness, so angered with habitual transgressors, that he was on his legs for full forty minutes. This rather threw chill over proceedings, fatally checking Carne Rasch's crusade.

Example better than precedent, or even abstract resolution. Asquith's accession to Premiership likely to have important influence upon practice in this matter. It was Mr. G. who, more than forty years ago, set and saw established practice of prodigiously lengthened speeches. Example was fatal to that child of Nature, Dizzy. He was unapproachable when, according to earlier habit, he confined himself to twenty minutes or at most half an hour for delivery of speech. With Mr. G. taking five hours and a-half for exposition of Budget, never making interiectory remark in debate of less than an hour's length, it would not do for Dizzy to be content with his modest measure of time. He sometimes held forth by the hour, and was comparatively ineffective accordingly.

Asquith goes back to the time limit of Dizzy's prime. Rarely exceeds half an hour; commonly demonstrates to observant audience how (apparently) easy it is to pack into twenty minutes masterly conglomeration of argument, illustration, persuasion. Never a superfluous word in his speeches, and yet everything said.

Prince Arthur of the same cult. Something more bounteous in wealth of words: never uses them for purposes of marking time. With these two shining examples in high places there is promise of new style of Parliamentary debate when, to quote from a classic, we shall "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses."

Business done.—Discussion on Dilke's Bill dealing with shop hours of labour.

The Press on Albert Square, Manchester.

"The people were literally packed together like herrings in a barrel. I am assured by those who know the capacity of the square that the crowd numbered certainly not less than 20,000."—*Morning Post.*

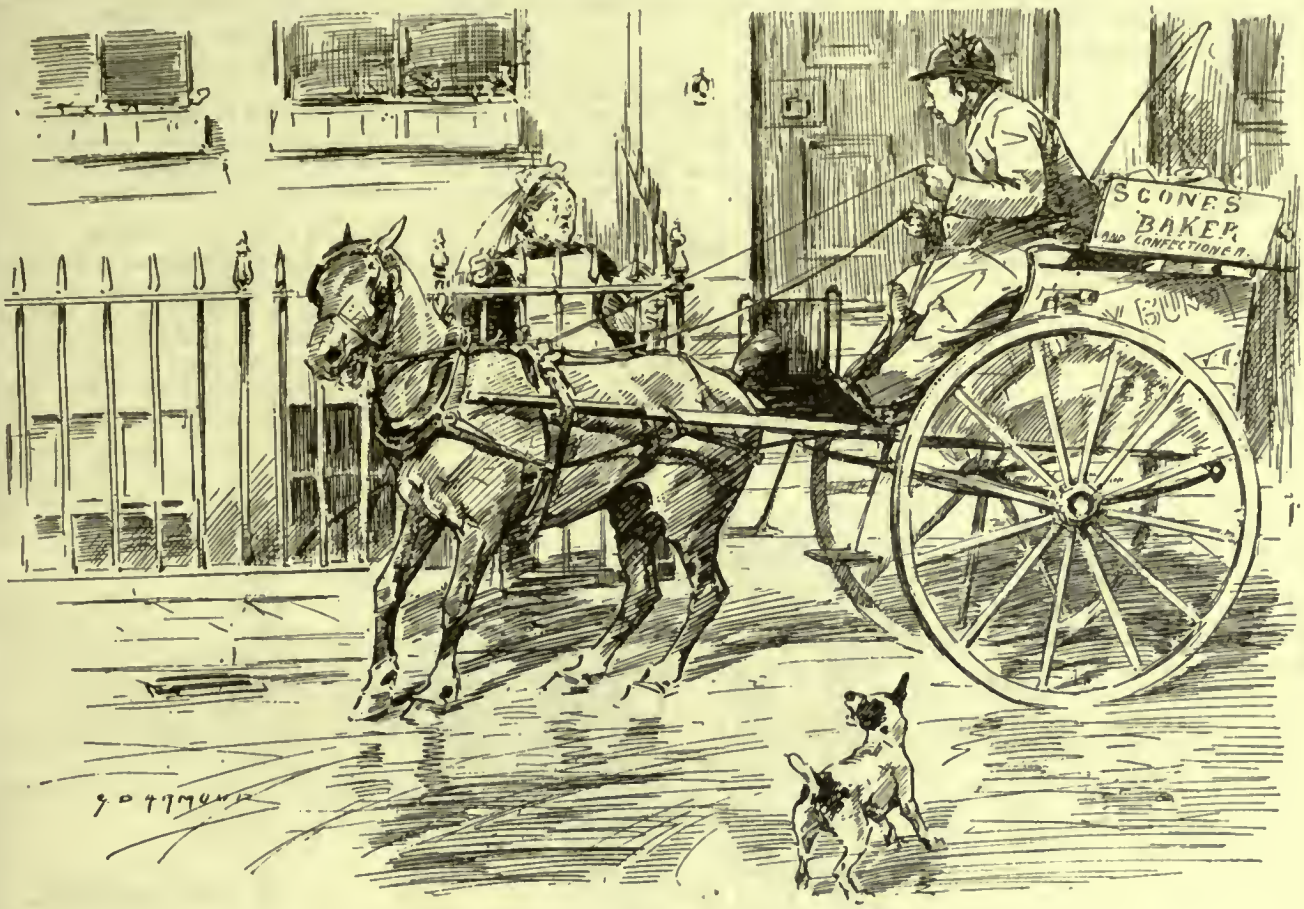
"It is hard to calculate how many were packed in it, but at any rate there must have been 50,000."—*Daily Mail.*

"The crowd must have numbered about 100,000, probably more. When Albert Square is crammed, it can accommodate 200,000 persons."—*Daily Telegraph.*

From a story by a woman writer in *The Westminster Gazette*:—

"There were five men in the room, all regarding one another with that glaring affability usual to clubs. Two of them were smoking, leaning back in their chairs and gaping at the ceiling. Another lay stretched on the sofa, the book he had been reading lying open across his sleeping face. The fourth was writing what appeared to be a most important despatch. . . . The fifth was sitting right in the window, gazing into Pall Mall."

This is how we usually regard one another in clubs.



UPHOLDING THE DIGNITY OF THE BENCH.

Cook. "Wot 'ave you got that thing in your 'at for?"
Baker's Boy. "That's all right, Cookie. They've made the Guv'nor a J.P."

MAXSE.

[The publication in the May issue of the *National Review* of Mr. Gladstone's *vers de société* on "Margot" must be our excuse for printing the subjoined translation of a spirited unpublished poem by an August Personage which has enjoyed a considerable vogue in Court circles in Berlin.]

When the Reichstag is up, and poor Buelow is able
To win a brief respite from wrangling with Bebel,
Though I steer for the Mediterranean or Black Sea,
I cannot escape the surveillance of Maxse.

If I go to Corfu in the search of some rest,
He discovers a sinister aim in the quest;
And though other opponents their efforts relax, he
Allows me no quarter, does Leopold Maxse.

I 've long wished to visit the home of Hall Caine,
A mau of stupendous, Shakspearean brain;
But were I to land near the village of Laxey,
'Twould poison the island, according to Maxse.

If I wish Schopenhauer or Kant to discuss
With Haldane or Tweedmouth, he kicks up a fuss;
And when Avebury begs him to bury the axe, he
Replies, "Go to Potsdam," does Editor Maxse.

I 'd love to run over to London *incog.*,
And chat with Lord Esher, that humorous dog;
I 'd like to go whizzing about in a taxi,
If it weren't for the risk of detection by Maxse.

I can speak in six languages, paint and compose;
I can scribble in verse just as fast as in prose;
I can eat mutton cold—when it isn't too braxy;
But I cannot allay the suspicions of Maxse.

Do I favour the Junkers or yield to the mob,
Do I flatter the Tsar or with Abdul hobnob,
Is my attitude prudish or Maréchal Saxe-y—
It 's exactly the same to this truculent Maxse.

How then shall I please this implacable foe
Whose censure pursues me wherever I go?
Shall I shave my moustache, so ferociously waxy,
In the hope of appeasing the anger of Maxse?

Alas! such expedients are destined to fail,
Against such resentment no arts can prevail.
And unless I retire to remote Cotopaxi,
I never shall win the approval of Maxse.

"'F. C.' (Croydon).—The present Crown Prince of Germany was the Duchess Cécile Augustine Marie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin."—*M.A.P.*

That will teach F. C. not to ask silly questions.

More Commercial Candour.

Notice in a Leeds ready-made clothing shop:—

Smart Attire
Proclaims the Gent.

HOW TO GET A MOTOR-CAR FOR NOTHING.

By Uncle Ephraim.

I.

I want to talk to you a little about my Motor-car. Now I am, speaking temporally, a poor man: how comes it, then, that I own a nice clean motor-car? I will tell you in a little while.

II.

I dare say all of you wish that you, too, had Motor-cars; but, being good Britishers, you swallow your bitter pills of vexation like sensible men and women.

III.

Now I am going to tell you something: I got my Motor-car without paying for it. No, I did not steal it, because that would not have been British.

IV.

We could all have Motor-cars if we wished. Yes, even though you are a poor man (as I am, speaking temporally), you could have one and not pay for it, and still not do anything un-British.

V.

Now how must you set about getting your Motor-car? Well, I will tell you. You must make it yourself. It is a matter of home industry.

VI.

But, you say, the things to make it with will cost money. But I will tell you this, that no, they will not cost money. They will not cost money, because they are not that kind of thing.

VII.

Listen to me. What I tell you is the truth. I made my Motor-car with my own things, and it took a long time. But I got it at last.

VIII.

The things that I made my Motor-car with were not Tyres and Iron and Petroleum. No, I made it with Temperance, Endeavour, Patriotism, and Strength, and one or two more.

IX.

You see, we are all our own Motor-cars, and we must try to make them as good as possible. That is why we have to use such unusual materials.

X.

Now I dare say you are a little disappointed that it has turned out to be this kind of Motor-car. But this is a very good kind, too, as you will see if you try it.

XI.

You see, once it is made it never breaks down. It does not fly along, I admit, but it goes quite nicely, and you have a pretty good time.

XII.

Now I want you to try and make one, just to please your Uncle Ephraim.



IN THE TRACK OF THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL MOTOR-RACE.

Denizen of the North. "Lucky we picked up this tin of condensed soup that was dropped by the pale-faces who rode the thing that stinks. We *shall* enjoy ourselves presently!"

OUR BYE-ELECTION.

"Red ruin hovered o'er us
And chaos would begin"
(So ran the pressmen's chorus)
"If Mr. Smith got in:
Contempt for such a craven,
So faithless to his vows,
Was legibly engraven
On Little Mudby's brows."

Yet though such awful reading
Might well have sent the whole
Electorate stampeding
Like bull-calves to the poll,
Through accident or error
It grieves me to relate
That loathly Rule of Terror
Was almost England's fate.

I know the strife is ended
And Mr. Potts, M.P.,
Has triumphed by a splendid
Majority of three:
But still my pulse beats faster
To think how near we came
Through one absurd disaster
To wallowing in shame.

Just at a ticklish juncture
(On top of Hangman's Head)
Our motor had a puncture
Three furlongs from the shed:
But caring more for honour
Than mere desire to mote,
The stalwart hinds upon her
Agreed to walk and vote.

So now a country smitten
With sore disease is saved,
Once more the brass-bound Briton
Declines to be enslaved:
But had that tyre exploded
Before we reached the hill,
Who knows? the storm that boded
Might brood on England still.

AN APRIL HONEYMOON.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I was married in April because all my friends told me it was unlucky to be married in May, and I should like to protest against this foolish superstition in the name of hundreds of other suffering victims besides myself. Even supposing it is bad luck to marry in May, I cannot say that, in the light of our united experience, it is particularly lucky to be married in April. Where is the luck in going to your wedding in a blizzard, and getting a long wheel mark of mud on your white satin train? Where is the luck in having one's hair out of curl all through one's honeymoon, a red tip to one's nose every time one goes out, not to mention hiding one's trousseau frocks under a mackintosh cloak; and finally where is the luck of having a husband who pays such unremitting attention to the cold in his head that one gets justifiably jealous of the quinine bottle?

It is said one must learn by experience; but there is no comfort even in that when one is denied a chance of doing differently another time.

Yours forlornly, April Bride.

A VOTER'S WOES.

I am a voter. Please don't blame me for it. Blame this wretched climate which compels me to live in a house. Though on second thoughts I must admit that I am partly responsible for my misfortune. I might have appeared before the revising barrister and objected to myself as an alien. It would not have been true; but then most objections to voters are not true, so I don't see that it would have mattered.

But anyhow I have a vote, and, worse luck, it is in a critical constituency on which the Government has forced a by-election. I should have voted against the Government on this account if I had not borne an equal grudge to the Opposition for contesting the seat. And in this constituency I am set down by both political parties as "Doubtful"—a waverer, as *Mr. Pott*, of Eatanswill, would have said. I am the pendulum, and I don't know which way to swing. Every paper I take hold of has an appeal to me either to support a great, virtuous enlightened Government, or to overthrow a set of unscrupulous thieving brigands. When I look for news of county cricket prospects I come across these tremendous appeals, and they unnerve me. I wish Providence had made me a voteless Suffragette. But the Leagues annoy me most. The United Kingdom Alliance demonstrated before my house by sending a waggon-load of dirty barefooted children with a banner "Less Beer — More Boots." My wife ordered me to vote against the Temperance Party on the ground that the presence of these children might give the baby small-pox. An hour later the same children appeared in another waggon—these infant politicians will do anything for a ride—as publicans' children ruined by the Licensing Bill. I was ordered instantly to vote against the Beer Party as well.

Then, again, now that Mr. Balfour has defined his position, I believe that I am the only person in England without fixed ideas on the Fiscal Question. I am the common battlefield of Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. My head is a maze of figures—all inaccurate—twelve million starving people in England—twenty million unemployed in the States—happy lot of the German worker—black bread and horse-flesh sausages—Germany bankrupt—England triumphant—England ruined by German traders—large loaf and no wages—large wages and no loaf. For my own part I am in favour of a Royal Commission to enquire into the Fiscal Problem, conditionally on its not reporting for fifty years. By that time I hope to be out of the reach of fiscal squabbles.

Then there was the Barmaids' League—it was cruel for them to canvass me. They may be right in their views, but my wife insists that the hussies would never have dared to call unless I had made their acquaintance previously. And there were twelve of them. Twelve barmaids take a lot of accounting for. This, too, made trouble with other lady canvassers, for they were all regarded as barmaids and refused access to me. So the Suffragettes rang my door-bell for two hours, till I imagined myself a Cabinet Minister without salary.

I dared not leave my house by day for fear of being torn to pieces by the conflicting stalwarts of the Coal Consumers' League and the Miners' Federation. When I went out for a stroll at night a representative of the Anti-Tea Duty League waylaid me, and a Humanitarian League canvasser threatened me with personal violence because I would not pledge myself to the candidate who supported the Abolition of Flogging (Wife-beaters) Bill. As for the Anti-Vaccination League, I reserve my opinion of their conduct till I know whether my dog, which snapped up the sample of vaccinated veal they left me, survives.

Well, I voted. I wavered till the last moment. But the representative of the Better Weather League caught me on my way to the poll, and on his representation that there was no hope for the cricket season unless I plumped for Snooks I gave that gentleman my suffrage.

And now I am puzzled as to whether I am an illiterate, benighted, bigoted, beer-sodden voter in a slum-suburb, or whether I am an enlightened, high-minded, patriotic resident in one of England's great commercial and intellectual centres.



RESOURCE.

Facetious Youth. "Hi! I say! Your beastly thing says one-and-eight, and I've only got eighteenpence. Just back a bit till you work off the extra twopence, will you?"

"The grace and refinement, or nothing there is nothing because to prepare for it or nothing to the melody and the humour of his music must please every taste."—*The Referee.*

This sums up the situation perfectly, and it only remains to add "or nothing."

"No matter how the form may change, the unalterable law of things has said that the essence must ever remain the same here, and that essence is such of the soul of truth as the heart may absorb and reflect in an expression which never does more than half-justice to what the heart feels at the time."

Daily Chronicle.

Obviously.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In preparing for the writing of *Hyde Park: Its History and Romance* (Eveleigh Nash), Mrs. Alec Tweedie has made exhaustive research, consulting all the records dealing with the Park from and before the day when Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn went there a-hunting. The result is not only a complete description of the locality, but the presentation of a series of social and historical pictures going back to Tudor days. Amongst other familiar names cropping up is that of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who raised the standard of rebellion in protest against the Spanish marriage of Queen Mary. Coming up from Kent, he and his men "marched all night through the rain without food, and tired and wet reached Hyde Park Corner early in the morning of the 7th of February, 1554." Mrs. Tweedie does not mention the circumstance, but one may surmise that Wyatt was surprised to find no throng of 'buses, not to mention motor cars, at the Corner. In their absence he and his men were obliged to walk to Charing Cross. In connection with habits at the dinner table in the time of Henry VIII. Mrs. Tweedie quotes Erasmus, who, in his discourse *On Behaviour at Meals*, insists that "it is very rude. . . . to wipe your fingers on your neighbour's coat." There is a good deal to be said for this injunction. Not the least interesting chapter in a fascinating book is devoted to the grim chronicles of Tyburn. The last man hanged in this now fashionable quarter passed away on the 7th of November, 1783. Thereafter Newgate had a turn. A number of old prints and maps contribute to the interest and value of the book.



Advice from the Borough Council in the Entrance Hall to the Municipal Buildings.

It is to be hoped that Ealing is sufficiently grateful for the delicate hint.

Three Miss Graemes (Murray) is a title that recalls (if you say it slowly enough) the tragic melody of the blind mice, and as a matter of fact the ladies in question were almost as ingenuous in their manners, though not so unhappy in their fate, as those ill-advised rodents. Miss Macnaughtan has given them an island on the west coast of Scotland for their upbringing—a place where they learnt French and history but nothing at all about the world except the "latest winners," which interested their papa in his solitude. From here, orphaned and nearly penniless, they are introduced into the house of *Lady Parfield*, and made acquainted with the barbarous customs of London, S.W. I don't think this book is as good as the *Lame Dog's Diary*, for there is a suggestion of farce about one or two of the characters, and whereas one expected to make friends with a whole trio of *ingénues*, *Agatha* appears only for a short while, and I should not know *Jean* if I met her. But their innocence of Metropolitan life gives rise to some very amusing situations, and *Mrs. Batt* and *Mrs. Jocelyn*, who come under the category of "poor relations," are cleverly drawn. Also there is a moment of suspense at the end, when we are not sure whether *Major Hanbury* will despatch a tiresome little expedition into the heart of Thibet or somewhere before getting back to the business of proposing to *Helen*. To ascertain this, it is quite worth while to read *Three Miss Graemes*, and see how they run.

There are a good many paths open to rebels, and Mr. Reginald Farrer gives a pleasing selection of them in *The Ways of Rebellion* (Arnold). Rebellion depends a good deal on the point of view. Thus, when you are born to great estates and have innumerable titled relatives, you are a rebel if you throw over the lot and go in for social reform on new lines. That is the path which *Michael Hallibon* took, and nothing that could be said about him by Society was bad enough. Another way to rebel is to decamp with the right man after having married the wrong one. *Elinor* went that way. She married *John*, and went off with *Michael*, simply because she felt she must. *Michael* died, and *John*, well satisfied when she told him all about it, took her back, and loved her all the more for her honesty. Personally, I think that is rather revolutionary too, though it doesn't actually count among the author's "ways," because he takes a great deal of trouble with his psychology, and succeeds very cleverly in making *John* plausible. Indeed, he makes all the characters plausible, from that dignified, quaint little figure, *Princess Anne Komnena* and the rest of the host of clearly drawn minor persons, to the ascetic *Michael* and beautiful, majestic *Elinor* herself, who is quite a dear, in spite (or perhaps because) of that light-hearted carelessness of hers, which to her own surprise does incalculable harm to people who don't deserve it.



STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

The election expenses of a candidate are pretty heavy. According to the *Manchester Evening Chronicle* Mr. Dan Irving's votes worked out at thirty shillings each. It was just as well that he didn't poll any more.

Great Bowlers: Their Methods at a Glance.

Mr. Lugton in *The Scottish Review* on a certain nut-brown, black-haired cricketer:—

"His deliveries were generally dead on, full-pitched, and occasionally broke with a twist from both sides"

SAGES OF CHELSEA.

[According to *The Daily Mail* neither DICKENS nor *The Jungle Book* are ever asked for in the children's reading-room of the Chelsea Free Library. The ages of its *habitués* vary from five to sixteen, and during the year many applications were made for works dealing with science, sociology, fine arts and religion.]

O AGE of light and learning!
O worthy of all praise,
When Wisdom's torch is burning
With such a brilliant blaze;
When Youth, no more benighted,
Declines to grow excited
O'er rubbish that delighted
Our simple boyhood days.

While yet brief knickerbockers
Left bare my nether limbs,
My favourite fare was shockers
And fairy tales of GRIMM'S;
Boys' books I had in plenty
To fill my *far niente*,
VERNE, BALLANTYNE, and HENTY
Amused my youthful whims.

But when on those romances
That our young fancy took
The enlightened babe now glances,
Contemptuous grows his look.
No more the infant vogue is
For fairies, imps, or bogies,
And only old, old fogeys
Will read the *Jungle Book*.

Where Indians, wildly whirling
Red tomahawks to kill,
Set my young scalp-locks curling
With many a glorious thrill,
The hair of these young sages
Of tender, tender ages,
Curls as they turn the pages
Of NIETSCHE, SPENCER, MILL.

Now, bidding youth defiance,
The big-browed bantlings pore
O'er works of social science
And strange eugenic lore.
Ignoring prams and nurses
The learned babe immerses
His soul in controversies
About the Open Door.

O happy, happy nation,
Where culture so can thrive,
Where one finds Education
So very much alive;
Where, by the grace of heaven,
We 've savants of eleven,
Deep scientists of seven,
Philosophers of five!

"Wanted a young man for farm work; must be able to drive, milk, float; live in winter."
Agricultural Times.

Employer: And can you float and live in the winter?

Applicant: Well, sir, I 've had experience. I had a job in April in the Thames Valley. (*Engaged.*)



He (alluding to music the band is playing). "THIS IS THAT NEW WALTZ YOUR SISTER WAS RAVIN' ABOUT. IT SEEMS TO *ME* RATHER ROTTEN. I EXPECT SHE MUST HAVE DANCED IT WITH SOMEBODY RATHER NICE."

In a Liverpool shop window:

"This beautiful oil-painting, only 21*s.* The price will be reduced 6*d.* every week until sold."

Everything comes to him who waits. We are thinking of waiting forty-two weeks.

"For Sale, Trap to seat four, no room for same."—*Derby Daily Telegraph.*

It would have been much funnier not to have said anything until afterwards.

Heard after the First Act of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum:

Elderly Lady: Yes, I think it is very nice; the words are so pretty.

"The ball beat the bat at Cambridge, but the bat didn't do very well."—*Daily Mirror.*

It is with these significant words that *The Daily Mirror* opens the cricket season.

"The most astounding example of Nature's power to jump into a new season when the leash is off was to be seen in the hop."
Daily Mail.

Naturally.

"Gentleman's Bicycle, cost £16; sale £210, or near offer."—*Portsmouth Evening News.*

One might offer £195, for instance, in confidence that it would not be rejected offhand.

ENGLAND'S WEAK SPOT.

[Dedicated to my host and hostess of Jerez de la Frontera in gratitude for the best luncheon I ever handled.]

All roads to England ultimately lead
(Mostly by water, which is often rough),
And there a man may buy his every need,
Including all the best exotic stuff.
This thought has cheered me up in many places
When sick to death of bargaining with foreign races.

Take Spain. You want mantillas, broidered shawls,
Or clattering castanets? Why cross the foam?
Why hunt for spoil among Alhambra's halls
When we've our own Alhambra here at home?
Yet there are spots on even England's sun,
And her indifference to sherry-wine is one.

Can she provide that potion, pale and *sec*,
Dear solace of my exile eve and morn?
Or let that liquid amber lave my neck
Sampled in Jerez where the same was born?
Never of that divine exalting glow
Can they be cognisant who only England know.

Great memories haunt the traveller fresh from Spain—
Córdoba's shrine by Paynim knees impressed;
The minaret towering over Seville's fane;
Nevada in her dazzling ermine dressed—
Precious are these; yet cannot they efface
The memory of a meal for which I still say grace.

Ah! luscious *déjeuner* and long drawn-out
With ever some fresh tap of mellower age
(Each one a surer antidote to gout);
And then to view the barrels, stage on stage,
Whereof the fumes, enjoyed by inspiration,
Would furnish of themselves a liberal education!

England, you underrate this noble juice!
And let me tell you frankly, heart to heart—
If still, when I have left you no excuse,
You spurn the highest, then we two must part;
I shall elope to Andalucian Jerez
And rent a vine, and sit beneath its sherry-berries.

O. S.

THE CULT OF THE MICROBE.

After Dr. John Eyre's lecture last month to the Members of the Institute of Hygiene on "Beneficent Bacteria," it was simply inevitable that there should be some change in the general attitude. Till then, most of us had no idea of drawing any distinctions between them; we included them all in a vague antipathy and distrust. But Dr. Eyre has compelled us to realise how cruelly many most respectable micro-organisms have been misunderstood. So far from infecting us with disease, it seems that they are actually defending us from it! And millions of industrious microbes are also rendering invaluable services in the manufacture of foodstuffs and textile fabrics, in the tanning of leather and the curing of tobacco! So it is not surprising that, by way of reaction, we should be tempted to apotheosise the blameless Bacillus, or that the Press (always responsive to the latest trend of popular opinion) should combine to boom him for all he is worth. But really there *are* limits. *Mr. Punch* cannot help thinking that the thing is being just a little overdone. For it is becoming impossible to open one's daily paper now without coming across such paragraphs as these:—

Brixton's Brave Bacterium.

"Early yesterday morning, Mr. George Stodgkinson, 15, Eaton Crescent, Brixton, discovered that his interior was being violently disturbed by a gang who are believed to have effected an entrance under cover of a pork-pie of more than usual indigestibility. Mr. Stodgkinson owes his life, which was for a time in serious danger, to the vigilance and courage of a lactic acid bacterium, who had cleverly concealed himself on the premises in some curdled milk. After a desperate struggle the intruders were eventually overcome, and the bacterial benefactor, with characteristic modesty, withdrew without leaving either name or address. Mr. Stodgkinson, though still suffering from the shock, was able to go up to business as usual."

Millions of Bermondsey Microbes Idle To-Day.

"To-day all the bacilli engaged in the Bermondsey tanneries are out on strike, as a protest, we understand, against the excessive length of their working-day. The campaign is being conducted, so far, with dignity and quiet. If it is the fact that a microbe is expected to labour for twenty-four hours a day, this obviously leaves him but little time either for recreation or self-improvement, and the strikers may be assured of sympathy from the Public. Considering that, as Dr. Eyre has demonstrated, the tanning industry depends entirely on bacterial co-operation for its successful prosecution, the employers will be wise in adopting a more conciliatory attitude. It seems to us that this is eminently one of those disputes in which the President of the Board of Trade should be asked to intervene."

Sons of the Soil!

"A scene of unusual interest, we learn from a correspondent at Fallofield, Blightshire, occurred yesterday afternoon on the platform of the local railway station, where one of our most respected residents and agriculturists, Mr. Charlock, welcomed the first detachment of bacterial fertilisers whom he had been anxiously expecting from London to assist him in the improvement of his land. The sturdy little fellows, who arrived punctually by the 3.35, seemed little the worse for their long journey, and, after being conveyed in one of Farmer Charlock's own vehicles to the scene of their operations, were immediately set to work on the soil. It may be confidently hoped that the next Harvest Supper at Couchgrass Farm will, thanks to their presence, be a far cheerier function than has been the case during all these years of agricultural depression."

Remarkable Reformation of a Comma Bacillus.

Reuter's Agent cables from Calcutta: "Some sensation has been caused here by the announcement that a Comma Bacillus, one of a society notoriously engaged in the dissemination of Asiatic Cholera, has recently become one of its most determined opponents. His conversion is entirely due to the efforts of Professor Searum, and is a striking proof of what culture and suitable surroundings may effect in eliminating evil tendencies in the most virulent bacillus. After having gone through various probationary stages, the Comma is now the guest of a native gentleman, whom he has undertaken to protect against any further choleraic attacks.

"On p. 8 will be found portraits of the Converted Comma, and also of Mr. Chandra Loll Praganath, his present host."

Well-known Surgeon Charged with Cruelty.

"At the Maryborough Street Police Court yesterday, Paul Prior, F.R.C.S., of 235, Harpole Street, W., ap-



Bernard Partridge del.

FÊTE GALANTE

[The Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush is announced to open on May 14.]



THE THREE R'S.

Lisette (to Jules, just returned from a year's study in London). "DIS DONC, JULES,—QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST DONC QUE CES TROIS R'S DONT ON PARLE EN ANGLETERRE?"

Jules. "LES TROIS R'S?—N' SAIS PAS—TIENS—C'LA ME R'VIENT—V'LÀ!—*Rotten, Rippin et Right O.*"

peared to answer a charge of alleged cruelty to several microbes, by confining them in a solution of solidified gelatine in such a manner as to deprive them of all power of movement. The defendant, who conducted his own case, denied that the microbes suffered any appreciable pain. The Magistrate (*severely*): 'How can you possibly say that, sir? Who can tell what pain and annoyance may be experienced by a sensitive microbe when compelled to remain motionless for hours at a time while it is being examined under a powerful lens?' (*Applause in Court.*) It was monstrous to treat the humblest of our friends and allies in this cold-blooded fashion, and the defendant must pay a fine of 40*s.* and undertake to set the poor creatures at liberty at once. The defendant, who seemed surprised at this decision, left the Court amidst hisses."

HE DIED IN HARNESS.

"An elderly bacterium, while engaged in assisting to cure a consignment of cabbage-leaves which had recently been delivered at Messrs. Nomeny, Corlees and Company's well-known British Regalia Factory, expired quite suddenly yesterday afternoon. The deceased, who had been in the company's service from a mere spore, has left numerous descendants, all of whom are employés of the firm, to deplore his loss. The mournful event has cast a gloom over the entire neighbourhood, shutters being generally closed as a mark of respect."

MAIMED RITES!

(*From our own Correspondent at Christiania.*)

"I hear that the heroic bacteria who perished so gallantly in defending little PRINCE OLAF from those formidable assailants the Micrococci of Whooping-cough are not to receive a public funeral after all, a majority in both Houses of the Storthing having decided that the proposal is for various reasons impracticable. The obsequies will therefore take place in private. The decision has excited considerable dissatisfaction throughout the capital."

* * * * * * * * *

'*Mr. Punch* yields to none in admiration of the Microbes' many excellent qualities, but he does submit that it is unwise, in their own interests, to invest them with quite so much importance as all this. Hitherto one of the most endearing traits in our Bacilli has been the shrinking self-effacement with which they have sought to avoid public recognition. Surely we cannot wish to see them all going about with swelled heads!

F. A.

LONDON LETTERS.

V.

DEAR CHARLES,—I am learning to dance the Minuet. I say "the" instead of "a" because I am sure mine is a very particular kind of one. You start off with three slides to the left, then three to the right, and then you stop and waggle the left leg. After that you bow to your partner in acknowledgment of the interest she has taken in it all, and that ends the first figure. There are lots more, but one figure at a time is my motto. At present I slide well, but am a moderate waggler.

Why am I doing this, you ask. My dear CHARLES, you never know when a little thing like a Minuet will turn out useful. The time may well come when you will say to yourself, "Ah, if only I had seized the opportunity of learning that when I was young, how. . . . etc." There were once two men who were cast ashore on a desert island. One of them had an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and a barrel of gunpowder, and a keg of biscuits, and a tarpaulin, and some fish-hooks. The other could only dance the Minuet. Years rolled by; and one day a ship put in at that island for water. As a matter of fact there was no water there, but they found two skeletons. Which shows that in certain circumstances proficiency in the Minuet is as valuable as an axe, and a bag of nails, and a goat, and a box of matches, and all the other things that I mentioned just now. So I am learning in case.

My niece, aged twenty months (do I bore you?) has made her first joke: let it be put on record and handed down to those that come after. She walked into the study, where her father was reading and her mother writing. They agreed not to take any notice of her, in order to see what would happen. She marched up to her father, stroked his face, and said, "Hallo, Daddy!" No answer. She gazed round; and then went over to the writing-desk. "Hallo, Mummy!" Dead silence. She stood for a moment, looking rather puzzled. At last she went back to her father, bent down and patted his slippers, and said, "Hallo, Boots!" Then she walked quite happily out of the room.

However, we won't bother about MARGERY, because I have something much more exciting to tell you. MCGUBBIN has signed on for the something Rovers for next season! I saw it in the paper; it had a little paragraph all to itself. This is splendid news—I haven't been so happy about anything for a long time. Whaur 's your WULLY GAUKRODGER now? Let us arrange a Pentathlon for them. I 'll back McG., and you can hold the towel for GAUK. My man would win at football of course, and yours at cricket, but the other three events would be exciting. Chess, golf, and the Minuet, I think. I can see MCGUBBIN sliding—*one*, two, three, *one*, two, three—there, now he 's waggling his left leg. CHARLES, you 're a goner—hand over the stakes.

Look here, I smoke too much, at least I have been lately. Let 's give it up, CHARLES. I 'll give it up altogether for a week if you will. Did you know that you can allay the craving for tobacco by the judicious use of bull's-eyes? ("Allay" is the word.) You carry a bag of bull's-eyes with you—I swear this is true, I saw it in the Press—and whenever you feel a desire to smoke you just pop a bull's-eye in your mouth. In a little while, they say, your taste for tobacco—and I imagine for everything else—is quite gone. This ought to be more widely known, and then your host would say, "Try one of these bull's-eyes, won't you? I import them direct;" and you would reply, "Thanks very much, but I would rather have one of my own, if I may." "Have a bull's-eye, if you like," your partner would say at a dance. Of course, too, they would have special bull's-eye compartments on trains; that would be jolly. But it would ruin the stage. The hero who always lights a cigarette before giving off his best epigram—I don't know what he 'd do. You see, he couldn't. . . . well, he 'd have to wait such a time.

Why are they called bull's-eyes? I don't believe I 've ever seen a bull's eye really close. If you look a bull in the eye he doesn't go for you. Which eye? He might be a left-handed bull; you 'd look at the wrong eye; then where would you be?

The world is too much with me, CHARLES, but all the same I 've just ordered a flannel suit which will make Castle Bumpbrook stare. Sort of purplish; and it makes up very smart, and they can do me two pairs of trousers in it, whatever that means. I should have thought that they could have done me as many pairs as I liked to ask for, but it seems not. They only print a limited edition, and then destroy the original plates, so that nobody else can walk about looking like me. I asked the man if he thought it would play croquet well, and he said, Yes.

By the way, I have learnt some more about croquet since I wrote last. First then, you can go round in one, if you 're frightfully good. I should like to go round in one: I suppose that would be the record? Secondly, if you 're wired from all the balls, so that you can't get a clear shot at every part of any one of them, you go into baulk, and have another turn. This must happen pretty often, because you could never have a clear shot at the back of a ball, unless you went right round the world the other way, and that would be too risky, besides wasting so much time. No, I can see there 's a lot to learn in the game; but patience, CHARLES, patience. I shall go round in one yet.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

QUITE a feature of the present Royal Academy Show is the number of EVES—sufficient, almost, to populate a Garden City. The costume picture is clearly out of fashion.

***

It is said that the abolition of speeches at the R.A. Banquet (the effect of which was, an Irish paper informs us, to make the speakers feel more comfortable) is to be followed by other innovations. Next year, it is rumoured, something is to be done for the artists. An attempt is to be made to increase the sale of pictures by hanging them commercially, and the visitor will be confronted by such a notice as "ALL IN THIS ROW ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS," while another room is to be devoted to misfits in portraits at bargain prices.

***

The Daily Mirror offers a prize for the best design for a piece of sculpture to be erected in honour of OUIDA. "The designs," it is laid down, "should comprise incidents or ideas or characters in one or more of her works, like *Under Two Flags* and *Two Little Wooden Shoes*, and in some way indicate OUIDA's intense devotion to dogs and other animals." This reads like a direct incitement to Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE to desert painting in favour of the plastic art.

***

Mr. GOOCH's Old Masters fetched such poor prices on the first day of the sale that he decided, with admirable discretion, to postpone the disposal of the rest of them until they became a little older.

***

"Why not Trees at the North Pole?" asked Professor HYDE at the Royal Society of Arts. *The Winter's Tale* certainly seems out of place at His Majesty's.



Mrs. Giles (anxiously asking after Rector's health). "Well, Sir, I be glad you says you be well. But there—you be one of these 'bad doers,' as I calls 'em. Gie 'em the best o' vittels, and it don't do 'em no good. *There be pigs like that!*"

A French gardener has erected a sun-dial in the grounds of the Franco-British Exhibition. As an expression of confidence in our English sun this strikes us as rather pathetic.

***

A monster petition against the Licensing Bill, containing nine miles of signatures, required the services of ten men to carry it into the House, and it is now proposed that the six-mile limit shall be extended to petitions.

***

It was rumoured that, in addition to a Viscount Wolverhampton, there might be a Re-count Wolverhampton.

***

Mr. Winston Churchill has been giving further pledges. He is determined to maintain his reputation as the most promising member of the Liberal Party.

The Observer points out that at Dundee the Liberal colour, red, was annexed by the Labour candidate. Fortunately Mr. Churchill is used to sailing under almost any colour.

***

The Liberals at Dundee took exception to some of the Unionist candidate's placards. They forgot that Baxter prints, to be correct, must be highly coloured.

***

"Marylebone seems to be falling to pieces in all directions," remarked Mr. Plowden, the other day at the Marylebone Police Court, where he himself has frequently brought the house down with very little exertion.

***

Exception continues to be taken in certain quarters to the "property" head which Miss Maud Allan uses in her Salome dance, but it is pointed out that if a real head were introduced it would mean that a fresh actor would have to take the part at every performance, and it would be almost impossible to find sufficient supers willing to fill the *rôle*.

***

A mass meeting of recent criminals is, we hear, shortly to be held in Notting Dale to protest against their exclusion from the provisions for Old Age Pensions, while in Parliament itself several members may be relied on to voice sympathetically the claims of the Lunatics.

***

When Mr. Moberly Bell was asked, in a recent sensational action, "What have been your relations with Mr. Murray?" he answered, "I have always been on the best of terms with him. We both belong to the same club." The club referred to is, we understand, the Athenæum, and *not* The Times Book Club.

In art circles a pretty tale is being told of a Scotch sculptor. He was showing an acquaintance a bust of a gentleman who was known to them both. "Frankly, I don't think it is much like him," said the acquaintance. "Ah, weel," said the sculptor, "ye maun ken that it 's no gi'en to every man to be like his bust."

THE LONG ARM AGAIN.

["A correspondent of *The Glasgow Herald* draws attention to a curious coincidence in connexion with three of the foremost living portrait-painters—Sargent (whose portrait of Mr. Balfour will probably be one of the features of this year's Academy), Shannon, and Solomon. Their names begin with the same letter, but the full initials of the famous trio are much more noteworthy:

J. S. S. (Sargent).
J. J. S. (Shannon).
S. J. S. (Solomon).

The initials of the first and third are identical, the order only differing. There are three famous "B's" in music, but the parallel of the painters is much more striking."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

Now this is perfectly amazing; but there is more to follow. Let us look at literature. Mr. J. M. Barrie is a well-known writer, and he is beyond criticism and speculation. Who would believe that the assistant editor of *The Sphere* has the same initials? Yet he has—J. M. B. The literary gossiper of *The Westminster* again is J. A. B.; while is there not a militant publicist and Member of Parliament named J. M. Robertson, or J. M. R.?—and everyone knows how like R is to B. All this is wonderful, and fills one with a sense of impending doom.

So much for the miraculous B's. Look, too, at the A's, all you who are superstitious. Is there not the Laureate A. A.? That is remarkable enough—a double first, so to speak, in initials—but behold there is Algernon Ashton too. It is almost, if not quite, too much. Add Mr. Arthur Acland, and we have the deadly and mystical three, so strange to *The Glasgow Herald* and *Westminster Gazette*.

Perhaps even more sinister is the case of the late Mr. Gladstone and the present Librarian of the House of Lords. Both men of letters, both connected with politics, both of the same sex, both using the organs of speech for communicating their ideas. Will it be credited that the Grand Old Man's initials, W. E. G., were also those of Mr. Gosse, a little differently placed—E. W. G.?—and is not Mr. Russell, the anecdotist, G. W. E. (mark you!) Russell, an acquaintance of both men? It is marvellous, and uncanny too.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The phenomenal attractions of the opera season have now been raised to high-water pitch by the arrival of another *diva* of superhuman accomplishments and fascinations—we refer, of course, to Madame Adelaide Pastalani, the golden-throated Bulbul of Calabria. Madame Pastalani, who was the favourite pupil of Porpora, Lamperti, Garcia, Sbriglia, and other famous *maestri*, was specially destined by Wagner to create the principal *rôle* in the new opera, which unhappily he did not live to complete. She is only forty-seven years old, and her figure is as *svelte* as if she were only seventeen. She has already amassed a fortune estimated at anything from £500,000 to £2,000,000, and is the happy possessor of ten motor cars, a turbine yacht, and a golden Turkish bath.

Madame Pastalani is a lovely-appearing woman of the dolicocephalous type, with an opulent profile and abundant hair of a beautiful natural terra-cotta tint. Her voice is a dramatic soprano of the finest quality, ranging from the double D in *petto* to G in *altissimo*. Its *timbre* is distinctly mezzanine in the lower register, but approximates to the *piano nobile* in the *tessitura* of the *voce di testa*. As one of her admirers, the Count Belgiojoso, happily put it, "her voice is as soft as velvet and as glutinous as a Carlsbad plum." It was Signor Titoni, the famous Italian statesman, who gave her the sobriquet of the Bulbul of Calabria, and the most desperate members of the Mafia and the Camorra worship her with a fanatical ecstasy rare even in tropical climes.

Madame Pastalani received *Mr. Punch's* representative in the boudoir of her new house in Park Lane, and even to his seasoned optics, satiated with the magnificence of three generations, its dazzling splendour came somewhat as a surprise. Even members of the Royal Family have been denied a peep as the work progressed to a completion, which in classic beauty and chaste decoration eclipses anything ever before attempted in this or any other century. The scheme of colour is salmon, emerald and Botticelli-blue, and there is not another note of colour in the mouldings and cornices. Again, some idea of the width of the doors may be gathered from the fact that no fewer than twelve peeresses can pass abreast without the slightest risk of rumpling their gowns or disarranging their chevelures.

Madame Pastalani not only surpasses all other *prime donne* in the magnificence of her mansion but in the size and number of her pet animals. In her palmiest days Madame Patti never had more than nine parrots. Madame Pastalani has twenty-three, besides four cockatoos, three penguins, one albatross, and a splendid barnacle goose, which has been taught to sing the Intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. On her roof garden there are cages containing lions, tigers, tapirs, dingoes, jerboas, and other choice mandibles, presented to her in every case by Oriental potentates of the greatest altitude.

The honours showered upon Madame Pastalani might well have unhinged her mental balance, but in spite of everything she still retains considerable vestiges of sanity. Thus when she was at St. Petersburg the Tsar used to make tea for her between the Acts, and the late M. Pobedonostzeff used to let her call him "papa." President Roosevelt sent her a canvas-back duck, which he had shot with his own hands, and wrote a set of verses in her album, beginning:

"I guess that Madame A. Pastalani
Knocks spots off the Lily of Killarney."

Other contributors to her album are Count Tolstoi, Mr. William Le Queux, Mr. Henry James, and Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

It is not, however, only as public performer that Madame Pastalani eclipses her rivals. Phenomenal as her artistic gifts are they are not more remarkable than the domestic virtues and accomplishments which lend an added lustre to the aureole of her divadom. She is pre-eminently a woman of simple habits, her only weakness being in the matter of tiaras, of which she is the happy possessor of seventeen. (It must be remembered, however, that she has sung before more crowned heads than any living artist.) Plain living and high thinking are the order of the day with this redoubtable *cantatrice*. She rises with the lark—whose most profuse strains she has long since reduced to insignificance—and, after attending to her voluminous correspondence from 7 a.m. to 10 a.m., takes horseback exercise for an hour in the Park. At lunch she seldom drinks anything stronger than Château Yquem.



"There's my son's portrait that you painted. It's just like him." "He never paid me for it." "Just like him."

On the days on which she sings at the opera she takes a light repast at 4 p.m., abstaining with stoical endurance from any further refreshment until midnight. Madame Pastalani is an omnivorous reader, her favourite authors being Annie Swan and Marcel Prévost. In short, whether we consider her intellectual or her natural gifts, we can safely say that we seldom, if ever, expect to look upon her like again.

The Cambridge Chronicle makes out to quote *Cassell's Saturday Journal* on Mr. Churchill as follows:

"Photographs flatted him with a merry boyish look. As a matter of fact, he is pale to the verge of being hagged; he is short-sigoted. He is by no means gifted in otatory as the phase is generally understood."

Later on there is a reference to his "btain" and his "jeeting" remarks; and no doubt the editor felt justified in making these improvements upon what cannot have been in the original a very exciting story. But after the "Rita" case he should be careful.

A THEATRICAL REFORM.

Judging from an Italian newspaper the relations between managers and first-nighters are about to be placed on a more business-like and less vocal and emotional footing. We learn that a new method by which approval or disapproval of a play can be shown without disturbing the performance is being introduced by the dramatist Traversi. Before leaving the theatre every person is to drop a ticket into one of three boxes marked "Good," "Indifferent," and "Bad." Meanwhile other suggestions for securing a silent but effective verdict are pouring in upon us.

Classical Student advocates a return to the humane and considerate etiquette of the Coliseum, when, without making any fuss, a simple gesture of the thumb indicated that the spectators had no further desire to spare their victims' lives.

A Returning Officer, in view of the popularity of by-elections, and the excellent practice to be obtained in conducting the same with decorum and self-control, would hold a poll of the whole audience between every Act, to determine whether the play should continue or not.

Stage-Fright asks plaintively for the Safety Curtain to be lowered during the whole of the first performance should any section of the pit or gallery show signs of restiveness.

Fireman says: "What 's wrong with the hose? It could be turned on from either the stage or the auditorium.

An Old Clubman maintains that the only gentlemanly way of expressing one's dislike of an actor's personality is to blackball him.

If any or all of the above proposals be adopted, we feel sure that the bad old practice of "booing" will speedily become extinct.

From Mr. E. F. Benson's latest novel, *Sheaves:*

"Tense silence; but after some ten minutes somebody blew his nose. Pure simple pathos, the striving of a weak man to do his best, and finding his best failing, was there."

He should have tried again.



Belated Arrival. "ARE THEY ALL OF ONE MIND HERE TO-NIGHT, CONSTABLE?"
Shivering Policeman. "HADN'T *OUGHT* TO BE, SIR—NOT WITH THIS WEATHER!"

INNOCENTS ABROAD.

(From our special correspondent with the "English Daisies." With acknowledgments to "The Evening News.")

Monte Carlo.

WE soon got over our disappointment at the appearance of the St. Lazare Station, which we had been led to suppose was even more beautiful than Cannon Street, and on driving through the streets of the French capital (Paris) the girls could hardly restrain their delight. Everyone was much amused at the appearance of the people in the streets, and Miss ROBINSON was quick to notice the difference between the Paris policeman and his English *confrère*. (They are called "*gendarmes*" here, by the way—doesn't it sound odd?) Lunch was followed by a drive to the Bon Marché, and thence to Les Invalides, and later we entrained for Monte Carlo, leaving dear Paris (which we already felt we knew and loved) with feelings of regret.

As the train proceeded we discussed the Parisians and their quaint customs. "The way the children do their hair makes me sick," said Miss BROWN, "and I object strongly to their legs." Miss HARDY thought this was rather an insular view to take, but she confessed she was entirely with Miss BROWN *re* legs; they were not a bit like honest English children's legs. Miss GREEN said it was rather unfair to blame the children for this defect; it was only to be expected, seeing that they had not had the advantage of English mothers!

Monte Carlo was reached without further comment; the sky here is a deep blue; so is the sea; you can hardly tell which is which. In the evening we went to the Casino. The "Daisies" were particularly struck by the beautiful paintings in this wonderful building, which contrasted strangely with the haggard faces of the players.

"I don't like it," thus commented Miss JONES, "and I 'm sure the County Council wouldn't allow it in London."

"I only hope Mother won't find out I 've been here," said Miss GREEN.

Now we must be off to pack up, for the day after to-morrow we are due in the Eternal City (Rome), which our own HALL CAINE has immortalised. There we shall come in contact with the Past, so no more for the Present.

THE SLUMP IN DRAMA.

[It is stated that the past winter has been remarkable for the number of theatrical failures.]

THIS is sad news; the patriot must pale
To see his country's sock and buskin fail
(You gather what I mean?)
Must lose his customary self-command
To think of glories (hope you 'll understand)
Which are not, but have been.

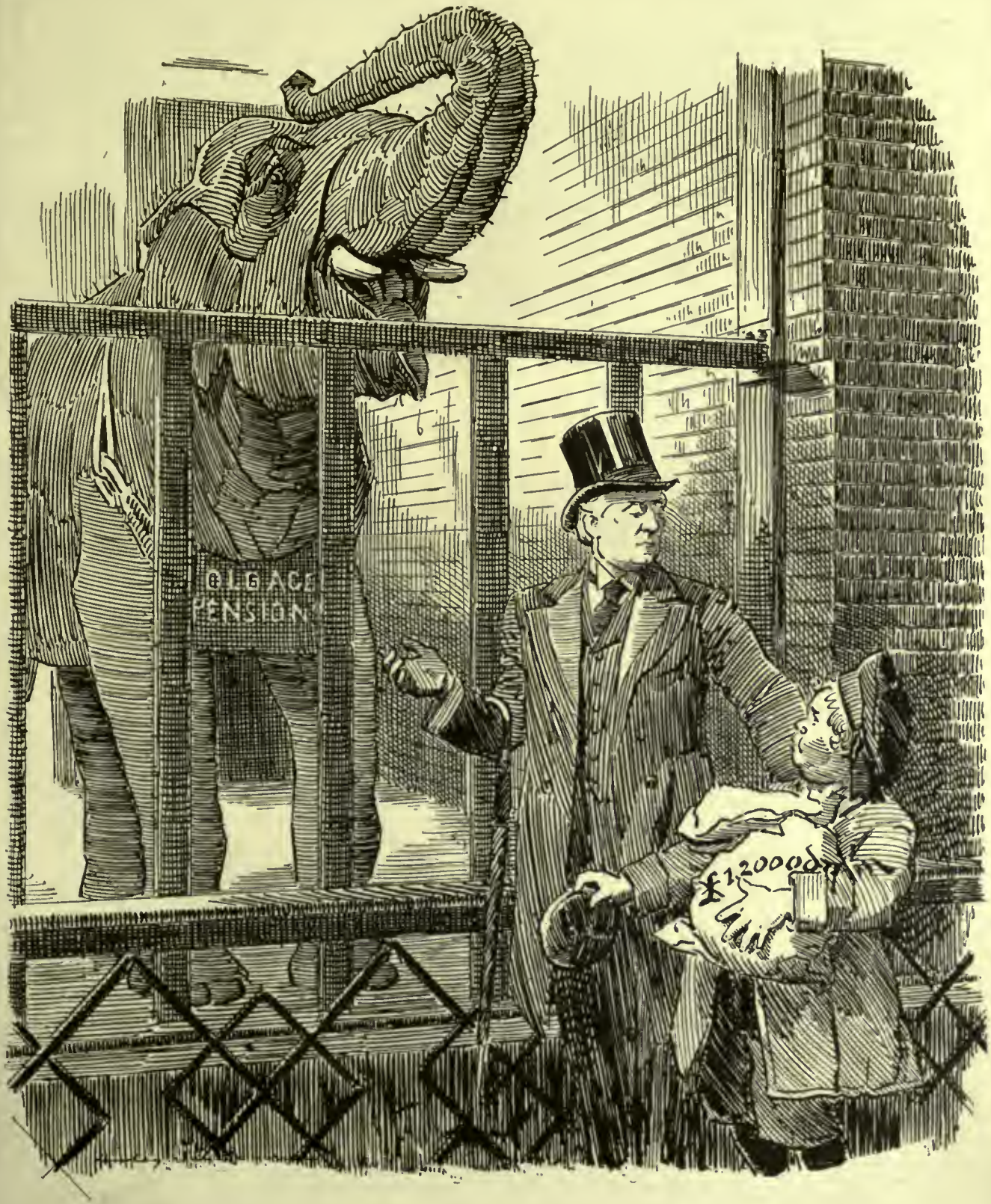
Can it be that our clinging like grim death
To that destructive Free Trade shibboleth
Occasions this distress?
Our suicidal, muddle-headed plan
Of starving out our fellow-countryman,
And so on? (See *Express.*)

Can it be that the Halls, ornate and cheap,
Have gone and knocked our drama in a heap,
As some had said they would?
Can it be that a Puritanic wave
Has made the nation more than merely grave,
Intolerantly good?

Can it be—— No, it isn't that at all
Which brings about this lamentable fall,
This ominous decline.
It is that Managers will never glance
(Short-sighted idiots!) by any chance
At any plays of mine.

"Can Gentleman recommend handy-man, understanding vegetable garden, fruit-trees, flowers, and (if possible) cows?"
The Guardian.

The incomprehensible sex.



A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

UNCLE ASQUITH. "WE MUSTN'T FORGET THE POOR OLD ELEPHANT, MUST WE?"
JOHNNY BULL (*without enthusiasm*). "WILL HE WANT ALL THE BUNS I'VE GOT HERE?"
UNCLE A. "YES, MY BOY, AND ALL THE BUNS YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO GET!"



OUR LOCAL HUMORIST.

Old Jarge (to new curate with a reputation as a fast bowler). "NOW, ZUR, DON'T EE PUT UN DOWN TOO FAAST, FUR IF EE DO I CAN'T 'IT HE, AND LIKE ENOUGH HE'LL 'IT I!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—Shortly after SPEAKER took the Chair a flutter of excitement ran along crowded benches. Glass door below the Bar flung open. Enter two men with the dinner dress that waiters wear at mid-day, carrying between them three parcels neatly covered with serviettes. With joined hands they upbore a central package, each carrying another with his free hand. Proved to be the pioneers of a long procession similarly burdened. When the advance guard were within touch of the Table on which it marched the rear end of a long line was entering by the doorway.

What did it portend? What was under the toothsome napery? From time to time demand has been made by patriotic members for free postage, free baths, even free railway tickets. Was it—could it be—that what was now brought in was free lunch?

Ecstasy of expectation rudely shattered by ROBERT CECIL. Announced that the parcels just deposited in front of the Table were nothing more nor less than the signatures to petition against Licensing Bill of Londoners registered within area of Metropolitan Police districts. Signed by over half a million sturdy citizens. Comprised 32,175 sheets of paper, and was nine miles long.

"Will the noble lord bring the petition to the Table?" said the SPEAKER, using the formula customary to the occasion.

This more than Lord ROBERT had counted upon. In resistance of confiscation, robbery, burglary, and the rest of it, he would do all that might become a man. When there came question of bundling into the petition bag by the Clerk's chair a document nine miles long, he must really reconsider his position. It was, if he might put it so, outside the cab radius. Walking slowly down gangway, he stood ruefully regarding the many packages.

"Take them up," shouted the jubilant Ministerialists. "Drop 'em in the bag!"

Lord ROBERT squared his broad shoulders, furtively pinched his biceps. At Eton he was a well-known athlete. At University College he made a record with the caber, hurling it 14½ yards further than the best fling of BAYLES of Balliol. Give him time and training, he would even now dump the petition in the bag as if it were a bale of American hops landed in Kent.

The SPEAKER, observing his hesitation, kindly came to the rescue.

"Will the noble lord," he said, "bring as much as he can?"

Gratefully availing himself of this compromise, Lord ROBERT, amid enthusiastic cheering, took a handful of sheets from one of the bundles and dropped them in the bag.

After this JOHN WILSON's performance partook of character of anti-climax. Well conceived; had it had stage to itself would have been a success. Was in charge of petition in favour of the Bill, signed by 169,510 members of the Primitive Methodist Church. Happy thought occurred to him of having it wrapped up in cylinder form to represent con-

signment of telegraph wire. Carried in by two sturdy messengers, it was calculated to have appreciable effect upon course of debate and results of division.

"It 's a mile and a-half long," said John Wilson, proudly.

"Pooh!" retorted Bob Cecil, his spirits risen since the Speaker helped him out of his dilemma with the nine-miler.

"Lord Robert needn't be so cock-a-hoop," said Almanack Whitaker. "Temperance is a power in the land; but I confess that, considered as an allurement to signing a petition, a glass of beer is twice as potent as a cup of tea or a mug of lemonade."

John Wilson now faced by difficulty that had baffled Lord Robert. Rule inexorable. A Member presenting petition may avail himself of services of messengers as far as the Table; he must with his own hand place the document in the bag prepared for its reception.

"Roll it along," cried a sympathetic Member, as John Wilson stood forlorn by the cylinder.

Not a bad idea, but there was no room by the passage between the Table and either Front Bench. It was the Speaker who again solved the difficulty.

"Will the hon. Member," he blandly said, "bring to the Table as much of the petition as is possible?"

Severing from the bulk about an eighth of a mile, John Wilson staggered up to the bag and dropped it in. After which House regretfully got to business.

Business done.—Second reading of Licensing Bill agreed to by majority of 246 in House of 542 Members.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"Man and boy, I 've been in Parliament thirty-five years," mused the Member for Sark. "If, ten years ago, someone had told me that early in the new session Bob Reid, then Member for dour Dumfries, would sit on the Woolsack with Bishops cooing round him like flock of ringdoves, and Tory Lords-Lieutenant extolling his impartiality in the matter of nominations to the Magisterial Bench, I, entering into the spirit of the joke, would with extended forefinger have touched him in the ribs and remarked 'Garn!' Had another foretold that, perched up here in the pen in Gallery over the Bar, grudgingly allotted to mere M.P.'s, I should see Mond 'em or End 'em John Morley arrayed in the robes of a Peer, I should have resented unseemly jest. There are some things that should be sacred to the *sapeur* of humour.



FREE LUNCHES?

Arrival of Lord Robert Cecil's light refreshment—a Titanic petition against the Licensing Bill.

"Either of these extravagantly problematical cases would, stated ten years ago, have been regarded as fantastic ebullitions of a disordered brain. What of realisation of double event? What of the spectacle of John Morley, now Viscount Morley of Blackburn, on bended knee presenting his patent of nobility to a portly figure seated on the Woolsack in flowing robes, full-bottomed wig, just now quaintly crowned with three-cornered black hat, under which beamed the familiar countenance of the Bob Reid of olden days, now first Baron Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor? Shall I pinch the leg of Mr. Caldwell, who sits near me, to see if I am awake? Do I dream? Are there visions about? Safer to go down to the Terrace, have a walk in the fresh air, and think of days that are no more."

Business done.—House of Lords meet after Easter recess. New Peers sworn in. Crewe makes first appearance as Leader of the House *vice* Ripon, not so young as he was. Pretty interchange of stately compliments between new Leader and Leader of Opposition. C.-B. not forgotten. The Lords coming late, with not less sincerity than the Commons, lay their tribute on the quiet grave in far-off Meigle churchyard.

House of Commons, Friday.—In spite of apt alliteration's artful aid, Byles of Bradford not yet made a Peer. However, there 's plenty of time before the Lords are disestablished. Meanwhile cherub-like, he sits up aloft on back bench below Gangway, and keeps watch over the Premier.

The latter in rather tight place. Winston, wooing the Irish vote at Manchester, made what he described as authorised statement of Ministerial intention with respect to Home Rule, which resulted in Irish vote, under pressure from headquarters, being polled for him. Unionists naturally want to know exactly what this means. Are the Government definitely pledged to nail Home Rule to the Liberal mast at the next General Election? Or was Winston obtaining votes on false pretences?

A little awkward this for the Premier. In unskilful hands it meant either throwing over a colleague and setting up backs of Irish voters at pending by-elections, or pledging himself to course notoriously objectionable to important section of his Party. Conscious of John Redmond, in corner seat below Gangway opposite, intently regarding him, weighing every word that dropped from his lips, Asquith skilfully evaded difficulty. Open enemy

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.















driven back discomfited, up gat BYLES of Bradford.

"Is there any manner of doubt," he sternly asked, "that Home Rule for Ireland is still a cardinal point in the Liberal programme?"

A poser this. No beating about the bush with BYLES of Bradford. A hurricane of cheering from Unionists helped the flight of his dart. Surely PREMIER must answer "Yes" or "No." Either monosyllable disastrous.

Storm of cheering hushed. The Irish Members bent their glance with increased intensity on PREMIER. Slowly he rose and spoke.

"The opinion of the Liberal Party and of the Government on this subject was sufficiently and plainly expressed in the amended resolution to which we agreed the other day."

"Well played, sir!" murmured ALFRED LYTTELTON, instincts of the cricketer temporarily overmastering prejudices of the Party man.

Later in the evening the PREMIER had interview with the Whip.

"What do you think about North Salford?" he asked. "Is it a safe seat?"

"BYLES had a majority of 1,187."

"Hum," said the PREMIER; "and at Wolverhampton HENRY FOWLER'S majority of 2,865 was reduced to eight."

GEORGE WHITELEY, who sees as far through a ladder as most men, fancies the Liberal minority in the House of Lords will not just now continue to augment.

Business done.—Second reading of Bill repealing Irish Crimes Act carried by large majority.

From a notice on the Piccadilly Tube:

"No person shall wilfully, wantonly or maliciously . . . remove any carriage using this line."

The culprit might make the feeble defence that he had removed it inadvertently, or in a sudden moment of weakness, but the strong arm of the Law would have him all the same.

WINSTON (*to his Suffragettes*). Down with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!

THE DRY FLYER IN WINTER.

[*Mr. Punch* apologises to the Editors of *The Field* and *Land and Water* for trespassing in their special preserves; but makes no apology for publishing this article in May, since winter may return at any moment.]

THE Marshmag water is notorious for several large trout and a grayling or two that have never been known to rise to a fly; and added zest was promised to the day's sport accorded to us by the generosity of Sir BRUM HOGGENSTEIN, by the fact that no trout would be feeding at that time of year, and, if landed, would have to be returned to the water as being out of season; while as regards grayling there were very few of them and it was almost certain the river would be entirely frozen over. We were therefore filled with the keenest anticipations by the difficulties before us, for under such conditions as these we might expect, with reasonable luck, to get a brace of excellent articles into the Sporting weeklies.

It has long been our practice when preparing for a day's sport to refer to a carefully drawn list of requisites and to tick off each item as it is stowed away in creel or hand-cart. This saves us from mental fatigue and preserves in us that elasticity of spirits for lack of which the Dry Fly man has recourse to drugs and dies insane. It also obviates the weary return home from the river, perhaps twice in a day, to fetch some necessary adjunct of the art which has been forgotten. How many a Dry Flyer has felt his joy turn to homicidal fury because he has forgotten his blotting-paper or his anatomical forceps! It is not necessary to give our list in full, but a few items will indicate our methods:—

46. One half-sheet white blotting.

47. Do.—do.—do.—pink do.

The colour used should contrast with the prevailing tone of the landscape to facilitate pursuit in a high wind.

53. One brace of flasks of paraffin. This should be "low flash" to guard against undesired fatalities.

107. Piece of india-rubber.

115. Adhesive gum in solution.

For affixing the india-rubber to the forehead, where it is always at hand except in moments of panic.

172. A flageolet.

We always take this instrument to the river to soothe and re-establish the nerves after a series of harassing episodes.

Blue spectacles, deer's fat, gold-beater's skin, powdered snails' shells, vacuum pump, and so forth; all in accordance with the Dry Fly fashions for last season.

At four in the morning we are up, and after a hasty breakfast—the only kind of breakfast, be it said, the Dry Flyer ever gets—we start for the river at 8.37 of the clock, merrily trundling our hand-cart, without which, and in the absence of a brace of caddies or half a brace of railway porters, we suffer from reduced vitality on arrival at the river bank. And here something may be said of the flask and the sandwich-case. . . .

It is a glorious morning. The sharp frost of the previous night has not yet begun to yield to the *pale rays of Phœbus*—ahem! . . . At last we arrive at the spot we have selected for an initial cast. . . . In little over an hour and a quarter, thanks to the careful preparations of the night before, we are ready. Taking the rod grasped in the hand. . . we advance with extreme caution to the bank. Not a ripple disturbs the



"LOOK, DADDY, LOOK! AIN'T THERE A LOT OF 'EM IN STEP?"



Hostess. "I'M SO SORRY, MRS. SPOTT! I QUITE FORGOT THAT YOU TAKE ONLY MILK IN YOUR TEA, AND I'VE GIVEN YOU CREAM. LET ME CHANGE YOUR CUP."

Mrs. Spott (anxious not to give trouble). "OH, PLEASE DON'T, DEAR LADY PRETTIWELL. I DON'T NOTICE THE *least* DIFFERENCE!"

surface of the stream; the river is *locked in the crystal fastness of winter*—ahem! A water-hen walking on the frozen surface takes wing with a cheerful note. A robin. . . A sparrow. . . A brace of dead worms. . . Now is an opportunity to test the Dry Flyer's proudest art. A preliminary cast shows we are standing on the line; a second that it is caught up on a button. At the third attempt the line floats out and the tiny Blue Upright settles above the water just behind that projecting spur of the opposite bank, where a good fish or two are perfectly certain to be lying. We picture the heavy swirl of the goodly trout that would rise to us if such were to be, and after a few more casts we wander up the stream, keeping well out of sight by crawling on the ground, and placing our fly with perfect accuracy in the alluring recesses of the banks. . . . At last we see a spot where *Phœbus' fires have thawed the icicles of winter*—ahem! The circumstance demands a supreme effort, and we draw off the longest line imaginable. Alas! before the fly can reach the water there is an ominous crack at our ear and it is gone. No matter. In twenty minutes we have tipped our lash anew, dipped the fly in paraffin, dried it on blotting-paper, straightened out the gut collars with india-rubber, dressed the line again with deer's fat, polished up with shammy-leather, lighted our pipe, and are ready for a new attempt. Crack! Again the fly is gone. We are using such an incredibly long line that it is almost impossible to throw it without flicking off the fly. Soon all is ready again, and, after forty minutes for luncheon, the long line glides out straight and true. Was that a rise? It was not; but the suspicion makes our blood surge. Steeling our quivering nerves we make a new effort, casting 6¾ inches to the left of the point where we had seen what we judged not to be a rise. The Blue Upright sits temptingly on the water. It is the perfection of Dry Flyer's skill. We dwell upon the tiny speck fondly. We fall into a gloating ecstasy. . . . At last with a sigh we raise the point of the rod preparatory to making another cast. What 's that? What 's—— Our heart has stopped! The line is fast! It throbs! It yields and draws tight! We drop our pipe and it breaks! Oh, delight! No, it 's a snag. We are fast in yonder bull-rush. But that thrill—that exquisite tug of the line, tingling down the rod to our very toes—these are delights that only the Dry Flyer knows.

And so the day wears on. . . . A gentle fall of snow powders the frozen river and *softly the moon appears*—ahem! Our day on the famous Marshmag water is at an end. And now, as we are about to turn homeward, the good fortune which sometimes crowns the patient endeavour of the Dry Flyer is ours. At our feet, frozen in the edge of the stream, lies a member of the finny tribe. He is a grayling, and such an one as had promised, had fate so willed, to become one of those "goodly denizens of the stream" of which we write so much. He is in perfect condition, weighing 9½ ounces, and a trifle over when wet, and cannot have been dead many days before he was claimed by Nature's cold storage; and we decide to send him to Sir BRUM with a graceful note of thanks for the day's sport afforded.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVERY now and then, thanks to the mad Mullahs, our parochial intelligence wakes to the fact that there is a place called India (where the ink comes from), which has something to do with this country. Before our present lucid interval comes to an end and we return to our slumbers, I recommend everyone to read *The Great Amulet* (BLACKWOOD), by MAUD DIVER. I have not come across Mrs. DIVER'S other book, *Captain Desmond, V.C.*, but I am told that it is first-rate, and if the *Desmonds* are as pleasant in their own story as they are in this I can well believe it. In *The Great Amulet* they are only an attractive side-show. The centre of the stage is occupied by a gunner friend of theirs and his difficult but charming wife. As I make it a rule never to interfere between a man and his embittered half, I will only say that their reasons for deciding, on their wedding-day, to lead separate lives seem to me, from an artistic point of view, rather thin. Otherwise I have no fault to find with the structure or technique of Mrs. DIVER'S book, which ends only when the happy couple, who, of course, meet again in India, have permanently fallen in love for the third and last time. But *The Great Amulet* is much more than a mere love-story in three parts. It gives a wonderfully clear idea of the difficulties and dangers, the heroism and self-sacrifice, and the fine romance of faithful service to both countries which are of the essence of the life of most English men and women who live in India. Next time I go down to Tilbury Docks to wave a parting handkerchief from that dismal tender, I shall think of Mrs. DIVER'S fascinating book, and feel more than ever proud to belong to a country which produces the quite ordinary-looking passengers who crowd the sides of the departing liner.



WANTED.

AN UMBRELLA WITH GUTTER AND SPOUT ATTACHED.

You know the France that men call gay,
The *Entente Cordiale* France you know;
You 've witnessed (from the train) the way
Her far-flung fields and orchards blow.
But would you fan to flame the glow
Born of this scanty passing glance?
Go, then, to Mr. PROTHERO
His book, *The Pleasant Land of France.*

Haply you 've spent a fleeting day
Among the woods of Fontainebleau,
Where revelled FRANÇOIS PREMIER
And BATTISTA DI JACOPO;
Where DIAZ, too, MILLET, COROT
Painted the pomp of circumstance.
These fragrant names more fragrant grow
Read in *The Pleasant Land of France.*

By river, homestead, fold, café,
The writer takes you *en sabot;*
He walks a while with RABELAIS,
Smiles with the *gros rire tourangeau;*
SULLY-PRUDHOMME, GRESSET, HUGO,
Who wed new truth with old romance,
Sing for you in the puppet-show
That makes *The Pleasant Land of France.*

Prince, pauper, be you high or low
(MURRAY, the vendor, takes his chance),
Beg, steal or borrow, buy or owe
This book, *The Pleasant Land of France.*

Crossriggs (SMITH, ELDER) is a clever study of contrast between selfish natures and one purely unselfish. The story moves within the limits of a family circle. There is the father, *Mr. Hope*—"Old Hopeful," as he was known to his friends—beaming benevolent eyes upon the world at large, but a little embarrassing in a small household of limited means. There is *Matilda*, the eldest daughter, who marries, goes abroad, loses her husband, and after many years returns home, dumping a considerable family of young things upon an impoverished home. "Old Hopeful" rather likes this. It is good to have children around you: only as he never before earned a penny to meet current expenses he does not now begin. It is upon *Alexandra*, the younger sister, that the burden falls. Meanwhile "Old Hopeful" and *Matilda* support the situation with unfaltering equanimity. A mere domestic story, you see; but MARY and JANE FINDLATER, working together so harmoniously that, save for admission on the title-page, dual authorship would never be guessed, tell the story very well indeed, lighting it up with many flashes of fancy and humour. One of them—I fancy it is MARY; girls named JANE don't do that sort of thing—possesses in rich quality the gift of reproducing landscape with a few broad touches.

Letters from Queer Street (A. & C. BLACK), by J. H. M. ABBOTT, purports to be a record of experiences amongst the submerged tenth. The letters are supposed to be written by one *John Mason*, an Australian stranded in London, to his friend "*Jimmy*" at the Antipodes. *John* is having a pretty bad time of it, and he takes care to let *Jimmy* know all about his sufferings and his degradation. *Jimmy*, however, who is often invoked as "*My James*," does not appear to have been moved, though he was living in "God's own country," which in this case happened to be Australia. In spite of *John's* lurid language in regard to the iniquities of London, he leaves him to his fate, until on the last page "*John Mason* was found leaning over the last unfinished sheet of this letter. He lies in Waverley Cemetery, Sydney." We are thus led to suppose that *Jimmy* came to *Queer Street* when all was over, and to a certain extent made up for his previous neglect. It is not a very convincing book, and I do not quite understand why it was written.

CHARIVARIA.

THE Canadian Government is to invite a number of former Governors-General to tour the Dominion "in order that they may see how the country has progressed since they left." The compliment seems a doubtful one.

***

It is denied that the Franco-British Exhibition is to be followed up by a German Exhibition. As a gentleman from Berlin points out, it is unnecessary. Nearly every shop in London is already a German Exhibition.

***

"The Exhibition," remarked a certain distinguished visitor, "is as far advanced as any I have seen at this stage." We suppose this would be so.

***

To judge by the Directoire dresses which smart women are to wear this year Miss MAUD ALLAN will shortly be face to face with serious competition.

***

Meanwhile some people are evidently going further still. We have seen a circular, issued in connection with the forthcoming Chelsea Pageant Ball, which boldly states that at that function costume will not be essential.

***

In Paris a new Salon has been organised by the Society of French Poets, the object of which is to give poets an opportunity to recite their new productions to a mixed audience. It is curious, and something of a paradox, that this should be possible in a country where capital punishment has practically been abolished as being inhumane.

***

A volume entitled "Sewage Disposal Works" has just been published. Librarians, we fancy, will be grateful for this as a classification title for a certain type of objectionable novel.

"Drink freely between meals of pure water," says *The Family Doctor*. Well, when are we to eat, anyway?

***

Since Mr. Justice A. T. LAWRENCE, at the Cardiff Assizes, ordered the "cat" for men found guilty of robbery with violence, no such robbery has taken place in the town. This is no doubt due to a fear on the part of the criminals lest they shall become brutalised.

***

The party of Japanese tourists who visited the House of Commons were chiefly struck, it is stated, by the fact that many M.P.'s wore their hats while sitting in the House. This news has fallen like a bomb-shell among the little band of Members who thought they had impressed the visitors by their orations.

***

Old Age Pensions, it is now feared, will have an unpleasant effect on Centenarians. Hitherto these have been pampered by the public, but now the poor old fellows will undoubtedly be scowled at for scooping more than their fair share of the revenue.

***

Hundreds of ladies who have lost little pet mongrel dogs have been paying visits to Earl's Court to see the "What is it?" on the chance of its proving to be Fido.

***

The Government proposes to spend £12,000 a year in having full reports made of all the speeches of Members of Parliament, and that section of the public which likes to get value for its money is furious.

***

"Now that the time is drawing near when many fine bands will be playing in our lovely parks," says a correspondent in *The Daily Mail*, "would it not add to the enjoyment and health of the public if the audience were encouraged to sing during the performances?" The answer is *No*.

***

The Mohmands, *Reuter* tells us, have sent their wives and children to hiding-places in the hills. The men, it is hoped, will have their hiding in the open.

***

Two thieves who robbed the Baker Street branch of the National Provincial Bank took by mistake five bags of coppers instead of five bags of gold. It is, we believe, on occasions like this that new oaths are invented.

***

At the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition, the PRINCE OF WALES wore the uniform of a British Admiral. Very seasonable.

***

A "Salon des Humoristes" has been opened in Paris at the Palais de Glace. The selection of the *locale* is peculiarly happy, for some of the artists, we hear, skate on very thin ice.



Faithful Wife (unable to restrain her feelings). "FRANKIE, DEAR, SURELY IT 'S NOT WORTH SPOILING YOUR NEW SUIT!"

At a general meeting of the Pyecombe Golf Club it was resolved that Rule xi. should read as follows:—

"No person under the age of 18 shall be elected a member or introduced as a visitor or temporary member unless he is over the age of 15, and being a son of a member pays 15*s.* for the Club year, or whether the son of a member or not is accompanied by a member and pays a fee of 5*s.* per day on Saturdays, or 1*s.* per day on any other day provided Rule xi. is complied with. The above privileges only apply to persons under 18."

By the time a father had mastered this his boy would be 19, and he would have to begin all over again.

OUR SO-CALLED OPENING DAY.

Cheerful holder of invitation ticket (after waiting in steady rain and a seething crowd at the Uxbridge Road Entrance of the Franco-British Exhibition, long after the advertised hour of opening). It 's all right, my dear. I wrote and told Mr. Kiralfy that we were coming. But there 's always so much to be done at the last moment. I expect he 's busy starting the water-works and hasn't had time to take the hoarding down in front of the main entrance. But they 'll be sure to bring some ladders directly.

* * * *

Choir (delivering itself of the Duke of Argyll's *Inauguration Ode):*

"Take our welcome, comrades all!
England's May
Greets you."

. . . . . .

"Give welcome to France,
Jolly Britons, advance!"

* * * *

"Jolly Briton" ("advancing," soaked and chilled to the bone, towards a group of policemen on guard at an exit in a remote part of Wood Lane, a desolate road in the wilds of one of the Home Counties). Can any one tell me where the nearest station is?

Constable. Where do you want to go, sir?

"Jolly Briton" (irritably). London, of course.

Constable. Any particular line?

"Jolly Briton." No, I don 't care which. I just want to get away out of this beastly mess and clean myself.

* * * *

American (to compatriot). That 's so. It 's right there that the Britisher has the pull of us. We can't run to ruins like these in a new country.

* * * *

Genial Sportsman (scraping mud off his knees with a splinter of a loose plank in what is reported to be the vestibule of the Imperial Sports Club, of which he has the privilege of being a member). Very convenient, having a club like this to entertain in. Ought to be able to give you a sandwich here in a couple of months. They 've got the roof on already.

* * * *

Fretful Matron. Must we climb over all that rubble and stuff to get to the Stadium? I've ruined my new gown as it is, and ripped both my heels off.

Husband of above. Well, my dear, I thought you 'd be sure to want to see the Finchley Harriers. You don't get a treat like that every day. They 're going to run races as soon as the Stadium has got properly dedicated. I should never forgive myself if I let you miss the Finchley Harriers.

* * * *

Paying Visitor (Lady). Who are all those gentlemen jumping into the water-tank?

Ditto, ditto (man). I expect they 're the Executive Committee. You see, they wouldn't like us to go about saying we 'd had nothing for our five shillings.

* * * *

First Observant Female. I should think some of these rooms will look a bit brighter when they 've put up a few of the stalls and exhibits and things. Don't you?

Second Observant Female (but less articulate). I *thought* there was something wanting, though I couldn't give it a name. Of course, I see now. It 's the Exhibition that isn't here yet.

Chorus of Entente Trippers (to bewildered policeman). Pardon, Monsieur; mais nous venons d'arriver. Où est la sortie?

* * * *

Reporter (phrasing his periods for a paper in which the Exhibition authorities advertise lavishly). To one who has not visited the superb pleasances of the Franco-British Exhibition since yesterday, it seems past belief that all this finished perfection of floral beauty, this iridescent wealth of gardens that breathe the subtle atmosphere of faërieland, should have sprung up in a single night. Truly the hands of genii have been at work here with their wands and wizardry; it is like a page out of the stories of Arabian Magic. (Heavens! where shall I go to when I die?) O. S.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

[So far from the best British workmen being dead before they reach the Old Age Pension standard of 70 years (as alleged by the dissatisfied Labour Party), we now have it on high authority that much of the world's noblest work has been produced by septuagenarians.]

Courage, mon brave! That, Archibald, is French;
"Buck up, old boy!" would be a free translation.
Once, eager as Achilles in the trench,
(That for the rhyme) with great determination,
And each his special aim,
Did you and I strive manfully for fame.

Once, like Achilles, as I said before,
You vied with me in strenuous toil, but lately
We 've lost our (figurative) thirst for gore,
And seem content to look on things sedately,
And even, now and then,
Fancy ourselves just ordinary men.

We thought we might, at five-and-sixty years,
Approach the last and feeblest of our stages;
In fact we grew, depressed by foolish fears,
A little sensitive about our ages;
You winced when you were called,
With questionable humour "Archie-bald."

Courage, mon brave! (you know the meaning now);
The Star of Hope above us plainly twinkles.
I see the laurels on your lofty brow,
Ditto on mine, effacing all our wrinkles.
Yes, Archibald, I 'll bet
A shilling that we do the business yet.

Do you recall how once an Editor
Retained your Sonnet for a week or longer?
Do you recall that match in which my score
Crept up to nine, and I was never stronger?
He sent you back your Sonnet;
I knocked the wicket down, and sat upon it.

But what 's our failure here? (as Browning said);
For now no pang of disappointment lingers;
Although our hopes were pretty nearly dead,
We 'll spread our manly chests and snap our fingers.
If the above be truthful,
We 've only failed through being far too youthful!

When we are seventy! I shall smite with glee
Till I 've made ten—my lifelong hope, as hinted;
And after years of waiting you will see
Your Sonnet to the Shades of Evening printed.
Be patient for a time,
We shall do wonders—when we reach our prime.



WORKING AND SHIRKING.

Citizen Soldier. "NOW THEN, MATE, WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?"

Loafer. "NOT ME. I LIKE MY LIBERTY. THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY."

Citizen Soldier. "WELL, IT WON'T BE A FREE COUNTRY MUCH LONGER IF EVERYBODY GOES ON LIKE YOU!"



He (at end of fishing story). "MY WORD, IT WAS A MONSTER. 'PON MY SOUL, I *NEVER* SAW SUCH A FISH IN MY LIFE!"
She. "NO. I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVER DID!"

THE REAL REALISM.

(By Our Special Observer, author of "Things Actually Heard.")

SCENE—*A Luncheon Bar.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Elderly Barmaid, Major Gold, and Alfred.*

Major Gold (entering). Has my friend been in?

The Barmaid. He 's only this minute gone.

M. G. Then I 've missed him.

B. Yes.

M. G. It 's a most extraordinary thing. He said he would be here.

B. He hasn't been gone more than a minute. You must have passed each other.

M. G. Isn't that extraordinary? You wouldn't think it possible. There 's no place like London for missing people.

B. So near and yet so far.

M. G. (laughing). By Jove, yes. He must have gone one way just as I came in the other. I told him I should be here too. He ought to have waited.

B. Of course he ought. I can't think why he didn't.

M. G. I suppose he 's gone to the club. The rum thing is I 've just come from the club, but I didn't meet him. Isn't that strange?

B. He must have gone by another way.

M. G. Yes, by Jove! But isn't it extraordinary, missing anyone just by a minute like that? I had seen him earlier in the morning too, and he said he 'd have to lunch here. I suppose he had some lunch?

B. Oh, yes, he had some plovers' eggs and sandwiches, and a whisky and soda.

M. G. He did, did he? And all before I came in. He must have had them pretty quick too. I can't think how I missed him.

B. He went out just before you came in. Not a minute, was it, ALFRED?

Alfred. No, miss, not a minute.

B. He said he wondered why you didn't come.

M. G. Oh, he said that! Well, I think he might have waited. I came along as quick as I could; and one can't be quicker, can one?

B. (laughing heartily). You're right.

M. G. London really is a wonderful place. You can miss people by a second. They 're round the corner, and you 're done.

[*The telephone bell rings.*]

Alfred (at the telephone). Are you Major GOLD?

M. G. Yes.

Alfred. I think this is your friend. *(To telephone.)* Yes, Major GOLD is here. Yes, yes, yes. *(To Major* GOLD.) It 's Mr. SALTER. He says will you come down to the club?

M. G. Tell him I will. Tell him I must have missed him here. Say I 'm having a very delightful lunch and talk, and will be down directly.

[ALFRED *does so.*]

M. G. (later, to Barmaid). Well, good morning. I shall go down to the club, and find out how it was I missed him.

B. Good morning.

"Of course, the old-age pension is not equitable. A poor deserving woman will be deprived of the little income from the State because he or she is not poor enough or old enough."—*The Western Morning News.*

Wait till Woman has the Vote, and then she or he will put all this right.

ADONAIS.

[The extinction of the Sea-elephant (Macrorhinus augustirostris) is now said to be complete. A few specimens have, however, been secured for museums.]

NEVERMORE shall Amphitrite
Fondle that beloved snout,
Fallen, fallen are the mighty,
Behemoth has just pegged out!
Nereid nymphs, what were ye doing
When some sealer pinked his side?
Heard ye not a voice hallooing
When the local Hathi died?

In what wave-engirt arena,
Where, I think, his playful feats
Charmed the sirens, has there been a
Falling-off of gate-receipts?
In what weed-embroidered pleasance
Does the lonely merchild weep,
Orphaned by the obsoleseence
Of that Two-tails of the deep?

Louder, though, than all the dirges
Over Macrorhinus dead,
There beneath the dark-blue surges
Where he lived and loved and wed,
Greater than the grief of ocean,
Where the sea-mews mop their eyes,
Was the present bard's emotion
When he heard of that demise.

Never to have heard him trumpet,
Never to have cast him cakes,
That, though I must strive to lump it,
That is where the anguish aches.
Down the pathway dim and dusty
He was snatched to Hades' thrall,
Ere they told me that Angustirostris ever lived at all.

Still there is a term to weeping,
And, although I missed his bloom,
Doubtless I shall see him sleeping
Sometimes in a glassy tomb.
Also I have lately cherished
In my heart a sanguine glow:
When they say his tribe has perished,
Do these *savants* really know?

What if in some coral antre
Proteus, BARNUM of the blue,
Where the tame sea-horses canter,
Keeps a docile mammoth too?
What if with his noblest feature
Round some ocean-dainty linked,
He survives, deluded creature,
Unaware that he 's extinct?

"One member of the M.C.C. team resembled a Triton among the minions."—*Yorkshire Post.*

Seven minions for 44 was HAIGH'S analysis in this match.

"At Carnarvon, on Saturday, a man was fined the ridiculously small penalty of twenty shillings and costs for selling water as milk."
Cambrian News.

No punishment would have been too severe for such a heartless deception.

LONDON LETTERS.

VI.

DEAR CHARLES,—Are you coming up to town this month? If you do we will make a journey into Shepherd's Bush together, and see the Exhibition.

I am afraid I have been doing Shepherd's Bush an injustice all these years. JOHN and I once arranged a system of seven Hells, in which we put all the men we hated. Nobody known personally to either of us was eligible (which may have saved you, dear CHARLES), so that they had to be filled with people in the public eye. The Seventh Hell contained two only. One a Socialist, who is thought a good deal of—by himself, I mean; the other a Novelist who is always writing about Duchesses' children. The punishment for this class was simple; perpetual life in an open boat on a choppy sea, smoking Virginian cigarettes. JOHN'S idea chiefly, he being a bad sailor. The doom decreed for the unfortunates in the Fifth Class—now I am coming to the point of this reminiscence—was more subtle; they had to live at Shepherd's Bush, and go to *The Chinese Honeymoon* every afternoon.

There were four men in the Fifth Class. Three of them we need not bother about, but the latest arrival was a certain headmaster who advertised a good deal. One day we met somebody who knew him well. We broke the sad news to him gently, and he was much distressed about it. He asked if there was any hope. We replied that if his friend turned over a new leaf, and kept his name out of the papers for a bit, he might in time be promoted into the Fourth Division—where you had mutton sandwiches for lunch every day and read *The Daily Mirror's* cricket notes. He was so glad to hear this that he made us promise to let him know when any such step was meditated. Accordingly, after a month of perfect quiet on the part of the learned gentleman we sent his friend a telegram: "EDWARD left Shepherd's Bush by the nine o'clock steamer this morning."

And now it looks as though the Bush were much more of a place than we thought.

Every week or so I have an inspiration; and I had one yesterday, when the thought struck me suddenly that it would be a good idea to buy some post-cards. You get them at the post-office—six stout ones for ninepence. Oh no, that can't be right—nine stout ones for sixpence. I shouldn't think a post-card would ever get too stout—not unpleasantly so, I mean; you hardly ever see an obese post-card. I don't believe I have used one of any dimensions for ten years; yet they are such handy things when you want to say "Right O," or don't quite know whether you are "very truly" or "sincerely." The post-card touch is hereditary. Some families have it, ours hasn't. But now it is going to begin. To-morrow I buy as many stout ones for sixpence as they will give me.

Talking of buying croquet mallets and sich—I went into a tobacconist's a little while ago (What for? Guess), and while I was there a man came in and ordered a pipe, two ounces of bird's-eye, and a box of matches. I wanted to tell him that you really required a rubber pouch as well, and a little silver thing for pressing down the tobacco. It must want some nerve to start straight off like that, especially at his age—forty or so. I am about to play golf seriously, and I shall certainly get my clubs at different shops; a driver at the Stores, a putter in Piccadilly, a niblick (What 's a niblick? Anyhow, I shall have several of them, because of the name)—and several niblicks in Fleet Street. It would be too absurd to buy a dozen assorted clubs, one ball, a jersey, and the little red flag all at the same place.

Yes, I should love to come down and play cricket for Castle Bumpbrook, and many thanks for asking me. I don't make runs nowadays, CHARLES, but if you feel that the mere presence of a gentleman from Lunnon would inspire and, as it were, give tone to the side, then I am at your service. (You do say "Lunnon" in the country, don't you, when you mean London? And you say "bain't" too. How jolly! "I bain't a bowler, zur"—and you pronounce the "b-o-w" as if it were a curtsey and not a cravat?) "Put Oi——" It 's no good, I can't keep it up. Put me in last, and I 'll make 3 not out, and that will bring me top of the averages. (If you divide 3 by 0 you get an awful lot, you know.) You have an average bat, I suppose? I like them rather light—or I would take the money; whichever would be more convenient.

I have just written myself a letter, pleasantly stand-offish, but not haughty. The reason is that I have my doubts about the post-office, so I am giving them a test. My address, as you have discovered, is an awkward one. There are nine distinct ways of getting it wrong, and most people try two or three of them. But the letters do get here eventually,

after (I expect) a good deal of sickness on the part of the postman. What I am beginning to wonder now is whether a letter with the *right* address would arrive; I fancy that the chief of the detective department would suspect a trap, and send it somewhere else. And as I am certain that I have never received one or two letters which I ought to have had, I am writing to myself to see.

It is a great art, that of writing nicely to yourself; to say enough, yet not too much. When JOHN was getting engaged he wrote to himself every day. Before he started doing this he used to spend hours sitting and wondering whether the postman had been. The few letters he had had from her came by the 8.30 post. At 8.15 he began to look out; nothing happened. An awful quarter of an hour followed. 8.30—no postman's knock; never mind, perhaps he 's late. 8.35—well, it *is* rather a busy time; besides, he may have fallen down. 8.40—one ray of light left; he did come once, you remember, at 8.42. 8.45—despair. A half-an-hour's agony, you see, CHARLES. Then he thought of writing to himself in time for that delivery. The result was that he remained quite calm, knowing that the postman was bound to come. "Ah, there he is. Will there be a letter from her? Yes—no." You see? Your heart in your mouth for five seconds only.

I never saw any of these letters. But, knowing JOHN, I should say that at the beginning they were sympathetic—"Buck up, it 's all right"; or hopeful—"Never mind, she 'll write to-morrow." Later on they would tend to become cynical: "Done in the eye again. What on earth do you expect?" And finally; I expect, insulting: "You silly ass; chuck it." . . . . Then, of course, she wrote.

Good-bye. Don't forget I am going to play for you. Would it be side to wear flannels? White boots would be a bit lofty, anyhow. I shall wear one brown pad on the right leg.

A. A. M.

"I should add that Liberals believe that with a better understanding of the Licensing Bill and a modification of some of its provisions it will not prevent anything like the trouble it has done."—*Eastern Morning News.*

If a man could believe that sentence, we believe he could believe anything.

"Directly after Hardstaff's defeat a wicket was again thrown away, and this time the man who was run out was the victim."

Daily Telegraph.

This looks like sound umpiring.



Financier. "SO YOU 'RE THINKING OF PAINTING PICTURES? IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU 'LL PAINT LIKE REYNOLDS. *THERE 'S MONEY IN IT!*"

Answers to Correspondents.

"WEARY WILLIE."—Your case is a very good one. You will be seventy next December. Your income, derived from your professional occupation as a tramp, averages 9*s.* 11*d.* per week. It is 4¾ years since you last came out of gaol, after serving time for a felony. You are not a lunatic, but in full possession of your senses, having never suffered from anything approaching brain-fag. Indeed, apart from an occasional burglary, you have never done a stroke of work in your life. You are, therefore, the very man for the Government's pension, and you have an indubitable claim upon the income-tax derived from the working community.

"OPIFEX."—You are not a genuine correspondent, and I shall therefore not answer you. Another time you had better disguise your handwriting, and not make use of the headed paper of the *Punch* Book Club.

"CONSCRIPTIONIST." — Yes, we think you owe a deep debt of gratitude to those employers who refuse wages to their men while engaged in voluntary service in camp. They are playing your game for you in a most masterly way. And very nobly too, as they would be the greatest sufferers in the event of the failure of Mr. HALDANE'S present scheme, with universal service as the only alternative.

"LADIES' KENNEL CLUB."—No, the water-tank in the Stadium is not intended to be used for the Olympic Regatta.

THE SCIENTIFIC PARENTS.

[Visitors to the Exhibition in Southampton Row, which was organised by the Sociological Society to teach parents how to select their children's toys, have been introduced to the toy as "a profound educational agency." They have learnt, *e.g.*, by means of graphic curves on scientific charts of pleasure, all about "biting and tasting plays," of "social," "individual," and "intelligent play," of "competitive" and "co-operative group games," and some have gone away congratulating themselves that they were born in the days when their own parents were not also Sociologists.]

JONATHAN PRATT at six weeks old
Was as healthy a babe as you could behold;
Pink and creasy and soft and fat—
A wonderful baby was JONATHAN PRATT.

JONATHAN's joy no limits knew
When they brought him a coral to chump and chew:
He grinned and gurgled in huge delight,
And chawed at the coral with all his might.
But suddenly JONATHAN grew aware
Of four keen eyes with a serious stare—
Four great eyes, round, grave, intent,
On poor little JONATHAN always bent.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the biting game,
But dropped his jaw and his coral too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Months rolled by till the babe could crawl,
And bread and milk began to pall,
When one fine day they gave him to eat
Something sticky and red and sweet.
Laughed his dimples and danced his soul,
As he smeared his face with divine jam-roll—
Till, all of a sudden, he found those eyes
Watching him still in their solemn wise.
Scared and timid the babe became;
He would not play at the tasting game,
But dropped his jaw and his jam-roll too,
And uttered a long and a loud "Boo-hoo!"

Master JONATHAN, *ætat* four,
Met with some nice little friends next-door,
And oh, with what glorious fun were made
Castles of sand with a bucket and spade!
Shouts of joy were heard to rise,
Till they all grew aware of those four great eyes
Fixed on them, solemnly taking note
How they made battlement, bridge and moat.
Hushed were the shouts, and the joy was killed,
For how can youngsters contrive to build
If you treat them as specimens that portray
The earlier ages of social play?

Master JONATHAN, *ætat* seven,
Went to school, and he thought it heaven,
For here was cricket, and JONATHAN PRATT
Learnt to play with ball and bat.
Ah! why must father and mother itch
To study their boy on the cricket pitch?
Why must they want to observe their son
As he made for the school his very first run?
Cricket is rare, but it 's not the same
If it 's called a competitive ball-group-game,
And if your parents are watching you
From the sociological point of view.
Poor little JONATHAN PRATT grew pale;
The first ball carried away a bail.
He fled from the wicket in tearful flight,
And his taste for cricket was killed outright.

Weep, if you will, for the martyred brat—
But what of Mr. and Mrs. PRATT?
Fain would they study with chart and plan
The stages of play in the embryo man;
But though there 's a will there is not a way
For JONATHAN mopes and he will not play;
He 's thin and haggard, a mass of nerve,
Who simply declines to be placed on a curve.

THE SPOKEN WORD.

[It has been decided that, in future, the speeches of all Members delivered in the House of Commons shall be reported in full and without correction in the Official Report. We venture to give an example of the result of the new method. We have, of course, suppressed the speakers' names.]

First Hon. Member (*perorating*). We do not say, Mr. SPEAKER—at least Honourable and Right Honourable gentlemen opposite will do me the credit which I think I have fairly deserved, and nobody is more entitled to say that, for, I believe, it is acknowledged on both sides of the House—but what I do say, and I say it with a very firm and rooted conviction, a conviction I have entertained for many years, as a result of the investigation I have conducted on this subject for a long time past; and I should like the House to take note of what has been written on this subject by men so distinguished as Professor JACKSON and Sir WILLIAM BOOTLES, whose authority in this matter nobody can venture to contest. If the House, Mr. SPEAKER, has carefully followed the argument which I have laid before it they will perceive, Mr. SPEAKER—and this, after all, is the main point, though I am far from denying that there are many other points of equal and possibly superior importance. But that, after all, is not the question with which we are at this moment dealing, though on another occasion I shall be quite ready to state my opinion on it without any reserve, and it is for that reason that I now confidently support the motion before the House. (*Loud cheers.*)

Second Hon. Member. In rising, Mr. SPEAKER—ahem—um—er—to address a few remarks, Mr. SPEAKER—er—um—ahem—I should like, Mr. SPEAKER—um—or rather if I may say so, Mr. SPEAKER, I desire to preface the few remarks which—um—ah—if the House will grant me its indulgence for a few moments. (*Cheers.*)

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. Go on, CICERO!

Second Hon. Member (*continuing*). I am well aware, Mr. SPEAKER, that such remarks as—erra—um—ah—which I am addressing—ah—um—are not palatable to all sections—

Voice from the Labour benches. Don't you mind *our* feelings, Sonny. *We* can hear it.

Second Hon. Member (*resuming the thread of his discourse*). The figures show, Mr. SPEAKER, that the Right Honourable gentleman has not only—er—um—ah—connived at outrages, but has actually been ignorant of their occurrence, which for a Right Honourable gentleman, erra—um—ah—in the Right Honourable gentleman's position—um—ah—is a most reprehensible position, I had almost said a thoroughly unsatisfactory position.

Encouraging voice from the Irish benches. That 's right; you say what you mean.

Second Hon. Member (concluding). And much as I wish to speak with all courtesy—erra—ah—the Right Honourable gentleman, Mr. SPEAKER, has not acted in accordance with the high traditions—um—ah—of the office—um—erra—ahem—which the country has a right to expect.



Mother. "JUST RUN UPSTAIRS, TOMMY, AND FETCH BABY'S NIGHTGOWN."

Tommy. "DON'T WANT TO."

Mother. "OH, WELL, IF YOU 'RE GOING TO BE UNKIND TO YOUR NEW LITTLE SISTER, SHE 'LL PUT ON HER WINGS AND FLY BACK AGAIN TO HEAVEN."

Tommy. "THEN LET HER PUT ON HER WINGS AND FETCH HER NIGHTGOWN!"

AN ECHO OF DUNDEE.

[*Dedicated, with profound admiration, to Miss Malony (or Moloney?) of Clare.*]

ELECTIONEERING ladies
My sympathy repel,
For politics a trade is
Sordid and fierce and fell.
And yet the application
Of wholesale condemnation
I bar, in admiration
Of her who bore the bell.

Some names there are that linger
Like jewels rich and rare
On Time's outstretched forefinger,
And hers will sparkle there.
For mightier than BONEY,
Or stout COLOCOTRONI,
I ween, is Miss MALONY,
The pride of County Clare.

Some play the pianola,
Some on the harp excel,
Some use the *mezza gola*
According to MAUREL;
And others tingle-tangle
The frivolous triangle;
But she preferred to jangle
The simple muffin-bell.

Mid markets marmaladen
Or blocked with bales of jute,
This unrelenting maiden
(Like Orpheus with his lute)
With frequent raid and foray
Still hounded down her quarry,
And never, sick or sorry,
Abandoned the pursuit.

Though, on the far Equator,
By lions undismayed,
The fiscal gladiator
Grew mightily afraid
Of Mad'moiselle MALONY,
And summoned, per MARCONI,
Full many a trusty crony
To come and lend his aid.

When crowds ran helter-skelter,
When missiles flew around,
She never sought for shelter,
But grimly stood her ground;
And dauntlessly debating,
Orating, imprecating,
And tintinnabulating,
All opposition drowned.

Then *slainté!* Miss MALONY,
To you I raise my cup,
You made old Caledony
Effectively sit up.
You popped up like a puffin,
And, spite of all his bluffin',
You nearly knocked the stuffin'
Out of the "Blenheim pup."

"Moffat golfers intended having a match to-day (Thursday). To-morrow (Saturday) a Moffat team will visit Dumfries."
The Moffat News.

This is carrying the Friday superstition to absurd lengths.



Artist (whose picture is not exactly on the line). "Hullo, Colonel, what 's the matter with your neck? Been rook-shootin' ?"

Colonel. "No, Sir. This is the result of trying to find your infernal picture in the R. A.!"

RULES FOR DINING OUT.

["When in Rome, do as the Romans do," is excellent advice for those who happen to be in Rome; but how about those who happen to be in London?]

The Invitation.

The question whether you should accept depends entirely upon whether, if you go, it will cost you less in fares than it will save you in food.

Ignore any invitation which is not accompanied by an addressed and stamped envelope.

On the Doorstep.

If there is a red carpet from the street to the door walk right up the centre of it. There is nothing like having one's money's worth.

When (if ever) they open the door ask if your hostess is in. If they say she is out, do not believe them.

Remove all valuables from the pockets of your overcoat.

In the Drawing Room.

These things should be carried off with a bold face. Keep your hands in your pockets, therefore, and whistle anything that occurs to you. It is well to be considered nonchalant, even though you cannot pronounce it.

If your host instructs you to take his wife in to dinner there is nothing for it but to make a start with her. Your only hope is to lose her on the way.

In the Dining-room.

Thank goodness that you are here at last.

Say anything, but be very careful what you eat.

When you at last succeed in getting the stuff into your mouth work your lower jaw up and down quickly, forcibly, and often. It is not wise to leave everything to your digestion.

Above all, do not go to sleep until you are certain there is nothing more to eat.

When the Ladies have Withdrawn.

Again thank goodness that you are not a lady.

Help yourself and pass the bottle. Be sure, however, to replace the stopper. Otherwise the twopence on the bottle will not be returned.

Insist upon seeing the label.

In the Drawing-room Again.

You are requested to proceed to your seat in an orderly manner, and not to loiter in the gangways.

If you have seated yourself next to Miss A. you must talk to her. This is, of course, your own fault; you should have seated yourself next to Miss B.

Safe on the Doorstep Once More.

Examine your change before leaving.

Refuse to depart until you have had just one more drink, even if the butler murmurs in your ear:—"Closing time, *please*, gentlemen."

On no account tip this butler fellow. He is the richer man of the two.

If they threaten to call you a cab indicate that for this once only you almost feel inclined to walk. The tube station is first to the right and second to the left.

From the advertisement of a Bournemouth hotel:—

"Caution.—This Hotel is fully licensed, and situated on the East Cliff."

Truly a dangerous combination.



THE SIMPLE SOLUTION.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and* DR. CLIFFORD (*together—to new Minister of Education*). "YOUNG MAN, YOU'RE NEW TO YOUR WORK, AND YOU SHALL HAVE THE BENEFIT OF OUR LONG EXPERIENCE. WE HAVE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT IT IS BETTER TO SETTLE RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN A CHRISTIAN SPIRIT!"

MR. RUNCIMAN. "ODDLY ENOUGH, GENTLEMEN, THAT'S THE VERY FIRST THING THAT OCCURRED TO ME."





"THE SINCEREST FLATTERY."

Father. "GOT A FALL, DID YOU? WELL, I HOPE YOU DIDN'T CRY LIKE A BABY?"
Son. "NO, DAD, I DIDN'T CRY. I JUST SAID ONE WORD—THE SAME AS YOU'D HAVE SAID!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—With present Government still in power, Captain CRAIG is prepared for anything. Have already suffered cold wet spring of unprecedented severity. Only this morning Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, turning over his blue books, came upon one testifying to the fact that in the year 1907, being the second of existence of Liberal Government, the birth rate was the lowest on record. It is a self-evident mathematical proposition that if this process goes on unchecked at by-elections the Englishman will in due time be as extinct as the dodo.

To depression of feeling consequent on these reflections came sudden discovery that the House of Commons was in the hands of the soldiery. What would be misleading affectation to speak of as "a thin red line" gleamed in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. There 's nothing thin about the Cameron Highlanders, at least not about the specimens on view to-day. A brawnier set of men never wore kilts. Captain CRAIG'S keen eye, trained in the service of the North of Ireland Imperial Yeomanry, noted that whilst this detachment of the Camerons was almost within sword stroke of the Bar of the House the rear was protected by another file occupying a Bench of the Strangers' Gallery. He further detected a lighting up of the martial eye of NAPOLEON B. HALDANE seated in mufti on the Treasury Bench. When it fell on the band of warriors in the gallery it flashed the light of battle. Almost imperceptibly, certainly unconsciously, N. B. H. squared his massive shoulders what time his right hand instinctively moved towards his left thigh in search of the accustomed sword hilt.

Had been announced that WINSTON proposed at the sitting to take his seat for Dundee. Word went round that the warriors in the gallery were a body-guard that had accompanied the successful candidate on his journey southward. Was said that as President of Board of Trade advanced to take the oath they, on preconcerted signal, would spring to their feet, draw their claymores, and shout their battle cry. That, of course, would be distinctly out of order. But there are occasions when might is right, and what would the Serjeant-at-Arms be amongst so many?

Suggestions and apprehensions turned out to be groundless. The martial array in the gallery was merely a muster of the Cameron Highlanders, who, having attended the KING'S Levee, looked in at the House. They sat unmoved when, amid ringing cheer from the Ministerialists, WINSTON walked up to the Table escorted by the PRIME MINISTER and the Master of ELIBANK. Unmoved they remained when, the new Member being formally intro-

duced to the Speaker (who seemed to have somewhere seen him before), the jubilant cheer rang forth again, and Winston with characteristic modesty withdrew behind the Speaker's Chair to escape further notice. Questions over they rose as one man, made sharp turn to the right, and marched forth, leaving behind no trail of blood or booty.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Universities Bill carried by rattling majority of 313. Promise of end to controversy that has rent Ireland for forty years, incidentally embarrassing, in one case routing, successive Governments. On introduction Prince Arthur warmly welcomed measure. To-night in his absence Carson blesses it. Only the Ulster men, stalwart to the end, go out to hopeless divisions with intent to delay the Bill, since they may not destroy it.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—Looking in on Lords to-night, the experienced eye recognised that one of two interests must be at stake. The Opposition benches swarmed with Peers. Ministerial ranks, though, as division when taken testified, they presented no appreciable increase owing to recent augmentation, were by comparison with ordinary occasions well filled.

What was up? Church or Land? Glance at Orders showed that business was proposal to go into Committee on Land Values (Scotland) Bill. Then it was Land. Figure long familiar in House of Commons stood at Table uttering solemn words of warning. Odd, when we come to think of it, that a statesman known to the Commons as St. Michael and All Angels should, when he went to the Lords, retain in another form the saintly appellation. He is now Viscount St. Aldwyn. This better, inasmuch as whilst it preserves old associations it is briefer.

For a while it seemed the majority would get rid of the measure at this midway stage. But there are more ways of killing a cat than serving it up as rabbit pie. The night young; nothing to do till dinner dressing-bell rang; much better allow Bill to go into Committee, and then let these depredators, these confiscators of private property, breaking out in fresh place, be taught a lesson.

This course adopted. In Committee, with majority of 119 to 32, adoption of Act by local authorities made optional.

"Better have no valuation at all than a chess-board valuation," moaned the Lord Chancellor, surveying with pained look his noble friends on left of Woolsack.

Peers obdurate. In the Commons Ministry might do mischief with assistance of majority of two to one, occasionally of three to one. By majorities of four to one the Lords riddled the hapless measure, with pleased consciousness that no one, either in Scotland or England, could say they had denied it full consideration.



How Winston *might* have come up the floor of the House—if a full use had been made of Sir John Dewar's colossal Cameron guests who flooded the gallery with unwonted splendour.

Business done.—In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Loulu and the Master of Elibank brought up new Member. It was Robert Harcourt, who has held the fort at Montrose, lately abandoned by Viscount Morley of Blackburn. Hearty cheer greeted the bearer of a name ever honoured in House of Commons.

"Only thing lacking to pleasure of the moment," said the Member for Sark, "is the presence of the Squire of Malwood. He lived long enough to walk up the floor of the House to introduce Loulu when he took his seat as Member for Rossendale. But at that time (four years ago) his party was still in the wilderness, and the opportunity of sharing in the loaves and fishes seemed yet far off. He had gone to another place before his big boy established the position of most popular of First Commissioner of Works, speedily leading to Cabinet rank. To-day there are once more two Harcourts in the House, as there were thirty-five years ago, when the Squire from the Liberal benches faced his brother, the Colonel, owner of Nuneham, a mute pillar of Toryism, seated behind Dizzy."

Business done.—Committee of Supply. All over by 8.20.

In the Lords Opposition slice up what was left of Land Values Bill. On behalf of Government Crewe declines further responsibility for measure. Crisis? Not a bit of it. Bill will be dropped, and next session we shall start a third time.

THE NEW RESTAURANT.

No sooner had the door swung to behind me than I guessed I had made a mistake. But since at the last moment to change one's mind about a restaurant is fatal, I took a seat.

"Bring me," I said to the waiter, "a loin chop and a grilled tomato."

He looked at me with pity. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but this is not that kind of restaurant."

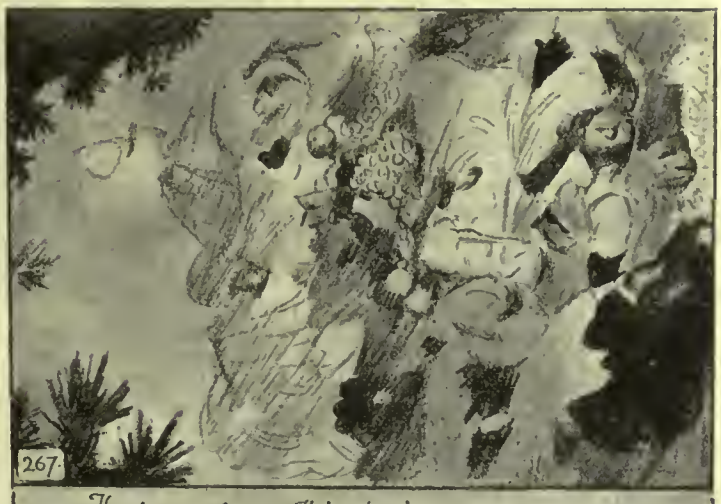
"Well, what can I have then?" I asked. "What is it? Is it vegetarian or is it corrupt? I mean have I got to have either cabbage cutlets or *cancton à la presse?* Have I got to spend a shilling or a sovereign?"

He pitied me again. "You 've made a very natural mistake, sir," he said. "Our food wouldn't satisfy you at all. It 's mind food, worked up into little messes. I know the look of the place is misleading, sir,"

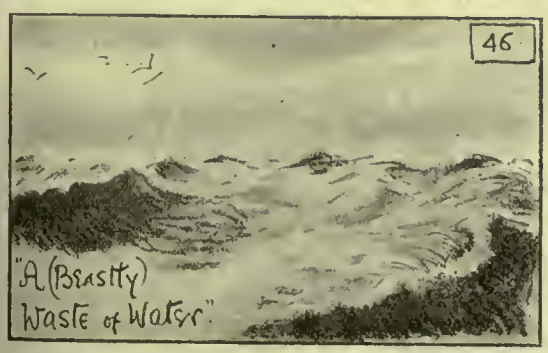
SECOND IMPRESSIONS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.







The Departure. This glorious and opulent work by Brangwyn has been inadvertently hung upside down at the Royal Academy, but it makes no difference whatever. For some unexplained reason it is also entitled "The return." (The Hon. John Collier is much pained by this intrusion into his special department of enigmatic nomenclature.)



he added as I glanced round the room at the mirrors and lights. "They 're local colour, sir. Like the candles in a church, sir, or the vertebræ in ox-tail soup."

I nodded. It was perhaps as well, I remember thinking, that I wasn't really hungry.

"Yes, sir," he went on. "This is the new intellectual restaurant. It 's not for honest tooth-work at all, it 's for ideas. No one wants ideas in the ordinary way, but the governor, he thought, sir, that if people were invited to take them in the form of food they might be induced to absorb a few. Eating 's very popular, sir."

"You don't call this eating?" I said.

"They do," he replied, indicating the other diners. "High thinking and messy feeding are supposed to go together, sir."

I looked at them. They were reading as they ate, many of them, and even making notes. Some were talking earnestly. There was no laughter.

"I wonder what SHAKSPEARE ate?" I remarked.

"Roast beef, sir," he said in a whisper. "But they don't think much of him here. They know better than that."

"There don't seem to be many dishes," I said, looking down the menu.

"No, sir," he said. "There used to be more, but they're off now. Customers choose very much the same things as each other. We have fashions the same as milliners do?"

"What's the popular dish just now?" I asked.

"Many gentlemen nowadays begin with a little Clear Shaw," he said. "Some end with it too."

"Yes," I said, "and what else?"

"A few gentlemen take Zarathustra mince," he said.

"Any *hors d'œuvre?*" I asked.

"We keep a few Kick Shaws," he said. "The Smoked Symons isn't bad, but there 'a very little sustenance to it, if I may use the word, sir."

"Is there anything ready?" I asked.

"The Gicasée * of Mutton and the Clear Shaw are always the readiest," he said.

I did not seem to want either, and so looked down the menu again. "Purée of To-morrow — what is that?" I asked, as I read.

"It 's rather popular," he replied. "A little indigestible perhaps."

"Charlotte Russe?" I inquired.

"*A la* Tolstoi," he said. "A very primitive and homely dish."

"Baked Reich Pudding. Is that nice?"

"It 's not very good," he said; 'but there was rather a run on it a little while ago, but now they go in for Chesterbel pudding or Minx pies."

"Anonymous Pudding — what 's that?"

"That 's a mistake," he said. "It 'a really Benson Pudding. Too stodgy for our people."

"And what do they drink?"

"Water, sir, chiefly. We have our own Wells."

What I should have ordered I cannot say, but at this moment two young women came in, in dark-green clothes and *pince-nez*, and calling for the waiter they told him to bring a little of everything, and be sure it was hot. They then ate very fast, and began to talk volubly about sex.

At this point I awoke—tremendcusly hungry.

* Could he mean G. K. C.?—ED.

"At 134 there was an unmistakable click of Robson's bat from a lightning delivery of Brearley's, and Worsley's gloves closed over the ball with a unanimous shout of 'How 's that?'"—*Bath Herald.*

It would save some wicket-keepers a lot of trouble if their gloves would appeal automatically every time the ball hit them.

MORE FEMALE FELONY.

THE adaptation of *Le Voleur* had had so long a run at the St. James's that I was quite ready for another Lady-Thief, with Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER once more as the harrowed recipient of her confession. *The Thunderbolt* is a very conscientious piece of work, but, apart from the rather commonplace business of the theft and destruction of the will (already accomplished before we arrive), it is really not so much a play as a collection of character sketches on the lines of a novel in dialogue. Drama, after all, concerns itself with action—preferably the kind of action that goes on in character under the influence of circumstances and environment. It is not enough to pourtray character, though this is obviously necessary at the start, that we may know what we have to work upon; the real business of the dramatist is with its development. Now, if we may, perhaps, except the assumption of her guilt by the erring lady's husband, and the evolution towards a suspicion of generosity that takes place in the tough heart of the eldest brother, there is in this play no sort of development of character. Everybody's internal system remains stationary. After the first half-hour, spent in the introduction of a group of personalities well enough differentiated, one finds that the sentiments and almost the very words of each character under changing conditions are just what one might have guessed they would be; and the chief interest that remains for us is to observe very respectfully the meticulous care with which the author maintains the consistency of his fixtures.



Miss Mabel Hackney (*Phyllis Mortimore*). "I do hope you 're not too shocked at my confessing to a felony?"

Mr. George Alexander (*Thaddeus Mortimore*). "Not at all. We have one of those thunderbolts every time at the St. James's. But of course I have to look as if I were a bit surprised and pained."

I venture also to think that Mr. PINERO was ill-advised in the choice of a title which, as far as the audience was concerned, could only represent the sensation of a few innocents on the first night. From that date onwards there could be no possible question of a thunderbolt.

Nothing so much marks the glorious upward movement of British drama as the change in the fashion of its curtains. To end an Act on a dramatic exit would in these days be a sign of hopeless banality. Thus Mr. PINERO prolongs the first Act to allow a butler to enter the solitary room and extinguish a couple of lamps. This may, of course, have been a subtle touch suggestive of bourgeois economy, but it was not precisely of the nature of a culmination. At the end of the terrible strain of the third Act, when Mr. ALEXANDER'S exit threatened to bring down the house, the tottering fabric was sustained for some moments to allow scope for several rather cheap pleasantries which might well have been left to the imagination of an audience by this time thoroughly instructed in the manners of the *Mortimore* family. And in the last Act I thought the curtain would never come down at all, so many little anticlimaxes clamoured, one after another, for a hearing.

I have seen and heard Mr. ALEXANDER'S performance praised as a superlative feat. Perhaps I sat too far forward for the right perspective; but I confess that his acting in the more tragic scenes confirmed my conviction that his true *forte* lies in light comedy. Miss MABEL HACKNEY began on so funereal a note that she scarcely left herself anything in reserve for her thunderbolt. She failed, too, and that was partly the author's fault, to win the sympathy that we were all anxious to lend her. There was not enough of human appeal in the vague motives that actuated her offence. Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *James Mortimore*, and Mr. BEVERIDGE as *Elkin*, the lawyer, were really admirable; and to Mr. DRAYCOTT'S *Colonel Ponting* I have pleasure in awarding a D.S.O. for his gallant efforts to relieve a very closely beleaguered house. Miss



Pompous Parent (fond of imparting information to his family). "'ERE WE 'AVE THE OSTRICH. REMARKABLE BIRD, &c., &c. (*Pause.*) SOMETIMES KNOWN AS THE *CAMEL OF THE DESERT!*"

STELLA CAMPBELL was a very gracious figure. She suffered, perhaps, from a slight taint of priggishness in the part assigned to her, as well as from a tendency to monotone and lack of suppleness; but her air of youthful dignity and aloofness and gentle breeding offered exactly the right contrast to the vulgarity of her uncongenial relations. If I went to this play again it would be for just the joy of watching her, and recognising certain little touches of her mother's fascinating manner. O. S.

"Thus the amount which the new Sugar Tax on large incomes was estimated to produce in the first year was £600,000."—*Irish Times.*

This gives you an idea of the luxurious habits of the rich, with their cellars of ginger-beer, and cabinets of priceless pear-drops.

A SCHOOL OF MYSTERY.

[According to *The Wizard* Mr. Maskelyne's Magic Circle aims at establishing a university for the study of magic.]

Honour Mods. Examination:—

1. Explain fully how a thing may be in two or more places at once. [Note.—Birds do not count.]

2. Extract a rabbit from the coat-tails to four places of decimals.

3. Reduce the above to a leash of guinea-pigs up the right sleeve.

4. State, within a yard or two, the possible cubic contents of a pair of hands after they have been conclusively proved to be absolutely empty.

5. Out of an ordinary silk hat are produced three cannon balls, six Chinese lanterns, two flower-pots, a parasol, and an assortment of flag-staffs. Give the size of the gentleman's head.

[Candidates will be required in the course of a *viva-voce* examination to pick the examiner's pocket and then cause him to vanish.]

From the Editor's notes in *The Oldham Standard:*

"'I am handicapped with this word; I will call them pigeons,' said the Wigan Head Constable. The birds were petamigans, the spelling of which is often a test at 'spelling bees.'"

We see, of course, where the catch lies; people would constantly be tempted to spell it ptarmigan.

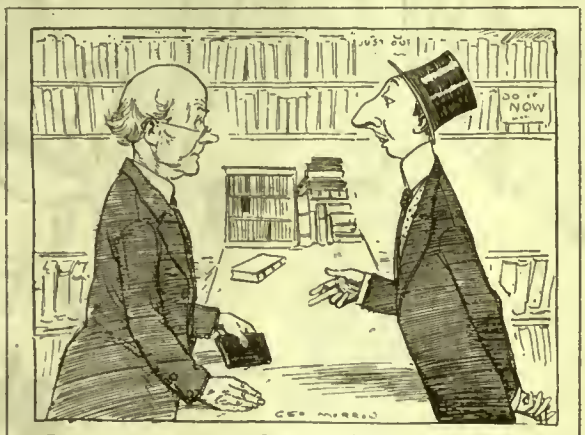
"A sailor is a strange sea-beast. . . . He is never cold; he disdains the overcoat; weather apparently does not affect him. His clothes are extraordinary. He is also a man without ties."—*The Times Literary Supplement.*

The writer need not go so far from home for his enthusiasm. There are lots of men walking about London with neither overcoats nor ties.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp (A. C. Fifield), by W. H. Davies, is a very remarkable book. I own I have no particular liking for the title. It is precious and affected, and harmonises badly with the style and matter of the volume itself. As a matter of fact Mr. Davies was never a super-tramp. He was a tramp with literary aspirations, and always at the end of every "beat" he had a vision of himself sitting at ease under his own vine and fig-tree, and composing great poetry to please himself. However, I suppose the "super" is intended as a gratification for Mr. Bernard Shaw, who has written a preface to the book in his "well-known manner"—the words are his own. I have never in all my life come across so calm and at the same time so candid a narrator as Mr. Davies. With the utmost unconcern, though in admirably well-chosen language, he lays before his readers the story of his turbulent childhood, his youth, and his manhood. He organised a gang of boy bandits, stole confectionery and groceries, and having been captured was sentenced to twelve strokes with a birch rod, which he duly received. Later he turned tramp, not because he was unable to work, but because he did not want to work. He travelled over the greater part of the United States and England by road or by rail, associated with the queerest companions, and endured intolerable hardships. Finally, a railway train severed his foot from his leg, and brought his career as a tramp to an end. He is now the author of two volumes of poetry, and of the present book, in which he tells the story of his wanderings. Mr. Davies has a keen eye for character. He indulges in no high-flown language or maudlin introspection. Ruthlessly, but with perfect lucidity, he describes himself, his companions, and his adventures from the outside. It is a deeply interesting record, marred only by a few split infinitives.



"I want a book called 'How to Think'—*for a friend.*"

Arms and the warrior I sing,
And those who like the strain should fill an
Indolent hour with studying
The Story of the Guides (Macmillan).

Colonel Younghusband shows the Corps
Established, winning fame, and growing—
Taking a hand in every war
(And India 's had no lack) that 's going.

There 's stuff throughout the book to set
The nerves of subalterns a-quiver,
And make the half-pay man forget
Awhile his Anglo-Indian liver.

No writers, whether of history, poetry, or romance, can feel, I imagine, that they have treated themselves fairly until they have had a fling at Napoleon. Some of them admire, and some condemn; but Mr. H. C. Bailey is one up on most of his predecessors, for he can find nothing but pity for the Corsican adventurer. In *The God of Clay* (Hutchinson) we are introduced to ever so many people: aristocrats, *sansculottes*, Jewish financiers, English spies, an Irish monk with a donkey, and a Levantine buccaneer with a beautiful daughter; and one and all despise this thinker in Continents who has no time for the real business of life, which is obviously love. Where would the novelist be if it were not so? Ranging himself therefore on the side of the Antonies (Mark and Hope), Mr. Bailey has written a series of dramatic and romantic episodes which are very delightful to read, and not importunately true to historical fact. I became a little tired of descriptions of the hero's features (I must have seen a picture of them somewhere), but Mr. Bailey's style is most refreshing, and several of the subordinate figures in the book, notably *Barsac* and *Mr. Waring* the midshipman, are quite irresistible. Insular pride is also abundantly satisfied by the complete humiliation of Bonaparte before *Jerry Wild*, and the triumph of sentiment over sordid ambition. Rule Britannia!

If I were in love and the object of my affections would not or could not reciprocate them because she lacked "the marriage sense," I should leave her in the capable hands of Father Time. He knows better than I how to bring foolish young women to their senses. Certainly I should not ask anyone else, not even mine own familiar friend, to endeavour to "open her heart" (for all the world as if it were a sardine-tin), and expect him, if he succeeded, to retire in my favour. I have a feeling that the scheme, though ingenious, would not work. It would inevitably be my obliging friend who would lead the lady to the altar, while I proceeded with shame to take a back seat. This is just what happens in *The New Galatea*, and Mr. Samuel Gordon, the author, apparently recognising that his original lover is a little wanting, is careful to explain that his father had died in a lunatic asylum. However, after *Galatea* marries the friend the story gains in strength what it loses in originality. At first she is a wife in little more than name. Her unopened heart is still a block of virgin marble. But you know that this cannot last. In due time she will fall in love with her husband when it is almost, but not quite, too late, and will pass through as many bad quarters of an hour as she has given him before they reach true connubial bliss and the end of the book. Messrs. Greening, the publishers, are of opinion that Mr. Gordon "handles a theme which in its boldness is reminiscent of the most advanced Continental writers with a delicacy which cannot offend even the most Puritanical taste." Certainly I found nothing here to raise a blush on my own cheek, but then, perhaps, my innocence has suffered more than that of Messrs. Greening from excursions into foreign literature.

From a Cairo Parish Magazine:—

"The Debating Society met twice during the last month. On April 23rd, Mr. Robinson advocated Female Suffering."

Poor Mr. Robinson. Nobody loves him.

CHARIVARIA.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR unveiled last week a statue of WILLIAM THE SILENT, who, we imagine, was with marvellous foresight so called to distinguish him from the KAISER, who made a speech even on this occasion.

***

The KING OF ITALY, it is now said, has given his consent to the betrothal of the Duke of the ABRUZZI and Miss ELKINS, but the engagement is to remain a secret a little while longer.

***

The Registrar-General's return for the first quarter of this year shows a distinct rise in the birth-rate. We attribute this to the rush for Old-age Pensions.

***

The Mayor of CAMBRIDGE has received the sum of one pound as conscience money from one who participated in the rags of November, 1905, when so much damage was done. This tends to bear out what we are so often told, namely, that as good hearts may beat beneath rags as behind fine silks and satins.

***

The Northampton Herald, in describing a meeting held to protest against the Licensing Bill, says of the speeches:—"It was possible to appreciate the many effective points, even though the exact words did not reach the ear of the listener. Enthusiasm and interest were always at a high pitch." This must have been so.

***

A School for Mothers has been inaugurated at Fulham, and the children are hoping that the classes will be held, not in the evening but in the day-time, when mothers are such a nuisance fussing about and interfering.

***

A German named NIEDBAND married his wife's sister. She died last spring, and now he has married the mother of his two previous wives. This, we suppose, is what is known as a Family Man.

***

Now on view at Shepherd's Bush: The Frankly-Unfinished Exhibition.

***

It is proposed that, with a view to reminding the French nation of the dangers of a dwindling population, the national motto shall be changed to "*Liberté! Egalité! Maternité!*"

***

At the *fête* in aid of the funds of St. Mary's Hospital a number of dangerous microbes were on view. We understand that a proposal that these should be let loose among the visitors unless the sum required for the Hospital were subscribed within ten minutes was vetoed by old-fashioned members of the Committee.

***

A Parisian gambler, it is stated, who had won £7,000 at the tables, was robbed of the money by two men, who then threw him into a lake. While we have no wish to mix ourselves up in the affair we cannot refrain from expressing the opinion that it was too bad to have thrown the gentleman into the lake.

"In music," says *The World's Work*, "what we have chiefly to learn from Germany is how to listen." The behaviour of the average Englishman when a German band begins to play in his street would seem to point to the correctness of this remark.

***

Observant persons claim to see already a reaction against motoring. Certainly in Ireland there has been a recrudescence of cattle-driving.

"Intending competitors should, however, remember that there are two ways of throwing the javelin—the free style, in which any hold is allowed, and the Athenian style, which nobody seems yet to fully understand."—*Daily Mail.*

"Sorry," you say to the umpire when you catch him in the wind or split his infinitive, "but that was the Athenian style."

The Real Herbert Spencer.

"That he had a sense of humour is shown repeatedly in this biography, and he always loved a hearty laugh."
Daily Dispatch.

"In brief, he was wholly devoid of humour. He could not laugh at the trivial forms of life."
Daily Mail.

This, then, settles the question of his humour.

"Dr. Duncan can say some things for Spencer that he could not say for himself—that he was kindly and amiable at heart, that he had a deep and sincere affection for his father, and so forth."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Let us believe the best. Perhaps Dr. DUNCAN could have said all this for himself, but didn't think he ought to.

From an advertisement in *The Northern Whig*:—

"La Milo, the Inimitable, covered with fresh glory."

So now nobody can object.

"Solicitor, 16 yrs.' standing, going Australia for health."—*Glasgow Herald.*

He might try sitting down on the voyage out.



New Curate. "HOW'S YOUR WIFE, JABEZ?"
Jabez. "'ER'S VERY DOUBTFUL, MEASTER. 'ER DOUBTS AS 'ER WON'T GET BETTER, AND OI DOUBTS AS 'ER WULL."

THE TOCSIN TREATMENT.

[The Prime Minister has capitulated to the Bell of Dundee. He has promised a negative support to the claims of the Suffragettes on the eve of dissolution, whenever that deplorable contingency occurs. The subsequent raid on Downing Street proves that the militant party is not satisfied with the terms of his surrender.]

Ring forth, wild bell, your lethal note!
Where'er a Liberal opes his lung,
Let go your clapper, loose your tongue,
And paralyse him in the throat!

Ring forth the old Dundee alarm,
The muffin-peal's importunate yelp;
Ring till the ringer cries for help,
Having the cramp all up her arm.

Behold the downy Asquith-bird
Is sworn to pipe a favouring tune,
When he delivers, late or soon,
His final music long deferred.

Meanwhile, till that elusive swan
Consents to speed his parting breath,
Give him no peace this side of death,
But just keep on, and on, and on.

Ring out the age of wordy strife,
Of argumental equipoise;
Ring in the rule of simple noise,
Ring in the ampler louder life.

Ring (as I said and still repeat),
Whether you sound a lonely knell
Or in conjunction with the bell,
At No. 10 in Downing Street.

Ring out the tyrant gods of tin,
Whose feet are on our gallèd necks;
Ring out the man, the futile sex,
And ring the Larger Female in. O. S.

ON LETTING A CARAVAN.

Letter No. I.

Mrs. Andrew McGuppie would be glad to have particulars of Mr. Brown's caravan. A friend showed me your advertisement. Please send *full* details. And what about the horse? It really seems an ideal holiday. She would like to have a reply from Mr. Brown by return of post. And is it watertight? I want you to send *lowest* terms.

Letter No. II.

Dear Sir,—I feel I really must write to thank you for introducing me to caravanning. Your letter was most interesting, and I am sure that it is an ideal holiday, and such a nice way of seeing the country. My husband and I feel that we simply *must* go caravanning this summer. We are not quite sure about the date, but would you please reserve the caravan for us from August 15 to 19, unless one of them is a Sunday? My husband has such strong views; and we think Lowestoft would be a nice place to start from. My brother (did I mention that he would be of the party?) is so fond of that part of Westmorland. Will you please have it sent there by rail? My little boy Wilfred will be four months old next Michaelmas. Do you think he will be old enough to go? There are so many things that I want to ask you. Of course my husband will cook the breakfast. He was in the Volunteers, and is quite athletic. He used to play lacrosse for Upper Tooting. The post is just going, so I must stop. Do write me *definitely*. We are quite excited to think that we will soon be on the Open Road.

I am, yours in haste,
Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. III.

Dear Mr. Brown,—Thank you *so* much for the plan of the caravan. It looks perfectly fascinating, and I think it will be a splendid way to see the country. I am going to get a short skirt with a leather binding, and my Aunt (did I mention that she is going to join us? She hopes to come if she can get away; but she has a *very* important position in an office, and is never certain if she can be spared. I am sure that it would do her so much good, and she thinks it will be an ideal holiday), says I should have a strong walking-stick.

Now, my dear Mr. Brown, would it trouble you too much to make some small structural alterations in the caravan? (We think "Boa-constrictor" is such a pretty name—*so* unusual.) For one thing we would like the beds in the kitchen. Unfortunately I suffer at nights from cold feet, and the doctor tells me a little drop of something hot about 1.15 a.m. is *absolutely indispensable;* and it would be so much more convenient to be near the stove. Then is the roof removable? My brother-in-law (did I say that he will be one of us?) has been advised by his medical man to try the fresh-air cure for his laryngitis. I know I had some more questions to ask, but I must wait till my husband comes home, so I shall post this to-day, and you can let us know *definitely* by Sunday.

I am, sincerely yours,
Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. IV.

Dear Mr. Brown,—We are so disappointed and surprised that it would cost £8 to send the caravan to Lowestoft, and as you say the rent will only amount to £2 12*s.* 6*d.* we can perfectly understand that you do not wish to pay all that. It would be most unreasonable of us to expect it. Would it not be fair to both of us if you were to pay half of it?

Please let me know *definitely* by return of post. We are so much excited at the prospect of becoming real gipsies.

I am, yours very sincerely,
Effie McGuppie.

P.S.—What do you mean exactly by the expression "brake"? These technical terms are so puzzling.

Letter No. V.

My dear Mr. Brown,—I feel that I must not take up *too* much of your time, but I should be so grateful if you would answer one or two little questions before we come to a definite decision.

(1) Would there be room to take a mangle? Of course we shall do all our own washing. I think that is the charm of it—don't you?

(2) Do you think the under-gardener (we shall have to take him) would be able to drive the horse?

(3) Will you kindly put in a hassock for my aunt?

(4) Is it best to take the horse out of the shafts, if we decide to stay *several* nights in one place?

Please send me *full details*.

I am, yours very sincerely,
Effie McGuppie.

Letter No. VI.

Mrs. McGuppie is surprised not to have had any reply to her last three letters to Mr. Brown. I hope he will



A MODERN ST. FRANCIS.

[Lord Avebury's Bill to prohibit the importation of plumage, with exceptions in favour of the ostrich, the eider-duck and also edible wild-birds, has passed its second reading in the House of Lords.]



TAKING NO RISKS.

(Preparations for our French Visitors in June.)

CAUTIOUS ENGLISH TRAINER, AFTER VISITING LONGCHAMPS, BRINGS BACK SOME DIRECTOIRE DUMMIES, AND TRIES TO GET HIS ASCOT CANDIDATE ACCUSTOMED TO THE NEW FASHION.

write at once, as she will not be able to take your caravan unless she knows definitely by return of post.

LETTER No. VII.

MY DEAR MR. BROWN,—Many thanks for your letter. There seem to be a dreadful lot of difficulties in the way. I am afraid we shall have to give up the Lowestoft idea after all, but we cannot possibly start from Chester, as my cousin (did I say that my husband had asked him to join us?) finds the climate there too bracing. I think it is very unreasonable of you not to make the small alterations I suggested; and I don't at all agree with you about the sleeping accommodation. I am sure we shall all be able to crowd in somehow. Of course we shall be roughing it, but I think that is half the charm of it—don't you? It seems so difficult to get anything settled, and now the under-gardener has a dreadful cold in his head. But cheer up, Mr. BROWN. We shall get everything fixed somehow, and I know it will be an ideal holiday, and much the best way to see the country. We shall be perfect *vagabonds*.

Always very sincerely yours,
EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

(Seventeen letters and three postcards omitted.)

LETTER No. XXV.

DEAR SIR,—I see from your letter that you have made up your mind not to let me the caravan under any circumstances. I cannot understand why you are so inconsistent. You have wasted a great deal of my time. I think it would be best to buy it. What price would you take for the "Boa-constrictor"? (We shall of course change that ridiculous name.) Please write definitely, and send full details.

Yours faithfully, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

LETTER No. XXVI.

DEAR SIR,—We have given up all idea of caravanning, and are going to the Austrian Tyrol instead, as my husband is very fond of the sea.

I remain,
Yours truly, EFFIE MCGUPPIE.

P.S.—I do not think you can have seriously meant the price you mention. It 's ridiculous. One could get a second-hand *dog-cart* for that.

TO ANY WOMAN AT ANY BOOKING OFFICE.

YES, Fate was more than commonly perverse,
For, knowing I had cut it rather fine,
To see *you* head the long impatient line
Was simply diabolical or worse!
Oh, what an agony I had to nurse
The while you learned your fare was one-and-nine,
And with the utmost calm began to mine
The dark, unplumb'd recesses of a purse!

The senseless porter slams the infernal gate,
And far away the laden train has roll'd.
You always do it, always make me wait
While you enquire: "How much?" and, when you 're told,
Fumble with copper if the sum be great,
And if it be but tuppence tender gold!

LOOKING AT THE GIFT-HORSE.

Scene.—*A walk in Kensington Gardens.* Time.—*Any Sunday Afternoon.*

Promenaders discovered in the act of making their first acquaintance with an equestrian statue by the late G. F. Watts, R.A.

First Prom. 'Ullo. That 's *noo*, ain't it?

Second Prom. Noo? No! Bin done these 'undreds of years, and more. Can't yer see 'ow it 's weather-marked?

First P. Then 'ow does it come to 'ave "Thames Ditton" on it?

Second P. (*taken aback*). 'As it? (*recovering himself*). Oh, I expect they 'ad it put together there after it was dug up.

First P. Ah, that 'll be it. (*They saunter on, satisfied.*)

Intelligent Artisan. It 's a fine thing enough; but what 's it *mean?* I don't make out the ideer of it myself.

His Missus. It says "Physical Energy" on the front. That 's the same as Strength, ain't it?

The I. A. Pretty near. There 's no denying it 'ud take some strength to 'old a big 'orse like that, with both reins o' one side, too.

His Friend. I expect it 's intended to repperesent the way they used to ride in those days.

The I. A. What days?

His Friend (*vaguely*). Oh, the days when there used to be that kind of 'orse. Afore sterrups was invented, or yet saddles.

The I. A. He 's got towels or somethink to set on—leastwise, there 's girths.

His Friend. Oh, 'e 'd 'ave *them.* One of the Ancient Britons, 'e is (*with a flash of erudition*). Didn't wear no clothes, they didn't. Dyed theirselves blue all over.

The I. A.'s Missus. So I 've 'eard. Though why they chose blue—which ain't by no means everybody's colour—I *can't* think.

The Friend. 'Cause it was the on'y colour they *'ad.*

The I. A.'s Missus. Well, they must ha' looked funny in it at funerals.

Polly. I do call it luverly, Alf—don't you? The w'y the 'orse is poring the air an' all!

Alf. (*who is in an unresponsive mood*). Don't see nothin' partickler luverly abart it.

Polly. I like thet young man on the 'orse's back. Ain't 'e got a nahce fice?

Alf. Cawn't s'y what it might ha' been afore it got pitted wiv small-pox.

Polly. Oh, gow on. You 'll be gettin' jealous of *'im* next!

Alf. Jealous! Of a bloke wiv a pair o' trotters on him like them? Not likely!

Serious-minded Wife (*to Frivolous Husband*). There 's something so simple and noble about it. And then, Dick, what a *lesson* it teaches!

Dick. What lesson? Ridin'-lesson?

His Wife. Dick! As if I *could* mean that! You remember how fond he always was of Allegory?—you see it in so many of his pictures. Well, *I* believe that what he *really* meant this to suggest was our Will controlling and subduing our Lower Nature.

Dick. Daresay you 're right, Aggie. But I tell you what. If our William don't look out he 'll take a toss yet. Too bad to put a young fellow with so little beef on him up on such a vicious brute as that!

His Wife. And is that *all* a great work of Art has to say to you?

Dick. No, dear, no. I 'm beginnin' to see his meanin' now.

His Wife. Then how do *you* interpret it?

Dick. Why, as I understand him, he 's sayin': "Don't you worry, cookie, the old gee and I are much too busy giving our exhibition of Physical Energy to have any time for teachin' morals. So I 'd advise you to take your little missis off to the Refreshment Place over there, in case her lower nature feels equal to subduing a strawberry ice." 'Pon my word, you know, that 's not half a bad idea of young Physical's! What?

His Wife. I do wish you would be serious *sometimes*, Dick! Still, perhaps some tea *would* be rather—(*they depart towards the Pavilion*).

Mr. Ernest Pinceney (*to his Fiancée, whose mind he is endeavouring to form*). Now, Flossie, you get the best view of it from where I am. Marvellously strenuous piece of work, isn't it? And the massive force of it! Eh?

Flossie. Oh, it 's very nice indeed, dear. I *quite* like it. Only——

Ernest (*encouragingly, as she hesitates*). Yes. Don't be afraid to say exactly what you think. Only *what?*

Flossie. I never saw any real horse with quite so many lumps and folds in it.

Ernest. Ah, you mean the modelling is rather rough. But you should try to look upon it not so much as a study of any actual animal as an attempt to express the abstract idea of a horse in a concrete shape.

Flossie. I see. That accounts for it. I 'd been thinking it was *bronze.*

A Dogmatic Critic. The fault *I* find with the horse is that the 'ind-quarters are gallopin' while the front part 's standing still. Now that 's a thing you 'll never see 'orses do.

His Companion. You see it in those instantaneous photos of 'orses gallopin'.

The D. C. Pre'aps. That *may* be. But that ain't my point. Statuary ought to represent not what is seen by the camera, but by the ordinary yumin eye. If you take the ancient sculptors——

His Comp. I dessay. But what you 've got to remember is that Art has made some progress since *their* time.

A Worthy Matron (*as she approaches the spot*). Lor, is that a drinkin'-fountain, or what ever is it?

A Well-informed Person. I did 'ear it was put up as a memorial to Cecil Rhodes.

A Better-informed P. Pawdon me, you 're wrong there. That 's over in South Africa. Not to mention that Rhodes was a much stouter man than the one on that 'orse. I expect that 'll be the monument to King William the Third. 'Im as built Kensington Palace there.

The Matron. William the Third? Oh, it can't be *'im.* Without so much as a stitch on him!

The Better-informed P. It 's what is known as a Classical Statue, mum. That sort don't, as a rule, wear much clothing.

The Matron. But not even a crown on his 'ed! I don't call that respectful to Royalty!

The Better-informed P. I don't say it 's intended as a portrait; but that 's 'oo it 's put in memory of. I know from having read all about it in the papers. Presented to King Edward, it was, by the German Emperor.

The Matron. The German Emperor! Then let 's 'ope there mayn't be nothink beyind it! (*She shakes her head in dark distrust of the Argive gift*).

F. A.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

FASCINATING OLD-WORLD LORE.

NOTHING being of such interest to the public as the presentation of unimportant subsidiary facts concerning an important event or personage, we have been at considerable pains to collect information around Shepherd's Bush, the *locale* (as our gay visitors would say) of the great Exhibition, which some papers would have us call the Ententeries, a thing which it is earnestly to be hoped no one will ever do.

Why Shepherd's Bush? Who was the Shepherd? When did he live? Of what did his Bush consist? Was it a gorse bush or a holly bush, a gooseberry bush, or a Bull and Bush? Why had he only one? All these questions we are prepared to answer, having spent much good time in the British Museum up to our necks in research.

To begin with, here is the story of the Shepherd. His name might have been, but was not, Norval. His name was Giles. Later this grew into Giles Shepherd, owing to his interest in sheep, which he carefully tended day and night for a hard taskmaster. From a shepherd he became in time a flock owner, and his sheep grazed on the luscious grass between Notting Hill Gate and Acton, in the days when neither of those pleasure resorts had been heard of. For Giles Shepherd lived a very long time ago, ere yet old Dan CHAUCER had tuned his rathe pipe.

It is difficult to think of Greater London in Giles Shepherd's days. Imagine a green plain, broken only by gentle undulations and bisected by a bad road here and there. That was London west of the City.

Imagine it. No Tube, no buses, no miles of houses, no Ealing spire, no Wormwood Scrubbs prison, no Olympia, and, more than all, no Shepherd's Bush Exhibition.

And that brings us to an interesting point. Giles Shepherd, when in his cups, or rather flagons, for he put away the mead to some purpose, would sink into a trance, in which he could see far into the future, how accurately none knew then, but all may know now. It was in one such cataleptic swoon, dead, as a later sage has expressed it, to the world, that he dictated to a learned clerk who shared his potations the famous shepherd's rede, as it is called, in which he foretold that a time would come when the fields on which his flocks were then grazing would be built over, and would no longer be fields, and that one day a white city would be erected in their midst, which would not be ready for the public until months after it was thrown open. All this did Giles Shepherd see in his dream, and all this was written down in monkish characters by his clerk companion, and preserved piously for our own eyes to rest upon in the British Museum.

Is not that an interesting story?

Giles Shepherd, we have further discovered, lived to a round old age, much respected by his sheep, and finally died, leaving a sum of fourpence to be spent annually in providing tee-total beverages to a hundred poor topers. Money was so much more valuable in those days that the fund, being never applied for, has swelled to enormous proportions, requiring a board of directors to administer it, and offices and a banqueting-hall to administer it in.

So much for Giles Shepherd, who gave his name to the district in which this wonderful embryonic Exhibition is now being held. No one can go there without thinking of his brave and useful life.

"But," you say, "what about the Bush? You have forgotten the Bush!" So we have, it is true. "Bush" was the name of his dog.



LOOKING FORWARD.

A "PROBLEM" ROOM AT THE R.A.

"Good all-round painter, glazier, etc., wants work, charge or otherwise."—*Evening News.*

"Otherwise," by all means.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ—NEW STYLE.

Dear Mr. Punch,—Always—as becomes a stalwart and up-to-date Radical—a diligent and devout student of the "Social and Personal" column in *The Daily Chronicle*, I have been much impressed with the note of lyrical ecstasy which inspires the writer in the discharge of his exalted duties. More than any one else he brings home to us the profound and welcome truth that to be a successful and shining Liberal it is not necessary to lead a life of Spartan asceticism and self-denial; on the contrary, that the votaries of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform lend fresh lustre to their cause by the sumptuousness of their entertainments and the splendour of their attire. Only in one respect, however, do these records of the strenuous opulence of our enlightened plutocracy admit of improvement. *Facit assentatio versum.* So noble a theme ill assorts with a pedestrian medium of expression. I am only too well aware that the following efforts are crude and amateurish, but if they serve, as I humbly hope they will, to stimulate the competition of *The Daily Chronicle* I shall not have laboured in vain.

Believe me to be,
Yours with profound respect,
Tarley Bindells.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

A Brilliant Banquet.

Quite a number of dinner parties were given on Friday night,
And the stately halls of Mayfair were ablaze with electric light.
Baron de Boodle had sixty guests at his palace in Grosvenor Square,
And a bevy of lovely women and gallant men were there.
The hostess was gowned in crimson crash with quillings of peacock blue,
And her sumptuous *chevelure* was crowned with a sapphire barbecue.
The Duchess of Hull was frocked in pink with elliptical festoons,
And Lady Depew wore electric blue encrusted with macaroons.
Miss Sylvia Slack looked sweet in black, with insertions of piperazine,
And the Countess of Bow's tiara looked as large as a soup tureen.

High Life in Hyde Park.

The Park was remarkably full on Sunday last at Church parade,
And the Liberal rank and fashion threw the Tories into the shade.
Lord Courtney, in terra cotta, with a lovely Leghorn hat,
Had buttonholed Lord Belloc for a theological chat.
Lord Berridge was splendidly garbed in bronze, with marigolds in his hair,
And Viscount Dones with Lord Henry Jones escorted Miss Phyllis Dare.
Marquis Mason, in silver tissue, came late with Sir Leonard Borwick.
And a group of Labour Members, in plush, surrounded the Duchess of Warwick.

A Memorable Ball.

The National Liberal Club last night gave their annual Fancy Ball.
Ten thousand guests were invited, and few declined the call.
It was roses, roses everywhere, in clumps and clusters and bowers,
And the revelry was continued into the wee small hours.
In deference to the Party's views no alcohol was on sale,
But there were oceans of ginger beer, Jeroboams of ginger ale.
Lord Haldane danced the two-step in an Archimandrite's habit,
And the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared as a wild Welsh rabbit.
Lord Percy Bunting was much admired in the *rôle* of Allan-a-Dale,
And I also noticed Lord Bamford Slack in a shining coat of mail.
Lord Perks, as Friar Tuck, was garbed in a lime-green cutaway coat,
With an ostrich feather ruffle encircling his manly throat.
Lord Heber Hart looked very cool as Leonidas the Spartan,
And Viscount Byles, as Lord of the Isles, appeared in a lightning tartan.
Count Fisher Unwin in blue batiste made a spirited Grimaldi,
And Earl Cilozza Money was quite superb as Garibaldi.
Lord Gibson Bott looked rather hot as a Finnish Duke in furs,
Lord Harold Cox as *Valentine Vox* wore pink silk socks and spurs.
Sir Sidney Lee as Robin Hood donned spats of Lincoln green,
And Sir Henry Cotton as Shah Jehan wore Indian bombazine.

"VEX NOT THOU THE POET'S MIND."

Scene—*A room. He, with his right arm in a sling as before, is pacing to and fro. She is at the writing table.*

She. Well, what do you want me to do now?

He. I thought we would try to do a bit of verse.

She. Verse! You can't dictate verse. I never heard of anybody doing such a thing.

He. What about Milton?

She. Oh, if you 're going to write verse like Milton, I 'm off.

He. You needn't worry about that. It won't be like Milton.

She. Is it going to be funny or serious?

He. Well, of all the silly questions that 's the silliest. It 's enough to put every idea out of a man's head. What *can* it matter to you?

She. Right! I see it 's going to be funny. Well, fire away, I 'm ready.

He. Hum—ah—stop a bit; don't write that down. Now then! Wait a bit. Are you ready?

She. Yes, yes; do get started.

He (reciting). "The leaves——"

She (wildly interrupting). Stop! Stop! My stylo 's gone wrong. (*Taps with it on the paper.*) There doesn't seem to be any ink in it! Yes, there is. Oh, what a blot! Wait, wait; I must have a fresh sheet. (*Takes one.*) Now then.

He. Where was I? You 've made my mind a blank.

She (meditatively). Wasn't it something about trees?

He. Trees be blowed! Now write what I tell you. (*Recites again.*) "The leaves that lately began to shoot have every one of them——"



Chauffeur. "IT 'S ALL RIGHT, MY MAN; YOU 'RE NOT HURT!"
Victim. "I DON'T KNOW SO MUCH ABOUT THAT. I MUST SEE MY SOLICITOR."

She (*interrupting*). Isn't that rather a long line, dear?

He (*furious*). Great Heavens, can't I have a line as long as I like! Do keep quiet for half a minute, and let me get on.

She (*placidly*). Oh, of course, if you take it like that I 've nothing more to say. I was only trying to help you.

He (*continuing his recitation*). "Shot."

She (*putting down her pen, turns and faces him*). What in the name of sense do you mean?

He (*madly*). Shot, shot, shot! Write down the word shot! It 's the end of the line.

She. Well, that 's something to be thankful for! Next line, please. Come on, there are any amount of rhymes: bot—cot—dot—got—hot—not—tot.

He (*apostrophising the ceiling*). Won't somebody take this person away?

She. Hurry up with the next line, MILTON.

He (*ignoring the taunt, again recites*). "They didn't seem many a week ago but now they appear a——"

She (*interrupting in frantic enthusiasm*). I bet I know what it 's going to be. Don't tell me. Let me guess.

He. Guess away.

She (*tentatively*). It isn't k-n-o-t, is it?

He (*shortly*). No, it isn't!

She. Then it must be l-o-t—lot.

He. You 've got it. (*She writes it down.*) Now read the lines out to me. (*She does this.*)

She. It doesn't seem very funny yet, does it?

He. How the dickens can anybody be funny with you talking all the time!

She (*encouragingly*). Never mind, I dare say it will get quite screaming in another line or two.

[*He seizes the paper, throws it down, and stamps upon it. Scene closes.*

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I won't keep you a minute. I only want to protest against some of the idiotic names which are being showered on the Franco-British Exhibition. *The Daily Mail* is evidently determined that we shall call it *The White City* and *only The White City*. I daresay it paid Mr. BART KENNEDY a fabulous sum for inventing the title, and I don't blame it for trying to get its money's worth. But when I am asked by the Central London Railway to "*Go to the Busheries by the Tuberies*" (I am not romancing, this is an *actual* advertisement), I think it is time to protest. The next thing will be for the London General Omnibus Company to invite us to *Go to the Shepherdies by the Motory-Busseries*! If we must have an endearing name for the Exhibition (at any rate during its incoherent infancy), surely some of your readers could evolve something better than *The White City* and *The Busheries*, which suggest respectively a cemetery and a nursery garden. Yours faithfully,

A READER OF PUNCHERIES.

P.S.—A friend, who has thought about it a good deal, sends me the following suggestion, the best that has yet reached me:—"Why not call it The Franco-British Exhibition?" he asks.



AN "ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS" FORECAST.

Gillie. "THERE'S NOT A SINGLE BEAST ON THE GROUND, AW'M THINKIN'."

Stalker. "WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT WITH THESE INFERNAL TOURISTS ALL OVER THE PLACE, LIKE THAT FELLOW OVER THERE?"

Gillie. "WEEL—AW'M NA SURE IN MY AIN MIND YON'S NO A STAGGIE. THE LIGHT'S AWFU' DECEEVIN'; BUT MAYBE A CAREFU' SHOT NOO, WI' THE RIFLE—AT ABOOT SAX HUNDER——" (*Voice dies away.*)

FIGURES AND LETTERS.

The Evening News' announcement last week of "2⅓" as the title of its new serial story has started an interesting discussion among authors and publishers. For some time the clashing of titles has been a cause of trouble in the book world, and there is a feeling that perhaps in the use of figures a better way, for a time at any rate, may be found.

"Unless a title is either Biblical or Shakspearean," said a well-known publisher to our representative, "it is notorious that a book has little chance. Both those sources having been exhausted, the use of figures would carry us on for at least another six years. After that, something else would have to be found. Of course, the simpler the figure the more easily can it be remembered, and the better chance is given to the book. I have, therefore, entered all numbers from 1 to 100 at Stationers' Hall for my clients. '1' is to be the title of the next book of our leading novelist, whose recent researches in Egypt——"

Calling on another famous publisher, our representative gathered the opinion that, while figures were good, the combination of letters and figures was better. "There will be a rush to register the title '1' for instance," said the senior partner with a smile. "Well, let them have it. Personally we have secured 'A1,' and that will be the title of our leading novelist's new book. You saw in the papers, no doubt, that she was reserving the announcement of the title for a few weeks. Well, you can take it from me that that is the title."

Looking in upon his tobacconist, who is something of a wit, our representative found him smiling gently over the title "2⅓." "An epitome of domestic life," he said darkly. "By the way, have you tried our 'Tertium Quid'? No married home is complete without it."

THE AMENDE FEMININE.

DEAR JACK, when we quarrelled last night
I told you to go, and you went,
And I 've felt over since I must write
To say I said more than I meant.

But your smile was so cuttingly calm,
Your manner so slightingly short,
That my sensitive feelings found balm
In the shape of a bitter retort.

I told you to go in disgust,
Omitting the usual kiss,
Our tender adieu, which I trust,
Like me, you 've continued to miss.

Till then I 'd consistently shown
A character guiltless of flaws;
Last night you were treated, I own,
To a small exhibition of claws.

My temper was hot, I confess,
I really won't argue again.
Much love, yours as ever—P.S.,
I am sure I was right in the main.



A PRESENTATION MILLSTONE.

Mr. Asquith. "IT IS MY PLEASANT DUTY, MY DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE, TO HAND ON TO YOU THIS TRINKET PRESENTED TO ME BY A GRATEFUL COUNTRY. I NEED HARDLY ASK YOU TO BE WORTHY OF IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—PRINCE ARTHUR back again after latest wrestle with his ancient enemy influenza. Occasion led up to one of those little episodes that from time to time grace the course of Party strife. Catching sight of Leader of Opposition entering from behind SPEAKER'S Chair, all sections joined in a hearty cheer of welcome. Later, when PRINCE ARTHUR enquired about course of public business, the PREMIER prefaced answer with word of hearty congratulation on his recovery. Whereat there was another outburst of general cheering.

In both Houses resolution submitted proposing erection in Westminster Abbey of monument to C.-B. Leaders of Opposition heartily concur, but significantly suggest that time has come when such monuments should be housed elsewhere. The Abbey is a congested district of the illustrious dead. No room for fresh comers. LANSDOWNE recalls fact that when honour was done to late Lord SALISBURY it was found necessary to find space by chipping away the monument of a lesser hero. Some of the young men below gangway in the Commons do not altogether like the idea of closing the Abbey to possible Premiers. For PRINCE ARTHUR it is clearly an act of renunciation, which will doubtless have paramount weight throughout the dim and distant future.

Crowded benches in anticipation of second reading of Education Bill. Since it was last before House a great deal has happened. Ministry reconstructed. Incidentally MCKENNA, laying down ferule of schoolmaster, has taken up the trident of Britannia. Understood he had done with Education Board and all its works. But here he is, having laid aside his laced cocked hat, ungirded his sword, standing at the Table discoursing about contracting out, imperial grants, and the COWPER-TEMPLE clause, just as if there were no such things as battleships, dockyards, and scrap-heaps. For this time only. It is his Bill, as was the Budget the PREMIER'S. Accordingly he launches it on second reading course; thereafter RUNCIMAN will take the helm.



"INCIDENTALLY MCKENNA HAS TAKEN UP THE TRIDENT OF BRITANNIA."

Business done.—Second reading of Education Bill moved.

Tuesday. — Extraordinary scene this afternoon. Sixty-seven questions on paper addressed to Ministers. Adding supplementary ones put by the Interrogatory ASHLEY, number ran up to four-score. This all very well as far as it went. But, as it takes two to make a quarrel, so must there be duality in the matter of putting and answering questions. When ASHLEY rose with cluster of three to begin with, there were just as many Ministers on Treasury Bench. As the hour sped Member after Member rose at call of SPEAKER, but the Minister addressed was absent.

Explanation of unfamiliar phenomenon presently dawned on wondering House. The patriots who sit behind Front Opposition Bench, and take good care the sun never sets on the British Empire, had arranged a sort of sniping expedition. The guns included Captain FABER, evidently depressed at rumoured retirement of WHITLEY; Sir WILLIAM BULL (son of the late JOHN BULL); Captain CRAIG, and Earl WINTERTON, on whose head incessant cares of State are already sprinkling the snows of yesteryear. Each man had his target assigned to him. WINTERTON, indeed, had four, which seemed on face of it a regrettable truckling to rank.

The little game was to fire off questions addressed to Ministers in charge of Departments. Form identical save for variation of the style of Minister. It ran thus: "To ask the Under-Secretary of State for India whether, having regard to the almost universal recognition of Empire Day by the self-governing communities of his Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas, he will give instructions for the Union Jack to be flown on the India Office buildings on Empire Day?"

Thus FABER potting BUCHANAN.



The Babe (uf) in Arms.
(Earl W-nt-rt-n.)

Next came Bull with intent to make a bull's-eye on Colonel Seely as representing the Colonies. To Captain Craig's firm hand and sure eye were committed the life and fortunes of Runciman, just come to the Education Office. As for Winterton, he, firing right and left, was expected to bring down Asquith at the head of affairs, Herbert Gladstone at the Home Office, Birrell at the Irish Office, and felt quite sure he would never miss the spacious figure of Napoleon B. Haldane.

This was the little scheme formulated in secret council. In design and frame faultless as those of Territorial Army. The best laid schemes of mice and statesmen "gang aft agley" (*anglicé*, don't always come off). The Ministers marked down for slaughter warily kept out of range. The conspirators fondly pictured them getting up one after another, and in varying form making excuse for their shameless neglect of the highest Imperial interests. Their absence spoiled the whole thing. Worse still, the Premier stepped in. An awkward man to take a hand in this sort of game. Answering for self and colleagues, he coolly remarked: "No sufficient reason has been shown for departure in this matter from the practice of our predecessors."

A nasty one that. Object of demonstration was, of course, to show up this Government in its true light, as Little Englanders who care nothing for Empire or Empire Day. And here was Premier incidentally recalling familiar fact that during their long term of office his predecessors were equally guilty.

As Sark says, men will be boys sometimes.

Business done.—Second reading debate on Education Bill carried on through eight hours in House that successfully managed to conceal tumult of feeling in the matter.

House of Lords, Friday.—Apart from legislative circumstance, House of Lords is ever interesting. Has a way of flashing unexpected sidelights on common objects that endears it to mankind, and may be counted upon to prevail against the machinations of those who would mend it or end it. Only the other night Burly Balfour accidentally unearthed a curious etymological fact. In Committee on Scottish Land Values Bill he moved an amendment in which he spoke of "any purpose to which such land can presently be devoted."

Discovered unaccountable opposition on part of English Peers on his own side. They seemed altogether to misconstrue intention of the amendment. Didn't even seem to understand meaning of ordinary word "presently." Presently, of course, means immediately, straightway, at this moment. Noble lords seemed to think it meant at some future time. To Burly Balfour's astonishment imputation was admitted. He found that whilst north of the Tweed "presently" means at the present time, south of it, it signifies at some future time. This shows how hollow is the so-called Union.

Meanwhile discovery was fatal to amendment. Obviously it would be inconvenient to embody in Act of Parliament a word which has contrary meanings according to the geographical line above or below which it is cited.

And now comes Tweedmouth with a new definition of Friendship. In debate on alleged inefficiency of artillery in Territorial Army he quoted a letter from an authority "who," he added, "is a friend of Lord Roberts."

"How do you know he is my friend?" asked the sturdy Bobs.

"I have seen you sitting together," replied Lord President of the Council with air of ingenuous conviction not generally shared by noble lords.

To the trained legal mind of Long John O'Connor, looking on from the Commons' pen, there occurred what may be cited as a leading case. For many years after the great disruption in Committee Room No. 15, Tim Healy and John Dillon sat together on second bench below gangway in the Commons. It is true they



"I do not know that the difference between Presbyterians and Baptists can be better personified than in the cases of the rt. hon. gentleman the Leader of the Opposition and my hon. friend who was President of the Baptist Union last year." (Laughter.)—*Mr. Runciman.*

(Mr. B-lf-r and Sir G-rge Wh-te.)



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. I.

Extracts from the diary of a beginner.—"JUST RENTED BEST BIT OF TROUT-FISHING IN THE COUNTY. HEARD MAYFLY WERE UP, SO STARTED AT ONCE. FOUND OTTER HOUNDS BEEN ALL OVER THE WATER. MASTER SAID HE WAS GLAD TO SEE ME OUT, BUT THOUGHT I SHOULD FIND WADERS AWFULLY HOT TO GO OTTER-HUNTING IN."

mutually assumed attitude which, as Mr. FLAVIN used to say, "brought their backs face to face." Still, they fulfilled TWEEDMOUTH's definition of friendship, since they were "seen sitting together." How fallacious is the deduction appears in recollection of this familiar incident.

Business done.—Commons Discussing Scotch Local Option.

A Fatal Harmony.

"Miss Olive Ibbotson proved to be a young woman wearing a green costume, and a hat trimmed with yellow lace. As there was a previous conviction for a similar offence, she was ordered to find a surety or undergo twenty-one days' imprisonment."—*Daily Chronicle.*

The Liverpool Echo on the "Directoire" gown:—

"A lady representative of the 'Morning Leader' has been making inquiries as to the reception of the new mode in London, and finds that it is likely to be distinctly chilly."

It certainly has that appearance.

GETTIN' HITCHED.

WE cannot help feeling that Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is making a grave mistake in not working out his plays in collaboration with Mr. GEORGE ADE. *Getting Married* sadly wants some "hustle" or "ginger" put into it, and the author of *The College Widow* could certainly have supplied this, *e.g.*:—

GETTIN' HITCHED.

A heart-to-heart talk by GEORGE A. SHAW, of London (*Eng.*).

Middle of the second Act.—The Bridgenorth family are trying to draw up a modern form of marriage contract between EDITH BRIDGENORTH *and* CECIL SYKES. BILL COLLINS, *a "prominent" waiter, is called in to advise.*

The Bishop. Say, COLLINS, we want you here on the SOCRATES stunt. EDITH 's been putting up a holler against hitching in with SYKES. She wants a Liberty Hall contract.

Collins. Wal, Bish., I 'm right on to this. Make it T.C.

Edith. "Till cancelled"? That 's till *I* mean to quit, I guess.

Sykes. Say, but that 's where I begin to buck. Suppose I call to see it out?

Collins. Wal, make it seven with an option.

The General. Excuse me butting in, but what 's the matter with the kiddies? Say now, which end do they go?

Reginald Bridgenorth. Wait till they 're grown up and on their own toddles. Twenty-one years from copyrighting.

Lesbia. If I weren't a real English lady I 'd say that was a Hades of a long time. (*Squirms from the audience.*)

Mrs. Reginald. Sure! I guess that one year with a husband would feed me up to Plimsoll mark. It 's me for the sample life!

Father Antony (*poising a stylo*). Amendment proposed by Old Man

Reginald—twenty-one years from copyrighting. Those in favour elevate. . .

St. John Hotchkiss (interrupting). Say, of all the pinkest set of farm-hands! You 've clean forgot the dough! Which one takes the jack-pot?

Collins. Say, bub, you 're gettin' too mighty new! (*Takes him by the collar and deposits him outside the window.*) Git! And don't you stop to pick daisies!

The Bishop (slapping him on the back admiringly). Say, Collins, you 're real smart on the rush line!

Collins (deprecatingly). Wal, Bish., I guess I ain't in the same hemisphere with Mrs. George.

The Bishop. Your sis-in-law?

Collins. The same. She 's curry. She could settle this matter in a trance in two winks. 'Phone her up on her private wire, Bish.

The Bishop (taking up the telephone). Hal. . .

Curtain.

The curtain rises on Act III. with the actors in the same position, following the new dramatic technique.

The Bishop (at the telephone). . . . . lo! . . . That you, Mrs. George? Hustle right here. We want you slick.

St. John Hotchkiss (climbing in through the window). Gee whiz, I want to see this out. Rah! for Mrs. G., boys! Rah, rah, rah, G.E.O.R.G.E., rah, rah. . . . (Collins *goes to remove him.*)

Mrs. George (entering). Leave him to me, Bill, I'll rattle him presently. (Collins *desists.*) What you want me for, Bish.?

The Bishop. Can you clot the philosophy of love and marriage into a one-minute trance?

Mrs. George. Sure! But for men only. (*The ladies retire.*)

Mrs. George (in a trance, dreamily). I gave you the sun and the moon and the sleet of stars, and you said, "That ain't enough." I gave you the whole universe in one embrace, and you said, "Look slippy with the breakfast!" I gave you an æon in a single instant, and you said, "What about the holes in my sox?" I was your chattel, and it was not enough. Wal, now I guess I 'm going to light right out with a muffin-bell, and give you. . . *Curtain.*

LONDON LETTERS.

VII.

Dear Charles,—Many thanks for your letter. Don't side just because you get up at six o'clock and feed the cow, or shave the goat, or whatever it is. Other people get up early too. For the last few weeks I have sprung out of bed at seven-thirty. (I always "spring" out—it is so much more classy.) But I doubt if I can keep it up.

The truth is that I have just made an unhappy discovery. I was under the impression that my man's name was Turley; I should say my third of a man, because I share him with two others, but anyhow I thought his whole name was Turley. So I used to write nice little notes, beginning "If you 're waking, call me, Turley," and leave them about for him. He invariably woke at seven and read them—and came and called me, mother dear. Of course I had to get up. Well, I have now heard that his name is really Holland, which makes all the difference. It would be absurd to write him any more notes of that kind. My one satisfaction is that I can claim to own a third of Holland, which is about 4,000 square miles. Multiply that by 640 and you get it in acres. Quite the landowner.

Moreover, Charles, my lad, you are not the one person who knows things about animals. You may be on terms of familiarity with the cow and the goat, but these are not the only beasts. What acquaintance, for example, have you with reptiles? The common newt—do you know anything about *him?* No. Well then, now I 'll tell you.

When I was seven and John was eight we went to a naturalist's in Hampstead to enquire the price of newts. They were threepence each, not being quite in season. We bought sixpenny-worth; the man put them into a paper bag for us, and we took them up on the Heath to give them a gallop. When we opened the bag we found *three* newts inside. It seemed impossible that the thing could have happened naturally, so we went back to the shop to explain to the man that he had made a mistake. However he hadn't; he had merely given us one newt discount. (Remember that when next you 're buying them.) Well, we returned to the Heath, and they showed their paces. Now the newt is an amphibious animal (Greek); he is quite as much at ease in the bathroom as on the mat. So when we got them home we arranged to try them in our bath.

This is where you cry. For a time all went well. They dived, swam (back and front), trod water, returned to life when apparently drowned, and so forth. Then John pulled up the waste-pipe. He says now that he did it inadvertently, but I fancy that he wanted to see what would happen. What did happen was that they got into the whirlpool and disappeared. We turned on both the hot and cold taps to see if they would come back, but they didn't. Apparently you don't. We rushed into the garden to see if they would return by the drain-pipe with the rain-water, but not they. Only the paper-bag was left to us . . . and (to this day I cannot recall it without a tear) it was John who popped it.

Charles, we never saw those newts again. Crusoe, Cleaver and Robinson were their names. Robinson and Crusoe they were to have been; and when the third came and



TERRITORIAL TROUBLES

Recruit. "Please, Sergeant, I've got a splinter in my 'and."

Sergeant-Instructor. "Wot yer been doin'? Strokin' yer 'ead?"



Old Gentleman. "NOW, KIDDIES, DO YOU WANT ME TO HAVE A GAME OF ROMPS WITH YOU? EH?"
Youngster. "OH, NO! WE'RE PLAYING AT INDIANS, AND YOU'RE NO USE. YOU'RE SCALPED ALREADY!"

seemed to take a fancy to Robinson, we called him Cleaver. Where are they now? In the mighty Thames somewhere, I suppose. So, CHARLES, if ever you are near the river, keep a friendly eye open for them, will you? They may be a little wild now, but they were good newts in their day.

We had a *Buforium* too in our time, you must know. I have just made that word up, and it means a place where you keep toads. In our case it was the sink. The toad, as you may not have realised, has no vomerine or maxillary teeth, but he *has* got a distinct tympanum. However, what I really wanted to say was that the toad has a pyriform tongue of incredible length, by means of which he catches his prey, thus differing from the frog, which leaps at 'em. We used to station a toad opposite one of the walls of the sink—of the *Buforium*, and then run his breakfast down the side. Sometimes it would be a very long centipede, and then you could have one toad for each end; or a—— What brutes little boys are; I 'm not going to tell you any more about toads. (Except to say that his omosternum is generally missing. That must be very annoying.)

Did I ever talk to you about our hedgehogs? We kept no end of them, but Peter was the only one who stayed. He used to live in the scullery, so as to see that no black-beetles got about. One night the cook woke up suddenly and remembered that she had left the scullery tap running. So she jumped out of bed and ran downstairs, not even stopping to put on slippers. . . .

She was a very heavy woman. . . No, Peter wasn't hurt much; but she refused to have him in the kitchen again.

This is a very zoological letter, but I just wanted to show you that you weren't the only one. Time fails me to tell you of a mole which we put in the geranium bed, of a certain kind of caterpillar from which we caught nettle-rash, of a particularly handsome triton which we kept in a tank with a crab, giving them fresh and salt water on alternate days, so that there should be no quarrelling. It is enough if I have made it clear that one does not need to have Castle Bumpbrook on one's notepaper in order to commune with Nature.

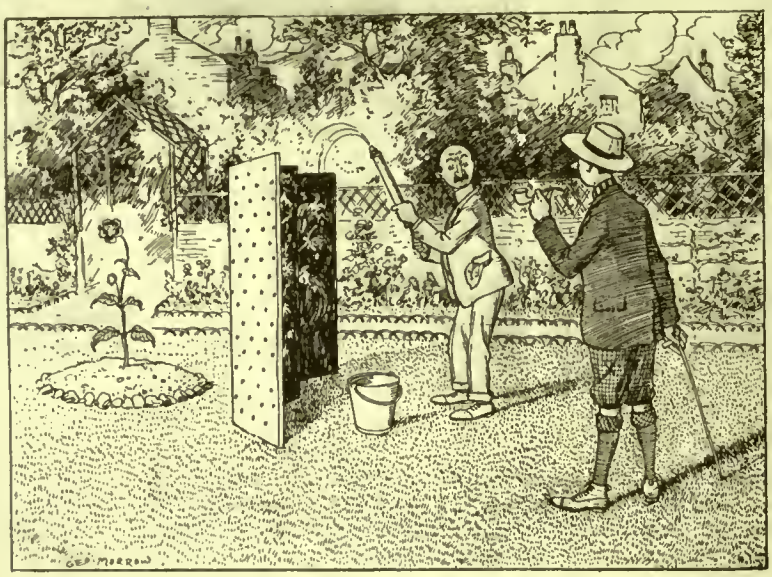
I want two wedding presents—I don't mean for myself. What do you suggest? I bar anything for the table. Newly married couples might do nothing but eat to judge from the things they get given them. At present I hesitate between the useful—as, for instance, twenty thousand cubic feet of gas, and the purely ornamental—say an antimacassar. "Mr. and Mrs. SAMUEL JONES—a towel-horse": you never see that, do you? And yet you could pay anything for a pure-bred one, and they are very useful. The bride always wears "valuable old Honiton lace, the gift of her aunt." Otherwise it 's not legal. KITTY never had an aunt, had she? Then you aren't properly married, CHARLES. I 'm sorry.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

AFTER reading *The Metropolis* (ARNOLD), I am not at all surprised that London is so full of Americans just now; New York certainly seems the limit. Mr. UPTON SINCLAIR'S book would be called, I suppose, a story with a purpose; actually it is almost entirely purpose with only a very slight story. The hero spends most of his time at the houses of hopeless vulgarians who eat too much; that, roughly, is the plot. There are a good many other characters in the book, and they also eat too much. Mr. SINCLAIR describes many of the things they eat—with, it seems to me, a certain gusto; rather as if he wanted you to know that he had been through it all himself. (What a change from the corned beef in *The Jungle!*) When I read a book of this kind I am always puzzled by one point. Is the author writing from his own inside knowledge of what goes on at these millionaires' houses? If not, then his testimony is of little value. On the other hand, if he speaks from experience, then one cannot help reflecting that he has accepted the hospitality of these people, that he has been given a very good or, at any rate a very filling time by them, and that now he is making money by running them down. However, Mr. SINCLAIR must settle that with himself; no doubt the end justifies the means. I wish him all success in so far as his campaign is against immorality; but I think he makes a mistake in attacking vulgarity so strenuously. Ridicule would be a better weapon.



A SENSITIVE PLANT.

Friend of Amateur Gardener. "THAT SEEMS A CURIOUS ARRANGEMENT. WHAT'S THE SCREEN FOR?"

A. G. "SH-H! IF THAT FLOWER KNEW THIS WASN'T REAL RAIN, IT WOULDN'T GROW ANOTHER INCH!"

By *The Gates that shall not Prevail* (LANE), Mr. HERBERT M. FARRINGTON means, I suppose, the powers of hell. His hero, a muscular East End parson, is not above persuading people to be Christians by the *argumentum ad* fisticuffs, and is well qualified to take the mat against the champion heavy-weight of the lower regions. Mr. FARRINGTON calls him *Brother Paul*. *Brother Peter* would surely be a more suitable name, and personally I should have been tempted to christen *Mr. Higgins*, late king of the Sandbaggers (whom *Brother Paul* had brought into the fold by knocking him out), *Niblick Nick* instead of *Bunker Bill*. A niblick has just as much to do with sand as a bunker, and seems to express more aptly the unregenerate character of the converted Hooligan. But that is by the way. *Brother Paul* sits to a fashionable Free-thinking painter for an allegorical portrait (bearing the same title as the book), in which he is represented in his monkish cassock defying the storms of hell by the aid of the Cross. He also proves himself a very St. ANTHONY by the strength with which he resists the alluring advances of the artist's favourite model, a lady, I regret to say, who was no better than she should be. In the end both Freethinker and Magdalen are won over by *Brother Paul's* influence to join in his New Crusade against wickedness in high (and low) places. Though the tone and tendency of the book are irreproachably moral, I think it suffers artistically from being part novel and part sermon. Nevertheless, unlike so many modern examples of its two component parts, it is neither stupid nor dull.

Mr. JOHN AYSCOUGH shows in his novel *Marotz* (CONSTABLE) that he is a master of detail; but he is, I think, in some danger of allowing detail to master him. "The reader may be occasionally bored," he seems to say, "but no detail of *Marotz's* life is insignificant to me, and I mean to write my book in my own way." It is, perhaps, ungrateful to complain of Mr. AYSCOUGH'S method when, on the whole, it produces a most excellent result. But I confess that *Marotz's* life in the Convent of the Reparation (she arrives there on p. 97 and doesn't get out till p. 178) is described with a wearisome minuteness. Mr. AYSCOUGH is himself aware that he is becoming tedious, for just before his heroine leaves the Convent he writes:—"To the reader it is scarcely likely that *Marotz* should have appeared very interesting." The remark is both candid and true. However, during her early and unhappy married life, and through the peaceful years while she is bringing up her son in the lonely Sicilian castle, *Marotz* is drawn with admirable skill and care. If some of the closing scenes are unexpected and fantastic, nevertheless the book still impresses me as a very sincere and conscientious piece of work.

Mr. PAUL HERRING'S *Dragon's Silk* (CASSELL) is drowned in dialogue, and I should be very sorry to have to count the "smart" remarks which are scattered over its pages. Mr. HERRING manufactures jokes without difficulty, but he is far too easily satisfied. "To be unattainable," said her Grace in an epigram, "is an ideal life, and produces satisfactory dividends." Her Grace, by the way, was called the *Duchess of Dazzle;* but I cannot say that her conversation reflected her title. Mr. HERRING'S lavish display of verbal fireworks suffers from a prevailing dampness, and his undoubted gifts of imagination are lost in a riot of words. If he would give up trying to be so amusing I think that his next novel might be really good. For Mr. HERRING has ideas.

CHARIVARIA.

THE number of American naval men who are tattooed has now, according to an official report, reached an astonishing figure, and it is not impossible that the style of the present naval uniform may be altered. There is talk of a low neck blouse with short sleeves, to enable these illustrated sailors to be seen to advantage.

***

According to *Reuter*, the Mohmand War will cost £200,000; and we have received an angry letter from a City Man asking why the Government did not conduct the matter on commercial lines. Can any reasonable person doubt, he asks, that if at the beginning of the trouble the VICEROY had written to the Mohmands saying that he was about to fit out a £200,000 expedition against them, but was willing to settle the matter for £100,000, a prompt acceptance of the offer would have ensued?

***

Insufficient credit, we think, has been given to Mr. BALFOUR for his self-denying ordinance in proposing that no Premiers shall in future have monuments in Westminster Abbey, for room could always have been found for the effigy of so slim a statesman.

***

Our present electoral system, according to Mr. ASQUITH, is "an inadequate and untrustworthy exponent of the real opinions of the people." This is surely an extreme case of *esprit d'escalier*. It ought to have been said just after the General Election.

***

When Lieutenant-General LAURIE, the Mayor of Paddington, presented the French PRESIDENT with an address his Worship wore his mayoral robes over his general's uniform. In these days of MAUD ALLANS and Directoire dresses, Mrs. Grundy finds this exceedingly satisfactory.

The visit of the French PRESIDENT to the Exhibition was marred by at least one accident, which seems to have escaped the gentlemen of the Press. A young representative of one of our leading public schools was heard shouting lustily, as M. FALLIÈRES passed, "Vive le France! Vive le France!"

***

"On the occasion of the visit to Windsor the PRESIDENT will have a travelling escort of Household Cavalry, and will leave Paddington by special train at 3.50 in the afternoon." We regard this as a most unfair reflection on the speed of the G.W.R.



"STOP! STOP! *CAN'T YOU STOP?*"
"STOP? WHY SOMETIMES WE STOPS FOR HOURS, AND HAS TO BE *DRAGGED* AWAY!"

At the gala performance at the Opera House, when the Maharajah of NEPAL wore his famous jewelled head-dress said to be worth £50,000, his Highness, we hear, was advised not to remove it in case some absent-minded playgoer should walk off with it in mistake for his opera hat.

***

There was great joy in Berlin the other day when the news arrived that the *Lusitania's* record had been beaten—until it transpired that it was the *Lusitania* that had done it.

***

The Old Age Pension idea is very much in the air just now, and even the Admiralty is determined to be in the fashion. A naval veteran living in the Norfolk village of Ludham has just received a medal for services in the Baltic in 1854.

***

The Sex War from day to day. News of a great victory for women now reaches us. A lady—Miss TITTERTON of Musselburgh—has won the Ladies' Golf Championship at St. Andrews.

***

Two items from the Magazine Page of *The Daily Mail*:—

EVENING DRESS FOR THE BALL ROOM.
LEPERS IN PURPLE.

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Now that Mr. JACK DONES, the brother of the Misses ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE, has been the hero of a motor-car summons, he is, it is rumoured, to have a picture-postcard ALL TO HIMSELF.

***

Mr. THOMAS ATTENBOROUGH, a member of the famous pawnbroking family, has left legacies to more than forty of his nephews and nieces. In a word, he has behaved as a true Uncle should.

***

Mr. THEODORE DAVIS, the Egyptologist, in unearthing the tomb of HOR-EMHEB, the last king of the eighteenth dynasty, discovered that the tomb had been rifled by robbers at least 3,500 years ago. The matter, we understand, has been placed in the hands of the local police.

***

In the Cambridge County Court last week a debtor informed the judge that he had varicose veins, gout, enteric fever, pleurisy, pneumonia, erysipelas, and influenza; but, in cross-examination, a clever solicitor, we understand, elicited the fact that the fellow was otherwise pretty well.

"For sale, large packing-case, zinc-lined, suitable for person going abroad; cheap."—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

It is certainly cheap, but we always prefer to pay a little more and travel outside the hold.

TO A CANDIDATE FOR A CORONET.

[The PRIME MINISTER addresses a climber (M.P.) who has been of great pecuniary assistance to the Party, but cannot be raised to the Peerage because his seat is not considered safe, his majority being a paltry two thousand.]

SIR—and I would that I could say "My Lord"—
None more than you deserves a title;
Your gifts are such that I can scarce afford
Adequate space for their recital;
But this is not the psychic hour, I fear,
For making you a Peer.

Your claims are obvious. If in point of birth
You are as yet a mere beginner,
You have attained to that more solid worth
Which stamps to-day the certain winner;
For wealth, like "simple faith," can always sneeze
At Norman pedigrees.

True instinct warned you not to waste your time
On feats of science, art or letters;
You felt that only fools would hope to climb
That way to seats among their betters;
Besides, you never (frankly) had a brain
Designed for such a strain.

But other gifts you had, and these you pressed,
With lavish hints of more to follow,
Into the Liberal Party's yawning chest
Where nothing ever fills the hollow;
And every time you thought: "Unless I err,
Something must soon occur."

For it was understood, though no one spoke,
Since spoken terms might sound too sordid,
That loyalty like yours was not a joke,
And couldn't well go unrewarded;
Otherwise Virtue, to the general sorrow,
Would shut up shop to-morrow.

So you were put upon the waiting list.
Then came those dreadful by-disasters,
Which made us feel how much you might be missed
If, in revolt from former pastors,
Your flock's majority, two thousand strong,
Happened to go all wrong.

Few seats, in fact, are safe—this side the Tweed
(Thank Heaven for Scotland's taste in humour!);
And you, who were to found a noble breed,
Must be content to spread a rumour
That you declined to join, though clear the call,
A House condemned to fall.

You are well out of it; for yours would be
The sorry end which fate conferred on
That Greek who steered the Persians o'er the sea,
And won a golden crown for guerdon,
Whereat the Admiral, by way of banter,
Chopped off his head *instanter*. O. S.

"To Kill Wasps.—Clap your hands smartly together so as to crush the insect between them as it flies. When thus killed it is quite unable to sting."—*The Country Side.*

Though it is quite true that a dead wasp cannot sting, yet it should be noted that a dying wasp is sometimes so ungrateful as to spurn the hand that stroked it. Beginners, therefore, should avoid the "south end," where the sting is, and clap the animal on the head.

SONGS IN SEASON.

[*Spoken to the Editor.*]

MY dear sir, you would like to have the first refusal of a really good song? No self-respecting music-hall will soon be without its "Exhibition Song," and, in anticipation of the great demand there is sure to be, I beg to submit the following samples:—

No. 1.

[NOTE.—This song may be sung in public (singer's risk), and should be delivered by a real lady dressed in clothes which no gentleman would wear.]

At Shepherd's Bush the Franco-Brit
At present 's going strong,
And those who haven't been to it
Should not delay too long;
So get your shillings ready, boys,
And ask your girl to go
And share with you the many joys
Of—this—stu-pen-dous—show!

(*Chorus*)

Come, come, come to the Bush along,
Don't dee-lay!
What if you *do* have to struggle and push a long
Way, way, way?
Once you get there won't it make FLOSSIE stare!
It will strike her dumb;
And imagine her joy when you take her, my boy,
To the stadi-adi-um!

You don't seem to care much for that song? Well, here I have a different kind altogether. This song should be sung by a Naval officer—Admiral preferred—who waves a Union Jack in one hand and a Tricolor in the other. He *must* have white gloves, and the tune should be something like the *Marseillaise*, with just a *soupçon* of the *National Anthem* in it. Dark stage. Limelight on the flags.

No. 2.

In Nelson's days the French we fought
On land and on the sea; (*waves Union Jack.*)
In Nelson's time who would have thought
To-day such friends we 'd be? (*waves Tricolor.*)
Our flags are both Red, White and Blue,
And out at Shepherd's Bush
They wave together, and now who (*defiantly*)
Will dare those flags to push?
(*waves both flags.*)

[Why "push"?—ED.
Didn't I tell you this is a music-hall song?
Ah! I had forgotten.—ED.]

(*Chorus*)

Then here 's to the new-formed friendship
'Twixt France and old John Bull;
May neither of us ever have to send ship——

[Pardon me; I think I will take advantage of the offer you made me at the beginning of this interview.—ED.
What offer?
The first *refusal* of your songs!—ED.]

"The Musical Society then gave a performance of 'The Jackdaw of Rheims.' We cannot but admit that a further week's practice would have made a difference. On more than one occasion the sopranos failed to come in at the right time and generally speaking the singers were not well together. Nevertheless the performance was in other respects a good one."—*The Cambridge Chronicle.*

After all, heartiness and good fellowship are what you look for chiefly in a Musical Society.



KING COPHETUA AND THE BEGGAR-MAID.

THE KING (MR. ASQUITH). "'THIS BEGGAR-MAID SHALL BE MY QUEEN'—THAT IS, IF THERE'S A GENERAL FEELING IN THE COUNTRY TO THAT EFFECT."





TO MAKE THE "REVIVAL OF THE GLOBIES OF THE BRIGHTON ROAD" MORE COMPLETE, WHY SHOULD NOT OTHER PUBLIC-SPIRITED MILLIONAIRES JOIN IN? MR. CARNEGIE, FOR INSTANCE, MIGHT "HOLD UP" THE VANDERBILT COACH IN THE GOOD OLD STYLE.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A Series of Hurried Halfpenny Leaders.

CAUSE I.

An old woman at East Marden has been so severely stung by a bee that she has been confined to bed for a week.

EFFECT.

THE TOLL OF THE HIVE.

It might almost be said that every day brings with it a new menace; that life becomes more and more insecure and fugitive. Science toils unceasingly to wrest the secrets from disease, and devise means whereby its terrible inroads may be repaired or prevented, while Nature at the same time is loosing her trained assailants. As summer after summer arrives, and brings with it the melancholy tale of the stings of bees, it becomes more and more evident that something drastic must be done if mankind is to be preserved from the blind attacks of this venomous insect. We submit with all seriousness that the time has come to ask ourselves the question, Is honey worth the cost? There are parts of England during swarming time where the ground literally runs blue with the common rural antidote to the poison of the hive, too often, alas! of small avail, as a piece of news in our columns this morning again testifies. Once more we ask, Is honey worth such a cost?

CAUSE II.

Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode announces a large increase in the demand for Printer's Pie this year.

EFFECT.

A NEW DISH.

It is gratifying to note that the British people are alive to the responsibilities of their position as leaders of the world (although how long they can hold it with such a Government as we now groan under is a question tragic in its uncertainty), and are sufficiently supple and plastic to be willing to experiment in new and wholesome articles of diet. What Printer's Pie is we do not know; of what ingredients it is composed, or how prepared for human consumption; but it has a healthy substantial sound, and we have no more hesitation than usual in devoting a short leader in praise of our countrymen for their enterprise and good sense. Yorkshire pudding and Norfolk dumplings ("the jockeys for me," as COLERIDGE'S friend said) have formed the basis of many a stalwart British hero: why should not the pie of the printer? *And so on.*

CAUSE III.

The death is announced at Leeds of a house-agent named Webb, who has been in business for sixty-five years.

EFFECT.

A DANGEROUS PROFESSION.

A telegram from our special correspondent at Leeds reveals a state of things that cannot be too seriously considered by the nation at large, and especially by the paterfamilias who is casting about for some career for his son. We refer to the death somewhere or other of a house agent. The tragic thing is that almost every day brings a similar piece of news. One had always thought of the house agent as the member of a singularly reposeful and secure profession, immune from risks. But that is not the case. The house agent is subjected to a thousand perils, not the least of which is that of continually entering empty and, therefore, unaired houses, often still damp from new bricks and mortar, with, very likely, thorough draughts in every room, owing to defective glazing. We cannot too seriously deprecate the

unwisdom, to give it only a mild term, of owners of house property who do not keep fires always alight. Other evils of the house agent's life are the risks of tripping up and falling over surveyor's pegs, or even over his own tape measure, together with brain fever from the intricate task of reducing an estate to rods, poles, and perches. Altogether we think it advisable to warn fathers face to face with the question, What to do with our boys? to be very circumspect.

PERFORMERS IN PERIL.

STRANGE ADVENTURES OF EMINENT MUSICIANS.

THE perils to which musicians are exposed in the pursuit of their profession have been vividly illustrated by the thrilling experiences of Sir FREDERICK BRIDGE, who, as we learn from a recent issue of *The Daily Chronicle*, while crossing the Rockies was wantonly attacked by a grizzly bear, and, though armed with no other weapon beyond a hymn-book, contrived to keep the savage intruder at bay.

But the adventure of the genial organist of Westminster, alarming as it undoubtedly was, is easily cast into the shade by the terrific and unexampled experience which recently befell Mr. and Mrs. HUGO BAMBERGER during a holiday trip to Switzerland. The gifted violinist and his charming wife were accompanied, as usual, by their remarkable child, BOLESLAS (who, though only two years old, has already obtained a complete mastery of the double-bass), and on the occasion in question were wheeling him in his semi-grand overstrung Blüthstein pram in the grounds of the hotel at Zermatt, when a golden eagle suddenly swooped from an incredible altitude, seized the unsuspecting infant in its talons and soared away to its eyrie on the summit of the Schreckhorn. The situation might have paralysed some parents, but Mr. and Mrs. BAMBERGER never lost their presence of mind for a single moment. Rushing to the hotel the gifted *virtuoso* at once telephoned to the Commander-in-Chief of the Swiss Army for the loan of a captive balloon and a parachute, which arrived in the course of a few hours by special train. To inflate the balloon and ascend in it to the eagle's eyrie was simple enough, but in the course of the ensuing struggle for the possession of the priceless infant the envelope of the balloon was pierced by the eagle's beak. This, however, was the bird's last effort, and the intrepid parents descended safely with their portentous offspring in the parachute. Congratulatory telegrams were subsequently received from Herr KUSSEWITZKY, the famous double-bass *virtuoso*, Mr. CORTELYOU, Mr. OTHO TWIGG, Mr. ORRY CORJEAG, and many other celebrities. We are glad to hear that Master BOLESLAS is none the worse for his adventure, though the eagle has succumbed to the wound inflicted by Mrs. BAMBERGER with a diamond-hilted hairpin presented her by Count TASSILO FESTETICS. The only untoward incident connected with the episode was the loss, by the rescuers, of a priceless collection of press-cuttings, which they inadvertently left in the eagle's nest.

In this context mention may fittingly be made of the narrow escape from a watery grave enjoyed by Mr. BAMBERGER last autumn while dry-fly fishing for tarpon in the Nile near Luxor. Mr. BAMBERGER, who is an expert disciple of old ISAAK, had hooked, as he thought, a remarkably fine specimen of the tarpon tribe when a terrific tug at his line upset his balance and precipitated him into the waters of the historic stream. Holding his rod firmly in one hand while he paddled with the other, Mr. BAMBERGER suddenly realised that he had hooked, not a tarpon but a hippopotamus, which made rapidly for him, spouting with rage and emitting prolonged hoots. The situation was most precarious, as Mrs. BAMBERGER, who watched the scene from the bank, was unable to swim, and no musical critics or reporters were within hail; but by a miraculous coincidence the monster, when only a couple of yards off, was suddenly seized with cramp, and sank like a stone, leaving the renowned artist to scramble on shore, dripping but undaunted. The hippopotamus, we may add, was subsequently recovered, and his head, superbly stuffed, graces one of the thirty-six best bedrooms in Mr. BAMBERGER'S palatial residence in Park Lane.

L'Entente Cordiale.

"The King was wearing the uniform of a French admiral, with the broad red ribbon of the Legion of Honour across his breast. M. Fallières was in evening dress with the same red ribbon."—*Daily Mail.*

"Scaffolding has come down without the buildings."—*Evening News.*

How the architect's heart must have been in his mouth as the daring experiment was made.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STRENUOUS STATESMAN.

May 25.—Rose at 6 a.m. Dictated letters to private secretaries till 8. Motored in the Park till 9.

9 A.M.—Guests at breakfast included Mme. MELBINI, FRAGSON the Franco-British tragi-comedian, and Miss MABEL CUNARD, the new Apocryphal pirouettist from the Pantheon.

10 A.M.—Received deputation from Nonconformist divines protesting against remark of Radical M.P. and Under-Secretary, who had spoken of private theatricals as an innocent amusement. Returned a sympathetic answer.

10.30.—Received deputation of women suffragists demanding that in the case of women the term "old age pension" should be abandoned as being invidious, and "State salary" substituted. Promised to give the matter my most elastic consideration.

11.45.—Cabinet Council.

1.30.—Lunched at home. Guests included Miss TOPSY D'URFEY, the Brothers GOLLIWOGG, MARIE LLOYD, CHIRGWIN, and BOOKER WASHINGTON. Interesting theological discussion between the two last named. CHIRGWIN unable to tell me whether Kaffirs wore Directoire gowns. MARIE LLOYD sang new topical song with the taking refrain:—

"Oh, polities give me the double hump,
For you 're gassing the whole of the time;
And I pity the life of a Minister's wife,
Unless that Minister 's *Prime*."

2.30 P.M.—Received deputation of shipowners protesting against the decision of a well-known Line to change their name to the Maud Allan Line. Returned a diplomatic answer, dwelling on the beauty of Christian names, TENNYSON'S *Maud*, etc., comparing the movement of a ship to that of a dancer, and contrasting the styles of TAGLIONI, CERITO, and GENÉE.

3 P.M.—House of Commons. BALFOUR anxious to know the Government's intention on the subject of universal infant suffrage. Replied that the Government were as adamant in their resolve not to give the vote to children before they could speak, but that otherwise they had an elastic and open mind.

5 P.M.—Tea on the Terrace. Guests included PAUL CINQUEVALLI (who juggled beautifully with the teacups), ARNAUD MASSY, and Miss MARGARET BIBBY, the new Biblical pantomimist from the Velocity Theatre.



Milliner's Assistant. "THAT FEATHER, MADAM, MAKES YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER."
Antique Lady. "THEN I'LL TAKE THE HAT. BUT I THINK, PERHAPS, A SECOND FEATHER MIGHT MAKE IT EVEN MORE BECOMING."

6 P.M.—Debate on Resolution to confer plural vote on conscientious objectors, vegetarians, and all persons who have married their deceased wife's sister. On behalf of Government stated that we should view legislation on these lines with a benevolent neutrality, but deeply regretted we couldn't treat it as a party question. Violently attacked by GRAYSON as a savage and unrelenting tyrant. After hurried consultation with colleagues decided to modify attitude, and promise Government support to the proposal on behalf of vegetarians. Tumult still continuing, promised to adopt a plastic mind on the whole question.

7.30.—Dined at House. Guests include distinguished French visitors, Mme. DIAPHANE DE BOURBOULE and LA LOLITA, the new sacred allegorical acrobat from Andalusia.

8.—Introduced Government Bill, rendering teetotalism obligatory on all peers except those elevated by the present Government. Great enthusiasm.

8.30.—Hurried off to dine with the Society of Evangelical Terpsichoreans. In reply to the toast of my health said that the Government intended to make a modest beginning in the way of endowing a National Ballet next year by devoting £500,000 to the building of a suitable Temple of Terpsichore, but hoped to spare two millions on the same object in the following year and for ever afterwards.

9.45.—Looked in at the Palace just in time to be charmed once more by the John the Baptist *pas seul*. The dear little woman never danced better. Thought the few adverse comments I heard in very bad taste.

10.30.—Returned to House. Debate on Children's Bill. In reply to Socialist Member stated that the Government would think not once but twice before they refused to grant special pensions to the parents of infant prodigies earning less than £5,000 a year. Added that although it was good to have a giant's strength, it was base to use it like a giant. The Government were resolved to adopt an elastic and accommodating attitude on this as indeed on every question which appealed to the elementary instincts of our common humanity. (*Great cheering.*)

Learning to think Imperially.

From an Empire Day essay by a L.C.C. child (aged 7):

"There are a lot of Empires, like Chinese Empire, Hackney Empire, Stratford Empire, and Russian Empire. Hackney Empire is different to ours, because they sing there, and ours is places."

The distinction between the two classes of Empire is admirably defined; and it is further emphasised by a second child, who says: "The British Empire belongs to us, you can go in free." "Ours is the best," says a third, and, again, "You don't pay anything." It is good to see this recognition of our free birthright.

The Hosier's Best Friend.

"That this laundry is highly recommended by the leading West End hosiers is in itself a guarantee of the quality of our shirt and collar work."

LONDON LETTERS.

VIII.

DEAR CHARLES,—A thing has just happened to me, which really only happens to people in jokes. You would not believe it did I not lay my hand on my heart—(the heart isn't on the left side, as you thought, by the way. It 's bang in the middle, only the left auricle does all the work. However)—on my heart, and swear that it is true.

I was in the silver department of Liberty's buying some spoons. Yes, I fell back on spoons, after all. (Never fall back on a spoon, CHARLES, if you can help it.) It was a hot day, and the business of selection was so exhausting that I took off my hat and gloves, and laid them on a chair beside me. When it was all over the man went off to make out the bill. I wandered round the place, looking at all the other things which I wished I had bought instead. Suddenly a voice at my side said:

"Can you tell me if this is where you get ladies' jerseys for golf?"

(I told you you had to get a jersey for golf.)

I said: "Oh, do you think that is a good thing? I rather thought of spoons myself. . . . I mean, for a wedding present one does want something which. . . Oh, I beg your pardon. . . Yes, I am Mr. LIBERTY. No Liberty at all, madam, I assure you. . . This is the silver department, you know. . . Yes, all that white shiny stuff. . . Well, I daresay we *could* do you one, if you wouldn't mind having the lion worked on it. . . No, we don't charge for the lion. . . Or what about something quite simple in pewter. . . Oh, I see. . . The art muslin department would be the nearest thing we have. . . a freer swing, certainly. . . *Good* morning."

Well, no, I didn't say that exactly. Having my hand on the left side of my heart it would be impossible to pretend that I did. With the best intentions in the world how easy it is, LUCY, to slip from the rocky path of truth into the crevasse of make-believe. (Maxim from *The Fairchild Family*.) But really and really, CHARLES, she did take me for the shopwalker in the silver department, and she did ask for ladies' golf jerseys. What I actually said was: "I 'm very sorry, but I 'm afraid I 'm only a customer." And she said: "Oh, I 'm so sorry." And then I put on my hat to show that I had one, and took it off again to show that I knew my manners, and she went off to the clock counter, and said she was sorry to trouble the man behind it, but could he tell her where she went for ladies' jerseys for golf, and he said he was very sorry, but they didn't sell them. Altogether there was a good deal of sorrow going about.

But not on my part—never. In common tweeds, to be mistaken for one of those splendid frock-coated gentlemen, and admitted into a lady's confidence on a question of jerseys—there was glory for you. I doubt now if I ought to have gone down to Castle Bumpbrook. Anyhow, I should have insisted on all the gate.

What was the gate? I distinctly saw three small boys hiding behind a cow. I suppose they paid all right? CHARLES, I did enjoy it awfully, as I think I have told you several times. It was good of you to send me in first with the postman, and as a postman I am sure I should love him very much, but he is too fast for me on the cricket field. There *wasn't* a run there, you know—a simple shot straight to cover. I expect he thought it was an "express delivery" or "late fee" stroke, with "immediate" in the top left-hand corner; or perhaps the brown pad made him think I was a telegram. If I ever go in first with him again I shall register myself.

I gather that the Vicar *has* to bowl at one end all the time, hasn't he? In *lieu* of tithes or something. Otherwise you get the Ecclesiastical Commissioners down on you. He varies his pitch cleverly, I admit. His firstly would take any batsman by surprise; I can't think why it only bounces once—finger-spin, I suppose. Then, immediately afterwards, you get his secondly, a high full-pitch which would almost be a wide in a layman. Yet all the time you feel that he is only leading up to his sixthly and lastly my brethren, which is one of the subtlest half-volleys I have ever seen. But *is* "over the wall" out? I thought that was only when you played in a garden with a stump. Perhaps being the churchyard wall makes a difference.

CHARLES, I love your garden. It was jolly to see the white flower of Mrs. Sinkins' blameless life again. I knew Mrs. Sinkins as a bulb—I mean as a boy, and have always regarded her with affection. I suppose I shall have to wait for Dorothy Perkins. She is hardly out yet. My love is like a—— Oh, but Dorothy is pink. Anyhow, she sweetly smiles in June, and it 's just on June, so I 'm blowed if I don't come down to see her next month, whether you ask me or not. Better send me an invitation for form's sake.

And teach me about flowers, will you? (And I will tell you about motor-omnibuses). Why do they all end in "kins"? It can't be a coincidence that the only two which I know to talk to should do this. Funnily enough, motor-omnibuses all end in Putney, which shows that this is a very small world after all, and we needs must love the highest when we see it. So near and yet so far. Doesn't it annoy you when you meet a person in London whom you last saw in Uganda, and he fatuously observes that the world is a very small place? It would have been a much smaller place, *primâ facie*, if you had last seen him at Leamington.

To return to Dorothy. We have flowers in London, too, please. What about the Temple Show? I saw a man there with a kodak; I suppose he wanted to snap the roses as they were growing. That 's the sort of weather we are on the Embankment. Oh, but the fruit there! I wish I were a prize tomato; what a complexion.

Now then, ask me down to meet Miss Perkins, there 's a dear. I shall be much hurt if you don't. So will you. Daddy smack 'oo, as MARGERY says every time a dog barks. The picture of a ready-handed JOHN stalking endless curs across London, with one ear cocked for the slightest sound of a bark, is priceless. By all means let us petition for a Public Dog Smacker; much more wanted than a Public Trustee, anyhow.

A. A. M.

Coursing Notes.

"According to an old-time proverb, those whom the dogs wish to destroy are primarily deprived of reason; and it really looks as if the Government is as mad as a march hare."
Birmingham Echo.

On the other hand those whom the dogs love die young.

"The 2nd Battalion will leave England for Plymouth during the first week in November."
Army and Navy Gazette.

This gives them abundance of time to put their affairs in order before they start on their perilous journey.

"The surplices of some of the choir had been soiled by the falling débris, and one had fainted from fright."—*Daily Mail.*

Interviewed by our representative, the organ-blower said that he was not at all surprised, as he noticed before how white it was.

HINTS FOR THE BAZAAR SEASON.

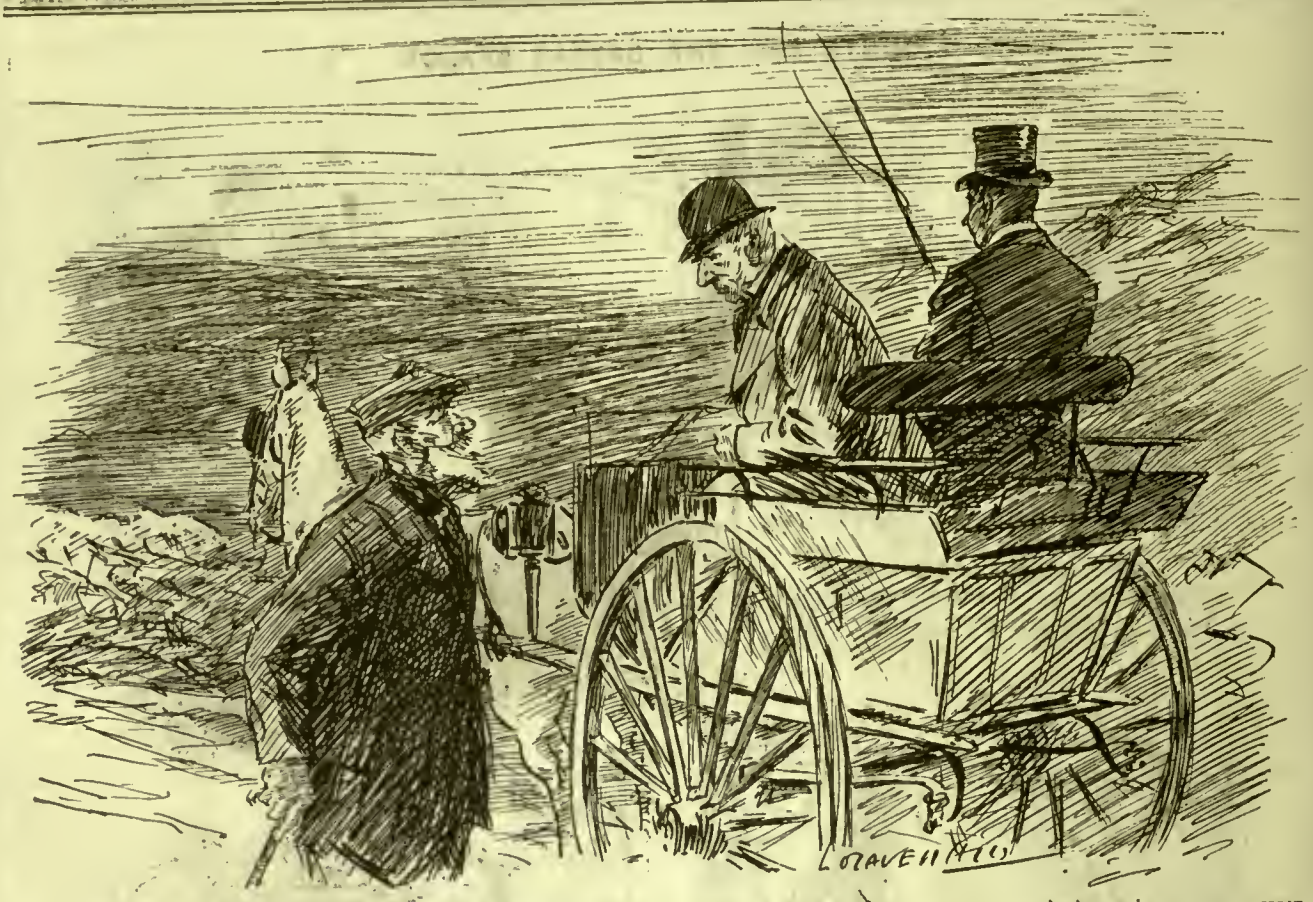




Palmist (at close of sitting) "Now one guinea more, please, or your *true* character will be written on the slate outside."







Shepherd (concluding tale of bereavement). "SAE A GIED HER-SOME O' THAT WEE BOTTLE THAT YE LEFT YEST'RE'EN, AN' SHE JUST SLIPPIT AWA' AT FOWER O'CLOCK THE MORN."

Doctor. "DEAR, DEAR! I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR THAT."

Shepherd (thoughtfully). "EH, MAN DOCTOR, ISNA IT A MAIRCY A DIDNA TAK' ANY O' THE WEE BOTTLE MASEL'!"

CLOTHES AND THE MAN.

["The problem of securing that the vast native population of South Africa shall be clothed in a civilised fashion is one of the most important questions that confront the British colonies in that part of the world."—*The Outfitter.*]

WHAT severs the Boer and the Briton?
What still keeps them sadly apart?
And why are they both
Just a little bit loath
To be pressed to a brotherly heart?
And why, as by compact unwritten,
Do both look askance at the black
And squirm at the figure
That 's cut by a nigger
Who hasn't a rag to his back?

O Afric's coral strand,
Where Nature wears a smile,
Where orchids glow in bravest show,
And all things grow *sans* spade or hoe,
O wherefore, sun kissed land,
Is man alone so vile?
Because each loathes his neighbour's clothes
And crude sartorial style.

The Briton who 's garbed in the fashion
Of Bond Street of course is distressed
Whenever he speaks
To a person whose breeks
Have never been properly pressed.
How can he dissemble the passion
He feels when there passes along
A person arrayed in
A suit that is made in
A style that is hopelessly wrong?

He cannot help a sigh
Upon the veld to see
A knee that bags, a seam that sags,
A sleeve that drags, a cuff in rags;
However hard he try
A frown will come when he
Beholds a pair of buttons where
Dame Fashion orders three.

As a rule it is foolish to utter
Great truths of prophetical kind,
But this would appear
To be perfectly clear
To the most elementary mind—
That not till the *Tailor and Cutter*
Is eagerly read on the Rand,
To make the Equator
A bit up-to-dater,
Will harmony dwell in the land.

When quite the latest cry
Upon the veld you meet,
When yellow, white and black delight
To wear what 's right in Fashion's sight,
Then racial feuds will die,
And each in each will greet
A brother dressed in all the best
From Bond-of-Nations Street.

The *Hants and Berks Gazette* on *Beet-root*:

"The best plan is to place two or three seeds two inches deep a distance of eight miles apart."

This arrangement should leave plenty of room in between for the cold beef.

Commercial Candour.

Seen on a London fruit-barrow:

"Oranges, only two a penny."

More History from the Schoolroom.

Governess. Who was Guy Fawkes, Nelly?

Nelly. He tried to blow up the house-parlourmaid.



AS OTHERS SEE US.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "WELL! HOW DID YOU FIND THEM?"

PRESIDENT FALLIÈRES. "OF THE MOST GENIAL! AND THE EXPOSITION—SUPERB! ON WEEK-DAYS IT IS FRANCO, AND ON SUNDAYS IT IS BRITISH!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 25.—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE can be silent in seven languages. Also can be exceedingly voluble in one. This a red-letter day for him. In the space of thirty-five minutes he worked off sixty-eight speeches. Nominally they were answers to questions. Actually, with one exception, they had the due proportions of a speech.

Exception cruelly made in case of ARNOLD-FORSTER. Had prepared a poser with respect to Territorial Field Artillery. And now N. B. H., lavish in reply to others, curtly said, "The answer to the first part of the question is Yes; the second, No."

What could be fairer? Still it wasn't nice to make the distinction. Compared with his treatment of the INTERROGATORY ASHLEY, the difference



THE CATECHETIC CATERPILLAR;
OR, "HALDANE'S PEST."
(Hon. W-lfr-d Ashl-y.)

painfully marked. Of thirty-four questions on paper addressed to War Minister, a fraction over one-sixth stood in name of THE ENQUIRER. But that only half the truth. Whilst his printed questions were numbered up to six, they actually contained eleven distinct interrogations. Nor was that all. Having studied the early manner of the Irish Members, THE ANXIOUS ENQUIRER never accepts N. B. H.'s luminous speechlets for a full answer. He is up again in a moment. Instinctively assumes attitude of note of interrogation, and puts a supplementary question.

This elicits fresh speech, one of whose sub-divisions suggests another question. On the average he works off three supplementary questions, which, "by a simple rule of arithmetic," as Don JOSÉ said when expounding the gospel of Old Age Pensions, brings his contributions to the sitting up to forty-four questions.

From other side of House, BELLAIRS looks on moodily. In the new Parliament he was the inventor of this form of entertainment. Taking the Navy under his wing, he, day after day, put down series of argumentative questions, following them by others "arising out of that answer." LAMBERT, Cincinnatus of the Ministry, taken from his farm to assist in ruling the King's Navee, bore the ordeal without showing sign of its ravages. SARK tells me he has at the back of the Admiralty a rood of land. When things go wrong in the office or the House, he takes off his coat, brings out a spade from its hiding-place, and makes believe he is digging potatoes on his farm at Spreyton Bow, North Devon.

EDMUND ROBERTSON, his colleague at the Admiralty, had no such means of relaxation. He was literally worried into the Peerage by BELLAIRS, and promises himself the pleasure of presently coming down to the House and from Peers' Gallery seeing how MACNAMARA likes it.

Time in its traditionally obliging fashion has brought its revenges. BELLAIRS' patent has been infringed. What he did for the Navy, ASHLEY is now undertaking to do for the Army. Method and manner are servilely copied. Every day THE ENQUIRER puts down two or three questions on the paper. Follows them up by others suggesting that the Minister, hopelessly cornered, is criminally endeavouring to throw dust in eyes of representative of the people, is misleading them by garbled statements or deliberate evasion.

Hard that, even under LLOYD-GEORGE's highly extolled new Patents Act, there is in this matter no protection for the inventor. Happily BELLAIRS has one endearing little trick that may not be purloined. When he rises to put supplementary question, he holds a rolled-up copy of the Orders in both hands, and as he speaks wrings it as if it were a wet towel or the neck of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. The latter suggestion being more *à propos*, the habit



"Wrings it as if it were a wet towel or the neck of the Civil Lord of the Admiralty."
(Mr. C-rly-n B-ll-rs.)

contributes considerably to the effect of scathing inquiry.

Business done.—Income Tax Resolutions of Budget carried in Committee.

Tuesday.—Since VERNON DUNCAN PIRIE, ex-Captain, fluttered the Courts of Europe by organising a Foreign Legion for service in the Greek War, he was never so elate as when, this morning, he tripped down to the House. A great opportunity awaited him. Was in charge of a Bill designed to give Home Rule to Scotland, or, as the instrument was officially described, "a Bill to amend the provisions for the future government of Scotland."

An ordinary Private Member in such case would have formally moved for leave to introduce it. This would have been given as a matter of course; the Bill would have been printed and circulated; on moving the second reading its fond parent might expatiate on its merits, capabilities and possibilities. PIRIE knew better than that. Ministers are accustomed to introduce important measures under the Ten Minutes Rule (so called because there is nothing in the Standing Order alluding to ten minutes). Why should an important measure affecting Scotland be smuggled through its initia-

tory stage? PIRIE answered the question himself. Claimed the privilege of the Ten Minutes Rule; rising in a House which seemed lamentably indifferent to the issue, began what should have been the exposition of the scheme.

Unhappily House of Lords has been at it again, mauling Scottish Land Bills and the like. Now was the opportunity of giving what in cribbage is described as "one for his nob." The exercise might have passed without comment but for chance presence of PRINCE ARTHUR. Lingering after Questions to take part in discussion on procedure with respect to the Budget in Committee, he ominously pricked up his ears when the pugnacious PIRIE, forgetful of his Bill to amend the provisions for the future government of Scotland, ran amok at the Lords. At the end of five minutes he rose to point of order. Was it permissible, he asked the SPEAKER, that a Member avowing intention of explaining the clauses of a Bill should make these excursions into controversy?

The SPEAKER thought it would perhaps on the whole be better if the hon. Member would confine himself to explanation. VERNON DUNCAN displayed amiable inclination to join in discussion of this side issue. Was proceeding at length when SPEAKER, quoting HERRICK, reminded him that Old Time is still a-flying. One half of his allotted opportunity had lapsed, and he had not yet approached the Bill. Thus adjured, PIRIE turned to his Bill, and was beginning to explain it when time was called.

"A scheme so crude that its own author cannot explain it to the House," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with unwonted bitterness. If he went into the Lobby alone he would oppose the motion for the first reading.

A jubilant cheer broke forth from the faithful seated behind him. Go into the Lobby alone? Not if BANBURY knew it. Still small in numbers (in spite of by-elections) but high in spirit, the Opposition leaped to their feet, and with cheers escorted their chieftain to the "No" Lobby. As for PIRIE, he got under lee of the colossal figure of EUGENE WASON, who acted as co-teller, and, coming up to the table, breathlessly announced figures which showed that his Bill was saved. But it was a near thing.

"No more Ten Minutes Rule for me," he said, mopping his brow on resuming his seat below the gangway.

Business done.—More Budget resolutions agreed to.

Friday.—With hereditary courage, self-abnegation, devotion to public affairs, Lord ROBERT CECIL deliberately resolved to make a dreadful example of himself. If there is one illicit Parliamentary practice he abhors more than another it is that known as "blocking" Bills or resolutions. The process is as follows: When a Member gives notice to bring in a Bill or move a resolution, a nimble-footed adversary runs to the Clerks' Table and hands in a resolution dealing with the same subject. That puts a spoke in the wheel. According to the Standing Orders no question may be debated if there already stands on the paper notice of intended action thereupon.

Lord ROBERT has, since the present Government came in, determined to stop this abuse. Judge, then, of the



"Ah! this is evidently something in *my* line!"
(Mr. H-gh L-a.)

general horror when, The O'GRADY having given notice to call attention to the visit of HIS MAJESTY to the TSAR, the Orders of the next day contained a blocking motion standing in the name of Lord ROBERT CECIL.

Now he explains it was all done on principle. Adopting (on strictly temperance lines) the classical example of the Helot, he, in the interests of reform, determined to make of himself an awful example that would bring home to the minds of the House the iniquity of the existing rule.

A noble idea, finely carried out. Pity to hear Members scoffing and sneering. As SARK says, some men are too good for a carping world.

Business done.—Public Rights of Way Bill read a second time.

From *The Yorkshire Post:*

"T. D., Dewsbury.—Yes, the city of York is in Yorkshire."

This will give the layman some idea of the extraordinary erudition required of a sub-editor.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

I KNOW a pool where the river,
Sunlit and still,
Slips by a bank of wild roses
Down from the mill;
There do I linger when summer makes glorious
Valley and hill.

Somewhere the song of a skylark
Melts into air,
Butterflies float through the sunshine,
June 's everywhere;
Nature, in fact, shows an amiable jollity
I do not share.

For in the shade of the alders,
Scornful of flies,
There is a trout that no cunning
Coaxes to rise,
"Slim" as Ulysses, and doubtful as Didymus,
Mammoth in size.

And when the Mayfly battalions
Flutter and skim,
When all the others are filling
Baskets abrim,
I spend the cream of the flyfisher's carnival
Casting at him;

Seeing in fancy my hackle
Seized with a flounce,
Hearing the reel racing madly
Under his pounce,
Knowing at last all the pounds of his magnitude
(Eight if an ounce!)

But of my drakes and my sedges
None make the kill,
None tempt him up from his fastness
Under the mill,
And, for I saw him as lately as Saturday,
There he is still.

Thus do Life's triumphs elude us,
Yet it may be
Some afternoon, when the keeper
Goes to his tea,
That, if a lobworm were dropped unofficially—
Well, we shall see.

"Last week it was stated that in Manchester and Salford there were 4,312 Territorials. During the past week about 200 more men have joined, bringing the total up to 5,562. It is estimated that at least 50 more men will join before the Whitsuntide training. If this modest estimate is reached there will be a total Territorial force for Manchester and Salford of 6,062."—*Manchester Guardian.*

There is a touch of Mr. HALDANE'S optimism about all this. Buck up, Manchester. Only three more men to bring it up to 10,000.



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 2.

Extracts from the diary of a beginner.—"RECEIVED PERMISSION FOR ONE DAY'S SPORT IN LORD A.'S STREAM. FOUND IT RUNNING PURPLE. 'GOT A WATER-COLOUR SKETCHING PARTY UP AT THE OLD MILL?' I ASKED A LABOURER. 'NO, SIR. THEY'RE JUST TRYING A NEW SHEEP-DIP UP ALONG,' SAYS HE. 'IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A WEEK OR SO!'"

THE CRACKSMAN'S RIGHTS.

A MEETING convened by circular was held yesterday to protest against the provisions of the Preventive Detention Bill introduced in the House of Commons by the Home Secretary. The hall in which the meeting took place was tastefully decorated with trophies of skeleton keys, dark lanterns, india-rubber shoes, masks, revolvers and jemmies. On the wall over the chairman's head was displayed the motto "Our Profession Our Politics." There was a numerous attendance, the assemblage including all the most noted cracksmen of the day. Mr. JOSEPH LIGHTFOOT (Gentleman Joe) was unanimously voted to the chair. The proceedings began with the singing of Sir WILLIAM GILBERT'S pathetic ballad, "The Enterprising Burglar," which was exquisitely rendered by the Fagin Quartette. Mr. LIGHTFOOT'S speech was marked by much feeling. He said that a crisis had arrived in the noble vocation which they all had so much at heart. Unless they rallied in defence of their rights they would be crushed out of existence by a Socialistic Government, which stopped at nothing. (*Loud cheers.*) No doubt there were extremes in burglary, but the profession itself was not responsible for them, and this Bill, so far from putting a stop to them, would only increase them. Up to now they had all done their best to prevent the cracking of policemen's heads and the unnecessary gagging of middle-aged female householders. Why had they done that? Because under a humane code of law they had a hope of being able to retire on a competence. Now, however, that hope was to be taken away from them. He had no hesitation in saying that the Government would be responsible for every damage that might be incurred by a constable or a citizen after this infamous Bill was passed. It was the worst sort of robbery. They were accustomed to be deprived of their goods. That they had to endure, but they couldn't suffer without a protest the wicked confiscation of the last remnant of their liberty. Was there to be a time limit for brewers and none for burglars? What was sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander. Were burglars to be imprisoned for ever? (*Cries of "Not much."*) He denounced the hypocrisy of the Home Office. This Bill would increase crime by making men desperate. He concluded by moving the following resolution:—"That this meeting protests emphatically against the Preventive Detention Bill, and will leave no stone unturned to prevent the passage of this iniquitous, unconstitutional and confiscatory measure."

The motion was seconded by Mr. WILLIAM SIKES in an impassioned speech. He adjured his hearers by the memory of his much-respected great-uncle not to falter in the fight. Their rights were as sacred to them as those of other people. Let them organise mass meetings in every constituency, and bring pressure to bear on Members of Parliament. A midnight procession must be organised, and branches must be formed throughout the country. He himself would head a deputation, and was prepared to chain himself to the Home Secretary's railings.

At this juncture the appearance of a policeman was the signal for a hurried stampede, the meeting breaking up in confusion.

THE LONG WAY ROUND.

I OFTEN feared that two years of travel on the Continent would have spoiled her natural simplicity. I was more than delighted to find her still unchanged. It was this very simplicity which had first attracted me to the little convent-bred girl by the shores of Lake Leman. On the slopes of Bouveret I had instructed her in the gentle art of gentle flirtation. I congratulated myself on having accepted her sister's invitation to call on them when they returned to England.

From Geneva the conversation turned to Lucerne, from Lucerne to Tell's Chapel, from Tell's Chapel to chapels in general, and thence to the church. It was a Sunday evening.

"EDNA will never take me to church," she said with a sigh, "and she won't let me go by myself."

"They are so draughty," said EDNA, with a shudder.

"So are theatres," she replied.

The stars were shining especially brightly as we left the house. The chiming of the innumerable bells floated with unwonted sweetness on the air. The path gave resiliently beneath my feet. I recognised the symptoms, and my heart leaped within me.

For the first mile we walked in silence. I had my second sentence ready. From this depended, in my brain, a brilliant flow of eloquence. All that was lacking was an opening remark. This, for some reason, I was absolutely unable to construct.

I finally gave it up in despair. I decided to begin with the second sentence. I opened my mouth some fifty times. At the sight of her dainty profile above the fluffy white boa it closed itself with a snap. If she had not been so sweetly simple I should have found my task easier. Yet it was for this very simplicity that I loved her.

At the end of the second mile I determined to begin a general conversation, and trust that some kind spirit would make an opening for me. An ordinary girl, I knew well, would have assisted the kind spirit in his task; but *she*—— That was why I loved her so.

For half a mile I talked rapidly on a subject that I have at my fingers' ends. I told her of every incident that had happened to me from my birth to the present day. Then I retraced my steps to my early years, with the help of some adventures that had really happened to my brother-in-law, and returned to the present by appropriating the career of a third cousin who is a bit of a liar. But the end of the fourth mile saw me no nearer the point than had her topmost door-step.

We crossed a square and turned down two streets in silence. Strangely enough it was her natural simplicity that came to my rescue.

"You have told me," she said, "all about the curiously mixed life you have led. It seems to me so strange that in the course of your numerous adventures you should never once have fallen in love."

"But I have!" I shouted; "I *have*!"

Before I was able to tack my second sentence on to these opening words she spoke again.

"Oh, not so loud, please. We are here."

I was only just in time to open the red-baize door for her. The congregation were singing a hymn.

To my intense surprise the clergyman mounted the pulpit and gave out his text.

The sermon was followed by a second hymn. After this the congregation left in a body. I began to grasp the situation.

"Didn't we miss part of it?" I asked.

She said nothing.

"Your sister said that we should have plenty of time," I added, indignantly.

She said nothing again.

At that moment a brilliant idea flashed into my brain. I knew that a four-mile walk lay ahead of us; but I determined to make it six by judiciously losing the way. It was obvious that I should be forced to find a new opening remark. Also I had thought out several new headings, which would require time when once I got really started. I turned to the left. She turned to the right.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Why, back to your house," I answered, in a tone of surprise.

"But that isn't the way we came."

I gazed round me critically. "I am certain that this is the way."

"Don't be so absurd. I ought to know my way home by this time."

I adopted a firm tone. "I have no intention of going in that direction," I said. "You are so used to this walk that you don't notice where you are going. It is a new neighbourhood to me, and therefore I noticed things as we came along. Don't you remember that pillar-box?"

"There is a pillar-box along this way too."

"Yes, but not *that* pillar-box," I cried triumphantly.

She seemed puzzled. "Anyhow I am certain that this is right," she said.

"I have no intention of going in that direction," I answered firmly. "You can't go home alone, and you will have to come my way."

"I won't," she answered defiantly.

"Come along."

"No, I won't. Please come this way."

I felt that I was a brute. Here was I using the subtlety acquired by



Policeman (to tenant of flat). "AND YOU SAY THE RUG WAS STOLEN FROM YOUR HALL. CAN YOU GIVE ME ANY PARTICULARS OF IT?"

Tenant (nervously). "OH, YES. IT WAS A FANCY REVERSIBLE RUG—RED ON ONE SIDE AND GREEN ON THE OTHER."

Policeman (impressively). "AH—AND WHICH WAS THE GREEN SIDE?"



Magistrate. "So you acknowledge having stolen the overcoat. Anything more to say?"
Prisoner. "Yes, your honour. I had to have the sleeves re-lined."

long experience against this poor guileless little maiden. How could she guess that my persistence was only part of an ingenious scheme to gain time for my declaration? I felt the blackness of my guilt in severe contrast to her sweet simplicity. I determined that it should be the last piece of deception I would ever indulge in. But I determined also that it should have every chance of reaching the past tense.

"I think you're horrid," she said tearfully.

I hardened my heart. I assumed a posture of patient determination. "I am very sorry," I said, "but I am sure that you will acknowledge later that what I suggest is right. My mind is fully made up." Nothing could have induced me to relinquish those extra two miles.

"Very well," she said suddenly. She came obediently to my side, and we walked in silence the twenty yards to the next corner. I turned off to the left. This would take us in a direction diametrically opposite to that in which we had come. I was determined to run no risks.

"Straight on, please," said she.

I continued slowly along the road I had selected. I intended to avoid this discussion at every corner by a show of silent firmness. I knew that she would come to me. She was such a timid simple little woman.

I had taken but ten paces when an opening sentence of extraordinary brilliance flashed into my mind. All my troubles were over. The moment she joined me I would——

"What on earth have you done with my sister?" said a voice.

I stopped in amazement and looked up. Edna stood before the open door of the house we had started from. I turned to look for my late companion. She stepped quickly past me, ran up the steps, drew her sister into the hall, and slammed the door.

* * * *

I shall not worry any more about that opening sentence. After all, one ought to be able to trust a woman's intuition.

"There is not an Institution in the length and breadth of the land which has been for so long a time in the clutches of a more ravenous shoal of sharks."—*South Dublin Star.*

What to do when clutched by a shark: Take his little finger in your right hand and press it back as far as it will go. He will then release his hold.

"H. K. Foster's 174 over-shadowed everything else in the game. But for his dashing display Worcestershire's second total would not have been so good as it was."—*The Globe.*

It is the part of genius to give expression to the thoughts of the inarticulate mass.

"India to-day is governed by a huge military oligarchy."—*Mr. Keir Hardie.*

You never know where you are with these huge oligarchies, which in our school days used to mean Government by the few. Why doesn't our only Keir have the courage of his opinion and call them polyoligarchies?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

As you may gather from the title, *Before Adam* (WERNER LAURIE) is not an up-to-date society novel. The period is the Mid-Pleistocene; and Mr. JACK LONDON gives his story the verisimilitude of the first person singular by making the narrator a modern man who lives over again, in his dreams, the life of his ancestral missing link, *Big Tooth*. Many of our dreams, according to Mr. LONDON, are but racial memories. For instance, we often dream that we are falling into space. That is because our ancestors, who lived in trees, were always falling off; the shock produced molecular changes in their cerebral cells; and these changes were transmitted to the cerebral cells of their progeny . . . . and eventually to us. Now suppose the ancestor hit the ground and was killed. Then he would not have any progeny after that. But if he saved himself by clutching at a branch on the way, he would still have the shock to the nervous system, and (it might be) lots of progeny subsequently. And *that* is why when we dream we are falling through space we wake up before we hit the ground; because our ancestors never hit the ground, at least, not until they had become ancestors. So you should always say to yourself when you wake up with a jerk, "A near thing that time, *Blue Nose*, old boy. *Do* be more careful in future." It is an interesting theory—more interesting, indeed, than the story, which is a very plain (and short) tale from the tree-tops. Mr. LONDON gets fewer words on to a page than anybody I know. His ancestor must have been an economist with the nuts.



A LECTURE AT THE ALPINE CLUB.

If you get as far as the first chapter of Mr. RAMSAY'S *The Key of the Door* (HUTCHINSON), you are bound to see the thing through. I have seldom come upon an introduction that intrigued me more. A popular General, home after long absence, takes refuge in a public building from the cheering crowds, and there encounters a lady in waiting for him who claims to be his wife, though he had never yet set eyes on her till that moment. She is discouraged in her advances by his polite inability to recognise her; but a pleasant chance throws them together at Leicestershire covert-sides, where they complicate the situation by falling in love with one another. The author knows his country and has the trick of communicating this intimacy. If, perhaps, he seems more at home with hounds and with the easy manners and morals of the folk who follow them than he is with the perfect technique of his art, I can easily excuse a few blemishes of style (notably a tendency to false rhetoric in his heroine and a rather perfunctory handling of the plot, of which he grows tired) for the sake of his charming pictures, very racy of furrow and fence, and his admirable sketches of hunting types. The casual *Rahilly* is a study that would not shame the authors of *An Irish R. M.*, and that is high praise. I commend the book to lovers of the shires, and not less to citizens who only hunt by proxy but can follow a good lead from cover to cover of a sporting tale.

The hero of Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI'S *The Shame of Motley* (HUTCHINSON) would have been more engaging if he had been a little more modest. The tale is told in the first person, and apart from *Lazzaro Biancomonte's* admission that he was once daunted "for just a second," he relates his virtues and his valours with a self-complacency which inclines to be irritating. Still, if I could write "an epic modelled upon the stately lines of Virgil," perhaps I should be immodest enough to describe it as "a brave thing when it was done." As *Lazzaro* does not quote any of the poetry which created such a sensation, we must accept his own estimate of it; but he does record some of the quips and jests which amused the Court, and they do not amuse me overmuch. Merely to call a man an ass does not, for instance, strike me as "a pretty play of wit." In truth *Lazzaro* was abler at deeds than at words, and it is as a man of action that I like to think of him. I wish, by the way, that Mr. SABATINI would not write of "a forest of equine legs."

In *Miss Lucy* (HURST AND BLACKETT) Miss CHRISTOBEL COLERIDGE has hit upon what, as far as I remember my reading, is in its details and management a new plot. *Miss Lucy Leigh*, the daughter of a great house, marries her grandfather's gamekeeper. They settle down in a distant county, the husband finding a berth on an estate near a manufacturing town. In course of time the estate is purchased by a self-made man, who has married the daughter of *Miss Lucy's* old nurse. Coming into residence at Barmsford she recognises the runaway in the hard-working wife of a dependent of her own husband. Here are delicate circumstances requiring nice handling. This they receive from Miss COLERIDGE through the course of a placid flood of narrative. *Miss Lucy* is delightful in her diverse conditions and her many moods. She was not desperately in love with the gamekeeper when she stepped down to marry him. But closer study of his high character breeds affection whose growth is marked by many subtle touches.

"Observing the temporary incapacity of Mr. Lea, who seemed to be thinking furiously with his mouth open, Mr. Swift MacNeill filled the aching void."—*Liverpool Courier.*

Mr. MACNEILL has mistaken his vocation. He should have been a dentist.

CHARIVARIA.

A CONCERT is to be given at Bechstein Hall, at which the programme will consist of works composed by royal musicians only. We hope that this will be more successful than the average Concert of Europe.

***

Another strange confusion of ideas. An old lady upon being told that Mr. A. E. W. MASON, although a Liberal, was opposed to the Licensing Bill, remarked, "Oh, well, he owns 'The Three Feathers,' doesn't he?"

***

"Where," asks Mr. BALFOUR, "is the mandate of the Government to bring in a Bill to grant votes to all women?" As a matter of fact the Government has not even a woman-date.

***

The opening of the Art Palace at the Franco-British Exhibition was delayed in consequence of the L.C.C. insisting on an emergency exit being provided. This insult to the finest collection of modern pictures and sculpture ever seen in this country strikes one as unfortunate.

***

We are glad to hear that the authorities are not losing sight of the importance of providing our French visitors with amusement. Several members of the Metropolitan police force who, it is alleged, can speak French, have been drafted into the Shepherd's Bush district.

***

A scentless rose has been produced. Now that this has been achieved it is to be hoped that the floricultural profession will turn its mind to a more philanthropic object, and produce a scentless onion.

***

"The smoking of little boys is deplorable," says *The Daily Chronicle*. And not half so nice as tobacco, we should think.

***

The Family Doctor draws attention to an infallible cure for a cold. All that the sufferer has to do, we are told, is to "go out into the open air, and breathe copiously and deeply for about twenty times, repeating the operation every hour *until cured.*" The italics are ours, though they might well have belonged to *The Family Doctor.*

***

The Bibliophile publishes an article on "The Decline of the Book," and a young author whose masterpiece has been refused by every publisher in London is glad to gather that attention is at length being directed to a grave scandal.

***

"Which is the most wearing profession?" asks a correspondent. That of a barrister, we should say. We have noticed that the wigs of quite young barristers are grey.

***

A dog persisted in frolicking round and barking at a motor-car. "Get out," at last cried the exasperated chauffeur, "or I 'll have *your* licence endorsed!"

***

Much sympathy is being expressed for a number of carrier-pigeons who have been ruined by wireless telegraphy. Previously in the employ of the Admiralty, these birds have been suddenly dismissed without pensions, and many of them have to consent to be sold into captivity in order that they may have the means of subsistence.

***

"Girls Who Receive Hundreds of Proposals," is the title of an article in a contemporary. A curious fact in this respect is that liars, we believe, receive more proposals than any other sort of girl.

***

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT, when she paid a visit to the Exhibition, inspected *The Daily Mail* pavilion. "*C'est merveilleux,*" she said, on seeing the octuple machine at work. "One would think this huge machine had brains." "So it has, ma'am," replied one of the printers with deep conviction. Whose are they? An enquiry, we understand, is proceeding at Carmelite House.



THE PERFECT SERVANT.

Master. "HERE— ER—HAS 'MY WHATSERNAME COME?"
Man. "YESSIR."
Master. "YES—WELL THEN, HOP OVER TO THE—ER—THAT CLUB WITH THE SILLY NAME, AND TELL MR.—ER—THINGUMMY I SHAN'T BE ABLE TO FIX UP THAT—ER—UM, D'YOU SEE? AND THEN GET HOLD OF THAT BOOK—ER—WITH THE YELLOW COVER AND LOOK OUT A TRAIN TO—ER—TO—ER—OH, *YOU* KNOW!"
Man. "YESSIR." [*Exit, fully understanding.*

Answers to Correspondents.

"SUFFRAGETTE."—Yes, you are right in your rendering from the Italian. *Signorinetta* does mean "a very little lady." And we agree with you that it is extremely creditable for such a tiny filly to have beaten all those big grown-up man-horses. Couldn't you get her to assist at your Hyde Park demonstration?

"DOWN WITH THE PROPHETS."—We can quite understand your feeling that your paltry £10 on the Derby was well worth losing for the joy of witnessing the discomfiture of all these self-anointed racing prophets, who for weeks and weeks have been pretending to find the winner. At the same time we think you might have had the same fun at a smaller cost. We know an anti-vegetarian who had it, and he only wasted 2*s.* 6*d.* (and that on principle) over a horse called Azote.

"The Chevalier Ginistrelli led his horse in almost without a cheer."

"What hand-clapping and sporting cheers there were for the owner even from losers."

Which are we to believe—*The Daily Express* or *The Daily Express?*

INNOMINATA.

DEAR, I watched you in your stall
  Shining like a little star,
With the fairest face of all,
  O by far and very far;
Watched you bend your head and pore
  Over some absurd libretto—
Stuffy *Traviata* or
  Stodgy *Rigoletto*.

Weary veterans well may mock,
  Using language most profane,
When they see this hardy stock
  Turning up and up again;
But to one as fresh as you
  (May it take you years to harden)
Everything is nice and new
  In the good old Garden.

From my morning sheet I got
  Hints of how the *diva* sang,
Notes on who was wearing what,
  Just the old familiar gang—
Types that thrill the common breast
  Having, so it seems, a smart air—
Not a word about the best
  Flower of all the *parterre*.

Heaven be thanked! And may your claims
  Long elude that cheap success,
Long be missed among the names
  Hackneyed in the halfpenny press;
Let your sweetness bloom apart,
  Free from other exploitation
Save its imprint on my heart
  (Private circulation).

O. S.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOCIAL RIVALRIES.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The way BERYL CLARGES is trying to best me as a hostess is distinctly funny. She was just mad about my getting the darling NUM-NUM to look in at my last big party, with all his jewels on. He was worth a *million* as he stood, my dear. *À propos de quoi*, BABS said to me during the evening, "That was an awfully nice man I was talking to when you came up. Who is he? I don't remember meeting him before." "Probably not, my dear," I said. "He's a 'tec from Scotland Yard; there 's several of them here to-night; such an expensive creature as the NUM-NUM can't be trusted alone, even among people who ought to know better." "What fun!" said BABS. "I 'll make him take me to supper and tell me who did the Forest Hill murder."

There was only one small hitch that night. I got a little nautch-girl from an Amusement Bureau to dance for the NUM-NUM. She was the dearest, brownest, *Indianest* little thing, squirmed *à merveille*, and made one think of elephants and palms and the Taj Mahal and all that sort of thing, you know. The NUM-NUM was so pleased that he gave her a jewel and said something to her in native stuff. She didn't understand, and one of the suite said, "His Highness wants to know what part of India you come from." "Is it where was I born?" said the little brown Indian nautch-girl. "At Ballinasloe, your Honour!" Vexing for me, wasn't it? As NORTY said, my little Hindoo turned out a little Hindon't!

And now for BERYL's trying to get even with me, and what came of it. She heard by a side-wind that the DAILY DAMA was likely to come over here. I don't know whether I 've spelled him right; he *sounds* like a newspaper, but is really a mixture of a priest and a king—a delicious mysterious creature that no one 's ever had a good look at, and that rules with a big R, making people jump over precipices when they 've offended him, and even sometimes when they *haven't*, if he wants amusing. Oh, and another thing—his dignity won't allow him to go in at *any* sort of gate. Fancy, what a lovely idea! BERYL, who has a good bit of influence in a certain official quarter, got a promise that this sweet thing should go for a week-end to Clarges Park, and should pay *no* other private visits. (That 's just like BERYL! Her selfishness is simply horrid!)

I don't deny that it would have been a very big thing if she could have pulled it off, for, what with the mystery about him, and the stories about precipices and never going in at gates, he would have been the rage here. But after she'd had the great Norman gateway removed at Clarges Park, and about a quarter-of-a-mile of the park railings, and made other preparations, she heard that the dear DAILY DAMA had decided to stay at home in the back of beyond! In the meantime, trippers had been pouring through the gap into Clarges Park, eating fearful sandwiches all over the place, and stray animals had established themselves there for life, and CLARGES got furious and gave BERYL a piece of what he calls his mind. She generously repaid him with a larger piece of hers; and I shouldn't wonder, my dear, if it ends in a separation.

I 've been bringing forward an *extraordinarily* gifted brother and sister that I discovered last winter down in Hampshire. Their *matinée* last Saturday at Piccadilly Hall, under my patronage, was *crammed*. The brother's performance on a large ivory comb with a peculiar kind of tissue-paper over it is a thing of sheer delight; you don't know *how* TSCHAIKOWSKY and SAINT-SAËNS *can* sound till you 've heard them played in this way. The sister recites Nursery Rhymes and gets *wonderful* effects out of them. On Saturday, when she got to the end of *Mother Hubbard*, the weirdly realistic bang of the cupboard door and the howl of the disappointed dog fairly brought down the house, and made some people feel quite *nervy*.

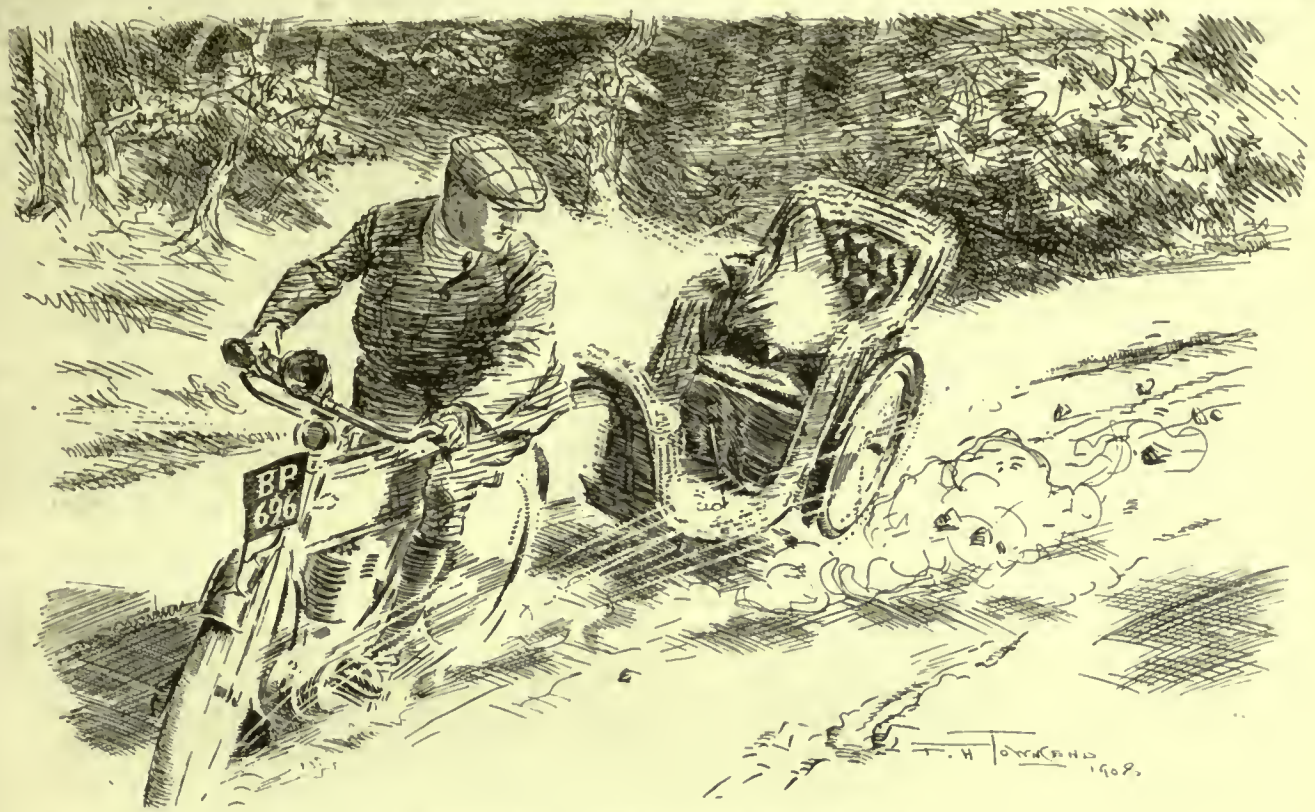
D'you know anything about the *Noumenon*, my dear? It 's correct to talk about it, since that sweet Professor DIMSDALE's lectures at Clackmannan House, "The Noumenon, is it Knowable?" And we 've been trying to read those wonderful books of his, "The Materials of our Consciousness," and "The Unthinkability of Something or Other." At the last lecture he talked to us about a red rose he was holding. He said it wasn't *really* red, or soft, or sweet-seented; *we* gave it those qualities in looking at it and touching it and sniffing it. We all tried to think what it was *in itself*. I believe I succeeded better than any of them, though I daresay STELLA CLACKMANNAN thought *she* did; the dear thing 's absurdly conceited.

I quite *love* the idea of the Noumenon. It gives you heaps to think of when you 've time. And what a consolation it must be to some people to know they 're not *really* a bit like themselves, but are something quite dif.! There was a regular scrim for the red rose after the lecture. Your BLANCHE managed to secure it. The Professor 's not at all old, and, in spite of being the *profoundest thinker of the age*, is quite as good-looking and well-dressed as if he didn't know anything. NORTY hasn't a good word for him; says he 's a bore and a humbug. "That 's because you don't understand him," I said. "The Professor lives in a world of his own." "Let him stay in it, then," said NORTY. "It 's a pity he ever comes out of it into *this* one. And what was he doing on the Flip-Flap at the Franco-Briteries last night?" "He wasn't," I said. "Ask him!" said NORTY. So I did; and it seems he *was* there. "We poor seekers after the truths of mental philosophy, dear lady," he said, "if we are to find out what this life of ours is made of, must see it in all its phases. Like the eagle, we



LEFT LUGGAGE.

PATERFAMILIASQUITH. "I SEEM TO HAVE GOT MORE THAN I CAN MANAGE HERE. I THINK I'D BETTER LEAVE THESE THREE, AND CALL FOR THEM IN OCTOBER."



"Sit tight, Auntie! There 's another sharp turn coming!"

swoop down on the commonplace world, and bear off in our talons to the eyrie of thought the mental pabulum we have seized." If *that* 's not a lovely thought in lovely language, I don't know what is! I shouldn't be disappointed *now* to hear he 'd been seen almost *anywhere*.

Norty 's a most frightful success in Parliament, now he 's getting into his stride. He 's been called to order ever so many times and told to withdraw things, and whenever he gets up to speak there are wigs on the green. His happiest efforts, so far, have been over this question of giving Home Rule to the Isle of Wight, and about what 's called "The Flag Incident"—the man, you know, who had some Government place and was dismissed (though he apologised humbly) for hanging the Union Jack out of his house on Empire Day, and offending some foreign anarchists who lived in the same street.

Ever thine, Blanche.

Italy's dear mind has long been divided. But we understand that on receipt of the Derby result the Italian Government at once decided to forsake the Triple Alliance and join the Triple Entente.

THE IMPROVED PASTORAL.

[Suggested by the exhibition entitled "What to do with our Girls," where various bucolic employments for gentlewomen have been demonstrated.]

Amanda, if you 'll take a heart
  Undowered with eligible riches,
Oh fly with me the fashion-mart
  And, safe in rose-embroidered niches,
A simple livelihood we 'll earn
Upon the prowess of your churn.

I grant the output will be small
  To keep a chauffeur or a chef on,
But what, compared with Cupid's thrall,
  Are luxuries like these to Strephon?
Your salary, I think, should do,
With strict economy, for two.

If not, there are a host of ways
  To make that modest total bigger;
No woman 's out of work these days
  Who owns the boon of health and vigour;
Your hives, your poultry shall combine
To keep me in cigars and wine.

Beneath the village chestnut tree
  Your brawny arm shall wield the hammer;
You 'll wind the herd across the lea,
  And teach the vicar's children grammar,
And soothe at eve your jaded nerves
By fashioning refined preserves.

A country fare shall always please;
  Who murmurs for the cates of mammon
When girls with cookery degrees
  Can gild the unpretentious gammon?
Besides, to supplement our mess,
Just think what you can save in dress!

And if you lose your sleight of hand
  And fail to earn a joint for dinner,
The last resource of love I 've planned—
  Your spouse himself shall turn bread-winner,
And wear his weakly frame to shreds
To keep the roof above our heads.

Scotland for Ever!

"Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry is of partly British blood, his grandmother having been an Britishwoman."—*Glasgow News.*

"Englishwoman" was surely what the writer put, till a Scotch sub-editor corrected him, with the above deplorable result. As Henley said: "What can I do for thee, Great Britain, my Great Britain (not to mention Ireland)? What can I do for thee, Great Britain, my own?". (Even so, what about the Channel Islands?)

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAYS.

Hurrah for Cool Streams!
Hurrah for the First Sea Dip!
and
Hurrah for Something Else to make the Holiday Happier Still!

WHAT do you think that something else is? What is there that seems to be needed of all who after the town's oppressive heat can get away into the country or by the sea?

Think a little.

Would it be, perhaps, cooler clothes? or a fishing-rod? or a sturdy walking-stick? or a patent thick-soled boot? or a cricket bat? or a tennis racquet?

You are on the wrong tack.

If you think like that it is clear that you don't understand the modern advertising.

No, the further desideratum is none of these things, *but a box of White Dog cigarettes.*

You are surprised? That shows how little you know of modern life.

You don't know that the first thing to do when you get into the open air is to light tobacco and taint it.

It is so nevertheless. That is the new way.

A holiday without tobacco, especially tobacco taken in the form of cigarettes, cannot any longer be a real holiday.

Pipes, of course, are still smoked by a few old-fashioned fellows. Cigars are for the rich. For the great mass of mankind there is nothing but the cigarette.

Fill your pockets with them, and smoke them continually. Don't give your lungs a chance.

Take them to the Cornish coast, take them to the Broads, inhale them on Snowden, chain-smoke them in the Lakes, puff them all day in the Solent. This is the way to enjoy a holiday and come back well.

Of all the solaces of civilisation the fag is the very flower.

Remember to ask for White Dog.

And now for a little bonus!

Somewhere in the millions of White Dog cigarettes that are turned out daily are a few with an overlap more than one-eighth of an inch wide. Anyone detecting one of these and sending it to the makers will be presented with 100 cigarettes free.

Don't be discouraged if you don't spot it at once. Go on buying more cigarettes till you do.

That is the way to build up a sound national constitution.

Far better than camps, with their brutalising militarism.

AN OLYMPIC GAME.

"THESE strawberries," I said, as I took the last but six, "are the merest boys. Why don't you let them grow up?"

"When they 're young," said Miss MIDDLETON, "they 're more—what 's the word? It means that they adapt themselves better to their surroundings."

"It isn't their youth I object to, but their height. I believe you feed them on gin. I suppose they *are* your own, by the way?"

"Yes, mother bought them this morning."

"I am not sure that that was what I meant; but never mind. . . There—the captain was the last to leave the plate."

"You pig, haven't you left me anything?"

"I 'm sorry, but it 's a bad time of the year for fruit. So my waiter says. A bit too late for the rhubarb, and a bit too early for the prunes."

It was a very hot afternoon. I leant back in my chair and closed my eyes. Yes, I almost think I slept.

But not for long.

"Have you been to the Exhibition yet?" said Miss MIDDLETON, suddenly.

"I say," I remonstrated, "this isn't a dance."

"No, but I really wanted to know."

"Didn't you notice my French accent at lunch when I asked you to pass the banañas?"

"That 's Spanish."

"Don't quibble. I said omelette, too."

"Stadium, stadium, stadium," said Miss MIDDLETON, "stadii, stadio, stadio. You 're not the only one. Are you in for any of the Olympic Games?"

"I don't think so."

"If I were a man, I should want to do something for the honour of England."

"Why not go in as you are for throwing the cricket ball? I expect you 'd win."

"Can't you run or jump, or anything?"

"Rather. I did over twenty feet once. In about ten and a-fifth. No, I 'll tell you what I do rather fancy myself at."

"What?" asked Miss MIDDLETON, eagerly.

"Hurling the javelin."

Miss MIDDLETON got up excitedly and stepped on to the lawn.

"What do you think of the idea?" I said.

"But how splendid! Of course I 'll help you—I 'll mark. What 's your longest javel? Come and show me."

"But I only thought of it just now. And I haven't a javelin or anything on me. Besides, it 's probably too late to enter now. No, I 'm afraid it 's no good," I said, and I closed my eyes again.

"Nonsense. We 'll lend you a javelin," said Miss MIDDLETON, confidently. "What size do you take?"

"Sevens. Roman numbers, of course."

Miss MIDDLETON disappeared into a side door. For the honour of England I crawled out of my chair. (such a comfortable deck chair) and went on to the lawn. Also I swung my arm several times round my head, and felt my biceps.

Miss MIDDLETON returned with an armful of stumps.

"I 'm so sorry," she said, "but we 're right out of javelins, and the man forgot to call to-day, so will these do instead? Just for practice."

"Dear, dear, that 's very annoying; no javelins. I 'm not sure that I ought——"

"Oh, please do. *Don't* say you 've left all your music at home."

"It 's so awkward when you 're used to a full-size court. But still"—I took up one of the stumps—"I can show you the grip, anyhow."

"Yes, do show me that," said Miss MIDDLETON.

"You know," I began, "there are two styles of holding the javelin preparatory to the hurl. There 's the Græco-Roman, with the strangle-hold barred; and the strict toe-and-heel or overlapping grip. The actual hurling is easy. Slow back and don't press, get the body well forward at the beginning of the stroke, keep the right leg still, heels up, and discard from great strength."

"See illustration on page 37," said Miss MIDDLETON.

I took a stump in both hands and poised it deftly above my head. "Poised" I am almost sure is the word.

"Surely not two hands," said Miss MIDDLETON.

I put the stump down again. "Why not?" I asked in some annoyance.

"I 'm sorry; this is the toe-and-heel grip, I suppose."

"The Græco-Roman."

"But I thought the Græco-Romans always had a shield or a fishing-net or something in the left hand, so as to ward off the other man's javelin."

"This isn't a broadsword match.



Old Gent (giving Barber's assistant a tip.) "HOW IS IT THAT YOU EXPECT TIPS IN THIS PLACE, AND YET DISPLAY THAT 'NO GRATUITIES' PLACARD?" *Barber's Assistant.* "WELL, SIR, WE FIND IT PAYS BEST. SORTER REMINDS GENTS, SIR."

The other man would be about a hundred yards away."

"I see. There 'd be plenty of time to jump."

"One of them jumped 55 feet once, so they say."

"Yes," said Miss MIDDLETON, thoughtfully, "that would do it. Unless the other man was a *very* bad shot."

I took up the stump, and got position again. Then I lowered it once more.

"One moment," I said; "what about the running target?"

"But do you have to hit anything? I thought it was only distance."

"It encourages you more to have an object within range. How about GEORGE?"

GEORGE is unmarried, and has no clubs or telegraphic address. But his recreation is assistant horticulture—such as leading the horse when the lawns are mowed.

"Not GEORGE; he has a mother."

"Hang it, everybody has something. All right, then, no target."

I lifted up the stump.

"Just a moment," cried Miss MIDDLETON.

"This is too much," I said, as I put it down again. "Am I never to get the beastly thing off my hands?"

"I 'm very sorry. I just wanted to ask you—which way is it going? If it 's backwards there 's the drawing-room window. And mother 's inside, and she can't jump, at least not fifty-five feet. Besides the broken glass."

I ignored her altogether. I shook it backwards and forwards three times, and hurled. . . .

"I 'm sorry," said Miss MIDDLETON. "I put you off. Do it again."

"What do you mean, you put me off?"

"Was that. . . you didn't. . . I 'm—yes, that 's very good. I suppose that must be the record." She walked over to the stump. "Thirty feet almost."

She picked it up, and threw it carelessly. It sailed over a may-tree, and landed in a bed some miles away.

"Yes; but that 's all wrong," I said. "Let me show you again. There, that was almost forty feet."

Miss MIDDLETON picked it up and threw it into the bed after the other.

"I don't know anything about Græco-Roman," she said. "The good old Kentish way is enough for me. Give me the others. . . There. And now they 're all over there let 's play cricket."

. . . . . .

That is so like women. They are undisciplined, and don't understand the necessity for rules. If people were allowed to run about hurling javelins as they liked, nobody would ever get disqualified, and there would be no competition at all. Well, I wash my hands of the whole thing now. Miss MIDDLETON may go on her knees, but I shall not be found among the javelin-hurlers in the stadium.

But I may tell you in confidence that I am a dark horse for tossing the diskus. I showed Miss MIDDLETON the grip with the strawberry-plate afterwards. She agreed that it was a powerful one. She also said it was Crown Derby, and what would mother say? I don't know; but I have made her promise to tell me.

A. A. M.

THE SUMMER FASHIONS.

SERIOUS OUTLOOK FOR TRADE.

INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING VICTIMS.

IT is an unfortunate quality of our civilisation that any widespread change of fashion or habit inevitably produces serious dislocation of trade. A remarkable illustration of this deplorable law is afforded by the immense vogue of the neo-classical or "pure-art" dances. The cult of the all-but-altogether has evidently come to stay—at least for a time.

It is in the shops of the *modiste*, the linendraper, and the trunkmaker that, so far, the anxiety is most keenly felt both by employers and employed. In order to gain some idea of the true state of affairs—writes a correspondent—I called on M. BATISTE, the eminent dressmaker in Albemarle Street. . .

"But yes," he said, "all depend now on ze vezzer. If he be cold, vell; if he be varm, it spell ruin for us. See 'ere, zese fashion plates vat ve 'ave been compel to produce at ze constant demand of our best clients." He placed before me a dozen or so of coloured designs, headed "L'Été, 1908," saying, "Zere, see for yourself."

The costumes — what there was of them—were pretty enough, but the chief characteristic of all was transparence. The "Chopinese" robe, "pour la visite," was the least restricted in its dimensions; while the "Fille d'Herodias" confection, "pour la promenade," cannot have cut into more than a couple of yards of *mousseline-de-soie*.

"Vat vill business be," continued M. BATISTE, "ven two-zirds of ze orders is for costumes vich 'ang from ze 'ips to ze ankles, and 'ave no bodices? People von't pay 'igh prices for a yard or two of messaline gazered in at ze 'aunches. I tell you, sare, it is ruin zat stare us in ze faces."

I left this unhappy artist, after expressing my profound sympathy, and, crossing Piccadilly, entered the shop of Messrs. CANE AND TANNER, the well-known trunk-and bag-makers. Mr. TANNER, jun., who was engaged in measuring a cigar-box, turned from his strange occupation, and, on my mentioning your journal, readily replied to my inquiries.

"The position for our trade," he said, "is most alarming. If the weather continues hot till the end of July it will be difficult to execute the orders we shall receive for the new 'Pandora' trunks, but we must sell at least twenty of those for every ordinary trunk in order to make a decent profit. To speak plainly, the almost entire abandonment of underclothing, foreshadowed in the fashions for seaside and continent, and the alteration of costumes to what Lady GOLIGHTLY, who was in here just now, called 'the irreducible minimum,' has compelled us to manufacture an enormous stock of trunks such as you see there, the largest of which is no bigger than a dressing-case, and the smallest about the size of an average work-basket. If the summer is warm we shall make little profit; if it is cold, all this new stock will be thrown on our hands."

"I suppose," I remarked, after assuring him of my sympathy, "if your own business and a few others must suffer, there are some that will benefit?"

"You are right. First of all, I take it, the jewellers, especially those who deal in imitation pearls and coloured-glass stones, will do good business by providing substitutes for bodices. And then the large tobacconists, curiously enough, are already doing a fine trade in empty cigar-boxes, to be covered with leather, lined, and turned-out as 'Pandoras.' Here is one that has just come in from the factory."

"I foresee," said I, "that railway omnibuses, carriers, and porters will be among the sufferers from the new craze."

"Undoubtedly; and you may take it from me——"

[We cannot take any more from anybody.—EDITOR.]



"NO, GRANT, YOU ARE *NOT* GOING TO HAVE ANY MORE CHOCOLATES, AND YOU *MUSTN'T* GO OUT IN THE RAIN, AND YOU *CAN'T* HAVE THE CUCKOO CLOCK TO PLAY WITH, AND YOU *MAYN'T* ——"

"THEN PLEASE, MUMMY, *MAY I CRY?*"

HYMENOMANIA.

I THINK it began a year ago—last June, in fact. I can't remember that before then I paid any special attention to weddings. If I heard that a friend was to be married I ordered a pair of silver candlesticks or a sugar-sifter or a patent tea-basket, wrote "With best wishes" on a card, and thought no more about it. Sometimes, of course, I had to be present in person, but I never lingered over the celebrations. I just stayed at the reception until I had identified my own present, and then I went away. I own I did very often read the accounts of country weddings in the local paper, and I remember they had a strange sort of fascination for me. I never could stop until I had read every word of them, including the bit in which the wedding cake was described as "a very masterpiece from the hymeneal confectionery studio of Messrs. CRYSTAL AND CREAM, Mr. Councillor CREAM being present in person to direct the operations and receiving many well-deserved encomiums on the magnificence of this celebrated firm's handiwork." No; I didn't want to skip even that, and perhaps I ought to have taken it as a warning. It didn't occur to me, however, and so matters went on. By the way, have you ever tried to read a local paper? I mean the weekly



Elderly Bore. "YOUR FACE AWAKES A MEMORY. WHEN I LOOK AT YOU MY THOUGHTS ARE TAKEN FAR—FAR—FAR AWAY!"
She. "HOW I LONG TO FOLLOW THEM!"

kind, with a name something like "*The Loamshire Standard*, with which are incorporated the *Clayfield Sentinel* and *The North Stoddington Advertiser;* circulating in every part of the county. A high-class advertising medium." It is always a paper of very extensive acreage, and as its pages are never cut you end by getting wrapped up in it from head to foot. I always did when the accounts of the weddings had been tucked away in pages 2 or 3 or 6 or 7. The other pages, of course, are more getatable.

The real trouble, however, began, as I said, in June last. I found myself obliged to attend three weddings on three successive days. The first one (it was in the country) went off well enough. All I remember about it is that I stayed to the very end and threw an old dancing shoe after them as they drove off. I explained this to myself by their having postilions. The second wedding and the third were in London. I began to lose my head as soon as I heard MENDELSSOHN'S March at the first of these. It seemed to send the blood boiling through my veins. JACK ROGERS, who was next me, said, "Steady, old man; what 's the matter? You 're not being married, you know." Then he pulled me down off the seat on which I was standing, and I knew that something new and strange was going on inside me. When the bride and bridegroom walked out I was the first after them, and I stayed the whole business out. Next day it was the same. On the following morning I had *The Morning Post* brought to my bedside. I picked out two good weddings, and went to both. I warmly congratulated both bridegrooms. To one I said, "May a third cousin from Ceylon offer his best wishes?" To the other I explained that I was his wife's aunt's son by a second marriage. They shook me enthusiastically by the hand. That evening, in a lucid interval, I realised that I had got wedding-mania; but I didn't mind. I revelled in the thought, and, far from struggling against it, I plunged head-first and with my eyes open into a course of unparalleled wedding dissipations. I have attended two hundred and fifty weddings in the past year without a single rebuff. Whenever I read of an engagement I wire to both parties, wishing them joy. The detective who keeps watch over the presents knows me quite well. So do the two old ladies who do the weeping as the bride says Good-bye and kisses her mother. You thought they were aunts, but I know better. They 've simply got hymenomania and can't get on without weddings.

What am I to do about it? Can any one advise me? I was so wretched in May, when weddings are scarce owing to some silly superstition, that I thought I should have committed suicide. Would homœopathy help? Globules of orange-blossom or tabloids of wedding-cake ought to do the trick; but I can't make up my mind to try such remedies. I want to go on with my mania.

"The Duke of Norfolk can trace his descent back to a century before the Norman conquest, to the days, indeed, of Hereward the Wake, for the name Howard is a corruption of Hereward." *Daily Mail.*

HEREWARD, of course, was jocularly known as the "Wake," a corruption for "The Last of the English"; and the yawning gap of a century between him and the first of the Frenchmen has never been properly explained.



Mounted Officer. "AW—ARE YOU THE WEST RIDING?"
Voice from the Ranks. "NO! WE'RE THE BLOOMIN' BUFFS—*WALKIN'*!"

HETTYQUETTE FOR THE VENERABLE.

THE advantage of the Atlantic cable and the electric current has never been better illustrated than by the fascinating and important messages which have recently been sent to the London Press from New York with reference to the belated activities of Mrs. HETTY GREEN, the septuagenarian millionairess, who has suddenly become a world-power.

Breakfast would not be breakfast without the latest tidings of this aged but resolute lady, to whom the proverb, "It is never too late to mend or spend," comes as an evangel. How she emerged from her obscure top-floor flat to live at the toniest New York hotel at a dollar a breath; how she decided that the time was ripe to give a dinner-party, and how one was arranged for her by the manager at four guineas a head, exclusive of the best champagne (whatever that may be); how she invited a number of leaders of New York society, irrespective of previous intimacy with them; how, apparently, they came; what she wore and what she said as she watched them eat and drink; how she went to a six-guinea course of beauty-renewing, and submitted her wrinkles to the mercies of the operator—this and much more has been flashed along the ocean's bed for the last week or so, to the no small amusement of the fish *en route*, and to the great satisfaction of the British newspaper reader anxious to be well informed on the progress of the universe.

And truly it is worth transmitting, for it is fine to see an old woman ashamed of the economy of her long life, and resolute in her attempt to remove the traces of time. Never was a poet less inspired than that one who wrote that old age is beautiful. Old age is, of course, nothing of the kind, as we now know. The wise spare no pains to eliminate its signs. What old modern person would hesitate for a moment if asked to choose between a face lined by years of life—years of joy and suffering, laughter and tears, in a word, experience—and a face smooth as a billiard ball? A good complexion is all, no matter what the vacuity accompanying it. And therefore we say all honour to Mrs. HETTY GREEN for her bold and public effort to devenerablize her countenance and go back on all her native prudence.

A woman who has lived so long knows how to spend her money. She is beyond criticism. She knows what trust is to be put in stories of the poor and their penury and want; she knows how much is talk and how little is fact; and knowing, who would dare to blame her if at her age she spends four guineas a head on a banquet to total strangers who eat a better meal every night? Certainly not we.

Long life to Mrs. HETTY GREEN, we say, and may she grow younger every day and more generous, and may her friends become as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore!



FRIENDLY RELATIONS.

THE TSAR (*to* KING EDWARD). "DELIGHTFUL SEEING YOU AGAIN AFTER ALL THIS TIME. I SUPPOSE YOUR LABOUR PARTY WOULDN'T MIND OUR TALKING OVER A FEW FAMILY MATTERS?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 1.—Must be admitted that there is occasionally something infantile about the ways of the House of Commons. To-day set down for second reading of Budget Bill. If it were felt desirable or useful further to discuss subject here is the chance. But Tariff Reformers feel they haven't had a look in lately. About time they knew, with such approach to precision as is possible, PRINCE ARTHUR'S latest views on the burning question. Accordingly amendment raising fiscal question is clapped on motion for second reading.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S views promptly indicated by alteration of the amendment as first placed on paper by a private Member. Now confines itself to calling upon Government to increase resources of the Exchequer by "broadening the basis of taxation." Thus toned down to comfortable note of vagueness, even TOMMY BOWLES, jun., hereditary and unbending advocate of Free Trade, publicly announces that he can vote for it. Voicing the desire of his reunited followers, PRINCE ARTHUR insists that one night's sitting is insufficient as a safety-valve for the seething tide of passionate conviction that floods their souls. PREMIER pleads pressure of public business; finally relents, and debate will be continued to-morrow.



"Put me among the Earls,
Put me-e among the Earls!

(Farewell to the Rt. Hon. George Whiteley, who resigns his seat and the post of Chief Ministerial Whip.)



THE CUTEST TROUT IN THE FISCAL STREAM.
"I'll make as many bubbles as you like, but I'm not taking any flies, thank you!"

KNOWING these preliminaries, Fancy fills the benches with a host of stern foemen. Not an empty seat on either side. Speeches punctuated with storm of cheering. Dinner forgotten. Amaryllis, accustomed to be toyed with in the shade of the Terrace, left in solitude and tears.

Alack-a-day! what are the facts? When LAURENCE HARDY rose to move the amendment majority of those present with one accord hurried towards the door. Admirable speech delivered to empty benches. From this collapse House did not recover till, after dinner and 10 o'clock, LLOYD-GEORGE interposed. At a quarter-past eight lingering decline almost arrested by sudden death. COURTHOPE on his legs addressing nine Members whose purpose in remaining obviously was to catch the SPEAKER'S eye for the next turn. A count moved. Bells clanged; Whips wildly went forth in search of men to make up a quorum. The sands in the glass had fallen. The SPEAKER unselfishly added a moment's grace. By this time the necessary forty were captured and driven in. As soon as they were counted and a House made, they fled full soon (being the first of June), and bade the rest keep listening to COURTHOPE as he wended his way through level agricultural districts, lamenting the increase of local taxation.

'Twas ever thus, SARK testifies. Nothing so ruinous to vitality of debate as attenuation through being stretched over two or more days. What might have been a more or less brisk discussion had it been confined to a day's sitting turned out to be what is here feebly described.

Business done.—Second reading of Budget Bill moved.

Tuesday.—Debate on Tariff Reform amendment to second reading of Budget Bill resumed. Brisked up blithely. Members realise that business really is beginning. BONAR LAW opened fire with one of those closely-reasoned, sharply-pointed, forceful speeches that confirm his place on Front Opposition Bench as second only to his chief as a debater. The irony of his late Ministerial rank of Under Secretary as compared with some colleagues who bear the Cabinet mark grows sharper as the days pass. Ex-Ministry not so rich in debating power that it can afford to repeat a game which kept JOHN O'GORST in the background till he retired from the scene in disgust.

BONAR LAW'S speech the only one of the brief series that had about it note of preparation. That inevitable since he had to lead off, replying chiefly to LLOYD-GEORGE'S stinging

speech that momentarily lifted the wet blanket weighing down yesterday's melancholy performance. For the rest, WINSTON, PRINCE ARTHUR, the PREMIER, delivered in succession purely debating speeches, necessarily extemporaneous. This the highest form of art. Also its most successful exposition.

Coming to be a common-place to say that in his last speech WINSTON excelled himself. Certainly true of his unpremeditated discourse to-night. For profound and accurate knowledge of the science of finance it was a revelation. WINSTON is so habitually sprightly in manner, so ready, upon occasion so reckless, in speech, that it is (or was) the fashion to regard him as superficial. After to-night that reproach may not be heard.

PRINCE ARTHUR, dexterous as usual when skating over thin ice of Fiscal Question. Earlier speakers from Treasury Bench insisted on enquiry as to what was the meaning of the new phrase, more blessed than Mesopotamia, "broadening the basis of taxation." PRINCE ARTHUR not going to spoil a good thing by explaining it. Answered the question by asking another.

"How are you going to get your ten millions which will be wanted next year? You have taken a farthing off the Sugar Tax. I suppose you are going to put it on again."

PREMIER wound up debate in fine fighting speech. Caused a quiver of pained indignation to run through Opposition ranks by contemptuously dismissing the amendment as "a hollow-sounding generality about broadening the basis of taxation." Supposed no one would refuse to give academic consent to the proposition that taxation be broadened. "But what do you mean by broadening? In which direction?"

Excitement culminated in the division, on which Ministers got a majority of nearly three to one.

Business done. — Tariff Reform amendment rejected by 367 votes against 124; Budget Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—Off for a too-brief holiday. Been reading REGINALD LUCAS'S "Memoir of Colonel SAUNDERSON," just published by JOHN MURRAY. LUCAS was for a while Member for Portsmouth; enjoyed opportunity of knowing SAUNDERSON inside the House as well as outside; has done well to bring together some memories of a striking figure that strode the Parliamentary stage these last twenty years.

SAUNDERSON essentially a fighting man. When he rose to take part in debate instinctively drew himself up in fighting attitude. Delighted in stirring up with long pole his countrymen in Nationalist camp immediately opposite. Commented upon them and their conduct with freedom no one else dare practise. They literally howled resentment; but in their heart of hearts they kept a place in which SAUNDERSON was enshrined. He was, after all, an Irishman—an



"Instinctively drew himself up in fighting attitude."

(The late Col. Saunderson, M.P.)

Irishman gone wrong. What a treasure he would have been to the party had he chanced to be born the son of a tenant instead of a landlord! In fierce volubility he would have outshone JOHN DILLON. For stinging speech addressed to Chief Secretaries and the like, he would have beaten Banagher and TIM HEALY. Fortune ranged him on the side of the Saxon; his manner and method of speech remained racily Irish.

Once in the stormy days of the Home Rule Bill a Nationalist attempted to win him over by pointing out how enactment of the measure would make openings for Irishmen to come to the front in national affairs.

"A man as popular as you," he urged, "is sure to come to the top of the tree."

"Yes," said the Colonel, "hauled up by a rope round my neck."

Thus ready were his flashes of wit. In action he admitted that he was occasionally precipitate. In the free fight on the floor of the House of Commons which enlivened Committee stage of second Home Rule Bill, an Irish Member was projected over SAUNDERSON'S shoulder on to his knee. Finding him there convenient he vigorously punched his head. Subsequently assumption of position favourable to such action turned out to be accidental. SAUNDERSON, soul of honour, felt compelled to explain to the House that "the hon. gentleman who flopped down on top of me had slipped and arrived there by accident."

All the same, his head had been punched—an achievement that remained irreparable.

To a House often jaded with verbosity, aweary of the commonplace, SAUNDERSON'S interpositions in debate were like a brisk breeze from his beloved sea vivifying a sultry atmosphere. An uncompromising foeman, a hard hitter, he won, and through successive Parliaments held, the position of one of the most popular members.

Business done. — Adjourned for Whitsun recess. Back directly.

THE AERO-DERBY.

MAY 30, 2.15 P.M.—Arrive at Hurlingham, to take part in the International Point-to-Point contest of the Aeronautical Federation, on, in, or under the good balloon *Enchantress* (sky-pilot Mr. BUCKNALL).

2.16. — Once safely within the grounds privately overhaul personal equipment. Find it quite a nice little lot, consisting *inter alia* of: mackintosh, camera, two extra films (had at last moment to jettison a second kodak), sketch-book, sheets of paper, three spare pencils, one piece of india-rubber, pocket-knife, brandy-flask (containing 50 per cent. of alcohol, and urgently recommended as restorative in case of broken neck), tooth-pick, small pocket looking-glass wherewith to extract flies out of eye, opera-glasses, card-case, postage stamps, post-cards, watch, compass, bunch of keys, telegram forms (one reply-paid for anxious journalist), match-box, pipe, tobacco-pouch, cigarette-case (all these last taboo during the contest), small atlas of the British Isles, two loose sheets on a



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 3.

Extract from the Diary of a beginner.—"AFTER ALL, THEY SAY A PUNT IN A QUIET BACKWATER, WITH A NICE LUNCH IN A HAMPER, TAKES A LOT OF BEATING." (*Later entry.*) "FOUND IT WASN'T ALL THAT IT'S REPRESENTED TO BE."

larger scale, map of London, two pieces of chocolate, handkerchief, evening paper with diagram of balloon-park and list of starters, sovereign purse, loose cash, pair of gloves, piece of string (recommended by home authority as indispensable in an accident), Aero Club badge and ticket, also a complete suit of clothes. Thought it better not to tell skipper about all of these, or he might treat them as ballast. Did *not*, however, take a bridge pack, life-belt, parachute, or half a tree, like competitor No. 31.

2.45.—Destination announced—Burchett's Green, near Maidenhead, twenty-seven miles west ½ north, or points to that effect. Takes a bit of finding on the chart. Foreigners much intrigued. Air thick with French.

3.0.—"Weighed up" in car—pilot, first mate, young lady passenger, and self, or 5 cwt. of aeronauts, eleven 40-lb. ballast bags, and 7 cwt. of basket and tackle. With the aid of six able-bodied Engineers we gracefully, at

3.15—Take the mat in the arena, doing a little push-as-push-can with another competitor on the way.

3.20.—Take Lord ROBERTS, Lord MONTAGU, and Mr. WALLACE, the starters, with a wild snapshot. Band plays "Britannia Rules the Skies," as, at

3.21—We take a lift, and distribute half a bag of ballast on heads of spectators.

3.40.—Over Putney, where we fear the population will develop balloon-necks through trying to get a worm's-eye view of the gas-bags in the haze. Buses take the bit between their teeth and career madly in our wake.

3.50.—Climbing upstairs over Richmond Park in search of conducive current. Signals of frantic relatives fail to attract our attention, absorbed with compass, aneroid, and statoscope.

4.30.—Hear local cuckoo near Staines at height of 6,500 feet; and get above an Aristophanic Cloudland. Spectacle of twenty balloons dotted about at all heights saves one from feeling lonesome. With a five-mile megaphone, could have addressed a mass meeting of them. Opened a bottle of hock, and toasted FRANK BUTLER and Col., CAPPER in the offing. Grew quite chatty with one or two near neighbours, especially the young Belgian sportsman M. GEERTZ, single-handed in his baby *Roitelet*. He entented with us a few yards off, and said he was out of *lest*—could we chuck him a handful? and was busy shedding parts of his trail-rope, his anchor, and bits of his clothing. Wished him "*bon terrissage*," which he achieved later on with fourth place for "the little wren." Most of the crowd going S. W. except one on a better course to the N., whom we disliked exceedingly for five minutes.

5.30.—Plumb over the Long Walk, Windsor. Not being etiquette to call on the KING perpendicularly, we pass on and lose our way in a mist.

6.0.—Let out trail-rope and rehearse descending drill. Hang on to ropes overhead, bend knees, balance on tip-toes, and in this dignified attitude propitiate Mother Earth not to give us a nasty jar.

6.20.—Pilot and mate select a tempting grass-plot. Ripping-valve

fails to act (the only thing that wasn't ripping). Dodge a tree, take six bumps and a ditch-leap, and finally, after prolonged "valving," land in a turnip-field, four miles from the mark, but conveniently near a hospitable brewery and country house. Posse of rusties, headed by village blacksmith, who declares he has lifted a three-ton gun in his time, help pack the slowly deflating bag, and consent to drink our health at the nearest inn.

10 p.m.—Return to a highly *cordiale* and Franco-British supper at the Automobile Club, and so home, somewhat inflated.

ZIGZAG.

THE LOVE SONG.

[It is said that the men of to-day are far less passionate in their love-making than their ancestors.]

I LOVE you, or at least I think
That very possibly I do;
In common honesty I shrink
From statements not precisely true,
But still it 's safe to say I 'm pretty fond of you.

I cannot swear a mighty oath
To worship blindly till I die,
In fact I should be rather loath
To form so very rash a tie,
Unless I knew a most substantial reason why.

I shall not, with a valiant air,
Pour out my life-blood for your good,
Nor even boastfully declare
That if I had the chance I would,
Because, to tell the truth, I hardly think I should.

No knightly deeds have I to do,
And no impassioned words to say;
Still, I should like to marry you,
If you will tell me that I may,
And also kindly name the most convenient day.

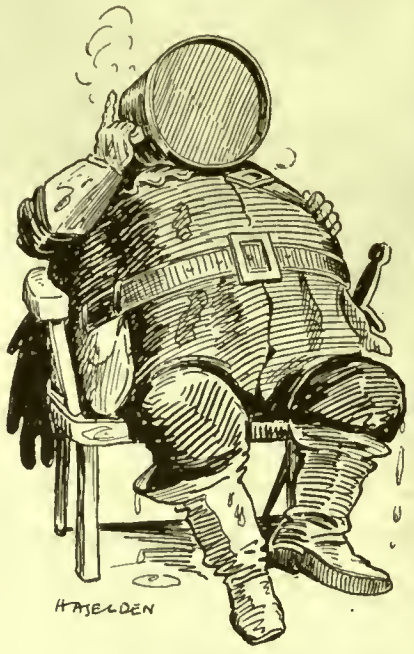
I can't explain the thing, you know
(They used to tell us Love was blind),
But since it happens to be so
Forgive my weakness, and be kind,
Or if you 're not that way disposed—well, never mind!

"After securing a lead of 155 on the first innings, Somerset were dismissed at the end of the day in an hour and a half for the paltry score of 77, and were thus defeated by an innings and 75 runs."—*The Scotsman.*

Truly the uncertainty of cricket is becoming more proverbial than ever.

A SHORT LIFE AND A MERRY.

THESE June nights make warm work for a figure like *Falstaff's*. I envied him his ducking much more than the hot drink with which he pretended to revive himself, and I hope they gave him more ice in the interval than I could pick up at the bar of His Majesty's. Mr. TREE was in very brave form. He was looking much stouter than when I saw him last, and I thought that even his voice had put on weight. He was very happy in his part, and played it with



THE REVIVAL OF FALSTAFF.
Mr. Tree.

a fine rotundity. Perhaps the character that went best with the weather was that of *Slender*, whose humour seemed thin to the point of transparence—no blame to Mr. QUARTERMAINE.

Mr. FISHER WHITE'S *Shallow* was a most delectable performance; and Miss CICELY RICHARDS impersonated *Mistress Ford* with great naturalness, laughing as people laugh who simply can't help it. Miss ELLEN TERRY, as the other Merry Wife, entered with such heartiness into the spirit of her scenes that her disregard of the exact letter of them seemed to matter very little. Indeed, the whole company played as if they were enjoying the game, and there were even times when their merriment threatened to communicate itself to an audience (third night) that was dull beyond the average.

Several pleasant pieces of rough-and-tumble work, not actually ordered by the book, were thrown in gratuitously, and nobody seemed to be trying to save himself; but then, of course, they all knew that they were in for a very short run.

O. S.

THE FIGURE-HEAD OF THE PRESS.

I WAS about to enter the King's Cross tube station last Wednesday morning, when I accidentally knocked my bag against a man on the foot-path. I apologised. "Don't mention it," he said; then he continued: "Let 's see; 14 a minute for 12 hours a day is roughly 10,000 a day, isn't it? With the same number to-morrow, and double the number on Friday, and double again on Saturday, that makes 80,000, I think." I did not deny it; but I am not certain in my own mind to this day. "Then multiply by the ten largest stations in London, and you get 800,000."

"I follow you there," I said; "but——"

"That 's another 5*s.* for me," he said, with a light in his eye.

He was a quaint little figure, with a bulging forehead on which his fingers played as he made his calculations; and a foot-rule stuck out of one pocket and an exercise book out of another.

"How does it make 5*s.*?" I asked; for it seemed to me that 800,000 of anything should come to more than that.

Then he told me. He was the man I have longed to meet—the man who tells us that the GERMAN EMPEROR'S moustache, if in one long hair instead of many short ones, would go five times round the Imperial waist, and things like that. "I make calculations," he said, "and sell them to a Press Agency for 5*s.* each. You see, you are the seventh person starting on his Whitsuntide holidays who has passed me in a minute; probably there were seven who went into the station at the other side in the same time. That gives 14—and you observed how I calculated the total Whitsuntide exodus from London."

"But I am not going away at all—I am going down to the British Museum," I said.

"That doesn't matter; very likely there were eight on the other side of the station. Anyway, there is no need to be particular to one or two when dealing in thousands. I have been fearfully busy at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition. It took me over an hour and a-half to measure the thousands of miles of electric wiring" (and he patted his foot-rule affec-

tionately). "The 24 miles of roadway were easier. I had to walk about a mile in tracing the wiring, and then feeling that I had not covered a twentieth of the ground I soon arrived at the estimate of 24 miles. I found it very difficult to give with anything like accuracy the numbers of people who are thinking of coming from all parts of the world—excepting in the case of New Zealand, where I had information to help me, for I heard some months ago that two friends of my cousin are likely to come from there.

"Yes, I am very successful. I don't claim to be infallible, but I have never had one of my calculations disputed. I may not always be right, but I 'm hanged if anybody can prove I 'm wrong. That is where I score." And the little fellow chuckled as he wished me good day.

As I came from the Museum at luncheltime, the placard of an evening paper caught my eye.

"WHITSUNTIDE EXODUS:
800,000 LEAVING LONDON."



THE CARAVAN CRAZE.

SCENE IN A LONELY PART OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE ETON ROSCIUS.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS.

THE emergence at Eton of a boy actor, to whose colossal genius the Headmaster has borne such thrilling testimony in *The Daily Mail*, has created the greatest possible excitement in Maiden Lane and other resorts of the histrionic profession.

Interviewed by *Mr. Punch's* representative in the palatial duomo of his theatre, Mr. TREE complained in accents of the most pathetic intonation of the unfair competition which Eton threatened to exercise with his Dramatic School. "There are," said Mr. TREE, "1,100 boys at Eton, and I understand that Canon LYTTELTON is confident that, under the *régime* which he has now introduced—viz., Delsartean gymnastics, hypodermic massage of the cerebellum, Boole-work, Pestalozzian *solfeggi*, and accordeon-pleated hygienic flannel trousers—he will be able to turn out at least fifty boys yearly who are histrionically *capable de tout*." "But," queried *Mr. Punch's* representative, "at least your school has the common advantage over Eton that it provides for the instruction of actresses as well." "The advantage," replied Mr. TREE, "will cease to exist next year, when, as I have been credibly informed, a Bill will be introduced into the Commons, at the express instigation of the Headmaster, to reorganise Eton on the basis of co-education, and convert it into an annexe of the new National Theatre, with Mr. BOURCHIER as Director of Dramatic Deportment."

Dr. JAEGER, the celebrated sanitary sartorialist, who courteously received our representative in his antiseptic sanctum, expressed the greatest satisfaction at the new departure. "Eton is going ahead," said the Doctor, "by leaps and bounds, under the sagacious yet enlightened guidance of the new Headmaster. Formerly it was a case of 'great cry and little wool.' Now it is 'great cry, LYTTELTON, and all wool.' The hygienic drama has a tremendous future. And has anyone realised the comic possibilities of a vegetarian pantomime or a sanitary extravaganza?"

Mr. GRAY, the late leader of the Manchester unemployed, who marched to Windsor and addressed the Eton boys, was naturally delighted by the courageous and engaging venture of the Headmaster. "No man is fit to be a Socialist, no man can touch the great heart of the people who can't act a bit," said Mr. GRAY. "Look at VICTOR GRAYSON. Look at me. If I wasn't myself I 'd like to be GEORGE ALEXANDER. Think of a whole school of GEORGE ALEXANDERS! Why, the mere thought of it is a tonic that tunes up the nation to concert pitch."

Mr. MAYER, the *impresario* responsible for introducing so many French companies to London, stated that the situation was radically affected, not to say *bouleversée*, by the Etonian prodigy, whose Parisian accent, according to the Headmaster, was wonderfully good. Mr. MAYER added that he had never seen GARRICK or Miss ELIZABETH ASQUITH, but from what the Headmaster said it was evident that they were not in the same class with his illustrious pupil.

Mr. FLETCHER, the famous American authority on diet and deglutition, has cabled his profound satisfaction with the Headmaster of Eton for establishing the intimate relation between digestion and the drama upon a firm basis.

Further inquiries at Eton on Saturday last revealed the gratifying facts that CHIRGWIN had accepted the post of Professor of Elocution, and that houses had been offered to Mr. FRED KERR, Mr. EDMUND GWENN, and Mr. WILKIE BARD. It was also announced that the Headmaster had discovered in the person of the Hon. POMEROY BLANDY, a prominent member of the eleven, the greatest bass singer since LABLACHE. His voice is of extraordinary volume, and the Headmaster stated that he was far and away the greatest boy bass he had ever heard. His voice production is absolutely perfect, and as he is one of the driest Dry Bobs ever turned out at Eton, his future career will be watched by the Headmaster and other dispassionate critics with the keenest interest. As the Headmaster puts it, "If I can produce only one LABLACHE and one SIMS REEVES every year I shall not have laboured in vain."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Alien Sisters (SMITH, ELDER) are *Ruth Templeton*, daughter of *Sir Raymond*, and *Rose*, who takes the surname of her mother, *De Winton*. Coincidence, that dauntless romantic intriguer, has enabled Mrs. DEARMER to bring them together, and she has further complicated their relationship by making one the *fiancée* and the other the mistress of *Hugh Templeton, Sir Raymond's* heir. I was disappointed in *Hugh*. He started as the brilliant accomplished scoundrel, for whom one retains a sneaking affection, but he degenerated into a stage-villain, and finally faded out like a Phlizz. I think he went into Parliament or something equally dull. But the two heroines (of whom I prefer *Rose*) are admirably well defined, and the scenes which occur in Cornwall and Yorkshire should make some of the large pen-owners in those provinces look to their preserves. Then, again, Mrs. DEARMER gives you a lot of value for your money: she has put a whole anthology of quotations at the beginning of her chapters, and every now and then a lady named *Monica Holden* goes off to her room and writes a few philosophical reflections in her birthday book, which are very like a Greek chorus, and almost as hard to construe unprepared. I gather from this novel, what I had long suspected to be the case, that men, on the whole, are a bad lot; the difficulty seems to be that women are now and then the same. Considering the awkwardness of the problem she tackles, Mrs. DEARMER is certainly to be congratulated. But why does she say (on page 120), "During the conversation dinner had progressed silently to the end"?



THE LATEST LION.

Miss ARABELLA KENEALY has performed a filial duty in preparing the *Memoirs of Edward Vaughan Kenealy* (LONG). She has been assisted in her task by discovering among her father's papers several chapters of autobiography and some pages of diaries. In these Dr. KENEALY stands exposed with a thoroughness and simplicity which would have been cruel in any other writer. In an early entry in the diary he heartily prays: "O God, suffer me not to be prudent." Never since invocations were first uplifted was prayer so bounteously answered. KENEALY had in him some flashes of the divine fire of genius. He was a scholar of rare attainments. Had he only been endowed with a modicum of common sense he would have been a great man. For an Irishman he was phenomenally lacking in the sense of humour. Dominated by superlative vanity, this lack of a national characteristic was largely responsible for his gigantic failure. In small affairs it led him to the conviction, set forth with circumstance, that he was of royal lineage. In his thirty-sixth year he writes in his diary, "Walked to Wulfercester's Castle, built by an old pagan ancestor of mine, WULFERCESTER, King of MERCIA, in the seventh century."

From such height of ancestry he looked with scorn on common men. In the course of his reading he found SCOTT "tedious," JANE AUSTEN "a poor creature," DICKENS "frequently but caricature," BULWER LYTTON "a clown," perhaps the last reproach one would have expected to hear cast upon him. He employed the same freedom of expression in reference to certain men and events in his public and professional life. The result was that he shocked and disgusted people, being in the end disbarred, disbenched. For a while the idol of the mob, then forsaken, he died within a fortnight of his defeat at the poll in a borough which, immediately after the close of the Tichborne Trial, had carried him in triumph to the House of Commons. In its sadness the story reaches the depths of tragedy.

Mr. Crewe's Career (MACMILLAN), by WINSTON CHURCHILL, was nearly as meteoric as the rise of the other WINSTON CHURCHILL, whose life-story still remains to be written. Perhaps, when the public demand for a biography of the English statesman becomes too insistent to be ignored, the American author will oblige by taking on the job "*The Career of Winston Churchill*, by WINSTON CHURCHILL," should have a fallacious attraction for the general. But I must keep my eyes in the boat, and return to Mr. *Crewe*, which I do with all the pleasure in the world, for though I don't much care for *Mr. Crewe* himself, and am as bewildered by the mysteries of American State politics as a Bank Holiday tripper in Hampton Court maze; but I do like the spirit of the book, which is dedicated to "the men who in every State of the Union are engaged in the struggle for purer politics." The real hero, *Austen Vane*, a young lawyer who stands as the emblem of that struggle, is a ripper. The State to which he belongs is run entirely in the interests of the Imperial railroad, and his father, *Hilary Vane*, as the Railroad's chief counsel, has the control of all the State legislation and all its official patronage. And *Austen* happens to love not only his father but also *Miss Flint*, the Railroad President's daughter, a no less charming person than himself. To oppose his father and *Flint*, and yet keep the affection of the one and win the respect and the daughter of the other, is a fairly stiff proposition. But with the help of Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL he triumphantly solves it, whereas *Crewe*, the sham reformer, comes a cropper, just when he seems about to step into the Presidential chair. For this and many other reasons I find *Mr. Crewe's Career* a very enjoyable book.

"There is no more ideal house for a ball than Bute Lodge, Regent's Park. The gardens are close to the Zoo, from whence the roaring of the lions may be distinctly heard."—*Dumfries Courier.*

Thus drowning the Merry Widow waltz.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. SIMS, a Member of the United States House of Representatives, has had his pocket picked on the floor of the House, to which only Members are admitted. This is satisfactory as showing how thoroughly representative the House is.

***

M. HENRI LEMOINE has not yet carried out his promise of making a diamond as big as a baby's head: but this, we understand, is not really M. LEMOINE'S fault—it is due to babies having such large heads.

***

It now transpires that the gentleman who attempted to shoot Major DREYFUS in the back did so in order to vindicate the honour of the French Army.

***

The marriageable spinsters of Ecaussines, in Belgium, have once more given their annual bachelors' party, and several engagements have ensued; but no sympathy is felt for the young men, as the object of the function was plainly announced.

***

"The man out of work is a test of his country," says *The Nation* of New York. "He shows how well its citizens have been trained to meet temporary adversity with an equal mind." Still, we cannot help thinking that the experiment is being made on an unnecessarily large scale in this country.

***

The accomplishments of thatching and hedging are said to be dying out in agricultural districts. Several influential Members of Parliament are, however, determined to make an effort to prevent hedging, at any rate, from becoming a lost art.

***

A diary by Mrs. PIOZZI fetched no less a sum than £2,050 at an auction-sale at Sotheby's. It is thought that this may lead to a revival of the habit of keeping a diary. There would seem to be money in it.

"It is impossible," says a medical paper, "really to clean the face without soap." For ourselves, we have always found india-rubber unsatisfactory.

***

We hear that the dog which takes the part of a tiger in the Tiger Hunt scene in the Indian arena has received many invitations to Fancy Dress Balls.

***

Two African lions in the jungle at Earl's Court suddenly began fighting during a thunderstorm the other day. It is surmised that each accused the other of roaring unnecessarily loud.



Long-suffering Customer. "THANKS—I—(*pff*)—I BRUSHED MY TEETH ONLY THIS MORNING."

It is reported that Miss ALLAN announces her determination to dance in Manchester whether the Watch Committee approve or not, "and she may appear there in a tent." To this, we believe, the Watch Committee would have no objection: it is the costume worn at the Palace which they do not like.

***

The "Merrie England" movement has received a set-back. A humorist has been fined £20 at the Marylebone Police Court for giving a false alarm of fire.

***

Much sympathy continues to be extended to Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER in regard to the wanton insult levelled at him the other day when some burglars broke into his house at Bushey and made off with a number of pieces of presentation silver, but did not think any of the master's paintings worth stealing.

***

Despite of this we hear that special precautions are now being taken to safeguard Sir HUBERT'S huge painting of the Council of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, and anyone approaching the canvas with a little hand-bag is eyed suspiciously by detectives.

***

Mrs. STUYVESANT FISH has made a bold bid for unpopularity among the American Smart Set. She announces that she intends this summer to spend the season, not in Newport, but "amid the more dignified surroundings of Europe." In Newport spiteful people are now prophesying that this lady will soon know what it is to be a Fish out of water.

"Under these circumstances Surrey, as the stronger side, won the toss." — *Daily Mail.*

The old tale of the big battalions!

"No," as he flung his arms out to her with a horse cry, "it's no use, my dear one." —*Daily Mail Feuilleton.*

Surely he should have said "Nay."

Taking our Pleasures Sadly.

"The evening attraction this week at the King's will be 'The Girl Who Wrecked His Home.'"—*Referee.*

Notice in a West End shop:—

"Wanted, a respectable boy within."

Another proof that outward appearances are not everything.

Catch-as-Catch-Can Notes.

"The Gothic energy, the energy which swept away classicalism and started the new free motion, we have that; we have it in the roaring ribs and vaults wrestling together in fixed and stony immobility."—*The Morning Post.*

Our money on the roaring ribs, please.

A VISION OF FAIR WOMEN.

Go, wretched scoffer, you who point your thumb
At Woman panting in the Suffrage-chase,
And deem her thirst for votes is due to some
Deficiency of face;

Who 've seen her only as a Kodak guy,
In attitudes inimical to charm,
Pendent from area-rails or rumpled by
Robert's coercive arm;

Go, sirrah, seek the Tube and let your eyes
Gaze on the noblest placard-sheet of all
(Not even "White Man" WALLER occupies
A larger slab of wall);

There you shall find—the catalogue is free—
A gallery of women pioneers
Taken in full repose; and you will be
Surprised, almost to tears.

And on your knees you 'll limp across the line
(Mind the live rail!) and, leaning humble brows
Against the poster, as it were a shrine,
Pay your repentant vows;

And swear that, if they need your moral aid
(Though but a man's) in Hyde or any Park,
For Beauty's cause you 'll willingly be made
The object of remark. O. S.

THE HOUSE WITH THE HIGH WALLS.

IT was the first house I had come upon for miles; a high brick wall separated it from the lonely road, but I could see it through a pair of rusty scroll-work gates—a large gloomy old mansion, with projecting wings. An elderly gardener was mowing the neglected grass-plot in the centre of the drive, and on this plot stood a large board. I could not read what was on it from the bank on the other side of the road, and I felt much too lazy just then to get up and go near enough to do so. For it was a sultry afternoon, I had had a long tramp, and was glad to find a shady tree under which I could lie down and rest for a while. But I had not lain there long before I saw that the old man had come through the gate and crossed the road.

"I observe, sir," he said, addressing me, "that you are looking at this Institution. I am the Superintendent, and I shall be pleased to take you over it and show you the inmates, if you will allow me."

He was still carrying his scythe, but he had a venerable white beard, and, even before he spoke, I knew that he could not be the gardener. I thanked him and explained that I had not time just then to accept his offer.

"Nonsense," he said peremptorily; "you had much better come—it will be a useful experience for a professional humourist like yourself."

I never quite like being called a professional humourist—it seems to imply a certain reproach. But, after all, it happens to be the way I earn my living, so I couldn't very well resent it, though I had not supposed I bore the stamp of my calling so visibly upon me. And somehow I yielded and found myself inside the gates with him on the drive.

"It *is* a Private Asylum, I suppose," I said.

"Hardly that," he replied, "the ... it is true that some of my patients—but we prefer to call it a Retreat, a kind of Convalescent Home."

"For whom?" I enquired.

"You have eyes," he said somewhat impatiently. "Why don't you look at the board there?" I looked and read this inscription:—

HOME OF REST FOR AGED OR DESTITUTE JOKES.

(*Supported entirely by Voluntary Contributions.*)

You may imagine I was surprised, but I was not. I had often wondered where all the old jokes went to. Now I knew. I followed my guide through a dim old hall, and out upon a terrace at the back, overlooking spacious grounds surrounded by fine trees—mostly chestnuts, as, indeed, one might have expected.

"You will find most of them here," he said. And there they were—jokes of all ages in every stage of poverty, sitting listlessly in the shade or crawling feebly about in the sun, like so many belated November blue-bottles. I cannot describe their appearance more precisely; but most people recognise an old joke when they come across one. And so did I. The rest I must leave to your imagination, merely remarking that I have seldom seen a more pathetic spectacle. Many of them, poor as they seemed now, had, so my conductor informed me, entertained Saxon earls, Norman nobles, and barons, and even Tudor monarchs in their time, for they were rich jokes in those days. But, like all favourites, they had allowed themselves to grow too familiar; and a joke that once forgets itself is naturally soon forgotten. Though it seemed that even the oldest of these had a chance of coming into their own again, for I was told that a popular music-hall comedian had generously undertaken to find employment for several of them in one of his new "turns."

"Perhaps," suggested my informant, "you yourself might be disposed to——?" But I got out of *that* by asking him who were the creatures like uncouth overgrown lads who were languidly chasing one another about the grounds with a ghastly affectation of gaiety.

"Street jokes," he explained; "their day is over, poor things, though they don't know it. They will never go outside these walls any more."

Now I came to look at them I found I knew several quite well. There were, "How 's your poor feet?", "I 'll 'ave your 'at!", little "Woa, EMMA," and "Get your 'air cut," and many others I had missed for years. I thought they were dead—however, they might just as well have been.

"But now," said the proprietor, "let me show you some cases which I don't despair of restoring to public usefulness yet. You see that one lying face downwards on the lawn? Well, it was brought out by a nervous man at a stiff dinner-party, and fell perfectly flat. But with ordinary care and encouragement you would be surprised to find how well it would go. Now don't you think *you* could——?" I explained that, being of a nervous temperament myself, I really could not undertake the responsibility.

"Ah, well," he said, "here is another—a most excellent joke. It came out quite unexpectedly from the Bench only the other day. I forget if it was in a Police Court or a Law Court—but one of the two. Unfortunately no one saw it—not even the constable or usher—and so it never got into any of the papers. A failure at present—but it only requires another chance."

It was a good joke, but unfortunately, as I pointed out, quite unsuited to my particular purposes. Too subtle.

"Then how about *this* one?" he persisted, indicating a hydrocephalous-looking little thing that was strutting



THE HEIR PRESUM[illegible]IVE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (*to* WILLIAM H. TAFT, *his candidate for the Presidency*). "THERE, SONNY, I'VE FIXED YOU UP SO THEY WON'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US."



A COUNSEL OF PERFECTION.

"EGG-SPOONS, ANNIE! EGG-SPOONS! WHEN YOU LAY EGGS, ALWAYS LAY SPOONS TOO!"

conceitedly past us. "Its one ambition is to get into *Punch*, and it has been considered quite good enough to do so by a parent whose standard of humour is so high that very few jokes have ever really amused him. I thought if you happened to know the Editor——"

I *did* know the Editor, and I intimated very decidedly that I could not dream of introducing such a joke as that to him: it would be as much as my place was worth.

"You are the best judge, of course," he said stiffly. "Perhaps you would prefer to adopt an anecdote? That one over there in the corner has been attributed to many of our most celebrated wits. SWIFT, SHERIDAN, CHARLES LAMB, THEODORE HOOK, SYDNEY SMITH have all had to bear the responsibility for it in their time—so surely *you* need not be ashamed of it. It has been an orphan for years now, so a fresh career is open to it."

That might be; but I excused myself. I could never feel any real pride in fathering so aged an anecdote. The Medical Superintendent still went on pressing me. Of course from *his* point of view he was quite justified in trying to find suitable openings for his various charges; but my patience became exhausted at last.

"I don't think you quite understand," I told him, with quiet dignity. "These old jokes—whatever their merits—are really of no use in *my* kind of work. I may be a professional humourist, but I flatter myself that my jokes, such as they *are* "—(this was irony, not modesty, for, between ourselves, I was far from being ashamed of them)—" are at least my own. So I will take up no more of your valuable time."

He seemed to feel the rebuke, for he led me back into the hall without a word. There he stopped at a door.

"I have no more to show you," he said, "unless you would care to see the cases in here. They are not particularly interesting—quite too hopelessly imbecile to be at large. I should not venture to suggest your adopting any of *them*."

I looked in, simply to oblige him, as he appeared to wish it. And the next moment I fled from that grim house in horror, for the inane idiotic jokes I had seen in that chamber of oblivion were mine—all, all mine! And, bitterest blow of all, they were those I had considered my very best!

I found myself lying on the bank once more, with the old man's malicious laughter, as he bowed me out, still ringing in my ears. Presently, pulling myself together, I rose and went to the old gates to have another look at that board. But all I read was, "This Desirable Mansion To Be Let or Sold." The elderly gardener (whose beard, I now saw, was not so very long) was still mowing.

"'Ad a tidy ole nap over theer, eh, Mister?" he said, with a senile chuckle. "I 'ope it 's done ye good, I 'm sure!"

I suppose it had; but, all the same, a dream of that sort is a little unfair on a professional humourist. So disheartening! F. A.

Apportioning the Blame.

"Owing to a printer's error, Mr. Evett was credited in yesterday's issue with the part of the Vicomte in *The Merry Widow*, instead of Mr. Talleur Andrews."—*Daily Telegraph.*

A silly slip these printers are always making.

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

MR. FRANK STAYTON'S mediæval play,
Styled—for a reason which appears anon—
The Two Pins, and—for no apparent reason—
Written throughout in rich blank verse (like this),
Was given at the Aldwych Theatre
By Mr. ASCHE and spouse the other night,
Before a most distinguished company
(Including me).

But let us to the plot.
The mighty Lord of Knoden, *Philip* hight,
Insults (or so 'tis thought) the Lord of Valma,
Rudolph yclept, whereon the latter cries,
In good blank verse as was the fashion then,
"For two pins I would go and pull his nose;"
Thereupon *Philip* without more ado
Forwards two pins per special messenger;
And *Rudolph*, having received the same, and having
Expressed his feelings in some more blank verse,
Such as "Two pins! He sends two pins! Two pins!"
Girds on his sword and sallies forth to Knoden
And, *coram populo*, pulls *Philip's* nose—
("Help! Help! He 's got be by the dose! Help! Help!")

Philip was not unnaturally annoyed,
Yet did not rise and call for satisfaction
From *Rudolph*, who was spoiling for a fight.
For since the latter was a tender lad,
While *Philip* was—well, Mr. OSCAR ASCHE,
A fight would be unfair, especially
As *Philip* would insist on all the gate.
Instead, he had his enemy disarmed
And cast into a dungeon, with the promise
That on the morrow he should be returned,
Honeyed and feathered and seated on an ass . . .
UNLESS—(Exactly! What about Miss BRAYTON?)
UNLESS his sister, *Lady Elsa*, came
And begged for mercy on her knees.

(Dear friends,
I fear I must not keep this up much longer.
There comes a time in the blank verse of men
When it is suddenly borne home to them
That if they do not stop it jolly soon
They 'll never, never, never stop at all.
Let me remember Mr. FRANCIS STAYTON,
And hurry to the end. We 've two more Acts.)

She came, he saw, she conquered. Rough *Lord Philip*
A ready victim falls to lovely *Elsa*,
And she to him. *Rudolph* returns on horse
Unhoneyed, and but very slightly feathered.
Some tender and ingenious scenes ensue
Between the lovers. Then the curtain drops.

I should have said, but quite forgot to, that
When first fair *Elsa* enters Knoden's halls



HEAVY WEIGHT AND FEATHER WEIGHT.
Philip . . . . Mr. Oscar Asche.
Rudolph . . . Mr. Vernon Steel.

She is disguised in armour as a man.
I knew at once she really was a woman;
And *Philip* knew it later, when he cried:
"A rat! A rat!"—to quote another play
Whose lines are also done in equal lengths.

Well, to sum up. It is a pleasant play—
Romantic, pretty, sometimes humorous;
There 's Mr. ASCHE, who looks magnificent,
Miss BRAYTON, too, who looks most beautiful;
Both quite at home, and seeming to enjoy it.
The scenery and incidental music
(Observe that priceless line—it sounds like WORDSWORTH—
Or Mr. STAYTON, but is quite my own)
Are charming. Mr. COURTICE POUNDS sings finely.
I did not mention him before because
He does not come into the plot at all;
Only, whenever things are slack, one says:
"What about asking dear old POUNDS to sing?"
The which he does. If you should go with friends,
And clap in unison, you 'll get an encore.

So much for that. Now turning to the Commons,
My views upon the Old Age Pensions Bill
Are briefly these. I—— What? . . .
Oh! very well. M.

NEPHELOCOCCYGIA.

[In order to compete as hare in an aerial steeplechase, for which he offers a prize, the Hon. C. S. ROLLS has had a specially diminutive balloon named the *Imp* built for him. "This," he states, "will enable me to conduct many manœuvres which my pursuers will be unable to outwit. I can hide in a cloud and then descend or ascend rapidly when I am discovered."]

EVEN more interesting, however, than this Puckish cross-cirrhi competition will be the Hurlingham Sky Gymkhana, announced for June 31st, in connection with the Olympic Games.

Here, besides ordinary events in aerostatics, such as the long and high flights, putting the sandbag, climbing the greased lightning, etc., there will be the following attractive items on the card:—

THE LARK RACE.—At a given signal the competitors inflate their balloons, leap on board, burst into song, soar rapidly to a fixed point in the welkin and then as rapidly drop to earth again.

THE BUTTERFLY CONTEST.—This particularly graceful feat of volitation will take place over a settled course among the roofs of South Kensington and Chelsea, the object being to collect as large a number of tiles, sky-signs and chimney-pots as possible before returning to the starting-point.

This will be followed by a game of Parachute Polo, which is much like Parlour Piladex, but more difficult; and the proceedings will terminate with

A GRAND JOUST.—In this mimic combat each aeronaut will be provided with a long spiked pole, and endeavour to puncture the periphery of his opponents' gas apparatus by charging at full tilt, upon the sound of a trumpet. The prizes will be wreaths of everlastings.

THE MAN IN THE FRONT ROW.

AT first I said, "It is a coincidence." He was a three-shilling ticket-holder at Hither Green on Tuesday—a "front row" at West Kensington (I was giving my humorous and dramatic entertainment) on Wednesday—"a reserved and numbered" at Harrow-on-the-Hill on Friday.

Then I discovered him behind a bank of palms at Basingstoke.

"There is more in this than meets the eye," I said. "He is doing it for a wager."

But at Bishop's Stortford and Potter's Bar he led the applause.

Now if he *were* really doing it for a wager he would look grim and determined—he would, in short, show that he was performing a feat of endurance. Instead of which he *encored* my "Village Concert." The "wager" hypothesis fell to the ground.

"There must exist between us an unaccountable psychologic correlation," I told myself. "Perhaps in a former state of existence we may have been corner men in the same minstrel troupe, and conceived a mutual passion for one another's jokes."

After this I began to look out for him. Each evening, before commencing my performance, I would cast one reassuring glance along the front row. He never failed me. Of course it was gratifying to know that one out of those mildly-applauding hundreds had paid his two-and-six, not out of charity, not because the Dramatic Society's secretary happened to be *her* brother, but solely to see and hear *me*. Still I often thought I could have managed my entertainment better (the jokes, especially) were he, let us say, in the shilling seats. It was like this. I open up with desultory attack on piano. Applause—in three places. I bow and thank audience effusively. Roars of laughter. So far—good! Now I leave the music-stool and step towards the Winter Gardens, very carefully polishing my monocle. This creates the atmosphere necessary for my "cab-horse" story. "By the way," I begin, and the Man in the Front Row takes out his handkerchief, "as I was driving here to-night" (he is chuckling) "I had rather a curious ——" And there is that silly idiot roaring with laughter. My cab-horse story is a miserable fiasco. I start another. Halfway through, just when the shilling seats are beginning to sniff the air, I catch sight of——

Have *you*, dear reader, ever told the same joke to the same man thirty-five times? The first day you start off in the pink of condition, and let him have it twice on the way to the station. Second day you run over the main points in the City and again at the club. Third day, ring him up on the telephone, and fire it off three times in rapid succession before the girl at the Exchange realises the situation. Fourth day, take him for a long country walk, feel in your pocket for the bottle of chloroform, and—this will make eight times. You will now begin to realise *my* feelings.

After his hundredth appearance I decided to cut out the "Village Concert" from my repertoire. There were parts—the curate's comic song, for instance—that I simply loathed. Besides, when a man has heard the same thing fifty or sixty times——

After the elimination of this popular feature, my engagements fell off, and we did not see quite so much of one another. Sometimes I "rested" for half a week. This gave him a rest, too, during which he seemed to gather fresh energy.

Before my hundred-and-fiftieth performance came round I said, "Something must be done." I was growing nervous and absent-minded. Quite frequently I would begin a story and forget the finish.

Should I denounce him to the audience one night? Hang it all, in these days of confederates "in front" they



THE NEW "SPOONERISM."

"I SAY, WHAT'S THE USUAL TAX FOR A TIPSY CAB?"

would think it part of my show. They would expect *him* to jump up and request me to "Come back to your home in Baltimore." If only I could prevail on his good nature to stop away every other performance.

When I broached the subject he said he couldn't hear of it. He had grown so used to my entertainments that he couldn't—he simply couldn't—live without them.

One night (his 189th) he had the front row all to himself.

He wanted three hundred down. I offered him a pound a week for life. (I think my "Village Concert" had told on his health rather.) He accepted. Said he was going to settle down in the country, and write another of the "Secrets of Success" series.

Something very strange about that woman in brown and green. Last night at Leighton Buzzard, to-night at Canning Town, three days ago at——Heavens! and there may be others in the gang!

GILDING THE GOLDEN DOME.

(With compliments to "The Daily Mail.")

WONDERFUL as is the whole congeries of "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" that enchant the eye at the White City, no visitor who is asked his opinion as to the most ravishing spot in the whole exhibition can hesitate for a moment in making his award. One and all plump immediately for the Golden Dome of the Dairy Pail Butter-nut Factory. From dawn to eve hundreds of millions of fascinated spectators crowd to watch the revolving arms of the indefatigable machine as it churns the yellow paste, mingles it with refined sugar, and pulls it into that luscious compound which has cemented our mighty Empire and glutinized the *Entente Cordiale* itself.

All the milk is produced by the Dairy Pail's exclusive cows, and imported at prodigious cost from the Dairy Pail Model Farm: whilst the sugar is the most exquisite creation that can be distilled from the maples of Canada, the canes of the West Indies and the beetroot of France. No exhibit, not even the dancing-saloon of the Senegalese village, has achieved so instant and so signal a triumph as the Golden Dome. Prisoners in Wormwood Scrubbs catch a glimpse of it and find their lot endurable; and from a host of rapturous testimonials we cull the following:—

MR. EUSTACE MILES. — "Your butter-nuts are more sustaining than my nut-butter."

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL:—
"From Paris to Perth,
Where'er you may roam,
There 's no place on earth
Like the Dairy Pail Dome."

SIR THOMAS LIPTON.—"Incomparable. If I had not already called my last yacht *Shamrock XIV*, I should have named it *Butter-nut I.*"

SIGNOR GINISTRELLI.—"The Dome, in point of majesty . . . reminds me of St. Peter's."

MR. IMRE KIRALFY.—"Butter and butter."

NEW SITES FOR OLD LANDMARKS.

FIRED by the noble example of Mr. CROKER, who proposes to bring over the Temple of Philae and set it up in Central Park, New York, it is rumoured that Signor GINISTRELLI has determined to commemorate his double victory on the British Turf in such a manner as to bind England and Italy in indissoluble bonds of friendship. The Signor's scheme has a massive simplicity which is all its own. It is to effect a bodily transference of the ancient Coliseum to London, and simultaneously to transport the well-known London music-hall of the same name to the vacant site in the Eternal City. There are, Signor GINISTRELLI frankly admits, considerable difficulties in the way, but with the tactful assistance of Professor WALDSTEIN and Mr. OSWALD STOLL he is sanguine of overcoming them. Meantime the inhabitants of Saffron Hill are unanimous in their enthusiastic support of the project. Mr. HALL CAINE, we understand, approves of the idea subject to certain modifications, the most interesting of which is that the Roman Coliseum should be re-erected in the Isle of Man, in which case he is prepared to offer Greeba Castle to London to fill the gap caused by the removal of Mr. STOLL'S *palazzo*.

Mr. HENRY J. WOOD, long renowned for his exertions in promoting and maintaining friendly relations between England and Russia, has put forward an admirable plan for furthering this laudable aim. He proposes that a Mansion House Fund should be started to raise subscriptions for the purchase of the Great Bell of Moscow, with a view to its being permanently installed in Printing House Square under the auspices and protection of its illustrious namesake. Sir DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE, cordially supports the scheme, but we regret to learn that *The Daily News* considers it in the light of an unwarrantable concession to Grand-Ducal obscurantism.

The absence of any monumental architecture in Battersea Park has long exercised the teeming brain of that illustrious necro-archæologist Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON. But the enterprise of Mr. CROKER has now inspired him with a really noble plan to remedy this crying need. This is nothing less than the removal of the Pyramids and the Sphinx from Egypt to decorate and embellish the popular transpontine playground. Sir ELDON GORST is giving his most careful consideration to the scheme, which is viewed with the greatest favour by the members of the Cairo Golf Club, who have long resented the presence of the Pyramids as a most unsightly eyesore as well as an unfair hazard on their links.

Canon LYTTELTON, the Headmaster of Eton, writes:—"The theatre of Dionysus at Athens could contain 30,000 spectators, and that at Megalopolis 44,000. These facts are vouched for by the high authority of *Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, and yet, to our eternal shame, Eton, which now boasts the greatest boy actor in the world, possesses no theatre comparable to those in which the ancient Greeks exhibited their crude and negligible talents. As Eton is not only the largest but the richest public school in the world, it is surely not too much to ask of her *alumni* that they should raise funds for purchasing the Théâtre Français and re-erecting it on the Playing Fields. Such a scheme would not only promote the *Entente Cordiale*, but stimulate the genius of a young Colleger named BILLINGTON-DUCK in whom I have recently discovered a dramatic swan of the first magnitude—in short, a prodigy combining and eclipsing the best qualities of ARISTOPHANES, MOLIÈRE, SHAKSPEARE and SHERIDAN."

The most exciting and picturesque outcome of Mr. CROKER'S action, however, is the sporting suggestion of Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE to enhance the glory of the Primrose League and simultaneously add a conspicuous feature to the London landscape by superimposing the Peak of Teneriffe on Primrose Hill. As the famous novelist justly says: "The resources of modern engineering are fully equal to the task. It is only a matter of expense, and if only the support of the Women Suffragists, the Socialist members and the Irish Nationalists can be



MRS. OOFY GOLDBERG AT HOME.

First Guest. "I SAY, WHAT RIPPIN' ORCHIDS!"
Second Guest. "YES, AREN'T THEY NICE? I GOT 'EM OFF MY SANDWICH—INSTEAD OF PARSLEY, YOU KNOW!"

secured, I am convinced that Mr. ASQUITH will throw himself heart and soul into the movement. The Peak of Teneriffe is only 12,200 feet high, or little more than twelve times the height of the Eiffel Tower, and its removal from the Canary Islands would not impair the commercial stability of that archipelago."

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE "EVERY WORD" SERIES.

MR. JOHN STRONG begs to announce a new series of stirring novels, which will be inaugurated by a story of powerful emotional interest by the leading lady novelist of the English-speaking world—

INTERIA DROSS,

author of the sultriest books of our time. INTERIA DROSS in her forthcoming novel,

"NAKED YET UNASHAMED,"

handles with the utmost skill a topic of the profoundest interest to all students of morbid pathology. All the wealth of language, the romantic fervour, the rich imagination that she is possessed of, INTERIA DROSS has cheerfully devoted to perfecting this great book, not a line of which will it be safe for the prurient reader to skip.

It is advisable to order at once, as an enormous popular demand for *Naked but Unashamed* is confidently anticipated.

The second volume in the "Every Word" series (so-called from the necessity to keep the eye glued to the page for fear of losing anything peculiarly nasty) is a new story by that very popular writer HERBERT EELS, famous for his sensational novel,

"THE BAD YOLK."

In his forthcoming romance, which is dedicated to the Sanitary Inspectors and Sewage Boards of England in a charming sonnet, Mr. EELS surpasses himself. Nothing more suggestive has ever been written in English for popular consumption, and so urgent and powerful are some of the episodes that it has been thought advisable to bind the work in asbestos covers. The title is—

"UNCLE OR WIDOW?"

and a first edition of 100,000 copies is already exhausted.

The third volume in the "Every Word" series is

"A WOMAN INDEED,"

By PAUL SCULDULDERY.

In this novel will be found the remorseless yet tender dissection of a woman by a new writer of astonishing gifts and grip. Certain matters never mentioned in polite society are here treated with the utmost delicacy consonant with perfect frankness.

Mr. JOHN STRONG also has much pleasure in announcing

"AFTER DINNER STORIES,"

being the reminiscences of a well-known *vieux marcheur* whose name is kept secret for obvious reasons. A hundred furtive grins to every chapter; and there are eighty-five chapters. The volume makes a capital present for boys.

The White City Epidemic.

Notice in a Shepherd's Bush restaurant:—

"Café au lait . . . 3*d*.
Café without the lait . . 2*d*."



"ANY COMPLAINTS?"

"*Terrier*" (*producing fragment of wood discovered in sausage ration*). "I DON'T MIND EATIN' THEIR BLOOMIN' DAWG, SIR, BUT I'M BLOWED IF I'LL EAT THE KENNEL TOO!"

MORE WISE WORDS ON WEDLOCK.

FATHER VAUGHAN TUPPER'S GREAT SERMON.

WE have been fortunate in obtaining the manuscript of the searching and vivid sermon on "Marriage: Its Trials, Failures, and Triumphs," delivered by that inspired yet caustic observer of modern life, Father VAUGHAN TUPPER, at the headquarters of the Mayfair Roman Catholics on Sunday. We print his scathing remarks and profoundly shrewd counsels just as they issued from his lips, but the readers of cold type necessarily lose the fire and spirit of this great and original preacher—his fervour, his sarcasm, his irony.

"Marriage is a lottery. I say it with all caution after hours of thought on the matter. Marriage is a lottery. You *may* get a good wife, you *may* not; and (here I address myself to the ladies), you *may* get a good husband, you *may* not. Yes, my friends, marriage is a lottery. A lottery.

"When a man goes forth to get a wife he should be guided by good sense. He should not choose a showy, flighty, smoking-room girl, but one whom he can admire and respect. If she is beautiful so much the better; but probably he will think her beautiful, and that will do as well.

"I will not say that the man is the superior, or the woman the superior. In every case time will show.

"Men and women are so different that there are almost certain to be moments when they disagree. The fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage. I say it deliberately—the fewer and the briefer are these periods of disagreement the happier is the marriage.

"Nothing can so assist the husband and wife as good advice. Let me give you some. I am full of it. Also I am by my office a bachelor, and therefore the best judge.

"To the husband I would say: Do not interrupt your wife and say sarcastic things to her. Let her talk on. Give her sympathy. Give her ornaments and clothes, if you can afford them. Love her. Be kind to her.

"To the wife I would say: Don't nag. Don't scold. Don't cry. That husbands dislike tears is a truth that has been borne in upon me. Never mind what other people say, but take it from me that husbands dislike tears. Don't keep a bad cook. Husbands like good dinners. Were I, in fact, to speak in a more vulgar phrase, I might say, at the risk of shocking you by my originality and homeliness, feed the brute. Dress well. Do not be slovenly. See that the house is well kept.

"To put the whole matter briefly, I should say to husbands: Husbands, do not do anything to annoy or disappoint or alienate your wives; and to the wives, Wives, do not lose your husbands' love.

"Only thus can there be happy marriages."

"RUN OUT, 0."

I SHOULDN'T swear? Ah, well, if my
  Score *were* a score, however small,
Then, maybe, less embittered, I
  Should let no fierce expletives fall—
    I shouldn't swear.

But as I didn't get a ball
  (But simply ran a wretched bye);
And as my partner didn't call;
  And as the umpire told a lie;
Yes, *as I wasn't out at all*,
  Then, d—n it, sir! pray, tell me WHY
    I shouldn't swear!

"So it has come about that, of an average number of 70,000 East Indian coolies resident on the estates, about 10,000, or 7 per cent., are indentured men."—*Overseas Daily Mail.*

As the writer reasonably said, when the editor protested: "What 's the good of the first '7' if it doesn't come in the answer?"



WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

SICK PEER (*having rung for Family Physician*). "WELL! HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF A CURE FOR ME?"
DR. PRIMROSE. "NO! WE'RE STILL IN CONSULTATION. YOU JUST GO ON BEING ILL FOR A BIT."

[The Committee (Lord ROSEBERY, Chairman) appointed early in the Session to consider the Reform of the House of Lords has not yet reported.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 10.—Commons resumed sittings after Whitsun Recess. Lords, exhausted with labours which, commencing at 4.30 in the afternoon, have been known to continue up to 4.45, reasonably extend their holiday.

No unseemly rush for places. Majority of Ministers and ex-Ministers, for once in unity, defer arrival on scene. Example loyally followed above and below gangway. RUTHERFORD raising in Committee of Supply question of wages of Preventive force was supported on Unionist benches by presence of two members. In other parts of House crowd not much denser.

Anxious time for the new Ministerial Whip, who formally enters on his duties to-day. Would never do to begin career with count-out on a Government night when progress with Supply is confidently reckoned on. Happily "JACK" PEASE (so-called because he was christened JOSEPH) is popular on both sides; no one disposed to play pranks at his expense.



THE NEW WHIP OF THE MINISTERIAL PACK.
(Mr. Jack Pease.)



DIOGENES JOHN.

The Rt. Hon. John Burns delivers (at Ealing) another of his racy straight-talks to Englishmen.

Has had considerable experience in the office. Served eight years in the wilderness as Junior Opposition Whip, not dreaming of a time when he would day after day come up to table to announce overwhelming Ministerial majorities with ACLAND-HOOD, long familiar with the practice, relegated to second position on his left hand. C.-B. coming in made him Junior Lord of the Treasury serving as second Whip. Now, still on the sunny side of fifty, he fills the onerous and important post of chief Whip, a well-earned tribute to trained capacity and modest mien.

Business done.—Quite a lot. Over two million sterling voted in Committee of supply, and Members got off shortly after six o'clock.

Friday.—Is whammeling legal? This the question the PRIME MINISTER finds facing him on returning to Westminster. MOLTENO presents it, calling upon him to introduce at an early date "a Bill for the reform of the Fishery Law dealing with the Solway Firth, making it clear that whammeling is legal."

ASQUITH, conscious of being already overburdened, surmises that for the strained back of his Government whammeling would be the last straw. Still, feels it undesirable to flout Scotland, where of late the course of by-elections has been pleasantly modified. Explains to MOLTENO that case is environed by peculiar difficulties. In the first place, one-half of the Cabinet does not know what whammeling means. CREWE believes it is a fish sauce, and would like CARRINGTON to sample it first. BIRRELL suspects it is a Scottish form of cattle driving; whilst MCKENNA, new to his post, is not quite certain, but fancies it is part of a battleship—like a transom, for example.

That the least difficult part of situation. The other half of the Cabinet, taking very strong views on the subject, finds itself hopelessly divided. Compared with the discord, secret or avowed, born of Home Rule or the Education question, whammeling is almost demoniac in its influence among esteemed colleagues. If a Bill were introduced, it would certainly lead to split in the Cabinet. In view of importance of remaining in office long enough to bring in a Reform Bill and clip Unionist opportunity by abolishing plural voting, that would, the PREMIER thinks, be unpatriotic.



INVESTIGATIONS IN THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE.

While reading the account of the two young lady parachutists who fell from a height of 11,000 ft. it suddenly occurred to our Artist that he never finished the Philipps Brothers, M.P. He now sends in a final instalment with sincere apologies to the gentlemen concerned if he has inadvertently left out any intervening lengths of their anatomy.

(Mr. Ow-n Ph-l-pps, Mr. W-nf-rd Ph-l-pps, and Col. Iv-r Ph-l-pps.)

All very well; but MOLTENO, while temporarily silenced, is not convinced.

Business done.—Second reading of the HOME SECRETARY'S Prevention of Crimes Bill.

A TALE OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SCENE—*Mayfair.*

Mr. Ronald Dalrymple. Her ladyship in?

Weston. Not at home, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Ah, quite so, WESTON. But don't you think—mind you don't lose it, WESTON; it 's worth twenty shillings. And if you take my tip you 'll put it all on Lady Skinflint—don't you think that as it 's rather important——

Weston. Thank you, Sir. I believe, Sir, her ladyship is playing bridge in the boudwaw. But I will make inquiries. What name shall I say?

Mr. R. D. Really, WESTON, you 've a shocking bad memory. Mr. RONALD DALRYMPLE.

Weston. I 'm shaw, Sir, I beg your pardon. It 's so long since we have had the pleasure. May I venture to ask, Sir, do *you* play?

Mr. R. D. Play, WESTON, me play? Why, God bless my soul, man, I do nothing else. It 's my living—at least it used to be. Have you forgotten that, too?

Weston. Why, of course, Sir. The pianoforte, you mean, at our musical swarrys. Music-'*all* swarrys they are now, Sir. But I was referring to bridge. Her ladyship, I happen to know, 'as bin disappointed of a fourth this afternoon owing to an unexpected event, so that it occurs to me that perhaps her ladyship might prefer you to dummy.

Mr. R. D. WESTON, you 're a jewel! Of course I play bridge. If you get me into that boudwaw, WESTON, all that I have shall be thine, even unto the half of my winnings. Lead on, *Macduff.*

Weston. This way, Sir.

Mr. R. D. Right you are, WESTON. I say, WESTON.

Weston. Sir?

Mr. R. D. You couldn't let me have that sovereign back, could you? The fact is, I've left my purse on the piano, and if we are to share the plunder I must have some capital. I can't sit down to play bridge with—let me see—with four and twopence. Now can I, WESTON?

Weston. Certainly, Sir. Lady Skinflint, I think you said, Sir?

Mr. R. D. Put your shirt on her, WESTON. It 's a certain tip. Thank you, WESTON.

Weston. Thank *you*, Sir. Mr. RONALD DALRUMPER!

Lady Skimper. Mr. DALRYMPLE! How quite too delightful! Where *have* you been all these years? You 're just in time to save me from cutting *somebody's* throat. Of all the disgustin' games—— Let me see. You know Mr. ZANCOW, Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. DALRYMPLE. You 'll play, of course?

Mr. R. D. Delighted, Lady SKIN—Lady SKIMPER.

Miss Dolly Lightfoot. Now where have I seen you, Mr. DALRYMPLE? I never forget faces.

Mr. R. D. At the Melodion, was it?

Miss D. L. Why, of course. Did a little sketch, didn't you, last year? Seen my new dance?

Mr. R. D. Quite charming. I don't know which turn is the more original—yours with your feet, or Mr. ZANCOW's with his head.

Lady S. Deevy, I call them both. And so — er — elevating. Shall we cut?

Miss D. L. Yes, let 's. I wish I 'd got your head instead of my feet, ZANKY. Coining money, ain't you, dear boy? We poor musicians—— Well, if it wasn't for bridge—— You and me, ZANKY. My deal.

Weston. The Duchess of DUBLIN! Lady JANE LIFFEY!

Lady S. My dear Duchess! And JANE! How too sweet of you to come after all! Well? I 'm dying to hear. Is darling HARRIET——

The Duchess. Oh, *she* 's all right. Those inconsiderate people always are. And—if you 'll believe me—another!

Lady S. Not another girl?

The Duchess. Fact! It 's really most annoying of her. What 's she for, I 'd like to know. Well, how 're we goin' to play? Cut out?

Lady S. No, no. You and darling JANE must play. Let me present Miss DOROTHEA LIGHTFOOT, Mr. ZANCOW. I want to talk to Mr. DALRYMPLE. Mind you don't let Mr. ZANCOW read your thoughts.

The Duchess. Is it *the* Mr. ZANCOW?

Lady Jane. Of course, Mamma. Don't you recognise him?

The Duchess. Oh, really! Well, mind you cut me, Mr. ZANCOW.

Lady S. Now, Mr. DALRYMPLE, come and sit over here. We 'll cut in the next rubber. Now, tell me. I want to hear all your news. Where *have* you been hiding? You 've quite deserted me. I suppose you 're dreadfully busy. Bin playing a lot?

Mr. R. D. Well, no; no, not a lot. Fact is, you know, what with motors and bridge——

Lady S. Oh, but I always thought you were so industrious. You used to have so many engagements. But you young people are all the same, always amusin' yourselves. But of course a car *is* one of the necessities of life, isn't it? Though they are more worry than they are worth. We 've got to get a new one, and SKIMPER *is* so tiresome. Have you heard of one called the Electrolite?

Mr. R. D. Er—no, I 'm afraid I haven't.

Lady S. No more has anyone. Just what I told SKIMPER. And he will insist. By the way, what 's yours?

Mr. R. D. Oh, mine—— I haven't got one. I didn't mean *I* 'd been motoring. I meant—other people.

Lady S. Oh, other people. Yes? I don't quite——

Mr. R. D. Look here, Lady SKIMPER, I don't want to bore you, but the fact is—the fact is I 'm stony broke.

Lady S. Really? How very distressin'. But I thought—you play so beautifully.

Mr. R. D. So people used to tell me. But no one wants to hear me nowadays. Of course I used to have



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 4.

Extracts from the Diary of a beginner.—"TOOK ONE BANK OF SALMON RIVER IN SCOTLAND, £150 FOR THE MONTH. AGENTS MADE STRONG POINT THAT OWNER OF OTHER SIDE WAS NOT A SPORTSMAN AND NEVER FISHED THE RIVER." (*Later entry.*) "OWNER OF OTHER SIDE IS *NOT* A SPORTSMAN, BUT AN ARDENT SUPPORTER OF THE ACCESS TO MOUNTAINS BILL."

more than I could do. You were always so kind, and the BISHOPSONS, and Lady TUBAL, and heaps of people. But now you none of you want me. And what am I to do? I cannot dig, and to beg I —— Well, really, I 'm getting to the point when I don't think I *am*.

Lady S. But can't something be done? Of course things *are* different. London life *is* changed, isn't it? People don't care for music like they used to, do they? And one must try to please one's friends, mustn't one? And of course bridge and motoring—in a way you know it *is* a good thing, getting out into the country,—the simple life and all that. But still—— *I* know. You must give a concert. And I 'll get everyone to take tickets. Isn't that a brilliant idea? By the way, though, didn't you have one?

Mr. R. D. Yes, I 've tried that, year before last. There were five others the same day, including MISCHA ELMAN. And I netted fourteen pounds odd. More odd than pleasing, wasn't it? Well, I must be off now, Lady SKIMPER. And forgive me for growling.

Lady S. Well, but wait, Mr. DALRYMPLE. It seems such a pity. Personally, you know, I adore music; but other people—*you* know.

Mr. R. D. Yes, I know.

Lady S. What they want, you know, is—Miss LIGHTFOOT and Mr. ZANCOW, and so on. People from the music-halls. In fact I 've got a little party myself next week, and I 've got several of them coming. That's why they are here. You see? Now if you could only do something of that sort, performing poodles or a tight-rope or something. But I 'm afraid that 's not in your line, is it?

Mr. R. D. Well, no, not exactly. But I—point of fact, I *was* at a music-hall last year. Sort of CORNEY GRAIN business, you know.

Lady S. Oh, but how delightful! Why didn't you tell me? Was that what Miss LIGHTFOOT and you were talking about? I didn't grasp it. Well, then, can you come? Next Thursday? And may I say you come from the Halls? Splendid! Thank you *so* much. Well, then—if you really must go, I 'll go and see if the Duchess is cheating. *Good*-bye.

* * * *

Mr. R. D. Thank you, WESTON. Here's your sovereign, with many thanks, and four shillings interest. No, not a cab, thanks. If you would kindly call a bus. I have twopence. And remember, WESTON, put it all on Lady SKIMPER—Lady SKINFLINT, I mean. She 's a cert. *Au revoir*, WESTON.

Setting the Limit.

"Come to Worcester Park, and live ten years longer."—*Wimbledon Borough News.*

Mrs. Grundy in the Hen Run.

"Fowlhose (sectional) wanted; small size."—*South Wales Echo.*

We beg to call the attention of the Manchester Watch Committee to this welcome reform.

Commercial Candour.

On the window of an Oxford cycle shop:—

"USE ——'S CYCLE LAMPS,
WO T GO OUL."

Advt. of Old Clothes Purchaser:—

"Cash for parcels remitted some day."
Hastings Observer.

From a Publisher's Catalogue:—

The Kiss of Helen—2nd impression.

IN PRAISE OF A DOG.

IT has recently been my misfortune to lose one of the best friends that any man could hope to have. This was Rufus, a brown spaniel, who for more than fourteen years has shared my lot, making it pleasant with his faithful and unquestioning affection. Some years ago in these columns I recorded his living virtues in verse. It seems fitting, now that he has taken his place among the shadowy hounds who await their masters by Charon's farther landing-place, that I should dedicate a few words of prose to his memory.

I saw him first nearly fifteen years ago. He was then, at a guess, something more than two years old, a full-grown dog, very lively, very vigorous and very impulsive in the pursuit of sport. His residence at that time was a kennel, to which he was attached by a detested and circumscribing chain, and my first memory recalls him as he pranced and pirouetted on the approach of his owner, barking in anticipation of his release and winding himself more and more hopelessly in his shackles. After the first mad excitement of his liberty, and after hurling himself frantically against the legs of everyone present, he began to cool down and prepare himself for the duties of the day. He was solemnly bent on business, but now and then, as we marched to our place for the first partridge drive, he would spare a moment for the making of friendships with those whom he accompanied. During the drive he stood solidly enough at his owner's heels. When it was over he launched himself like a furry thunderbolt into the surrounding country and collected, not merely those birds that might justly be considered his own, but all the rest that came within range of his nose. These he stacked in a feathered pyramid close to his owner, and then, panting but triumphant, sat down beside them, and glared and growled at any rash stranger who, deluded by his former advances, presumed to come too near him. It was this combination of a ridiculous ferocity with an almost furious good nature that attracted me to him. I struck a bargain with his owner, and not long afterwards Rufus became an inmate of my house.

From that moment he knew no more of chains and kennels. He had the range of the rooms and the garden in unrestricted freedom. I think he appreciated the change. Somewhere in his doggy heart he knew that he had been manumitted, and he attached himself with a passionate and unreasoning devotion to his liberator. He acknowledged, no doubt, that there were other male human beings in the world, beings who too frequently tripped over him or trod upon him and called him a fool, but he had determined, so far as it was possible, to disregard them in order to exalt the more highly the greatness and the virtues of the beloved master whose shadow he wished to be. With ladies his behaviour showed a tolerant but blundering deference. Though he never failed to couch himself upon the skirts of their dresses—and he did this with a particular insistence when he was very wet and muddy—he never admitted them fully to the recesses of his friendship. There seemed to be a natural antipathy between their orderly tempers and the animal spirits that prompted him to upset small tables and to disarrange rugs. Often, though he might be guiltless of wrong, he assumed a stubborn hang-dog air at the mere sight of a woman. As for children, he was firmly convinced that they were a sort of dog with whom jealousy was out of place. He would spend hours in gambolling with them, but he never stooped to obey their orders.

As he advanced in age and lost his abundant vigour he seemed to grow even more faithful and affectionate to the one man whom his heart had chosen as being suited for esteem and loyalty. It became a misery to him to be deprived of his master's presence, and until I returned to him he suffered life rather than enjoyed it. His eyes lost their brightness with the years; he became very deaf, but he knew the hand of his master, and his stumpy tail wagged frantically when that hand was placed upon his head.

His final illness was mercifully short, and he was soothed and cheered to the last by those whom he had never wilfully offended, and, not least, by the master whose life he had rendered happier by his service and his love.



THE REVIVAL OF A DYING ART.

NEW CLASS FOR SCREEVERS (PAVEMENT ARTISTS) IN THE L.C.C. SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS.

"Suddenly thousands of lamps and lamplets leaped into lustrous life as by the waving of a magician's wand. The process of illuminating was instantaneous. All at once a flash of radiance shot out, as lightning might; now one ship, now another, standing out in fiery outline against the many-hued sky. An iridescent glow of dazzling splendour was shed and spread upon the surface of the wrinkled waters."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Isn't it beyeautiful?

From a *Daily Express* poster:—

"THE SHAH MISSING.
DRAMATIC SCENE AT THE OAKS."

After all, the old firms are the safest to deal with, even if you don't get quite such long odds.

Football Fixtures.

(*In view of the present isolation of two well-known Clubs.*)

Tottenham Hotspur *v.* Queen's Park Rangers (*1st and 3rd Saturdays*).

Hotspur Park *v.* Tottenham Rangers (*2nd Wednesdays*).

Hot Pangers *v.* Queen's Totspurs (*Mondays*).

Toggers *v.* Queeppenham (*Charity Match*).

Rotten Sparkers *v.* Quaggers (*Cup Final*).



OUR LOCAL PARADE.

Emily (our village "grande dame"). "OH, SARAH, ISN'T THIS LOVELY?"
Sarah. "YES, EMILY; AND DOESN'T IT REMIND YOU OF ASCOT?"

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

[Impressions of a Provincial on one of his rare visits to the Metropolis.]

I STOOD in London in the roaring Strand,
Hoping, with luck, to dodge a motor 'bus;
And Life's tumultuous tide on every hand,
While I stood trembling thus,
Rolled by as though it hardly cared a cuss.

"Thus, then, does London welcome me!" I cried
(Missing a hansom by an inch or so);
"Beneath those grinding wheels I might have died,
And London lets me go
As callously as if she didn't know."

That there is something rotten in her state
All thoughtful individuals must agree;
This noisy rush of traffic ought to wait,
Not, like a restless sea,
Career along, and pay no heed to me.

London, in fact, is too conceited; there
I put my finger on her weakest spot;
She seems to fancy that she needn't care
Whether I come or not;
She tries to think it nothing—it 's a lot.

Yes, London 's too conceited. She is hoarse
With shouting boastfully of what she 's done;
She thinks herself the Empire, but, of course,
England has many a son
Who rarely shines in London—me, for one.

She wants a teacher who would make her learn
To know her proper place (it 's time she knew).
But where, for such a type, is she to turn?
Great men are very few,
And I am leaving in a day or two.

THE SHADOW CAST BEFORE.

A BROILING sun glared from a cloudless June sky as I saw my honoured friend, the Editor of a famous photographic weekly, hurrying down the Strand attired in a thick fur coat with the collar turned up. For the moment I thought his reason unhinged; or else that he had joined the Manchester Watch Committee.

"Pardon me," I said gently, "but aren't you a little overdressed for the time of year?"

"Don't you worry," he answered; "I'm only trying to work myself into a wintry frame of mind. The fact is, I'm on my way to give the finishing touch to our forthcoming Special Christmas Number."

"As a dispenser of gloom in depressed times we can recommend nothing better than a visit to witness this amusing play."
The Pretoria Chronicle.

The editor takes too pessimistic a view of his mission.

"Knox played for England *v.* South Africa, when his pace turned Gordon White."—*The By the Way Book.*

The Bristol Evening News improves on this with a mis-quotation—*face* for *pace*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

NEXT time I go to Devonshire I shall expect to see cottages placarded somewhat to the following effect: "Notice to authors. Fishing among these peasants is strictly preserved. Apply to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS." Otherwise two Devonshire novels will appear simultaneously some fine day, with exactly the same characters and stories in them, and then there will be a row. But there must always be a welcome for a book by Miss WILLCOCKS. *A Man of Genius* (JOHN LANE) deals with the old conflict between the intellectual and the more earthly types of love, and it is a very fine book on the psychological side. But if anything it is even finer Devonshire. There is never a trace of unreality in the speeches and emotions of *Thyrza*, the country girl who becomes the wife of *Ambrose Velly*, architect. *Ambrose* is also loved by *Damaris Westaway*, the Rector's daughter, an idealist, who gives him up because she finds out that her rival has established the one insuperable claim. Afterwards *Ambrose* sees the mistake of his choice, and *Thyrza*, overhearing his avowal of it, runs away; but *Damaris* comes to the rescue, and the wife returns to her husband. Miss WILLCOCKS's methods are philosophical and poetical by turns, but the realism of her dialogues never suffers at all. There is no excuse for not reading *A Man of Genius* and making a short stay in the "seventh Devon of delight."

Madame ALBANESI calls *Drusilla's Point of View* (HURST and BLACKETT) "a little story of love," and I congratulate her not only on the book but also on her description of it. Most of the characters in this modest, rather old-fashioned novel are rich, amiable people, and there is nothing alarming about the "point of view." *Drusilla*, I feel sure, had never heard of Women's Rights, for the only one she insisted upon was the right to flirt, and that she exercised widely. At first, when I found *Brian Keston* arranging a priceless library, my mind flew back to Miss SINCLAIR's *The Divine Fire*, and I began to wonder if we were to have another young librarian as a hero. But *Keston* develops in a way which is scarcely heroic; he was altogether too patient, and would have been more interesting if he had occasionally lost his temper. Madame ALBANESI has succeeded in getting a flavour of comfort into her book, and *Lord Carlingford* is the most human nobleman I have discovered lately in fiction. Although she writes of millions, she treats wealth with an easy hand that leaves no thumb-mark of vulgarity.

Except that they prefer Meeting to Church, and Peace to War, the Quaker ladies that I have the pleasure of knowing seem to me to dress and talk and eat and drink very much like ordinary folk. *Dean's Hall* (MURRAY) takes us back to the days when they believed in the powers of witchcraft and looked upon ribbons and laces and laughter and other such fripperies as the invention of the devil. Those were stern times, when a reputed witch could expect little mercy at the hands of our rude forefathers, even if they belonged to the Established Church, and still less in a community consisting chiefly of small Quaker farmers. In the particular dale which is the scene of Miss MAUDE GOLDRING'S story lived an unfortunate wise woman who, chiefly because of her skill in the use of simples, was looked upon with superstitious dislike by the Society of Friends as the author of all their little misfortunes. If their children or their cattle fell ill, or their young men and maidens were so abandoned as to fall in love with anyone outside the charmed circle of their own faith, it was always because they had been "overlooked" by the witch, and at last, in a fit of frenzied fanaticism, they rose up and drowned her. That is the darker side of the life described by Miss GOLDRING, the contemplation of which was, in my own case, considerably brightened by a complacent feeling of my superiority to these "bygone worthies of a purblind age." I don't burn witches. I pay them a guinea to tell my fortune. Others, less pharisaically inclined than I, will find the requisite relief in the rather sad but happily-ending love-story which is skilfully blended with this dramatic account, based on fact, of the Wise Woman of Littondale.



Mistress. "JANE, THAT 'S ANOTHER WINE-GLASS YOU 'VE BROKEN! HOW DID IT HAPPEN?"

Jane (cheerfully). "DON'T KNOW, I'M SURE; BUT I ALLUS WIPES THEM LITTLE THINGS OFF THEIR STALKS."

Mr. GEORGE ADE'S *The Slim Princess* (GAY and HANCOCK) may be good enough for American consumption, but was hardly worth offering to English readers. Mr. ADE is a patriot. He supplies the newest slang for the teeming millions of the States. Those picturesque turns of phrase which fall with such apparent spontaneity from the lips of his countrymen in our midst, and add so rich and exotic a colour to our insular existence, are his invention, the work of patient hours beneath the midnight lamp. But in any other language his humour is not of the highest. His story, for which he has found a capital motive in the traditions of an Oriental country where adipose deposit is the measure of female charm, is dull enough reading till he introduces a young American trained in the author's own school of diction. Then it becomes passably funny for those who care about that kind of thing.

I should of course be sorry to underrate the virtues of American slang. It is the poetry of a pioneer race, the medium in which a fresh ingenuous imagination elects to become articulate. But the best humour, like the best poetry, does not need to depend upon local tricks of speech or imagery.



Exasperated Major. "SERGEANT! HOLD MY HORSE WHILE I SPUR HIM!"

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR GRANVILLE HALL having declared that every woman has two souls, the more greedy of the Suffragettes are said now to be considering the alteration of their demand to "One Woman Two Votes."

***

Since it was announced that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE has replaced footmen by maid-servants in his official residence, he is said to have been inundated with offers from militant Suffragettes who would be willing to fill the situations for no wages at all.

***

A vulture which was sent by a dealer to be deposited in the Zoological Gardens escaped before it reached its destination, and is now at large. According to one rumour it has been seen following Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

***

An Army Order concerning the uniform to be worn by members of the Territorial Army has now been issued, and we may soon see a novelty in military headgear which should add appreciably to the gaiety of the nation. "Units in possession of a slouch hat," says the Order, "may continue to wear it in place of, *or in addition to*, the cap."

***

The latest news from the Palace Theatre is that Miss MAUD ALLAN cannot understand why the Manchester Watch Committee should make so much fuss about such a trifle as her dress.

***

"After July 6," declares an advertisement, "*The Historians' History of the World* will cost you £3 2s. 6d. more." But surely not, if you don't buy it.

***

From Henrietta Street comes the news that P.T.O. has gone to P.O.T., and M.A.P. has come out T.O.P.

***

Next month there will appear on the stage of the Alhambra a German humorist, Mr. STEIDL, who is described as a combination of Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS, Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, and the late M. PAULUS. It really doesn't sound quite safe.

***

Bishop CARTER, of Pretoria, who is over here for the Pan-Anglican Congress, mentioned in an address that he had been to see "The Mollusc." It seems a pity that no one thought of preparing a new version of a certain popular play under the title of "Peter Pan-Anglican."

***

Dr. WAETZOLD is of the opinion that neurosis, from which so many young girls suffer, is not infrequently caused by excessive piano-playing. This will possibly be a crumb of comfort to the myriads of involuntary listeners whose nerves have been shattered in the same way.

***

"Previous to the introduction of the penny post, Members of Parliament had the privilege of free postage by signing in the corner of their envelopes," says *The Daily Mail*. "A collection of about 10,000 of these *freaks* has just been added to the library of the House of Commons."

***

Cash registers have been placed inside each entrance of a fashionable church at Worcester, Mass., for the receipt of contributions. The innovation is said to work satisfactorily, although one absent-minded worshipper is reported to have swooned upon the words "Trouser button" bobbing up after he had dropped in his contribution.

THE SPEECHMAKER.

LORD of War! what an age has passed
Since this writer addressed you last,
You that of old in your manly prime
Stopped the gaps of my starveling rhyme,
Furnishing copy, week by week,
Drawn from your fancy's latest freak.

I may have cooled my early zest
And given my WILLIAM a well-earned rest,
But *you* have the same unwearied rage
For bounding about the comic stage,
Staggering Europe's torpid brain
With a "*Hoch!*" and a "Here we are again!"

Rumour revives those brave old tags
Culled from your lips by local rags,—
Threats that you drop with your chin out-thrust,
In the course of unveiling a forbear's bust—
Hints for a mess or a guards' parade,
Like "Let 'em all come!" and "Who 's afraid?"

These I explain, to a large extent,
By atmospheric environment—
The bellicose air of grandpa's bust,
The Marcobrunner's inspiring crust,—
Or perhaps your bluff is a pressman's fake
(This is the best excuse to make).

Besides, who blames a rhetorical flight
When the round world knows that your *heart* is right?
Have you not sworn that your fleet's increase
Is due to a passionate lust for Peace?—
Meaning, "Whatever the cost may be,
By Heaven, I'll have, on earth and sea,
A Pax Germanica, run by Me!" O. S.

A THREATENED INSTITUTION.

FOR years past it has been losing its hold on the affection of the people; its tyranny has provoked bitter protests from many who have suffered under it, while the majority regard it as, at best, an obsolete encumbrance.

No, I do *not* mean the House of Lords. The institution I refer to is of less antiquity but in far more imminent danger of abolition—the Tall, or Silk, Hat. And it is fully aware of it, too. At this very moment innumerable Tall Hats are trembling in their bandboxes at the prospect of solitary confinement for the rest of their natural existence. Observe your own some day, when it is off its guard. You will notice—unless it has grown too dull to be capable of any reflection at all—that it is brooding darkly over its neglect. You do not take it out so much as you did—you know you don't.

Yet, not a hundred years ago, the High Hat was Man's inseparable companion. I have met a very old White Beaver which had been through many a boat-race and cricket-match, and whose owner would never have dreamed of tramping over the stubble after partridges without it. There was nothing singular in that. All the High Hats went out rowing, cricketing, and shooting in those days. Now their participation in active sport is limited to hunting and coaching.

And, in many other respects, their opportunities of mixing in the world's affairs are becoming more and more restricted. They are not to be seen so frequently in the City as they used to be, though they are quite as businesslike as ever they were. In the House of Commons, where they have done such service in retaining seats, there is a growing tendency to discuss the most important measures without their assistance—a severe deprivation to a class of hat so intimately connected with politics.

Even a greater grievance is that a Silk Hat is no longer allowed to attend Divine Service in the country. They must feel this denial of religious privileges the more deeply from its not being applied to the Round Hat. It can be scarcely conceivable to any Silk Hat that a truly devout churchgoer could ever, on first entering the building, breathe his customary invocation into so unorthodox a receptacle as a Bowler. It is impossible to exaggerate the haughty superiority with which the Tall Hat regards its lower orders. But I believe it detests the Bowler above all other rivals—possibly from a consciousness that it is the most formidable of them. Not that it is much fonder of the Straw or the pretentious Homburg, while no words can express its immeasurable contempt for the new green Tyrolese felt—a thing that wears its bow, or—more revolting still—a tuft of chamois beard at the back!

Nevertheless the Silk Hats are forced to recognise that such *parvenus* as these are gradually ousting them from their supremacy. In their pessimism they ascribe it to the degeneracy of an age that has grown too luxurious and self-indulgent to be willing or able to bear any longer the White Man's burden. Several of them have already emigrated to foreign climes, where they are still held in much esteem by the Heathen. Others are leaving shortly.

Are we to allow their departure without making an effort to retain them? Can we afford to lose the powerful moral influence exercised by a flawless Silk Hat? What man does not remember the subtle transformation that took place in him when, as a boy, he assumed his first topper? The sudden sense of having put away childish things; the awakening of a new responsibility; the feeling that one had been brought into closer touch with the mysterious world of grown-ups; the intense pity for all less fortunate youths who were not accounted worthy of a Tall Hat. How one cherished it, shuddered if, by accident, one stroked it the wrong way, grieved when its sheen was blurred by a passing shower! True, there came a time when it was less lovingly tended, but something of its early grandeur always clung to it—even in decay. I think the man must be hardened indeed who does not preserve some kindly recollection of his first Tall Hat.

Then is it not a serious thought that, in the near future, all boys—even at Eton itself—may grow up without this invaluable stimulus to manliness and self-respect? I think so—and, what is more, I happen to know, from sources which I need not particularise, that all the more thoughtful Tall Hats are filled with profoundest apprehension at the mere possibility.

They have few social pleasures left to them now, an occasional race-meeting or garden-party—if they are very good hats—but little else. Very soon the only functions at which they will be allowed to be present will be weddings and funerals—a dismal prospect. At these even the poorest people feel that the Tall Hat is indispensable—indeed, I read only recently of a humble establishment from which it could be hired for such occasions at a shilling a day.

But can a Tall Hat be expected either to rejoice or mourn with any sincerity if it only attends as a hireling?

Till now the Silk Hat's most influential protectors have been the Frock and Morning Coat, both of which have shown a marked distaste for any meaner headgear.



"THE TIME IS OUT OF JOINT."

John Bull (*suffering from emaciation due to famine in imported meat*). "BUTCHER, WHAT OF THE BEEF?"
Butcher (*in elegiac mood*). "'THE LOWING HERD WINDS SLOWLY O'ER THE SEA.'"

But they may be forced to abandon it at any time. Two or three leaders of fashion have only to walk down Bond Street some afternoon in frock coats and straw hats, and the next day the Tall Hat would have fallen for ever!

I am acquainted with an elderly and rather neurotic Silk Hat, whose nap shivers with the conviction that this will inevitably happen within the next twelvemonth. Not that it need excite itself, as it will certainly be superannuated long before that. But, of course, it would be vain to attempt to soothe any Silk Hat by such consolations.

Happily, the horizon has suddenly brightened in the most unexpected quarter. Only this morning I read in *The Daily Chronicle* that a band of heroic men have resolved to make a gallant effort on behalf of the Tall Hat.

They are organizing a demonstration on the 4th of July in the grounds of the Franco-British Exhibition. There they will parade, each champion adorned with a Tall Hat "of the most perfect shape." I have forgotten to mention that the demonstrators will all be members of the Journeymen Silk Hatters' Trade Union —but that, after all, is such a detail.

It will be a magnificent—indeed, a sublime spectacle, that procession of dauntless men in perfect Top Hats. It can hardly fail to produce a tremendous impression. No crowd could witness it without an instant revulsion of feeling, a remorseful conversion to the beauty and utility of the hat which, in their blindness, they had discarded. I should not be surprised if they all burst into tears. They will certainly repent. They needs must love the highest when they see it. Yes, July the 4th is going to be a proud day for the Tall Hat.

It will serve to remind the nation of what it is in too great danger of forgetting—that in times like these, when none can say how soon or whence troubles and perils may threaten us, we should think twice—and even thrice—before lightly deciding to throw away our Tall Hats. For, as has been nobly said (I forget by whom—myself, perhaps), it is the Tall Hat that has made us Englishmen what we are. F. A.

"Winning the toss, Lancashire began bathing with Hornby and Hartley in the presence of a good crowd."—*The Globe.*

According to the report, cool weather prevailed, and we are not surprised that HARTLEY came out very quickly.

"W. R. was smartly caught at two o'clock yesterday morning by Detective Heatherley removing about 400 cwt. of iron."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

"Well, however did it get there?" said the culprit in surprise, when captured, after a long chase, in possession of his plunder.

"Enjoying such equality as the Church alone can give, bishops and laymen, noblemen and clerics, with their wives and daughters, gathered together, and one could not tell one from the other."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The writer should make a start by trying to distinguish between the apron and gaiters of a bishop and the latest *Directoire* gown. Later on the more subtle differences between the collars of the curate and the nobleman will strike him.

The Rigour of the Game.

"The girl is 5 ft. 7 in., and has a fresh complexion, light brown hair; Roman nose, disfigured at bridge."

Probably she revoked at a critical moment. Do not let us blame her partner until we are in full possession of the facts.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SIR THEODORE MARTIN approaches his august theme, *Queen Victoria as I Knew Her* (BLACKWOOD) with awed manner suggestive of walking in a cathedral aisle while service is in progress. When one grows accustomed to this mannerism, one has to acknowledge that he adds much to common information about the true and simple nature of the late QUEEN. She was above all things womanly, alike in her greatness and her defects. Sir THEODORE describes her in a sentence: "No marble statue, but human to the core, craving the homely sympathies of simple, healthy human life." Inevitably the little volume covers some of the ground appropriated by the massive work recently published by Mr. MURRAY. Had it come first, its value would have been more highly appraised. As it stands it is excellent. Sir THEODORE'S appreciation of his personal connection with royalty is touching. He was personally introduced to the QUEEN on the 14th November, 1866, and notes that "the night before was memorable for the marvellous transit of shooting stars (the Leonids) across the heavens." Thus is Nature apt to usher in momentous events.

Good Suffragists of every hue—
It 's immaterial of what age—
Go buy, and read it through and through,
The Mystery of Myrtle Cottage.

Hetty and *Jane*, a lovely pair
Of sisters in pursuit of riches,
Knowing the world to be unfair
To women, went and donned the breeches.

Of all their flowing locks bereft
They came as brothers up to London,
Swaggered and smoked a bit, and left
Their bottom waistcoat button undone.

A "rising journalist" was *John*
(These journalists are *always* rising);
Harry, a painter, lighted on
A style the critics found surprising.

Honour and wealth pursued the twain,
But more particularly *Harry* . . .
Which shows that Woman *has* a brain
And doesn't just exist to marry.

CHAPMAN has published this (with HALL);
The author (if I must get *him* in)
Is OSWALD CRAWFURD. Now then, all,
Loud and together—"*Votes for Women!*"

The ideal pattern of all romance is the Quest (over a stiffish country) of a genuine Princess, with dragons to be killed or converted on the way. Mr. YOXALL'S Princess in *Château Royal* (SMITH, ELDER) either is or is believed by her papa to be the direct descendant of *Louis le Soleil;* and *Dick Stewart* of Lincoln's Inn follows the gleam on foot, after abandoning his motor-car in the Limousin highlands. Since a Quest must have a plot, his path is crossed by *Joseph Leroux*, the great detective, in the guise of a *chemineau*, and by *Mr. Shott* (late of the Metropolitan Constabulary), one of the nicest members of the force I have ever met in print. As for *Château Royal*, it is delightful: you must enter it, explore it, take a turn in the *charmille*, feed the peacocks, and kiss the hand of *M. de Grandemaison* himself. For this



EXHIBITION NOTES.—DISAGREEABLE INCIDENT ON THE "FLIP-FLAP."

Mrs. Henry Hawkins. "WON'T 'E TIKE A SANGWIDGE, 'ENRY? TRY 'IM WIV A NUT."

is the goal of the Quest. It is here that the legitimate Bourbons are enshrined in a house that was built by HENRI IV., here that *Dick Stewart* meets *Consolata*, otherwise known as *Madame R.*, and, the dragons being successfully eliminated, wins her as his bride. Among the countless merits of Mr. YOXALL'S book is his habit of beginning the next chapter just where the last left off (for who wants to be kept waiting in the middle of a Quest?), and my only complaint is that one does not see quite enough of the Princess. But, anyhow, this is Romance with an illuminated capital R.

SUFFRAGETYMOLOGY.

["Do not the very forms of our speech exhibit the arrogance of the sex which has usurped, etc.? But the day is even now dawning when all this will be changed."—*Extract from recent Speech on Woman's Rights.*]

THE following fragment, in the new style, anticipates the dawn above alluded to:—

While the ejillulations of victory are still ringing in our ears, and the sex, triumphant over the country's laditude—the true source of the old masterchief—stands at the perishelioness of its glory, it is too soon to write the hertory of the countessy days when we were girled up by only the vaguest hopes of ewomancipation. So widespread has now become the eweifications of the system that, etc., etc.

"Great North of Scotland, increase £130.
Highland Railway, decrease £171.
Accused were granted bail."—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

There 's no pleasing some people.

ABOUT THOSE FLIES.

IT is funny when you're very big what lots of things you find
Aren't the same as what you heard when you were small;
Just for instance, how they always told us that it wasn't kind
When we tried to squash the flies against the wall.

Now the papers say the Grown-ups want to start a dreadful war
On those very flies *we* knew we ought to kill;
And if only we had done it years and *years* and YEARS before,
There would never have been anybody ill!

All the whooping-cough and measles, mumps and scarlet fever too,
And the chicken-pox, they learn with great surprise,
Would have never found their way to little children as they do
If they 'd only let the Baby kill the flies.

But whenever dumpy fingers wandered up or down the pane,
Just where a lovely fly was on the crawl,
Someone cried out: "Baby! Baby! You are doing it again!"
But the baby was the wisest, after all!

"SUFFRAGETTES' DARING MOVE.
MR. TAFT ADOPTED."
"Daily News" Poster.

DISCURSIONS.

LIFE AT ICHANG.

SOME years ago the late Lord SALISBURY amused the public by explaining that work on the Uganda Railway had been seriously impeded by an embarrassing development of taste amongst the lions of the district. It appeared that in general these lions were harmless animals not without some reputation as family pets amongst the native population. The building of the railway had interested them at first in a mild way. Closer investigation, however, had convinced them that the men who were building the line and working the trains had peculiar and irresistible attractions as cheap food. So long as you remained a mere native or a white spectator nothing happened to you, but as soon as you began work on the railway you were seized and masticated by a lion. I don't know how the struggle ended. Probably—since I understand that the line is practically finished and in working order—civilisation triumphed as usual, and the lions were eventually forced to abstain from their two-footed meals.

I am reminded of this incident by a passage in the "First Report from the Committee of Public Accounts" recently presented to Parliament. The Committee is an eagle-eyed, thoroughly unsentimental body appointed to detect errors in the accounts of the public departments and to visit with a cold and merciless censure all superfluous expenditure. They investigate the sums spent on Royal Palaces, on Parks, on Art and Science Buildings, on Law Charges and Criminal Prosecutions, and so forth. Amongst other items submitted to them were the charges for "Gaol, etc., at Ichang." I am not quite sure that I know where Ichang is, but it has a Chinese sound, and the inference that might naturally be drawn from this is confirmed by what follows in the Report.

With regard to this gaol, then, the Committee deliver themselves in the following terms:—"An excess of £120," they say, "is explained as due to the cost of superintendence being greater than had been anticipated. In order to prevent bad workmanship, European Clerks of Works have to be employed to supervise the Chinese workmen. There is some difficulty in finding these superintendents, as 'the Chinese persist in poisoning them.'" I pause here to condole with the superintendents and to marvel at the sad vicissitudes to which an Imperial race is compelled to submit.

To supervise Chinese workmen is in itself bad enough, but to be poisoned by them for doing your duty seems to be an excess of punishment. Even under ordinary circumstances life at Ichang cannot be too attractive. Golf there may be and tennis of a sort, and there must be a club since there are Englishmen in the place; but this exiguous list probably exhausts the amenities. Nobody can want the varieties of existence increased by the dreadful suspicion of poison in his daily food. And I wonder, by the way, what the ordinary unpoisoned diet of a resident in Ichang consists of. I guess the luxuries are not too many. Strychnine, arsenic, antimony, prussic acid, and the rest, may be pleasant enough in their proper places, but there are obvious disadvantages that should exclude them from breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner.

What is the conclusion of the Committee? A ray of humanity seems suddenly to break through the severe official censoriousness which generally characterises their reports. "Your Committee," they say, "consider that this contingency was not unnaturally overlooked in framing the Estimate, and do not think the remuneration extravagant." It will be observed that they express themselves in what I may call terms of expenditure. Their feelings have been obviously touched, but duty compels them to confine themselves to the business committed to them. It is not for them to describe the sufferings or to deplore the fate of the supervisors; nor do they weigh heavily on the infernal persistence of the Chinese workmen in the habit of poisoning. The words, "not unnaturally," so artfully introduced into their Report, are, however, a sufficient indication that real sympathy may be found even in the breasts of a Committee of Public Accounts.



THE RETREAT.

TRAGEDY OF A TOURING COMPANY THAT "FAILED TO ATTRACT."

The Senior Wranglers.

SELIG BRODETSKY.

"Among his prizes are twenty-eight Cambridge open scholarships, the Lobus and Members' prizes, several firsts in the natural sciences tripos, and a number of wranglerships extending over many years."
Manchester Guardian.

A. W. IBBOTSON.

"He was a member of the Pembroke rowing fifteen."—*Daily Mail.*

"Fourteen, you 're late," as they say on the Cam.

SIXPENNY VOICES.

(The Stenographer at the Sussex and Middlesex Match.)

Who 's next?

RANJI, I think.

RANJI 's next on the card.

Good old RANJI.

Jolly lucky Sussex winning the toss or we shouldn't have seen RANJI.

Here he comes.

Is that RANJI?

Yes, that 's RANJI right enough.

Good old RANJI.

Is that RANJI? Doesn't look quite like him to me.

That 's not RANJI.

Not RANJI? Who is it, then?

SIMMS.

SIMMS? I thought it was RANJI.

Number 5. H. L. SIMMS. I told you so.

He 's just like RANJI used to be, anyway.

(Mr. SIMMS *survives an over or so and is then clean bowled by* MIGNON.)

There, he 's out.

Got him.

I thought he wouldn't last long.

Who 's next?

RANJI.

RANJI 's next.

RANJI 's coming now.

I see they call him H.H. the JAM SAHIB.

Is it JAM or JARM?

JAM 's good enough for me.

(*The* JAM *descends the Pavilion steps amid applause.*)

Here he is.

Good old RANJI.

Same old walk. Are you sure that 's RANJI?

Looks fatter than he did.

Good old RANJI.

No mistake about RANJI this time.

He 's been putting on weight.

Takes guard carefully, don't he?

No hurry about him.

Look at him looking round. Artful beggar. Wants to see who 's on the leg.

(MIGNON *bowls an express ball, which the* JAM *contemptuously repudiates with a quivering blade.*)

Same old style.

Best bat in England still.

What an eye.

Yes, and what a wrist.

Getting fat, though.

Yes, I read in the paper he 's been putting on weight.

Makes him very slow between the wickets.

Used to be as quick as a deer and as graceful too.

There, they might have run two easily.

Never mind, he 's short of breath. He 's been putting on weight, you know.

Do you see what old RANJI 's trying to do? He 's trying to hit only fours or ones, so that he needn't run. Artful beggar.

Yes, but he 's been putting on weight.

Not the slim fellow he used to be, is he?

No; he 's been putting on weight, that 's what it is.

Ought to have got three for that.

All very well; but he 's been putting on weight.

(*Newcomers arrive.*)

Has RANJI been in?

Is that RANJI?

No, it can't be.

He 's in now.

Which end?

At the Pavilion end.

RANJI 's in at the Pavilion end.



THE BULLYON-BOUNDERMERES AT ASCOT.

Mrs. B.-B. "I DESPAIR OF YOU, JOSEPH. *THINK* OF YOUR REFUSING TO BACK THE DUKE'S HORSE, AND TELLING THE DEAR DUCHESS THAT YOU 'D PUT YOUR MONEY ON A HORRID OUTSIDER OWNED BY ANOTHER OUTSIDER!"

Mr. B.-B. "SORRY, MY DEAR. BUT I 'AD A TIP FROM A PAL IN THE KNOW, AND, AFTER ALL, I WON MY MONEY."

Mrs. B.-B. "THAT 'S NO USE TO US. FAR BETTER HAVE LOST IN GOOD COMPANY."

That 's not RANJI.

Yes, it is; he 's been putting on weight.

He used to look so graceful—just like a panther.

That 's why he runs so slowly, I suppose?

Yes, it 's his weight. He 's been putting on weight.

There, they might have had that one easily.

(*An hour later.*)

RANJI 's got twenty. Not like his old form, is it?

Ah, RANJI 's not so thin as he was. He 's been putting on weight.

(*An hour later.*)

VINE 's got fifty. He 's only been in two hours and a half.

Didn't he touch that?

I thought he did.

So did I.

No, it was a bye.

How do you know?

The scorer hasn't given it to VINE.

I thought he touched it.

I could have sworn he touched it.

Didn't he touch it, then?

Well, I thought he touched it.

(*Three or four hours later the* 200 *goes up.*)

Two hundred.

Why are they cheering so? It wasn't much of a hit.

It 's the two hundred.

They 've got two hundred.

RANJI will begin to hit now.

Hulloa, a new ball.

There 's the new ball. They have it with the second hundred now.

A new ball.

They 've got a new ball.

The umpire threw them a new ball.

(*Newcomers arrive.*)

Has RANJI been in?

He 's in now.

That 's old RANJI.

That! He 's been putting on weight.

Yes, he 's been putting on weight.

Good old RANJI, that 's why he didn't run that, I suppose.

Yes, he 's been putting on weight.

(*And so on, until one prays for ear-flaps.*)

A Remarkable Coincidence.

"To-day is the birthday anniversary of the Earl of Durham, born June 19, 1855; and also that of his twin brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, born June 19, 1855."

Newcastle Daily Chronicle.

Not only the same day, but the same year!

"The Religion of the Future has unfortunately miscarried in the post."—*The Mystic.*

We think that Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON ought to be told about this.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN I looked at the programme of *The Flag Lieutenant* (by Major W. P. DRURY and LEO TREVOR) and read "Richard Lascelles . . . . Mr. Cyril Maude," I knew at once what the play would be about. For *Dicks* in fiction and drama (and probably, by this time, in real life) are always the same; gay, gallant, and misunderstood; particularly where the other sex is concerned. The course of true love never did run smooth with anybody called *Dick*. In this case, however, *Lady Hermione* was a real sportsman, and promised to



Mr. Cyril Maude (*Lascelles*) to Mr. Aubrey Smith (*Thesiger*). "I say, old man, don't you stretch those clothes more than you can help. Remember, I've got to wear 'em."

stick to him; though I doubt if they would have been married had not the truth come out in the end. . . .

In the British camp in Crete, surrounded by howling Bashi-Bazouks, are *Dick Lascelles*, flag-lieutenant, and *Bill Thesiger*, major of marines. The ammunition is giving out, and unless a message can be got through to the Fleet the play is doomed. *Bill* conceives the idea of dressing up as a Bashi, and making his way to the telegraph office, whence a wireless message can be sent asking for assistance. Just as he is starting, a spent bullet knocks him over, so *Dick* takes his place, and carries out the plan successfully. When he gets back (and he really does it very quickly—in about even time, I should think) *Bill* is up and conscious, but has completely lost his memory. Whereupon *Dick* decides—can you guess? yes, that 's right—to pretend that it was *Bill* who did the gallant deed. You see, *Bill* had been awfully good to him some years before (I can't explain now), and, after all, it *was* his idea; and he was in love with *Mrs. Cameron*, but would not speak so long as he was only a poor and undistinguished major; and it really was sickening luck to have been knocked over just when his chance had come. So the flag-lieutenant passes the honour and glory over to his friend, which, seeing that his name was *Dick*, was no more than I expected of him.

Of course, what everybody wanted to know was, where was *Dick Lascelles* when *Major Thesiger* was making his gallant effort? Hiding, probably, the coward; or asleep in—what 's the word?—an embrasure. There was some talk of a court-martial, for *Dick* refused to give any explanation. Luckily for *Hermione* the truth leaked out, and so all ended happily—even for *Bill Thesiger;* because they decide never to let him find out that he wasn't the hero. (Only five people knew the secret, and two of them were women, so it was quite safe; especially if the Admiral tells *Violet* when he marries her, as he is certain to). But what a splendid *Dick* it was!

It is a great satisfaction to be able to congratulate Mr. MAUDE on a genuine success at last, particularly as it is with such a thoroughly British play. *The Flag Lieutenant* makes a most fascinating entertainment, full of thrills and laughs. The second Act, in the British camp at Candia, is the perfection of staging and playing. There is even a Bashi-Bazouk included. My knowledge of Bashi-Bazouks is limited to him, and I say unhesitatingly that he was the real thing. So, in fact, was everybody else. M.

MUSICAL NOTES.

ENCOURAGED by the resounding success of the concert recently given by Miss ALYS LORRAINE, at which the programme was exclusively drawn from the compositions of Royal musicians, Miss HUNTER TUFTE is organizing a *matinée*, at which the performers without exception will be drawn from the ranks of the aristocracy. The *clou* of the entertainment undoubtedly will be the appearance on the platform of the young Duchess of FAKENHAM, who, though absolutely unable to distinguish "God Save



TRIALS OF A FISHERMAN.—NO. 5.

Extracts from the Diary of a beginner.—"JUST OFF TO COMMENCE TO TROLL FOR GREAT LAKE TROUT." (*Later entry.*) "HOTEL BOATMAN SUBSEQUENTLY ADMITTED THAT HE WAS THE CAB-DRIVER AND OCCASIONAL WAITER, AND HAD NEVER BEEN ON THE LOCH BEFORE!"

the King" from "Pop goes the Weasel," has most generously undertaken to play "Whistling Rufus" on the pianola. Another welcome contributor to the programme is Lady DAISY FLUDYER, who is unquestionably the best lady player on the penny-whistle in Arlington Street. Lord ALDEBURGH has kindly promised to play the "Chopsticks" waltz with the Marchioness of PERIVALE; the Earl of MATLASKE will give a banjo solo, and the Baroness BLOWITZ has generously undertaken to recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to an accompaniment of three tambourines played by the Hon. ERMYNTRUDE, GLADYS and BETTY BLAKENEY, the charming daughters of Lord WINKLEMERE.

The generous interest taken in the Ballet by the PRIME MINISTER is, we learn on the best of authority, shared by several of his colleagues, with the result that the output of high-class dance music is going up by leaps and bounds. Mr. LULU HARCOURT, whose benevolent desire to provide for the culinary needs of Members of Parliament has so largely ministered to the popularity of the present Cabinet, has commissioned Mr. GRANVILLE BANTOCK to write a new set of Kitchen Lancers; and Mr. ASQUITH has approached Sir EDWARD ELGAR with a view to his assisting the passage of the Licensing Bill by composing a grand Temperance waltz under the title of "Band of Hope and Glory." Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, desirous of celebrating the introduction of the penny post with America, has invited Mr. SOUSA to commemorate the event in a "Washington Post Office Two-Step."

The amenities of Tea on the Terrace, it is pleasant to hear, will be greatly enhanced by the establishment of a permanent *café chantant*, at which a Spotted Dalmatian Band will shortly make its *début*, together with a trained corps of Dervishes. The waitresses, when not engaged in handing or removing the teacups, will execute various suitable choreographic evolutions—pavanes, sarabands, demivoltes, semilunes, and caracoles—in which they are already being instructed by Miss BELLE CUNARD, the esteemed Terpsichorean of the Frivoli Music-Hall. Mr. HAROLD COX and Lord ROBERT CECIL vehemently opposed this humane innovation on the ground that it ill consorted with the dignity of the Mother of Parliaments, but their objections have been overruled as the "futile protests of belated and isolated fanatics," to quote the noble and dignified phrase of the PREMIER.

Outside Covent Garden, the discouragement of British composers is happily a thing of the past. At the Empress Hall, Mr. JORIS BAMBERGER, perhaps the most brilliant of our native conductors, is to give a concert entirely devoted to the compositions of British musicians of the advanced school. The programme is not yet complete, but it will certainly include two symphonic poems, "Huitzilopochtli" and "Chilpancingo," from the patriotic pen of Mr. QUANTOCK DE BANVILLE; a suite entitled "Haroun-al-Raschid," introducing a set of variations on the Burmese National Anthem, by Mr. FRANZ JOSEF HOLLEBRUCK; "Konx Ompax," an Eleusinian Mystery, by Mr. KUNO MEYERSTEIN; and an elegiac ode, "The Death of Glumdalclitch," for bass solo, chorus and orchestra (reinforced by sixteen contra-bass tubas), by Mr. ALEXANDER CHIOS, the illustrious Anglo-Ægean from Shoreditch.



THE DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL.

Enthusiastic Supporter. "AND THEN, YOU SEE, YOU PRETEND YOU 'RE GETTING UP AT THE USUAL TIME, AND YOU 'RE REALLY GETTING UP TWENTY MINUTES EARLIER."

Conscientious Objector. "OH, BUT WOULDN'T THAT BE RATHER DECEITFUL?"

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

THE IDEAL LIFE.

INTERVIEWED by a representative of the *Eastminster Gazette*, Miss ZILLAH O'FLAHERTY, the famous actress, has been giving her opinions as to the best career for a nice girl.

"There are no two opinions," said the charming lady. "The only calling for a girl is the stage. As for its being overcrowded, that is absurd. It may be congested in London, but look at other parts of the world—Africa, Asia, Iceland, Nova Zembla. Wherever there is land there is the site for a theatre, and wherever there is a theatre there is need for actresses."

"It is a healthy life?" I said tentatively.

"Healthy? I should think so," said the enthusiastic histrion. "What is more healthy than washing, and look how often an actress has to wash. She must spread grease-paint and other stuff on her face continually, it is true; but think, *she must also get it off*. There 's hygiene for you!"

"Fresh air?" I suggested.

"Fresh air is an exploded idea," said Miss O'FLAHERTY. "The healthiest persons are those connected with theatres, who live perpetually amid gas and heat and draughts. Who ever hears of an actress being ill?"

"But is it good to be always pretending you are someone else?" I asked.

"Good? It 's splendid. Show me a woman with any personality of her own. You can't. The ordinary woman without a personality never gets one; the actress assumes a dozen every year. What a life! Continually depicting the emotions of other people. That 's living, if you like. If I had twenty daughters they should all be on the stage—acting, acting, acting: making sham love to this mummer and sham hate to that, and covered in rouge and powder, hungering for applause. That is the perfect life for a young girl."

"When should they begin?"

"As early as possible. They should be brought up to mimic everyone. That is the first step. Later can come music and singing and so forth. I began at thirteen, and my probation lasted ten years. I wish I had begun at three; for childhood and girlhood, what are they? A mere waste of genuineness."

"And they meet delightful people, of course?"

"Delightful. There are no such men as actors and stage-door loafers. The perfect companionship for young girls. But you must excuse me now. I have to go to rehearsal. I have been rehearsing since ten and shall not be free till one in the morning. Good afternoon."

"The Automobile Club has hit on a novel method of permanently celebrating the understanding between the French nation and ourselves by the erection of 'Entente Cordiale' sign-posts on the roads leading from London to Dover and Folkestone. The posts are to be painted and lettered in the French national colours—red, white, and blue."

Manchester Courier.

Not to be outdone in courtesy our Gallic friends have decided to paint the sign-posts from Calais to Paris with the English national colours—red, white and blue.

"The rate of letter postage to the United States will be a penny per ounce instead of twopence-halfpenny as at present—a reduction of 150 per cent."

The Manchester Evening News.

This is one of those little homely touches that makes us bitterly regret the coming abolition of the Senior Wranglership.

"ALIBI DISBELIEVED."

"Evening News" Headline.

You can never trust these Egyptians.



THE MILITANT SEX.

MR. HALDANE (*thinking Territorially*). "AH! IF ONLY I COULD GET THE *MEN* TO COME FORWARD LIKE THAT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 15.—After patient, not unfriendly, observation, the MEMBER FOR SARK has come to the conclusion that the sitting House of Commons is the dullest he has known in an experience of thirty-eight years. The more grateful, therefore, for flash of humour that to-day varied the dull grey surface.

Second reading of Old Age Pension being moved, HAROLD COX submitted an amendment, and Lord ROBERT CECIL seconded it!

"The two anarchist leaders," LLOYD-GEORGE described them. Had positions been reversed, the implacable Tory aristocrat moving the amendment and the extreme Radical seconding it, situation would have been sufficiently piquant. As it stood it was exquisite.

During brief period that has elapsed since HAROLD COX descended from the Press Gallery and by favour of shrewd electors of Preston took his place on floor of House, he has by sheer merit established a foremost position amongst private Members. Has not had many competitors in the race. The new Parliament not fruitful of rising men. The Treasury Bench the only one that maintains the high level of debating power.

Unaided by wealth, family connections or personal interest, HAROLD COX, midway through his third session, has attained the enviable distinction of commanding attention in both political camps. True, he has formed the habit, attractive in debate, of frankly criticising the policy and practice of the Government under whose flag he is ranged. Such ebullitions certain to be applauded from benches opposite. It is the commonest device of political adventurers from the days of DIZZY downward. HAROLD COX enjoys the inestimable advantage of having convinced the House that when, as to-night, he differs from his esteemed leaders, he is actuated by purely conscientious motives, that truth and honesty compel him, at whatever sacrifice of personal predilection, to speak outright.

This a recommendation irresistible to House of Commons. Its price is above the rubies of eloquence or debating skill. Cox adds to it evidence that, whether right or wrong in his deductions, he is thoroughly master of his subject, is able to present his argument in lucid form, here and there illumined by flashes of quiet humour.



"THE TWO ANARCHIST LEADERS" IN THEIR BOMB-FACTORY.

Lord R-b-rt C-c-l and Mr. H-r-ld C-x as seen by Mr. Lloyd-George during the debate on Old-Age Pensions, which might almost have been described as "Cox et preterea Cecil."

Business done.—Second reading of Old Age Pensions moved.

Tuesday.—Amendment to Old Age Pensions Bill rejected by rattling majority of 388. Only 29 Members, Unionists all but one, followed "the anarchist leaders" into the Lobby. PRINCE ARTHUR at his best. Approved principle of the Bill; denounced the Government scheme; abstained from voting in the division. His sympathies, always broad, went out to LLOYD-GEORGE in the depressing circumstances of the hour. Having charge of a Budget he had not devised, here he was piloting a Bill for whose paternity he was not responsible.

"An embarrassed stepmother," PRINCE ARTHUR described him.

Laying aside political prejudices and partisan asperities, his generous heart expressed full sympathy with the hapless CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Slave to the stronger will of the PREMIER, he had this mistaken measure foisted upon him. He did not like it; was fully alive to its frailties and its imperfections; did not know where he was to get the money needed for administering the scheme it involved. Nor was he quite clear as to its precise amount. Was it to be six million or seven million and a half?

On this point PRINCE ARTHUR earlier had his own tribulation. Earl PERCY, with the cocksureness that pertains to middle-age youth, revelled in a mass of figures. Pulled up by the practical-minded PREMIER, he hesitated.

"My impression is," he said, "that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced that in view of the changes he proposed to make in the Bill we must be prepared for an immediate cost of at least seven and a half million."

"The exact contrary," said the PREMIER grimly.

What *is* "the exact contrary" of seven million and a half? PERCY in bewilderment turned to his nearest neighbour on Front Opposition Bench. It chanced to be PRINCE ARTHUR. Now if there is one thing he ungovernably hates it is to have to grapple with facts or figures, particularly figures. And what a problem this was to have suddenly sprung upon one!

"Seven million and a half," insisted PERCY.

"The exact contrary," said the PREMIER.

"What do *you* think?" asked

PERCY, turning in bewilderment on his Chief.

"Precisely," said PRINCE ARTHUR, nodding his head with air of conviction that carried the point.

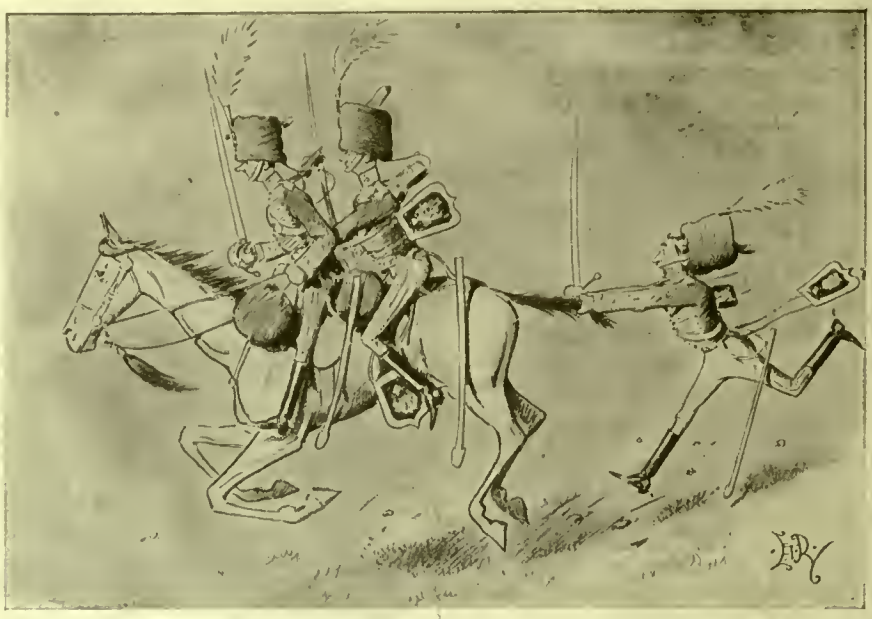
That happened two hours ago. Memory of the plight into which he had been inconsiderately plunged by the appeal of his colleague was still with him, and softened his heart towards the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Business done.—Second reading of Old Age Pensions Bill carried without a division.

House of Commons, Friday.—CATHCART WASON finds the advantages of six feet nine and three-quarter height, with breadth in proportion, have their drawbacks. For example, when he steps out into Palace Yard and looks about for a hansom, the drivers with one accord find engrossing attraction on the other side of the Square. As for a four-wheeler, since on Budget night two years ago he stuck in the doorway of No. 17,451, and withdrew only when assisted with crowbars, they are taboo. He finds most convenient way of taking fresh air is to hire a Road Car 'bus all to himself on Sunday afternoons and drive to Kew and back. Even then he is annoyed by the conductor, who, at various stages of the journey, absent-mindedly offers him blue tickets, price 2d., whereas the fare for a single person is a penny.



Mr. Th-d-re T-yl-r passes in front of Mr. W-s-n, without obstructing the vision of that Colossus.



HALDANE'S OWN (MORE OR LESS) MOUNTED "STRAPHANGERS."
"The overlapping of three men to one horse had a most serious effect . . . ."
(Rt. Hon. George Wyndham's speech on the Territorial Cavalry.)

These things by the way. An incident happened just now which goes some way to redress the balance. Among unwritten laws of the House is one that forbids a Member to pass between an hon. gentleman on his legs and the SPEAKER whom he is addressing. CATHCART WASON, standing by corner seat below the gangway, was in this attitude when THEODORE TAYLOR strolled in. His mind engrossed with a statistical problem that he proposes to submit to Royal Society, of which he is a shining light, he passed between WASON and the Chair, as he made his way up the gangway towards his seat.

This an opportunity the House never neglects. From both sides there rose a roar of angry rebuke that could not have been fiercer had TAYLOR picked the Orkney Member's pocket as he passed. From his full height, drawn up to address the Chair, WASON was ignorant of what—or rather who—had passed. So Beachy Head fronting France does not see the fishing boats skimming the waves at its feet. What had he done or said to account for this storm of obloquy? He turned round with enquiring glance, reassured only when Member sitting near whispered explanation.

Meanwhile THEODORE TAYLOR, safe in his seat below gangway, took off his spectacles, breathed hard upon them a thanksgiving for escape, and polished them with his pocket-handkerchief.

Business done.—Group of small Government Bills advanced a stage.

RHAPSODY IN THREE FLATS.

SHE had a name; that name was BEE.
I loved the girl and she loved me.

I put my bowler on my head
And called upon her. "BEE," I said,

"Believe me when I briefly state
My love for you is very great.

It is, moreover, quite sincere."
"Same," said the simple maiden "here."

"If that 's the case," I said, "a man's
First duty is to book the banns."

"But stop," she cried, "you go too fast;
I promised JAMES on Monday last.

He said: 'I 've liked you all my life;
You 'd better come and be my wife.

You 'll find the living plain but good.'
I 'm almost sure I said I would."

"Though I refuse to call him names,
I 'm very cross," said I, "with JAMES.

It shows what sort of man he is
To go and carry on like thiz.

To come and interfere like this
Proves what a tactless man he iss."

That 's not the half of what I said,
So BEATRICE married me instead.

"What course," you ask, "did JAMES pursue?"
What has that got to do with you?



"AT last," said Mr. Punch, "I have the pleasure of meeting you. I know your name so well, but this is the first time I have been able to put a face to it." And he shook England's Dramatist warmly by the hand. "Let me see," he went on, "you have twenty-three plays running in London just now, I think?"

"Twenty-four," said the Dramatist modestly.

"You must be a man of many parts," hazarded Mr. Punch.

"Well, of course I——"

"There are one or two things about which I should like to talk to you. I have seen your name so often on programmes, hoardings, and—if you will forgive me for mentioning it—motor-omnibuses, that I feel I know you quite well."

"You are very kind," said England's Dramatist.

"A playwright," continued the Sage, "particularly a twenty-fourth playwright, must have a great knowledge of affairs. Also, by long practice, he must have achieved the art of projecting himself into the personality of others. Tell me, then, what do you think of the new fashion in women's dress?"

"Woman," said the Dramatist, "is cutting off her petticoats to increase her hats."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Punch gently, "but I was not for the moment addressing Mr. Somerset Maugham, the brilliant epigrammatist, but one of his many heroines. I wish for an expert opinion."

"Then I may tell you in confidence that there is very little in it."

"So I rather gathered. As Father Bernard Maugham, then, it might be your duty to——"

"You misunderstand. I mean that there is little chance of the fashion being adopted to any extent. We pretend in the Press that it will, just as we pretend that everybody calls the Exhibition the White City. But nobody does call it that, of course."

"You are speaking now as Alfred Maughamsworth?" queried Mr. Punch.

"Rather as the Maugham in the Street. And I say that I do not do and think things just because my ha'penny paper tells me that I do."

"A very proper spirit. By the way, I must congratulate you on the advance the Exhibition has made since it first opened."

Mr. Maughamri Kiralfy bowed.

"Let us hope now that England will do herself justice in the Olympic Games. And that reminds me. What is your opinion of Australia's refusal to take part in the Triangular Test Matches?"

"Briefly," said the Maugham Sahib of NAWANAGAR, "that it is unsporting. We hear frequently that these matches help to keep the Empire together, and we have been told that you cannot have Empire without sacrifice; but Australia, all through, seems to keep her eye fixed firmly on the main chance."

"It is evident," said MR. PUNCH severely, "that you are speaking now as a Radical Maughamber, and it is therefore my painful duty to call you a Little Englander."

"Why not tell me to stay at home and mind the baby?" asked England's Suffragist scornfully.

"My dear Maughdam," said MR. PUNCH, raising his hat, "I should not tell you to do anything so ridiculous."

"Women are as good as men," suggested Lady HENRY SOMERSET MAUGHAM.

"You will never get me to admit," said the Sage, bowing gallantly, "that they are no better than men. Yet it is still possible to feel that they are not such good citizens, that they cannot take such a wide view of affairs, and that their logical sense is not quite so prominent. However, we shall do no good by arguing. Let me, instead, take the opinion of Miss MAUGHAM ALLAN on another question. At what precise moment does a Watch Committee decide to prohibit a performance? At the moment when it *is* shocked, or at the moment when it realises that it ought to be shocked?"

"The Manchester Watch Committee is quite right," said MRS. MAUGHAMISTON-CHANT firmly.

"Dear, dear," said MR. PUNCH, "I beg your pardon. Shall we—er—leave the ladies for a moment? I think I feel more at home with your male characters."

"To tell the truth," said Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, "I am tired of them all."

"In that case I shall address you as yourself, and ask you, What do you think of the SHAKSPEARE Memaugham—Memorial?"

"You make it rather difficult for me," he said. "I—er—well . . . Well, it's like this. SHAKSPEARE has *no* plays on in London at the present time."

"I see," said MR. PUNCH. "You think prolificacy rather than genius should be rewarded; and no doubt there is something to be said for that. But what if genius itself were prolific? I am thinking now of one whose total output is rapidly approaching a century-and-a-half of volumes, and whose wit, humour, geniality, kindliness and——" Here he said several things which modesty forbids him to say again. "Where, you ask, is such a man to be found? Where can the results of his genius be obtained? I will tell you. Nay, more, I will——"

"I don't mind if you do," said the Maugham in the Street. "Because I know quite well what's coming next. You're going to give me your jolly old

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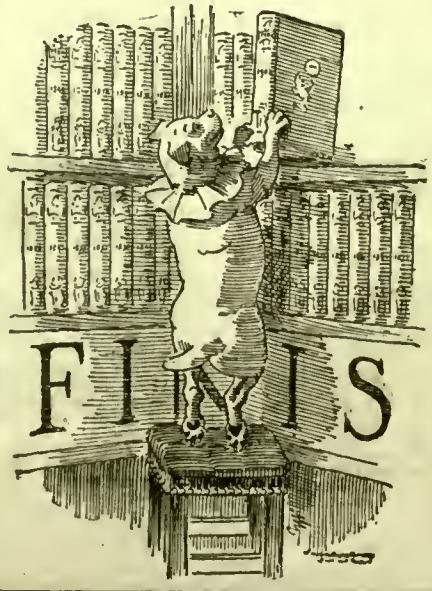
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A DRAWING-ROOM PROBLEM.

Miss X. is a good young lady, living in an agricultural district, who invites an adult Sunday School class to tea in the drawing-room. Y., one of the scholars, is a burly farm-servant, unaccustomed to social functions, and especially inapt at the handling of tea-cups.

He is supplied with a diminutive cup and saucer and a bun that is too big to go into the saucer. Finding the tea too hot for his taste, he puts the bun in his mouth, holds the cup in his right hand and pours the tea into the saucer which is in his left hand.

Having done all this satisfactorily, he raises the saucer in order to blow on the tea before drinking, but discovers, with confusion, that the bun is in the way.

What ought Y. to do?

THE PERFECT SCRIBE.

["No journalist ought to write anything of which he is ashamed."—*British Weekly.*]

AUTHOR of yon immortal wheeze,
Which so commoved me when I read it,
If with this law your life agrees
It does you (may I say so, please?)
The most enormous credit.

'Tis well that in the whirl and rush
Of things that hamper introspection
You have the gift of saying "Hush!"
In time to stop the ruby blush
From staining your complexion.

Your conscience keeps you timely wise:
You take its counsel like a sage's,
Rejecting naughty words and lies
Which must, if printed, compromise
Your Weekly's model pages.

So, having purged your matter free
From faults of spirit and of letter,
You say: "There are no spots on me;
This is as good as good can be,
Or even slightly better!"

Ah, would that we could follow you,
We other scribes, mere ha'penny print-hacks!
We are indeed a shameless crew,
Content to say what 's far from true,
And farther still from syntax.

Some of us try a nobler strain,
Treading the track your feet have dented,
And yet we somehow don't attain
Your self-assurance, but remain
Divinely discontented.

Thus, had you written in my stead
These lines that I have here begotten,
Your heart, perhaps, would not have bled;
Mine does, because I 've seldom read
Anything quite so rotten.

O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY.

I AM not sure that the title I have given to this story is the best I could have selected. There are others that would perhaps have suited it quite as well, if not better—but, after all, Mrs. BOBRINSKY began it, and her name shall, therefore, stand at the head of it. Originators have some right to be considered.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY is my housekeeper. She was born a PEGLER, of London, and became entitled to the BOBRINSKY by marrying a Polish exile, now deceased, who, according to her account, made the best cabinets that were ever sold in the Euston Road or anywhere else. He used, she has told me, "to rig up a bit of tarpaulin on some poles in the backyard, and sit there of a Sunday morning reading his paper, and say it reminded him of Poland." Once a year it was his custom to walk to the Russian Embassy in Chesham Place and relieve his patriotic feelings by spitting on the doorstep. This sacred rite having been accomplished he would return to his cabinet-making with a light heart.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY, in spite of her name, is British to the core. Her father was in "the joolery business," and most of her uncles "was cooks." I quote her family history as related by herself. She can sew anything and can cook most things. She is a mine of anecdotes and a most excellent housekeeper in a London flat. Her relations with the porter are respectful, but not cordial. She suspects the lift-boy of every possible dereliction of duty that a human lift-boy can commit. She considers him to be too saucy and frivolous in his talk for the responsible position he occupies. Some day, she believes, there will be an accident, and the world will realise too late the inefficiency of the lift-boy.

It was a June evening, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY was laying my table for dinner while I was sitting in an armchair. "There 's only a couple of cutlets, some new potatoes, a dish of peas, and a gooseberry tart," she remarked. "And a very good dinner, too," said I. She then began to tell me the story of BOBRINSKY and the one-eyed black cat with three legs; but she broke off before she finished it and went out of the room. I heard her talking outside the room to someone whose voice was strange to me. I determined to follow her.

When I opened the door I noticed without the least surprise that the hall of my flat had disappeared and the Twopenny Tube had taken its place. The Tube stretched out interminably, but it was brilliantly lighted, and I could see along it for miles. Mrs. BOBRINSKY, now a mere speck, but easily recognisable by a green silk hood which I had never before seen her wear, was rushing down the Tube at an astonishing pace. She was ten miles away and still going strong. As no trains were running there was nothing for me to do but to pursue her on foot. No sooner had I started than a motor-'bus came thundering round a corner upon me. I remembered that a Colonial Bishop had once told me that the only way to deal with such a 'bus was to kneel to it and say "Rottingdean" three times very quickly. I knelt, but for the life of me I couldn't say "Rottingdean."

Mr. ASQUITH, the Prime Minister, was in the 'bus. He had a long white beard and wore a Glengarry cap and a kilt. He was very like a Scotch piper I had seen in Parliament Street that afternoon, but he had left his pipes behind. He winked at me very deliberately, and, the 'bus having by this time passed completely over me, I found myself at Paddington Station, where, after a dispute with a cabman, who had been driving me for more than an hour, I entered a train at Platform No. 5. My wife was already in the carriage. She smiled at me and continued to feed our youngest daughter, aged four, on marmalade and Shetland shawls. I said, "You know that is not good for the child," and she said, "I had to buy Whiteley's new hippopotamus: he was so cheap." I realised that this explained everything.

At this moment a porter looked in and said the platforms had all been changed and our train had gone five minutes ago. I said to my wife, "I told you so," and got out at once. When I turned round I saw my wife and child three platforms away. She said, "St. Pancras" and vanished, and I recognised the Master of Trinity, who said he was sorry, but I must on no account walk on the grass. He added that it wasn't Olympic and laughed heartily. I knew it was the best joke in the world and laughed even more heartily——

"Your cutlets are on the table, Sir," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY.



A SHORT WAY TO DISSOLVE PARLIAMENT.

THE SHAH (*with his gun trained on the Parliament buildings, reading from Omar Khayyám, local poet*):—

. . . . "COULD WE WITH FATE CONSPIRE
TO GRASP THIS SORRY SCHEME OF THINGS ENTIRE,
WOULD NOT WE SHATTER IT TO BITS"—(*BANG!*)—"AND THEN
RE-MOULD IT NEARER TO THE HEART'S DESIRE!"



MORE FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

New Arrival. "I SAY, OLD MAN, STIFFISH NYMPHERY. WHAT?"

A MERE EPISODE.

(By a Person in a Pageant.)

OUR episode is the tenth and last, and (I may add unofficially) the most important. The period of it is 1750. In order to lead up to it properly it has been found necessary to start the first episode at 53 B.C. This gives the audience time to get hungry for us. "At last!" they say, when we come on; "this *is* the end, MARIA."

The Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) says that they don't say that at all. They say, "Why, HENRY, it 's 1750! I had no idea. How the time flies when you are enjoying yourself. We *must* stay to the end; a few minutes won't make any difference now, and it 's only cold mutton."

I must explain that it is the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.)—and *do* remember the "N.B." because she is very particular about it—who in this episode condescends to dance a minuet with me: that stately old measure (if you don't trip over the sandhill opposite Block D.) which so delighted our forefathers. It is a very sad thing, but though the whole Pageant, as I have explained, hinges upon us, yet our names and description do not appear upon the programme. We are put down briefly, and I think libellously, as "Revellers." However, we learnt that we were really people of some position—right in the Smart Set, by all accounts; so I decided to be Lord TUNBRIDGE WELLS, and my partner the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). That is just like her—to be a whole county, when I am only a watering-place.

We are supposed to do the "revelling" as soon as we come in. As I lead my partner down the steps I say to her, "Our revel, I think," and she replies, "Shall we revel, or shall we sit it out?" After a little discussion we decide to revel, partly because there is nowhere to sit down, and partly because the prompter has his eye on us. Now, I don't know what your idea of revelling is, but mine would include at the very least a small ginger ale and a slice of seed-cake. I mean, I don't think that would be overdoing it at all. But do you suppose we are allowed this—or indeed anything? Not likely. And yet it is just a little touch of that sort which gives verisimilitude to a whole Pageant.

Before we have really got through our revelling the band strikes up, and suddenly we are all in our places for the minuet. Now although you have paid your two guineas like a man, and are sitting in the very front row, you mustn't think we have taken all this trouble of learning the minuet simply to amuse *you*. Not at all. We are doing it for the sake of KING GEORGE THE SECOND, no less; a command performance. And so when we are all in a line, just ready to start, and I whisper to my partner, "I say, I 'm awfully sorry, but I 've forgotten the minuet. Let 's do the Lancers instead," she whispers back, "Quick! GEORGE is looking at me. Is my patch on straight?" "No," I say. "Now, don't forget you have to smile all the time. Hallo, we 're off."

I am not going to describe the dance to you, because it is too difficult. But I may say briefly that

there 's a whole lot of things you do with your feet, and another whole lot with your hands; that you have to sway your body about in an easy and graceful manner; that you must keep one eye on the ground to see that you don't fall over the sandhills, and another eye on your partner to see that she is doing it all right, and the two of you a joint eye on everybody else to see that the affair is going symmetrically. And *then*—then comes the final instruction: "Don't look anxious. Smile, and seem to be enjoying yourself."

So far I have resisted the inclination to smile. The fact is that when I cast aside my usual habiliments and take upon me the personality of another, I like to do the thing thoroughly—to enter into the spirit of the part. Now I will put the case before you, and you shall say whether I am not right.

Here we have, as I conceive the situation, a sprig of the nobility, TUNBRIDGE WELLS. He is a modest young man, who spends most of his time at his lovely Kentish seat, flanked by fine old forest trees—preferring the quiet of the country to the noise and bustle of London. One day, however, he ventures up to town, and looking in at his customary coffee-house is hailed by an acquaintance. TUNBRIDGE WELLS, I may mention, is beautifully attired in a long blue coat, white satin waistcoat, fancy breeches, with quaint designs painted on them, silk stockings, and shoes which are too tight for him.

"What are you doing to-night?" says his friend. "Come down to Chelsea with me. There 's a grand Venetian *fête* on, and old GEORGE will be there."

"Right," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

When they get to the Gardens his friend takes him aside.

"I say," he begins anxiously, "I hope you won't mind, but the fact is that I 've promised you shall dance in a minuet to-night. Old GEORGE particularly wants to see one."

"But I simply couldn't," says TUNBRIDGE WELLS in alarm. "Can't you get somebody else?"

"Oh, but you must. I 've got you a jolly partner—the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.). You know the minuet, of course?"

"Well, I 've learnt it; but I 've very nearly forgotten it again. And my shoes are beastly uncomfortable. Before the KING, too. It 's a bit steep, you know."

"Well, then, you will. Good man."

"No, no," cries TUNBRIDGE WELLS hastily, and leads his friend aside under the trees. "I say," he begins mysteriously, "don't say anything, but . . . well, it 's rather awkward . . . . I may as well tell you . . . . these—er—these things are a bit tight. They look all right like this, you know, but when you bend down—well, I mean I have to be jolly careful."

"I was just thinking how pretty they were. A beautiful thing, that," he adds, pointing to a crescent moon in blue on TUNBRIDGE WELLS' left knee.

"Don't touch," says WELLS in alarm. "It comes off like anything. I lost a dragon-fly only yesterday. Well, you see how it is, old man. But for them I should have loved it. Only . . . I say, don't be a fool. . . . . Your servant, DUCHESS. I was just saying . . . . Yes, I am devoted to it. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. Let 's see, it *is* the left foot, isn't it? (Confound that idiot!)"

Now then, do you wonder that the poor fellow looks anxious? or that I feel it my duty, as a good actor, to look anxious too?

I have promised not to describe the whole minuet to you, but I must mention one figure in it of which I am particularly fond. In this you rejoin your partner after a long absence, and you have once more her supporting hand to hold you up. For some hours previously you have been alone in the wild and undulating open, tripping over mole-hills and falling down ha-has; and it is very pleasant (especially when your shoes fit you too soon) to get back to her and pour all your troubles into her sympathetic ear. It 's a figure in which you stand on one foot each for a considerable time, and paw the air with the others. You preserve your balance better if you converse easily and naturally.

"I nearly came a frightful purler just now. Did you see?"

"H'sh, not so loud. Have you found mother yet? She 's here to-day."

"One of my patches fell off. I hope nobody heard it."

"You 've got a different wig to-day. Why?"

"It 's greyer. I had such a very anxious moment yesterday. You know that last bow at the end where you go down and stay under water for about five minutes? Well, I really thought — however, they didn't."

"I don't like you in this one. It doesn't suit you at all."

"So I thought at first. But if you gaze at it very earnestly for three hours, and then look up at the ceiling, you——"

"Why, there *is* mother. Hold up."

"I fancy we have rather a good action in this figure. Do you think she 's noticing it? I hope she knows that we *could* stand on one leg without moving the other one at all. I mean I don't want her to think—— Hallo, here we are. Good-bye. See you again in the next figure but one." And the Duchess of KIRKCUDBRIGHT (N.B.) trips off.

I put in the "N.B." because she is very particular about it; and I say "trips" because I know the ground.

A. A. M.

CHARIVARIA.

IT is rumoured that, in order to make our forthcoming naval manœuvres approach as nearly as possible to actual war conditions, the rival fleets are to be commanded by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD and Sir PERCY SCOTT.

***

The Minister for War is, we understand, by no means neglecting the problem of the scarcity of horses for our cavalry. He has indeed, according to one report, found a remedy for it. The number of our mounted men is to be reduced.

***

The Liberals of Manchester are to make a presentation of silver plate to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, and, according to *The Daily Chronicle*, "Mr. CHURCHILL has promised to receive the souvenir in person." This is the humility of true greatness.

***

We hear that the eyesight of Nero, the Earl's Court lion, is still causing anxiety, and he may have to wear glasses.

***

Madame LEMOINE, the wife of the gentleman who duped Sir JULIUS WERNHER, is now suing for a divorce. We can understand that she does not care about waiting for her diamond wedding.

***

From Rome comes the news that there is trouble in the Chamber owing to the occupants of the Press Gallery having objected to one of the Deputies calling them "a pack of cowards." The idea that a body of men who listen without flinching to all the speeches made in a Parliament house can be lacking in pluck is of course absurd on the face of it.

***

"Another popular actress in the shape of Miss MAUDE MILLETT," said

The Express the other day, "has seceded to the Music Hall stage. She appeared at the Hippodrome, Crouch End, in a short costume comedy." We are sure that *The Express* did not mean what it said.

***

"It is ridiculous to suppose," said Mlle. VALERY, the latest Salome dancer, to an interviewer, "that the ideal dance can be accomplished in a hat." We should have thought that some of the most modern creations were almost large enough.

***

The preparations for the Olympic Games are now complete, and disappointment is expressed in some quarters that it has not been found possible to include among the events a "Licensing Act Stakes," being a six-miles walking race for topers.

***

Reading that there was a sunken band-stand in the Elite Gardens, an enterprising American salvage firm has, it is said, written to the authorities offering to raise it for a consideration.

***

The case of the four Liberal gentlemen (bringing the total to twenty-seven) who have been made members of the doomed Upper House is, we hear, to be taken up by the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

***

"Your eye tells you much, but your nose more," said an expert who was testing wines at the Franco-British Exhibition. Certainly it is the wine-sampler's nose that tells other people most.

***

Does advertising pay? Not always, apparently. Some of the recent advertisements of "The Historians' History" were entitled "The Daily Waste."

***

At the Old Bailey, last week, a juror objected to serve on the ground that it was against his conscience to try a woman. Seeing how many women try men, the objection seems to us peculiarly generous.

***

We live in a callous age. The cheapness of human life has often been the subject of comment, but the following item which appears in a prospectus of "The Metropolitan School of Shooting" surely constitutes a record:—

CASH TERMS.

PRACTICE AT EVERYTHING THE SCHOOL AFFORDS, INCLUDING ATTENDANTS, 5/- PER HOUR.



REGRETTABLE SET-BACK TO THE "ENTENTE."

French Visitor at Exhibition (reciting verbatim from his phrase-book). "'SIR, OR MADAM, AS THE CASE MAY BE." . . . .

"When am I going to get my pension?" shouted an Oxford wit when Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE was taking his honorary degree. Alas, my poor young friend, lunatics are specifically excluded from the benefit of the Bill.

"Young Man, requires situation in-door; can drive, ride, plain gardener."—*Irish Times.*

If a situation *should* arise in the butler's pantry, where the need of a good horseman was severely felt, *Mr. Punch* will be sure to communicate with the above young man.

"Miss Maud Allan was again at luncheon at the Prime Minister's house the other day, and the special guest invited to meet her was Mr. Winston Churchill."—*The Leeds Mercury.*

Doubtless they would tell each other what they thought of Manchester.

We understand that in consequence of the advent of a rival baby, the Prince of ASTURIAS has decided to join his regiment at once.

"Tarrant, *b.* Tarrant ..... 37."
Evening News.

That must be a very annoying thing to happen when you are well set.

OUR GREATEST NOVELIST IN DARKEST AFRICA.

MISS VICTORIA BOSS'S TOUR.

IT is pleasant to think that the enterprise shown by Mrs. ELINOR GLYN in sampling the seamy side of Californian life, as recently chronicled in *The Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, is not an isolated instance of feminine intrepidity. Our correspondent at Abomey, the capital of Dahomey, sends us an interesting letter describing the even more thrilling adventures of Miss VICTORIA BOSS, carefully-edited extracts from which we now venture to place before our readers:—

"Miss VICTORIA BOSS, the notorious English novelist, whose romances have recently been boycotted in the foc'sles of all the whalers of Dundee and Peterhead, was at first looked on askance on her arrival in Dahomey; but gradually the exclusive Amazonian coteries unbent, and before her departure she was entertained to an anthropophagi *déjeûner* by the Generalissimo and Staff of the Territorial Army."

"Miss Boss, who is travelling through West and Central Africa in search of local colour for her next story, 'The Man-Eaters,' is charmed with her experiences at Abomey and Whydah, where she visited the sacred snakes in the Temple of Bilimbing. During her stay in the Temple she was actually bitten by one of these formidable monsters; but, as might have been expected, the audacious reptile did not long survive the indiscretion."

"Interviewed by a representative of the Abomey *Bugle*, Miss Boss expressed herself in laudatory terms of the morals and manners of Dahomey. 'Your methods of dealing with the question of the survival of the unfittest,' she said with a charming smile, 'seem to me admirably logical and efficacious, and I only wish that the Prime Minister of England had an opportunity of witnessing your war-dances, or introducing them at one of his garden-parties.' Miss Boss subsequently took part in a grand gorilla hunt, in which two fine specimens of the anthropoid ape fell to her rifle, and when last heard of was wading dauntlessly through the Great Agrimé Swamp, in the company of her publisher, Mr. STINGAREE GULCHER and the Headman of the Bodili tribe, on her way to the Kong mountains in search of further tropical experiences to incorporate in her new novel."

LOW LIVING AND LOW THINKING.

[We learn from the most recently published volume of the Eversley *Tennyson* that the poet once made a strenuous effort to be a vegetarian. At the end of six weeks, however, his sense of fatuity drove him back to a mutton chop, after which he saw visions.]

SAID I, "Let the lambkin no longer
Be led to the slaughter for me;
Let the ox, honest beast,
Still continue to feast
With the grass growing up to his knee.
No more shall they jelly the conger
To gratify palate of mine;
The chick shan't be taken
And served up with bacon
To make me a dish when I dine.
Refined shall be my food,
And simply chaste my fare;
Upon some humble cereal
My soul shall grow ethereal:
Gross thoughts shall ne'er intrude
To raise my startled hair
If I but crunch a nut for lunch
And dine upon a pear."

With hope all expectant I started
My test of the simple *régime*.
The first thing to take
Was a cauliflower steak,
And then I sat waiting to dream.
When several hours had departed
And nothing came into my brain
I dined somewhat sparsely
On cutlets of parsley,
And then I sat waiting again.
Week slowly followed week—
How slowly none can know!
Once o'er a leg of lentil
My soul grew sentimental;
And once a loin of leek
Inspired my genius so
That with its aid I nearly made
A little tiny *mot*.

Alas! these poor flickering flashes
Grew fewer and further between,
And they came not because
Of the diet that was,
But because of the meat that had been.
Rice sirloins and carroty hashes—
I found it was these I must thank
For kindly revealing
The empty-full feeling
And turning my mind to a blank.
"A ruddy chop," I cried,
"A steak with richness wet,
This is the raw material
That makes a man ethereal!
My vegetarian pride
I 'm eager to forget—
Who will may rail, but I shall trail
My clouds of glory yet."

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.

(An exercise in Westminster Gazettics.)

The Pan-Anglican Congress.

LONDON, the place chosen as the scene of the recent Pan-Anglican Congress, is the capital of England and one of the principal cities of the world. It is very old, traces of Roman occupation being still visible, and every year it increases in size and attracts more and more visitors. This year the number of Americans in London is said to be phenomenal. London has had many celebrants, but none more eloquent than the American poet, who wrote:—

City of industry and wealth and grime,
How wonderful thou art, and how sublime!

No two better adjectives than these have ever been applied to London. It is truly wonderful and sublime.

The New Prince.

The birth of another Prince to the Queen of SPAIN is by no means the only instance of a Royal mother having two sons in succession. In fact this feat was accomplished by no less a personage than the Queen of SPAIN'S grandmother, the late QUEEN VICTORIA. *Apropos* of the new Prince, it is interesting to note that the letters of his many names, when added together, come to a total only five fewer than the number of ships in the great Armada sent out to conquer England by PHILIP.

The Lush Month.

In July, says the poet of the cuckoo, he gets ready to fly. This is no doubt true. The whole poem may come to the reader as a pleasing novelty:—

In April
Come he will.
In May
He sings all day.
In June
He changes his tune.
In July
He gets ready to fly.
In August
Go he must.

To these were appended, says the late Sir MOUNTSTUART GRANT-DUFF, the following amusing lines at a breakfast party at which DARWIN and ODO RUSSELL were vying with each other in couplets. DARWIN added:—

In September
He 's gone, remember.

While ODO RUSSELL capped this with:—

In October
If you hear him you 're not sober.

The British Medical Statuary.

The discussion over the propriety or impropriety of the statues in the



"CATCH HIM, DADDY! CATCH HIM!"

Strand takes one back to the eighteenth century and the controversy which raged around the proposal of the then Lord Mayor to replace the time-honoured effigies of Gog and Magog by undraped figures of himself and the Lady Mayoress. The coffee-houses were alive with opinions on the subject, and it is needless to say that the sheriffs did not conceal their views. BOSWELL records a saying of Dr. JOHNSON on the subject. "Why not?" he growled. "Let the dogs do what they like." In the end the Lord Mayor lost, and Gog and Magog continued to represent the City.

HOW NOT TO DRESS ON £2,000 A YEAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Forgive your old friend "The Major" whose conversations on clothes you must have met next but one to the advertisement pages in the weekly papers) for intruding, but really it is too bad. Silk hat and *knickerbockers*, indeed!

I need not remind you that it was I who first announced to an astonished world that trousers must be pressed down the middle, the only operation I ever heard of that can be performed by a man asleep in his bed. The more sleep, in fact, the better for the trousers. But perhaps you keep a trouser-press.

From the many little chats we have had about summer suitings, the ups and downs of collars and the extraordinary merit of Messrs. PUSHSALE'S back studs (the distinction between me and the advertisement pages has not always been strictly preserved) you will have gathered that I have a delicate, artistic temperament. *Silk-hat* and knickerbockers! (Breeches, no doubt, he would call them, but that would be a mere quibble.) Conceive my feelings, to whom, though long experience of barristers' clerks has made the Bowler-hat-and-Tails seem familiar and almost picturesque, the Frock-coat-and-Straw-hat is still painful. What are those things to Silk-hat-and-Knickerbockers?

Tired and worn by exacting experiments upon the polishing of pumps, I had on that fatal afternoon had the misfortune to meet in the Strand two sets of Frock-coat-and-Straws, one of them smoking a pipe, and such a pipe, too! Quite unmanned, I did what you would have done; I fled to Bond Street for rest and recuperation. It was there, of all places, that I saw IT. Oh, the pain and the shame! Silk-hat *and* knickerbockers, indeed! In London, note: in Birmingham it might have amused me. In Bond Street, mark you: in the Fulham Road I might have endured it with only a passing spasm. Silk hat *and* knickerbockers! Hateful; inconceivably vile; monstrous. And the fellow was a Bishop too.

Your desperate MAJOR.

Objection has been raised to the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition on Sundays, because it is a place of amusement for which an entrance fee is charged. The difficulty has now been met by the suggestion that the public should be admitted free, and charged a shilling to go out.



Umpire. "WHAT DO YOU REPRESENT, SIR?" *Portly Captain.* "THE SKELETON ENEMY, SIR."

NEW FRUITS FOR OLD.

[Mr. BOYLE in the *Cornhill* expatiates on the delights of a number of unfamiliar fruits, including the tarippe, the cherimoya, the langsat, the rambi, the guango, the mandaroit, and the bododo.]

Oh, I am aweary of all the ancient fruits—
The apple, the pear, yea, even the velvet peach,
And when I behold them, any or all or each,
My heart sinks down to the bottom of both my boots.

The strawberry once I loved, but strawberries pall;
I love the nectarine still, but the only time
When the taste of the nectarine touches a height sublime
Is when you pluck it fresh from a sun-kissed wall.

Time was when the orange attracted my callow lips,
And the lemon blended with soda merited praise,
But the glamour of both has waned in my latter days,
For they break my heart with their everlasting pips.

No, the ancient fruits no more my allegiance claim,
And I long for something that is not obsolete,
"With a flavour of Will-o'-the-wisp," yet not too sweet,
And above all owning a weird, exotic name.

Such qualities, I am sure, must be enshrined
In the heart of the delicate, elegant tarippe.
I can fancy its juices adown my gullet slip
Like a river of liquid gold quadruply refined.

And the name of the cherimoya my soul arrides,
Recalling the whisper of muted Æolian strings,
Or the melodies sung at the courts of elfin kings,
Or the lapping at dusk of dim Lethæan tides.

Why should the langsat afar in a tropic land
Waste all its sweetness on savages forlorn,
While I with palate unsated in London mourn?—
This, this is a thing no fellow can understand!

Could I but feast, in a humble catamaran,
On the rambi, what measures divine would flow from my pen!
What deeds would I do, unknown to mortal ken,
Inspired by the guango or even the jintawan!

O why, Sir ALFRED JONES, are you grown so keen
On shipping bananas alone to the Severn shore,
When the throats of men like me are thirsting sore
For the sweets of the mandaroit and the mangosteen?

Oh, bring us the cool bododo, for which I pant,
Give us the luing, and, ringed with an aureole,
Your name shall blaze on Pomona's golden scroll
As her truest and most devoted hierophant.

Terrible Riverside Calamity.

"And in another half-hour the sparkling river was full of well-fed men and slightly languid ladies, moving with deliberation but persistence towards Boulter's."—*Daily Telegraph.*



LIVING ON REPUTATION.

BRITANNIA (*among the Pageants*). "QUITE RIGHT OF THEM TO SHOW PRIDE IN MY PAST; BUT WHAT WORRIES ME IS THAT NOBODY SEEMS TO TAKE ANY INTEREST IN MY FUTURE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22. — Indefinable something of difference about Mr. WEIR since last he heckled the hapless Scotch Secretary. A deeper note in his reverberating voice as, in reluctant submission to hidden hydraulic power, it is brought up from his boots. More threatening glare in his eye as over his pince-nez he regards the guilty Minister. Sterner tone in his reminder that two years ago the very same answer was made to identical question. "If," he added *ex profundis*, "the right hon. gentleman does not do something shortly he will go down to posterity unhonoured and unsung."

Member for SARK says the subtle change is due to Royal influence. At the Windsor Garden Party on Saturday, Mr. WEIR, watching the Independent Labour Members stalking the King, determined that Ross and Cromarty should not be out of the game. After patient endurance he succeeded in being honoured by recognition. SARK says that on approaching the Presence he instinctively dropped into his habitual Parliamentary formula and began, "Is your Majesty a-Weir——?"

That probably a flight of fancy. Certainly Mr. WEIR had speech with his Sovereign and feels it rather a come-down to be now putting his customary half-dozen questions to a mere Secretary of State.

Business done.—HERBERT GLADSTONE moved second reading of Eight Hours (Miners) Bill. Eleven o'clock rule suspended with view to finishing debate to-night. At eleven o'clock at least a dozen speeches undelivered. Debate accordingly adjourned to unnamed date.

Tuesday.—When F. W. LAMBTON lets himself go he is the Eclipse of debate. For powerful denunciation of an iniquitous Ministry he has no compeer. Consider his protest against their arbitrary use of closure to hustle on the Old Age Pensions Bill.

"The Government," he said in an impassioned flight of eloquence that brought tears to eyes of Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, "throws at the House, as bones are thrown to a dog, crude Bills which Ministers have not thought out. Hon. Members are sent like so many dogs to the kennels upstairs to gorge themselves on hasty, ill-cooked measures whilst Ministers sit in Olympian grandeur forging their thunderbolts and—er—and—indulging in other pleasant pastimes."



THE INDIGNANT MAMMOTH; OR, PRIMEVAL SCOTLAND.

Mr. G-ll-w-y W-r (in a blood-curdling, reverberating, paleolithic undertone).

"NO ANSWER-R!!—AS USUAL, MR. SPEAKER-R-R!!"

As this glittering cascade of almost Oriental imagery fell from LAMBTON'S lips HENRY CRAIK sat hard by in gloomy silence. Had had his little triumph. But what was it compared with this avalanche of trope? In debate on Old Age Pensions Bill he clinched the matter by describing the contributory principle as "the sheet anchor holding the balance."

In contrast with LAMBTON'S metaphors this has disadvantage of being submarine in locality. A sheet anchor holding a balance is one of the secrets of mechanics which the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear. LAMBTON'S pageant moves on the surface under the dome of heaven. You see ASQUITH throwing to clemmed Members crude Bills he has not thought out. You watch the pack turn at crack of whip, gallop across Lobbies, and so to their kennels upstairs. Almost you hear the crunching of the ill-cooked measures they gorge themselves withal. The unplumb'd, salt estranging sea hides working of CRAIK'S simpler device.



"THE SHEET-ANCHOR HOLDING THE BALANCE."

(Sir H-nry Cr-k.)

But there it is, grandly impressive, reckless of storms above or ground-swell below—a sheet anchor holding a balance.

Business done. Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Wednesday.—If you want to make your flesh creep, JOHN DAVID REES, not in personal appearance reminiscent of the *Fat Boy*, is your man. Submitted to HOME SECRETARY question involving blood-curdling suggestions of escaped lunatics wandering through counties and boroughs, committing horrible murders of unoffending constituents. It appears that, under Lunacy Act, if re-capture be evaded for fourteen days the fugitive may thereafter snap his fingers at his pursuer. All he has to do is to secrete himself for a fortnight. In the name of the mothers and children of England REES called upon HOME SECRETARY to state whether this dangerous condition of things should continue?

With that hide-bound officialism inherited by Home Secretaries HERBERT GLADSTONE pooh-poohed



ON THE SPOT AT QUESTION TIME.
(Major S-ly does very nicely as Under-Secretary for the Colonies.)

the suggestion that the law should be amended.

"Sir," said Mr. REES, more in sorrow than in anger, "does the right hon. gentleman think that nothing is required? I have at this moment in my hand a discharge."

As he held out the document in full view of what should have been a sympathetic House, a roar of laughter burst forth. Where did he get the discharge? Was it duly certified? and where had he been secreting himself for the last fortnight? These and other ribald questions went round.

REES returned document to breast coat pocket, and resumed seat, admitting to himself that nothing is to be done with a flippant assembly like this.

Business done.—More Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill.

Friday.—Wonderful how quickly SEELY has put on the Ministerial manner as if it were a garment. Also how well it fits him. Only the other day was a free lance below the gangway, wanting to know all kinds of inconvenient things from Ministers. Now the poacher is turned game-keeper, with proverbial consequence.

Easy enough to read from manuscript answer to question of which notice has been given. It is the supplementary enquiries permitted by leniency of the SPEAKER that give the Minister pause. No one has yet taken a rise out of the new Under Secretary for the Colonies. On controversial questions connected with DINIZULU or labour in the Rand Mines the ball is tossed from side to side. Ministerialists and Members of Opposition fiercely talk at each other across the body of Under Secretary. All the while he feels that the Transvaal and Natal are listening at the door. A maladroit expression, an unjustifiable denial, an untimely admission, would have the effect of dropping fat on the flame. SEELY stands the cross-fire with unfailing coolness and comes out unhurt.

Business done.—Tobacco Growing (Scotland) Bill passed third reading.

THE COASTGUARD.

FROM the white-washed wall that enclosed the garden in front of his trim cottage you could have thrown a stone far into the sea two hundred feet below. He was standing at the corner of the enclosure, a big telescope tucked under his arm, a mast with the White Ensign flying at the gaff rising just behind him. I glowed with exercise and patriotism, as I scrambled up the steep path towards him—a solitary figure keeping watch and ward over miles and miles of Britannia's realm.

"You 've got the command of the sea here, anyhow," I remarked, thinking my little play upon words rather happy, considering the heat of the day. He nodded gravely.

"You wouldn't believe what the wind 's like on this cliff," he said; "took up all them broccolis by the roots last week, it did."

I glanced round the devastated garden, not quite sure which was the plant in question; but my nautical fervour refused to be brought to earth. My eyes fell upon a small shed that must needs, I thought, contain the signals that will be let off on the approach of the enemy.

"Blue lights?" I ventured, pointing to it, pleased with my acuteness.

"Blue rocks," he corrected. "The missus likes 'em in a pie, but they make a sad mess of the garden, they do."

I began to conceive a dislike to the garden. The awkward pause that followed was interrupted by a second coastguard running out of the cottage to us, with anxiety and even alarm written large upon his bronzed face.

"Let 's have that glass, BILL," he said, hastily taking the telescope.

"Is it possible," I pondered, "that the invading squadrons are already upon the horizon?" But no. The second coastguard, steadying the telescope by the mast under the shadow of the White Ensign, was searching, not the sea, but the countryside. My heart gave a jump. "Surely, surely," I gasped, "they cannot yet have landed. Where is the Home Fl——"

"Haven't seen naught of my ducks this morning, BILL, have yer?" muttered the anxious one, the glass still screwed to his eye.

It was evident that in order to get at the expert opinion of BILL and his mate upon naval policy I must first ingratiate myself by pretending to take an interest in their curiously rural pursuits. I determined to seize the earliest opening that offered.

"Here 's the gunboat, HENERY!" suddenly snapped the first coastguard, springing to the handle of the semaphore that stood at the corner of the wall.

HENRY swiftly swung the telescope round to bear upon a craft just gliding into view from behind the headland and close in-shore.

"New type of scout," I observed, by way of showing how up-to-date my naval intelligence was.

They gave a grunt that might have meant assent or the reverse. They were already talking to the gunboat with their weird machine.

Now was my opportunity to show how much I delighted in ducks.

"Have they seen anything of them?" I asked, with anxiety.

BILL fixed me with an eye in which there was a good deal of pity.

"If," he said, slowly wagging his head towards the path up which I had come, "you would kindly rejine your—your attendant—HENERY and me is rather busy."

That 's the way with these professionals. The more enthusiastic the amateur is, the more severely they snub him.

Society News.

The Duke of NORFOLK'S infant son is progressing rapidly, though he is having the usual trouble with his teeth. We derive our information from *The Daily Mail*, which gives us the following paragraph:—

"NORFOLK.—Crop very fine. An exceptional yield is promised. A little cutting has begun, and prospects are excellent."

"Required, a Post as Companion."
Leamington Daily Circular.

Much better have a good walking-stick.



A SAD CASE.

Squire. "HAVEN'T HAD A JOB SINCE EASTER, HAVEN'T YOU? WHAT ARE YOU?"
Tramp. "I'M AN 'OT CROSS BUN MAKER!"

ANOTHER HUMAN EPISODE.

[A pretty little story appeared lately in *The Evening News* of how Mr. JOHN BURNS was seen in a tramway car playing with the toes of a curly-haired baby which was sitting on its mother's knee (or it might have been its aunt's). "How delightful," whispered a lady to a companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister playing with a baby." "A Cabinet Minister!" replied the other. "What do you mean?" "I mean," the first lady said, with a slight inclination of the head, "that that is the Right Hon. John Burns—the people's John—John of Battersea."]

A TOUCHING little incident is reported to have occurred in Whitehall yesterday. A boyish-looking figure was seen hurrying across the roadway, making for the Board of Trade Office, when his progress was barred by a pigeon which was complacently feeding in the gutter. Instead of brushing the bird aside impatiently or even trampling on it (as many men in his place would have done, for he was evidently in a hurry), this courteous knight waited till the bird had passed, and then—but not till then—resumed his way with a cheery nod and a smile to the feathered obstructionist. "How sweet," said a smart-looking woman to her companion, "to see a Cabinet Minister so punctiliously polite to a pigeon." "A Cabinet Minister?" replied the friend. "What do you mean?" "I mean," said the first lady, "that that is the President of the Board of Trade—WINSTON CHURCHILL—our WINNIE—the Member for Dundee."

[It turned out afterwards to be a War Office messenger, but we give the story for what it is worth.]

EXPLOSIONS THAT TELL.

A FRENCH scientist claims to have invented an explosive which, instead of going off with a bang, speaks any word and in any language that is required of it. By this invention every firework may tell its story, and every Chinese cracker crack its little joke.

An enterprising vendor of novelties is putting on the market, at a shilling a dozen, what he has named "Bombs to relieve the feelings." If a straphanger steps on your toe, or if you just miss your train, or if your article is declined, or if your bootlace breaks, all you have to do is to drop one of these little bombs on the floor and it says the word for you, saving you all further trouble.

The Post Office also is kindly supplying the lady clerks at the counters with "Civility" bombs. Rush of business has hitherto prevented these fair servants of the public from doing themselves justice, but it will be the easiest thing in the world to throw a "Thank you" bomb at a customer.

THE ATTRACTION OF LAST WEEK: The Frankau-Caldwell Exhibition.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

HAPPENINGS OF THE SEASON.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—Though Ascot is ancient history now, I *must* tell you what a success I was there in my *most* distracting get-up of the week—white Directoire, not *too* Directoire, you know, my dear, but just Directoire enough! It was distinctly funny to notice the people who had made a timid, half-hearted attempt to be Directoire, and had stopped short in a sort of panic. *One*, at *least*, however, had let valour be a good bit the better part of discretion:—POPSY, Lady RAMSGATE, was *so* Directoire on Cup Day that she quite took off attention from the gee-gees.

MÉLANIE DE CHATEAUVIEUX and her Comte are over on a visit. They 're both as *frightfully chic* as ever, and we three are great pals. The *entente* stopa there, however, for JOSIAH can't stand the Comte (he says he 's "a grinning ape") and Aunt GOLDIE hates MÉLANIE, and never speaks of her except as "that Frenchwoman." *Et pourquoi?* Because MÉLANIE didn't *try* to hide her surprise on first realising that Aunt G. was Mrs. NORTON VAVASOUR, and also because she flirts outrageously with NORTY, and they chatter Parisian *argot*, while poor Aunt GOLDIE is quite out of it, *her* French being of the good old sort that does very well so long as it isn't used, but goes all to pieces as soon as she comes to grips with a native. It 's a great deal too bad of NORTY. For *once* I 'm inclined to side with Aunt GOLDIE. As I told him yesterday, he 'll bring down her transformation with sorrow to the grave!

MÉLANIE prides herself on her English and her knowledge of London, but I *must* tell you of a most *absurd* mistake she made, if you 'll promise not to be shocked, you dear humdrum old darling. We were strolling about together at Ascot and I was telling her who different people were, when Lady EXSHIRE passed. I told MÉLANIE that, ages ago, before she married Lord EXSHIRE, she was a famous Gaiety girl, and added: "*Comprenez-vous ce que veut dire* Gaiety girl?"



Golfer (*to longsuffering and wearied caddie*). "HOW MANY'S THAT, SANDY?"

Caddie. "YE'RE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH. YE TAPPIT IT AFF THE TEE IN YUN, MISSED IT ALTAEGETHER IN TWA, WENT INTAE THE SANDBANK IN THREE, YE DIDNA GET OOT IN FOUR, BUT YE GOT OOT IN FIVE, YE GAED INTAE THE WHINS IN SAX, YE DIDNA GET GOT IN SEVEN, BUT YE GOT OOT IN ACHT, AND NOO YERE PLAYIN' YERE NINTH."

"*Si je comprends!*" said MÉLANIE. "*Mais, je crois bien, ma chère! Chez nous autres Français la phrase pareille est* * *" No, really it was *such* an absurd mistake and *so* rough on the poor EXSHIRE woman, that I must leave you to find out for yourself what MÉLANIE said.

People turned up in force at the Matinée Theatre yesterday for FRANKY FITZ-JAMES's first play, "*How-de-do?*" It proved a big success, *immensely* real and true to life. The curtain rises on *Lady Belton's* drawing-rooms at calling time. They all talk about the weather. Then we see that *Lady Belton* and *Siddy de Vaux* love each other. While all the others are talking about a bad attack of indy someone's had, *Siddy* asks her to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers she 's only half through a course of beauty-treatment with *Madame Blagueuse*, and so she can't. Then they all talk about the weather again, and the curtain falls on the First Act. The Second Act is still in *Lady Belton's* drawing-rooms, and it 's still calling time. They all talk about the weather again. A *Mrs. Damer* has come in, and we see that she loves and is loved by another of the callers, *Ronny ffarington*. While the others are all discussing the best sort of drinks for a hot day, *Ronny* asks *Mrs. Damer* to run away with him. She says she will. Then she remembers that her little doggie isn't well enough to travel, and as, of course, she can't leave the little thingy-thing behind, *that* elopement's off *too*. Then everyone talks about the weather again, and the curtain falls finally.

We all think FRANKY will go far as a playwright. Lord and Lady KNIGHTSBRIDGE gave a big tea afterwards, and were simply *loaded* with congrats about their brilliant son's success with "*How-de-do?*"

Oh, my dear! What *do* you think! Such a burst-up at BOSH and WEE-WEE's! BOSH, you know, though outwardly lively, is *really* a very *serious* character. He thinks about quite a number of things, and is *immensely* strict about churchgoing. I don't mean that he ever goes to church *himself*, but he makes WEE-WEE go; he says women *need* it. Lately, however, she 's been excusing herself on one plea or



Vicar. "I'm glad to see, Mrs. Tipples, that your husband is keeping steady. He seems quite to have turned over a new leaf."
Mrs. T. "That 'e 'ave, Sir. 'E 's took a bitter oath never to touch a drop o' drink again—not in this world!"

another, till at last all the excuses were worn to rags—and then the truth came out. She 's a Fire-Worshipper! She was won over by that Persian Imaum, Firdushi, who was over here in the spring, was made so much of by everyone, and gave little sermon-lectures at people's houses. Converts are cropping up every day. Dickie Sandys is another, and Lord and Lady Ramsgate are in fits about it. She was taken to hear the Imaum by her granny, Popsy, Lady R., who 's been a Fire-Worshipper for ages, it appears. Now, old girl, though you 're inclined to disapprove of your Blanche in general, you must own up that in *this* instance I 've proved myself superior to Wee-Wee and Dickie and the rest. Though the Imaum was *decidedly* rather a darling and I went to *all* his sermon-lectures, he didn't make a 'vert of *me* or sway me in the least little bit. I consider that the Fire-Worshippers are almost *quite* wrong—especially in always getting up to see the sun rise!

I hit on such a lovely *cool* idea for my last afternoon party. It was a sweltering day, and I had the conservatory opening from the white drawing-room turned into a Polar scene, with icebergs and all that sort of thing, and I ordered a Polar bear from the Stores to make it complete. The man brought him, put him among the bergs, and gave him something to keep him quiet. When people came they were quite enchanted with such a *nicky* idea for a hot afternoon, though, of course, there are always *some* who are too *jealous* and *envious* to praise you for anything. Mélanie and her Comte were particularly charmed. If people felt uncomfy with the heat, all they had to do was to look at the bear and the bergs and they were cool again. Presently, however (whether the man hadn't given him enough stuff, or whether the bergs weren't cold enough for him, or the noise of our chatter bothered him, I can't say), the bear began to get lively and to move about and look through at us with the dearest, angriest little eyes. He looked *particularly* hard at Aunt Goldie, and she screamed and rushed to another part of the room, and then everyone began to get so jumpy, and Mélanie's "*Tiens!*" got so loud and shrill, that I had to send for the man, who gave him some more stuff, and he settled down among the bergs again and was a good, sedate bear and part of the picture.

This, my dear, if you want to know, is a *ribbon* summer, and it 's correct to be very lively. Ribbons and liveliness always go together, and lace and languor. Which is cause and which effect, whether it 's the ribbons that produce liveliness or the liveliness that expresses itself in ribbons, I 'm not here to tell you, as they say in the House.

Darling Pompom has been feeling a wee bit used up and run down lately, so I 've sent him to do a cure at a Doggie's Home of Rest a little way in the country—not too far for his loving mother to motor down and see him often. Already the fresh air, early hours and simple life are giving the sweet mite the bloom of his puppyhood again.

Ever thine, Blanche.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"TRAIN up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Those, I believe, were the words of Solomon the Wise, who was once a boy himself, and is reputed to have had several children of his own. In *The Pedestal* (CHAPMAN & HALL), Mr. DESMOND COKE gives us the converse of the proposition. Neglect your child for the pleasures of Society while he is in the nursery, and selfishly spoil him in his early boyhood, and when at last you bring yourself to send him to school he is bound to come to grief. Sir BERNARD FOTHERGILL succeeded the late baronet at the early age of seven, and his decline and fall dated from the moment when his father's sudden death in the hunting-field made him his repentant mother's idol. At school he made friends with a rather hopeless sort of cousin, and, to help him out of a difficulty connected with the house cash-box, consented to go into the dressing-room and "borrow" some money from "the big fellows' bags." Of course he was caught in the act, and of course he nobly declined to give away "the other fellow," and of course his heroic reserve was regarded by his foolish mother as the stubbornness of guilt, till his comparative innocence was triumphantly established. Mr. COKE knows a good deal about boys, though I don't think that in this respect *The Pedestal* comes up to *The Bending of a Twig*. But to those of you who are mothers (as the College Don said when he preached one of his old village-sermons to an audience of undergraduates) I commend it as a solemn and salutary warning. The Parents' National Education Union ought certainly to put it on their list of useful publications.



THE EGOIST IN THE GARDEN.

"CONFOUND YOU, SIR! JUST LOOK AT MY CUCUMBER FRAME!"

The strife ensuing when passion twists
The steeled nerve-tissues of scientists—
ARTHUR APPLIN depicts complete
In his novel *The Butcher of Bruton Street.*

The book (GRANT RICHARDS) is made to present
Three clear types of medical gent;
Two are pleasant enough to meet;
The third is the Butcher of Bruton Street.

There 's old *Pill Brown*, who 's a bland G.P.;
There 's *Janson*, who can't stand surgery;
And he who is loved of the great *élite*,
Haigg, the Butcher of Bruton Street.

Each is lured by the selfsame maid;
Each pursues in his way his trade—
Janson, reformer; *Brown*, discreet;
And knife-'em-all *Haigg* of Bruton Street.

Mingling human traits with the set
Demands of medical etiquette,
Partly a treatise, partly a treat
Is the tale of *The Butcher of Bruton Street.*

In *One City and Many Men* (SMITH, ELDER) are set forth in pleasant, chatty form memories of olden times by one who has discovered the secret of perennial youth. Sir ALGERNON WEST's recollections go back to the early days of Queen VICTORIA's reign. After serving under Sir CHARLES WOOD when that forgotten statesman was at the India Office, he was Private Secretary to Mr. GLADSTONE throughout his most momentous Premiership. Succeeding to the Chairmanship of the Board of Inland Revenue, he had the opportunity of studying Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL at close quarters, and gives some interesting particulars of his brief tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. Much has been written about Mr. GLADSTONE. His former secretary and friend adds precious material to common knowledge. One of the most charming chapters in a book of unfailing interest is descriptive of a walk through deserted London, which Sir ALGERNON's memory and fancy people with a crowd of interesting wraiths.

I have long held the conviction that, owing to no fault of its own, the most disorderly word in the English language is "only." More frequently than any other it is misplaced. The impression is confirmed by a sentence in a book otherwise blameless in the matter of style. "I was," Sir ALGERNON writes, "only born on the day of the Reform Bill passing." Why this petulant complaint? Did he expect to be also christened and married? However, the reader will rejoice that he was at least born, since he has lived to give the world this delightful book.

The graceful and allusive writer on the open air is always with us; but we do not know of any English hand now executing this pleasant task better than Mr. BEACH THOMAS, author of *From a Hertfordshire Cottage* (ALSTON RIVERS). His knowledge of natural history and his memory of what other men have said of natural history—both poets and scientific writers—are about equal, and they see-saw very agreeably through the book. Mr. THOMAS, I think, makes a mistake in withholding the names of his poets as often as he does, especially as he seems to have explored the less known lyrics more than most. I like to find again Sir EDWARD GREY's remark that to hear the first song in early spring of any bird is "better than a personal success." Not bad for a Cabinet Minister.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. KEIR HARDIE is still very angry indeed because the KING did not send him an invitation which he would not have accepted; yet some of the other Labour Members not only pocketed their pride and went to the Garden Party, but treated HIS MAJESTY as their equal.

***

It is, we hear, not unlikely that, if Parliament should render it possible for Scotch cigars to be produced, power will be given to magistrates to sentence little boys to one of them under the Children's Bill.

***

The fact that on the 27th ult. thirty-four ladies and gentlemen started to swim from Richmond to Blackfriars draws attention once more to the grave scandal of our river being without steamboats.

***

Now that it has been decided that the garden to the west of the Law Courts is to be built on, the L.C.C. is patting itself on the back for its foresight in securing a large open space for the public in another part of the Strand.

***

A sentence of six months' imprisonment has been passed at Hereford on a farmer who was found to have stolen nearly 3,000 books. The volumes were all of an elevating character, and the defence was that the prisoner was insane.

***

We are beaten nowadays in so many fields by our foreign rivals that it is some satisfaction to know that the oldest Englishwoman, who died the other day, was a native of this country.

***

Says *The Bingville Bugle* (U.S.A.):—"Miss AMELIA TUCKER, the acknowledged belle and reigning queen of Bingville, has announced a croquet party for next Saturday afternoon. The *élite* of Bingville will be present. Crullers and cookies and tea will be served. Miss AMELIA will pour." Suggested motto for Miss TUCKER:—"It never reigns but it pours."

***

Among the crop of rumours concerning the medical statuary in Agar Street there is one to the effect that the nude figures are to be removed across the Strand to the more appropriate Adam Street.

***

Mr. STEYN and Mr. REITZ, the two ex-Presidents of the late Orange Free State, have been granted pensions of £1,000 and £500 a year respectively. "Peace hath her victories," etc.

***

A United States Consular Report cautions American visitors to Europe against the purchase of sham curios. This reminds us that we ourselves were offered an object the other day which the dealer described as an "old antique." Here we evidently have a trade term, and tourists would undoubtedly be well advised to insist on a guarantee that the article they buy is an old antique, and not merely a new-laid one.

***

Our bright little contemporary, *The Daily News*, informs us in its inimitable way that "Sir ANGUS HOLDEN is a son of the famous octogenarian, Sir ISAAC HOLDEN, the inventor and rival of Lord MASHAM." It is hard indeed when the man whom one has invented becomes one's rival.

***

Reticent language on the part of a newspaper is sufficiently rare nowadays to be notable. "The performance of *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden was remarkable," said *The Daily Telegraph*, "for Miss LALLA MIRANDA'S excellent impersonation of *Zerlina*." The expression "remarkable" is really scarcely adequate. When a character from *Don Giovanni* coolly appears in *Rigoletto* we think that the cricketing term "Sensational play" would be justifiable.

***

A happy suggestion comes from an open-air school near Dresden, where an unfortunate scholar sat down on a wasps' nest. It is now probable that, in similar institutions, the cane as a corrective may soon be superseded.

***

LUNACY IN ENGLAND.
CRITICISM OF THE
LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

This heading we cull from *The Pall Mall Gazette*. We think that our contemporary is unduly hard on a body of men who, anyhow, are doing their best.



DEFECTIVE ARMING IN THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

Officer of Yeomanry (to Trooper who has taken up position from which he cannot see at all). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?"

Trooper. "PLEASE, ZUR, I BE A ZENTURY."

Officer. "AND WHAT GOOD DO YOU SUPPOSE YOU ARE?"

Trooper. "MAIN LITTLE, WI' FOWER ROUNDS O' BLANK AND NA SWORD!"

DO MANAGERS READ PLAYS?

Mr. Punch is under an impression that the following letters were intended rather to reach the Editor of *The Daily Mail* than himself, but he has decided to print them, if only as a warning to correspondents to be more careful how they address their communications.

SIR,—As the author of several plays, none of which has hitherto been produced, I have for some time suspected that the managers cannot have read a single MS. I submitted to them. Wishing to satisfy myself on this point, I recently exposed a leading actor-manager (whose name I mercifully refrain from giving) to the following test. I sent him a Three Act Society Comedy entitled *All Sorts*, the first Act of which consisted of the Second Book of Euclid, with the figures and lettering omitted, and the text cut up and assigned to various *dramatis personæ*. The Second Act was extracted from the *Anglo-Portuguese Phrase Book*, while the Third was composed of several pages from last year's Academy Catalogue, arranged in dialogue form.

After waiting three weeks, it was returned to me with all the courtesy of postal registration and a printed notice stating that, after careful consideration, Mr. —— regretted that the play I had been kind enough to submit to him was not calculated, in his opinion, to prove suitable to the tastes of his audiences. Which was exactly what he had said of all the plays I had sent him previously. Comment is superfluous!

JUSTUS ET TENAX.

SIR,—I *know* that Managers do not read plays—at all events, not *my* plays—and I am in a position to prove that this is so. A short time ago, stung to indignation by the specious—I will not say hypocritical—excuses with which a certain Manager (to whom I had the advantage of a letter of introduction from one of the greatest living authorities on Metric Craniology) had rejected several dramatic works on which I had expended both time and thought, I hit upon a plan to expose such insincerity as it deserved. I prepared three Acts in the regulation brown-paper covers, each of which bore the title "Sold!" but contained nothing but blank sheets. These I forwarded to his private address, with a note begging him to read the piece as soon as possible and let me know exactly what he thought. Within three weeks I received an answer which I cannot resist quoting in full. Here it is:—

"Dear Mr. PULLEGG,—I have at last found leisure to look at 'Sold,' and hasten to offer you my sincere congratulations on a work which strikes me as an immense advance on anything of yours which I have yet had the pleasure of seeing. While it possesses all the qualities that distinguished your earlier efforts, it is richer, it seems to me, in incident and character, and more telling in dialogue. I like, too, the manner in which you have contrived to preserve your secret right up to the *dénoûment*. The only consideration which prevents me from accepting it for immediate production is that, unfortunately, it is too much in the nature of a 'problem play' to be quite suitable to my theatre. I therefore return it with many thanks for submitting a piece in which, believe me, I see nothing but promise.

Yours very sincerely,
GRANVILLE STUART HARRIMAN."

Perhaps it is a little too bad to pillory him like this—but he has brought it on himself, and will, I trust, have sufficient sense of humour to smile at the neatness with which he has been entrapped.

WYLIE PULLEGG.
(*Author of "Refused a Hearing," "How Long?" "While you Wait," etc., etc.*)

SIR,—I see that there is a correspondence in your columns on the question whether Managers are lax or otherwise in reading plays that are submitted to them, so possibly your readers may be interested by a recent experience of my own. As I was doing up a Five-Act Drama, with a view to posting it to a certain brilliant and popular comedy actress, it suddenly occurred to me that I could easily detect whether she had read it all through or not by inserting a dead cockroach (which I procured without difficulty from the kitchen) between the last and penultimate pages. After some months had passed in absolute silence, I thought it advisable to write to the lady once more. At last I received a reply, in which she stated as her reasons for finding the play unsuitable, that the principal character in it was lacking in vitality and too unsympathetic to be popular on the stage. She also objected to the death scene in the last Act as being both "dry and flat." As a matter of fact none of the characters died in any of the Acts, while it is significant that the body of the cockroach was in precisely the same place and position as when I dispatched my MS. I am afraid, Sir, that these facts admit of but one inference!

INDIGNANT PLAYWRIGHT.
F. A.

Answer to Correspondent.

"BRITISH HOSPITALITY."—This appeal for funds for the entertainment of foreign competitors in the Olympic Games is, as you say, a little sudden and hasty, seeing that the authorities must have guessed, several years ago, that somebody was sure to want to come and compete. Still, if I were you, I should invite them to use your half-crown at once, and not put it out at compound interest against the next reception of the kind, sixty years hence. For by that time Mr. HALDANE may have collected all the Territorials he has advertised for, and the Government should have greater leisure for dealing with the more peaceful forms of invasion.

In *The Daily Mail* Signor BONCI instructs aspiring singers as follows:—

"Take a deep breath, extending the diaphragm to its fullest extent; next exhale slowly, pressing from the bottom of the lungs, drawing the diaphragm inwards to commence with and upwards to finish."

A common fault, he complains sadly, is that many beginners will press out the bottom of the lungs *against* the diaphragm. What can you do with people like that? They don't deserve to have a diaphragm at all.

"A deafening shout greeted the spectacle of Mr. Balfour, wearing a hat much too small for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 4.

"Mr. Balfour borrowed the hat of Mr. Alex Cross. It was too big for him."—*Daily News*, p. 8, col. 1.

A careful editor would have hedged in a leader.

Describing the preparations outside the Town Hall for the Royal visit to Leeds, *The Yorkshire Post* says:—

"The lions on either side will have a setting of Scotch furs."

This must be the result of the agitation against the unclothed Strand statues.



"PASS ALONG, PLEASE!"

[The Police, after being examined on certain charges before a Royal Commission, have "left the Court without a stain upon their character."]





THE TENANTS' BALL.

Groom (apologetically, to daughter of the house). "I'M SORRY I'M DANCIN' SO BAD, MISS; BUT THIS 'ERE FLOOR'S THAT SLIPPY, AN' I AREN'T GOT NO NAILS IN MY BOOTS."

THE PROPOSED NEW RULES OF GOLF.

THE Secretary of the Royal and Ancient and Modern Golf Club has very courteously submitted to us a few amendments to the New Rules of Golf. These amendments remove all possibility of ambiguity or misconstruction. The first deals with the two octavo volumes containing Rule 27 relating to "casual water."

"If a ball lie or be lost in casual water through the green (whether the ball lie in the casual water or not), or if the water lie or be lost in the green through a casual ball, or if the player's stance interferes with the casual water, then the player may either drop the casual water within two club lengths of the margin of the ball, keeping the green where the margin crossed the ball in a line between himself and the nearest available bunker, or he may drop the bunker either in the hole or any place mentioned above within two casual water lengths from the margin of the ball nearest the casual water where the bunker lay, *except as otherwise provided for in these rules.* But if, when the player has dropped the casual water (for dropping casual water see under section xix., sub-section xi.), it lie so as to interfere with the margin of the player, or if the bunker when dropped roll into the ball, or if the stance when dropped interferes with the player's casual bunker, then the player may re-drop the hole two ball-lengths from the casual water and play the bunker from where it lies.

But if it be found impossible to play the casual water from where it has been dropped, then the player shall with respect to

Section xix. Drop the casual water further from the hole than the margin at which the hole entered the spot.

Sections xx. and xxi. Drop either himself or the hole as near the ball as the stance will admit, but no nearer the casual water.

The penalty for breach of this rule shall be disqualification.

Another amendment (to *Rule* 50) provides an alternative method of dropping a ball.

"A ball shall be dropped in either one of the following two ways:—

(i.) It shall be dropped; or

(ii.) It shall be dropped."

An amendment to *Rule* 107 ("Playing a moving ball") runs as follows:—

"A player shall not play while his ball is moving (for 'moving ball' see definition 10, *k*) except in the case of a moving ball (Rule 106), a teed ball (Rule 175), a ball in water (Rule 583, section vi. *b*), or a ball in casual water in a hazard (Rule 1004). If the ball begin to move immediately it has been played (see Vol. ix., Rule 35, section xi.) he shall incur no penalty for causing it to move, but he shall not be exempt from any penalty he may have incurred under Rule 56 B or Rule 1058 (section iv., footnote), or any other rule."

Finally we have an amendment to Rule 2001 ("Disputes"):—

"A dispute shall be settled by an umpire or referee except in the case of

(i.) Player's ball from the tee striking opponent.

(ii.) Player driving into the couple behind.

For the purpose of this rule a nibliek shall not be regarded as an Umpire or Referee."

AN OUTSIDER'S HENLEY.

"What does it mean," I asked, "when it says that the coxswain's weight in the programme is the actual weight carried, inclusive of dead weight (if any)?"

"I don't know," said Miss Middleton.

'Oh, but I thought you knew everything."

"Everything except that."

I sighed and returned to my programme.

"There 's going to be a race in half an hour," I said. "At least I hope so."

"There was one half an hour ago," said Miss Middleton. "Don't be greedy." She yawned gently and put her sunshade up.

"If I had known," I went on, looking round the enclosure, "that *everybody* would have been wearing a blue coat and a pink tie, I would have worn them myself. When in Rome——"

"You 're all right," said Miss Middleton. "I say, there 's a man with an evening paper. Do go and ask him how many Hutchings has made."

"My good girl, this is a regatta. We are surrounded by rowing blues and ninth men; in fact, I suppose that I am the only man here who has never been to Mortlake. And you want me to go up to a perfect stranger, and ask him—— Why, it 's absurd. Now if it were a question of sliding seats——"

"I should think they 'd be glad to get away from shop for a little."

"I don't think they are," I said reflectively. "No, I don't think so. I may be wrong, but I fancy that if on the third day of Henley you went up to a man who was wearing a Cambridge blazer, an Old Etonian tie, Leander socks, and Hall trousers, and talked to him about ice-hockey, I fancy that he would not respond too readily. . . . Or else he *would* respond too readily."

Miss Middleton got up undecidedly. "If you 're frightened, I 'll ask him myself," she said.

She walked away a few steps, and then came back and sat down again.

"Bother, I 'm frightened too," she said. "It 's the heat."

I looked round to see that nobody was listening. Then I leant across to her.

"To tell the truth," I whispered, "I 've fairly lost my nerve. There are too many aquatic celebrities about. In a little while I shall begin to regret that I have wasted so much time playing cricket when I might have been learning to row."

"Oh! hush," said Miss Middleton.

"No, it hasn't quite got to that yet, but very nearly. We must be careful."

"We ought never to have come."

"I think you 're right. But now we are here let us be reasonable. From a rowing point of view we are infants compared with all these people, but we may know more about other things."

"Of course we do. Oh for just one moment with a Lacrosse blue."

"How we would clasp him by the hand, and talk to him of bases," I sighed.

"Or even a reserve at chess."

"That we might prattle together about revokes."

"Perhaps it would be better if we went out on to the tow-path for a bit."

"I expect they 'd be even more nautical there."

"They couldn't be," said Miss Middleton. "Let 's try."

The tow-path was crowded and hot and noisy. Everybody looked hot, but the hottest of them all was a man who was selling extremely small and fragile-looking chairs for one-and-sixpence. "As patronised by Royalty," he told us. Well, they could only have been patronised once each.

"He is a nice man," I said to Miss Middleton, "and I like his face. Moreover he is the first person we have spoken to who never got his blue. Shall we have a chair?"

"Of course we must. . . Oh, look, here 's another man who wasn't a blue. I wonder what made him think of selling penny rows of beads. Do you have to have them when you row?"

"It is a question of taste. Some do and some don't. I think we must have some beads. . . Only a penny? Thank you."

We pushed along towards the bridge.

"This is much jollier, isn't it?" said Miss Middleton. "I feel we really are doing it in style now. One of those yellow ducks, and I shan't be afraid of anybody."

"A duck is certainly more in our line. . . We want a yellow duck, please. One-and-sixpence? Oh, that's absurd."

"You can get a real duck for one-and-sixpence," put in Miss Middleton. "One to eat, I mean."

"You can get a chair for one-and-sixpence," I told the man severely, "or eighteen rows of blue beads. Of course if you *won't* take less——"

"Think of a chair," pleaded Miss Middleton. "How much more comfortable than a yellow duck."

"Think of eighteen rows of blue beads. A whole costume at the Palace."

"It isn't as if we really wanted a yellow duck," said Miss Middleton. "We could get on quite well without one. In fact we have, so far."

"It isn't as if we really had one-and-sixpence left," I said, suddenly examining my pockets. "Speaking for myself we have only one and threepence and two stamps."

"I 've got a shilling."

"In that case," I said to the man, "perhaps we might pay your ruinous and extortionate charge, if you 're quite sure he 'll waggle his head just as well away from home. Sometimes, you know, with strangers——"

"Why, there 's a paper boy," cried Miss Middleton.

"Wait a bit. If we get a paper *and* a yellow duck, that will leave us with eightpence and two stamps. Now, is there anything we can get with eightpence and two stamps?"

"We could get eight postcards of the course and send off four of them."

"Then we shouldn't have a penny for a pencil, and we couldn't send them off if we hadn't a pencil."

"Well, then, six postcards and another row of beads, and a pencil——"

"That will only leave us with one postcard each. You know we never ought to have bought that chair. Would you," I said to the man, "like to purchase a small chair? As patronised by Royalty. You may have it for one and five pence. Or we would exchange it for a duck, and send you one of the postcards when we get back to London."

"We would, faithfully," said Miss Middleton.

"Or I have another idea. We might——" *Bang!*

"What 's that?" cried Miss Middleton.

"I wonder," I said. "I 'll ask the paper boy."

I came back to her with a paper. "Kent, 290 for 2," I said. "Isn't it splendid?"

"Oh, the dears! Did he tell you what the bang was for?"

"Oh—only another race beginning."

"Oh, is that all?" said Miss Middleton.

A. A. M.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Dearest, it would grieve you
Quite a lot
If I were to leave you,
Would it not?

Yet before to-morrow
I must quit,
Though you should through sorrow
Have a fit.

Dear, don't think me merely
Off my head,
This is what I nearly
Went and said.

There was some to spare, too,
On my chest;
Do you think you 'd care to
Hear the rest?

Youth will soon forsake us,
(Please forgive!)
Age will overtake us
If we live.

Think of that dark season,
Oh, my heart,
And you 'll see the reason
Why we part.

Or, if comprehension 's
Rather slow,
Think of Old Age Pensions,
And you 'll know.

Now such fears are ended,
(Thank the Powers!)
Soon will quite a splendid
Bliss be ours,

With your crown a week on
Top of mine—
Bliss we dared not seek on
3s. 9d.

AURORA BOREALIANA.

MANY gentlemen who dined sumptuously last Wednesday evening and on their homeward way remarked certain celestial phenomena, were greatly relieved on Thursday morning to read in their newspapers of the Aurora Borealis.

The Aurora Borealis is not frequently seen in this country. As its name implies, it hails from a foreign land. There is only one way of spelling it, but a certain amount of latitude is permitted in the matter of pronunciation.

Like many of our leading actresses, to be seen at its best it should be observed in its home life, which is lived modestly and far from the madding crowd up among the polar bears and the eternal ice and the eternal polar expeditions.

The visit of the Aurora Borealis last week was partly due to compassion for a people sick to death of Woman's Suffrage antics, though its chief object, of course, was to enable Londoners to read *The Evening News* at midnight without the aid of artificial light.

The Anti-Suffrage movement is growing rapidly. A plan of campaign will shortly be completed, and will include some novel forms of demonstration. The more active supporters of the movement are arranging to attend the meetings of the Suffragists, and to take their babies with them for the purpose of interruption.

The official declaration that members of the Woman's Suffrage Society are never guilty of unladylike conduct has given general satisfaction, indicating as it does that the actual members are much fewer in number than was generally supposed.



Herbert. "HALF-TICKET TO MUGFORD, PLEASE."

Booking Clerk. "WHY, I REMEMBER A MONTH AGO YOU SAID YOU 'D BE TWELVE IN A WEEK'S TIME."

Herbert. "O—ER—ER—THAT MUST HAVE BEEN MY TWIN BROTHER. WE 'RE EXACTLY ALIKE."

To lawyers and Stock Exchange men needing smart office boy, Herbert's address (he leaves school this term) will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

DISCURSIONS.

TALK IN A TAXI: A DIALOGUE IN FITS.

SCENE—*A Street. He and she are discovered looking for a Taxi-Cab.*

He. It 's no good waving your parasol when you see they 're engaged. You 're only——

She. Well, *you* might do something by way of a change. We shall never get one if we both stand like a block of marble. Here 's another.

[*A taxi-cab approaches rapidly. She waves her parasol with vigour. In the cab is a fat man wearing a Panama. He blows a kiss in response to the parasol as he is whirled past.*

She. Well, *I*—— ! !

He (*furious*). There you are. That 's what comes of it. Perhaps you 'll believe me another time.

She. You never told me there was a fat man in the cab, and you never even hinted he was going to—— (*She pauses*).

He. Going to blow you a kiss? No, I didn't; but we 'll let the hideous past bury its hideous ones. Of course, he thought from the way you went on that you were recognising him.

She (*in a loud tone of tragic solemnity, aside*). I must dissemble. (*To him*) CHARLES, I adjure you by the memory of the happy days we have spent together, by our home and our children, do not let one light act on my part—— (*She turns away. Sobs choke her utterance.*)

He. Oh, you may wave at all the fat men in London if you like. (*Another taxi-cab approaches swiftly. He darts forward.*) Hi ! Hi !

[*The cab passes. From within it a resplendent lady in green silk withers him with a look as she flashes by.*

She. I 'm afraid it isn't one of your lucky days, dear, But, *do* tell me, who was that *sweet* thing in green with the mauve complexion ?

He (*ignoring the taunt*). We shall have to chuck it. Let 's take a four-wheeler.

She. Never. A hansom I wouldn't mind.

He. And a hansom I won't have. I 'm not a coward really, but I draw the line at hansoms.

[*A third taxi-cab suddenly drops from the sky or rises from the bowels of the earth. They both rush at it. It is empty. They engage it, give an address, and enter it.*

He. Got it at last.

She. Yes, my brave husband got it all by his own self. Oh, what an enviable woman I—— (*In alarm*) What *is* he doing ?

[*The driver having extended a warning arm, the taxi grunts violently and begins to back. A motor-bus comes to a standstill within an inch of a collision. An exchange of amenities follows between the taxi-driver and the busman. Finally the taxi is turned, grunts again and proceeds.*

He. A pretty near thing that.

She. He 's going much too fast. Why, we 're half-way up Bond Street already. Oh, oh ! Tell me when it 's over. (*She covers her face with her hands as the taxi skims round a furniture van, dodges a victoria and avoids a Yorkshire terrier by a hair's-breadth.*) Are we safe ?

He. Don't know. I can't bear to look.

She. Well then I must. (*She uncovers her face.*) Stop ! Stop ! He 's done it this time. No, we 're through. Oh ! Let me out.

He. It 's no good. We 're in for it, and we 've got to go through with it. Oh, dash it, this is beyond a joke. (*The taxi swings round a corner. He is precipitated against her. There is a slight crash.*) There goes your parasol. I 'm awfully sorry. Couldn't help it. He 's bound to bag that old woman. No, by Jove, missed her !

She. CHARLES, if I die first, which I shall certainly do in another minute, promise me —— (*The taxi stops with some suddenness. His hat falls off.*) Oh, never mind your hat at such an awful moment. Let 's get out quick and run away. (*The gears groan again and the taxi goes on.*) Thank Heaven, the street 's clear for a bit. (*A hansom emerges from a side street, but stops just in time.*) That was terrible. My mind 's giving way.

He. Mine 's gone. There are two buses, a brougham and a van ahead of us. If he 'll only pick the van, we might—— No, we 've escaped again. (*Wildly.*) Where are we ? Why don't we get there ? Where are we going ? (*Suddenly they arrive at their destination. They get out hurriedly, pay the man, and enter a shop. Having made their purchases they emerge.*)

She (*hesitatingly*). Shall we take a four-wheeler ?

He (*with determination*). No, not even that. We 'll walk. (*They do.*)

BOMBS FOR WOMEN!

"Is this Russia, or England?" a delightful lady-martyr indignantly inquired last Tuesday on being arrested for merely putting some "good big stones" through Mr. ASQUITH's front-door panes and tripping up a constable—after which she uttered the portentous threat, "it will be bombs next time!"

It is reassuring to learn that, even should the action of the Government unfortunately necessitate a resort to such extreme measures, little or no inconvenience will be occasioned thereby to the general public. The bombs will be hurled with the same perfect good-humour and absence of all personal animus that have characterised all previous demonstrations. They will be so constructed as not to injure any genuine sympathiser with the Cause in the very least, while they will not hurt anybody really seriously, as they will contain nothing but a little picric acid and a few safety pins. There is a suggestion for including *asafœtida* in cases where the bomb is intended for delivery within the private residence of a Cabinet Minister; but even this the softer-hearted Suffragists are in favour of tempering with a drop or two of attar-of-roses. In every detail there will be the note of daintiness and good-taste which is so essentially feminine. For instance, the bombs will be manufactured in four Art shades—fawn, pastel-blue, mouse-grey, and old rose, with purple, white, and green ribbon attachment for slinging. A special line of "Dorothy" bomb-bags, in assorted colours and three sizes, to contain three, five, or seven bombs as required, will shortly be put on the market, and should find a ready sale. Of course, if such moderate and dignified measures as these fail to convince the Nation of the justice of the Women's Cause there is no saying *what* they may not have to do. But, for the present at all events, they are determined to observe the greatest self-restraint, and even such opponents as Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD will be blown up as humanely and inoffensively as possible.

"Peacock and Hen for sale, unrelated, perfect plumage, 1906 chicks." *The Countryside.*

Then it's quite time they *were* related.



EXHIBITION NOTES.

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT *HAVE* YOU BEEN DOING?"

"OH, ONLY THE SPIRAL RAILWAY, AND THE FLIP-FLAP, AND THE SPIDER'S WEB, AND THE CANADIAN TOBOGGAN, AND—OH—I FORGET THE REST. BUT WE'RE GOING TO DO 'EM ALL AGAIN, AS SOON AS WE FEEL IT WOULD BE SAFE."

TERPSICHOREAN TITTLE-TATTLE.

MISS CALLIRRHOE POBBLE, who is to give a series of Maeso-Gothic war dances at the Palladium Music Hall next week, is the daughter of a Patagonian wool-broker who amassed a fortune in the early sixties and lost it a few years later. Miss POBBLE had the misfortune, while dancing before the DALAI LAMA last year, to be afflicted with frost-bite, in consequence of which she lost all her toes. This disaster, fortunately, has had no effect on her saltatory efficiency, which, in the opinion of several Cabinet Ministers, is of the highest order. During her stay in London, Miss POBBLE will be the guest of the Governors of the Bank of England, and has already been invited to lunch by three Bishops, one ex-Premier, two Deans, and seventeen Archdeacons.

Mlle. ALMA PARASANG, the renowned Dalmatian *ballerina*, who opens at the Pan-Anglican Theatre next week, is no stranger to London, though several years have elapsed since her last appearance. As the pioneer of the neo-Corybantic school she met with instant recognition, and her art has been profoundly admired by experts of such widely divergent views as Professor HARNACK, the late Admiral JAURÉGUIBERRY, and General KUROPATKIN. During her stay in London Mlle. PARASANG will accept no invitations to lunches or garden parties except from members of the Privy Council.

Miss DORABELLA TITUS, the famous Colorado clog-dancer, has kindly undertaken to read a paper at the forthcoming meeting of the British Association on "How I Exterminated the Beetle in my Native State." It will be remembered that Miss TITUS created a sensation in Constantinople in the year 1903 by appearing at a luncheon party at Yildiz Kiosk in the full uniform of a Hippocampus Major. Miss TITUS, who is a fascinating Albino in private life, is at present staying with Lord and Lady BOOTERSTOWN in Cavendish Square.

The SIGNORINA TERESITA GORDIGIANI has arrived in London to fulfil a short Terpsichorean engagement on the Terrace of the House of Commons. Apartments have been reserved in the Clock Tower for the illustrious *danseuse*, who has kindly consented to read a paper at the Church Congress on "What I think of MAUD ALLAN."

"The most valuable bowler is the man who gets his wickets at frequent intervals, because he minimises the time during which the batsman at the other end is scoring runs."
The Morning Post.

This is the kind of truth which Father VAUGHAN may confidently be expected to discover before next season.

"When they were married Mr. Sellars received only 7*s.* per week and his food, but they managed to bring up a family of seven children with credit."—*Daily News.*

Anybody could do it with sufficient credit.

"Dr. Darwin just lived long enough to receive the admiring tributes of the whale community."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Very slow these Cetaceans to fall into line with the others.



"'TIS NOT IN MORTALS TO COMMAND SUCCESS."

Paterfamilias (who has failed to score in the Half-Term "Fathers' Match"). "THESE THINGS *will* HAPPEN, LITTLE GIRL, NO MATTER HOW WE TRY."

More or less Dutiful Daughter. "WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL SAY THE SAME WHEN YOU GET A VERY BAD REPORT ABOUT ME AT THE END OF THE TERM."

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

[Being the substance of a Society lady's advice to readers of *The Daily Mirror*.]

LADIES, would you lovely be?
Hear, oh, hear my receipe;
Shine resplendent with its aid—
Beauty is not born, but made.

Would you have a skin of silk
Whiter than the morning milk,
Cucumber and lemon too—
These must yield their juice for you.

When upon your couch you lie,
Place a slice on either eye;
Place on cheek and brow and chin
Slices exquisitely thin.

Through the night-time, close at hand
Let your watchful handmaid stand,
Ever prompt to change the pieces
As their healing coolness ceases.

Nor should bathing be forgot;
But, instead of "cold" and "hot,"
On your taps the words be placed,
"Lemon," "Cucumber" and "Waste."

All this thought and all this care
Mean incessant mental wear,
Endless planning, few delights,
Strenuous days and strenuous nights.

So, in order that the brain
May not yield beneath the strain,
Once in every week a day
Must in resting pass away.

Rest your limbs and eyes awhile,
Rest, oh, rest the wrinkling smile;
Frowns and crowsfeet come from thought;
Rest your mind and think of naught.

Hard the life, severe your part;
Yet let this make glad your heart—
If for others thus we slave
Wept and honoured is our grave.

Distressing Family Occurrence.

"A little girl fell and broke her uncle on Wednesday night."—*Retford News.*

The Manchester Daily Dispatch on the Licensing Bill Demonstration:—

"It was officially estimated that the crowd numbered 100,000 . . . 'The inner man' made a demand on the refreshment rooms for 1,000,000 bottles of mineral waters."

Enthusiasm for the Temperance Cause is all very well, but ten bottles apiece is overdoing it.

"No medicine is of any avail in this complaint. As it is contagious you should not put another bird into the same cage until it has been thoroughly disinfected by baking or boiling."—*Bazaar, Exchange & Mart.*

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—After prolonged trial I have found this treatment to be absolutely useless. I have baked three and boiled eight, and they died more quickly than if they had actually caught the disease.—INDIGNANT.

"Artist Charged with Manchester."—*Dundee Evening Telegraph.*

So they've brought it home to somebody at last.



ULYSSES AND THE STEAM SIRENS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 29.—Ireland has a fresh grievance. Every prospect of University Bill passing, and so happily closing controversy that has for half a century hampered higher education. But the strawberries served at tea on the Terrace are small in portion whilst the price is high. To-day Whip of the Nationalist Party, "rising in his place," as the papers say (as if it were his habit to rise in somebody else's), solemnly put Chairman of Kitchen Committee to the question.

"What," he asked, "was the market price of strawberries per pound in London last week? what was the price per pound paid by the Kitchen Committee? and what was the price per pound charged by the Kitchen Committee for the same strawberries when doled out at tea on the Terrace?"

With trembling hand JACOBY produced from coat-tail pocket the small hand-glass that serves him for monocle. In solitude of his chamber had prepared written answer to terrible charges involved in interrogation cited. He might have taken refuge in refusal to give particulars. PAT O'BRIEN isn't an Income Tax Commissioner authorised to inquire into trading profits. Why should the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee be called upon to give up the secrets of that remote chamber?



Sir Alfr-d J-c-by (to Mr. P. O'Br-n). "'Strawberries,' my little man? I can let you have strawberries at 8*d.* per portion (enough for *four* of *your* size), including cream and sugar!"



"PATIENCE, URBANITY AND IMPARTIALITY."
(The Rt. Hon. Alf-r-d Emm-tt, Chairman of Committees.)

Scorning anything that might have appearance of evasion or flight, JACOBY had drafted a document making full disclosure of innocent commercial transaction.

Extraordinary incident threatened to prevent its being read. This one of the hottest days of a quite decent summer. Through the open windows a shaft of sunshine fell upon the slim figure of the Kitchen Chairman. It struck full on the hand-glass placed over the manuscript with intent to make its lettering clear. As JACOBY cleared his throat and looked round at the expectant throng that was eager to see how he would emerge from this difficulty, a curl of light smoke uprose. The sun, playing through the convex glass of the Chairman's eye-opener, was burning the paper. With great presence of mind JACOBY shifted his position; the danger passed before more than one-half of the onlookers perceived it.

"The charge for a portion of strawberries served on the Terrace large enough for two" (JACOBY really meant the portion of strawberries, not the Terrace), "including cream and sugar, is 1*s.* Or," he added, throwing back his head and regarding the House with proud air of conscious innocence, "sixpence per head. The market price," he continued, "varies according to size and quality. The Kitchen Committee purchase the best selected fruit, as large in the lowest strata as they are on the top. They pay 8*d.* a pound."

This straightforward and satisfactory. But the Chairman, an old campaigner, kept the best news to the last. "From to-day," he said, or



STORM BREWING.

(The Witches:—Lord R-b-rt C-c-l, Mr. St-w-rt B-wl-s, and Mr. A-st-n Ch-mb-rl-n.)

almost chanted, "the charge of one shilling per portion will be reduced to eightpence."

A wild cheer went up in crowded House. The Chairman of the Kitchen Committee carefully replaced the round hand-glass in his coat-tail pocket, resumed his seat and mopped his brow. The House, its anxieties relieved, its spirits raised in proportion to the lowering of the price per plate of strawberries, forthwith turned its attention to Old Age Pensions Bill.

Business done.—With assistance of Closure, third clause of Bill carried in Committee.

Tuesday.—Curious to note how evil communications corrupt good manners. Outside, a jeering multitude roars with delight as individuals among organised mob of women clamouring for the suffrage dash themselves against the wall of police and are haled off to prison, suddenly serene with the consciousness that their names will be "in the papers." Inside, hour follows hour of dull debate in Committee on Old Age Pensions Bill. At half-past ten Members noted with chaste pleasure the signal for the Closure and so home to bed through the cool air of the summer night.

Suddenly tumult arose; echo of that dying away in the streets. According to rules, when the guillotine is in operation, only amendments put down by the Government after due notice may be dealt with. One submitted just now required verbal alteration. Was it in order to deal with it? SON STEWART BOWLES on his legs said "No." SON AUSTEN, seated with his hat on, agreed. Lord BOB, not inclined to be overlooked in obscurity of back seat, wildly waved his arms and shouted, "Point of Order!" CHAIRMAN insisted that notice had been duly given. Amid the uproar EMMOTT kept his head, and division went forward.

Then someone discovered that door to Opposition Lobby had been locked earlier than that through which trooped the Ministerial horde. And this a so-called free country! SON AUSTEN, having tasted blood (with his hat on), asked for more. PRINCE ARTHUR suggested that a fresh division should be taken. Shouts arose for "Mr. SPEAKER! Mr. SPEAKER!" In the uproar a shrill but irrelevant cry of "Votes for Women!" came unrebuked through Ladies' Grill.

On division it turned out that Opposition were 31 strong all told. 378 voted for the amendment. Announcement of numbers suggested there would be a rush for cabs. Dash for door accordingly made; tumult subsided as rapidly as it burst forth.

Business done.—Getting on with Old Age Pensions Bill.

Thursday.—Present Government fortunate in a majority which, still faithful, carries all before it. Also happy in volunteered assistance of hon. Members opposite. Difficulty ahead in connection with Licensing Bill lies in allotment of time for discussion of its several stages and its many clauses. Cabinet understood to be considering matter preliminary to placing scheme on paper, as was done in case of Old Age Pensions Bill.

Whilst they meditate ROBERT CECIL acts. Members turning over fresh leaves of Orders of the Day come upon detailed proposals for closuring by compartments standing in name of noble lord.

"And what do you think of my plan?" he asked, gazing with parental pride on the entry.

"It is perhaps a little lavish in allotment of time," I said. "Fifty days for Committee is a large order. Did it ever occur to you that your action might have fatal consequences upon prospects of the Bill passing this Session? In due course Ministers will give notice of their intention to put in practice a scheme of Closure. According to strict interpretation of the Standing Order, your resolution appearing on the paper stops the way. It is, in brief, what is called a blocking motion."

"Dear me," murmured Lord BOB, looking genuinely distressed, "you don't mean to say so? What a weary world it is in which an honest desire to help a Government should turn out to be what in blank verse is called a stab in the back."

His poignant emotion touching. Yet he has been in House long enough to know the result of his well-meant interference.

Business done.—Irish votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Members on both sides vie with each other in congratulating DEPUTY SPEAKER on honour done him by bestowal of Privy Councillorship.



Jim (*regarding damage done to church by fire*). "GOOD JOB IT WASN'T A FACTORY, BILL."
Bill. "YOU 'RE RIGHT, MATE. ONLY ONE MAN PUT OUT OF WORK, AND *HE* DRAWS HIS MONEY!"

Of all the distinctions at disposal of the SOVEREIGN, this the most enviable. It sufficed PEEL to the end of his life. GLADSTONE, thrice declining an earldom, was content to follow the example set by his great master. It was only under pressure of old age and the influence of fading faculties that the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI descended to the style of Earl BEACONSFIELD.

The Chair of Committees is the most trying post in the House of Commons. Armed with less authority than the SPEAKER, unsustained by the state of canopied chair, the dignity of wig and gown, its occupant has a more difficult part to play. Mr. EMMOTT, coming fresh to the position, a comparatively young Member, has conducted himself with a patience, urbanity and impartiality that have won respect and esteem in both political camps.

Business done.—Private members' finished for session. Henceforward Government have all the time of the House.

ANOTHER PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

MR. ROOSEVELT is to signalise his retirement from office, and consequent liberty to travel, by a great hunting tour in Africa with his eldest son, in search of big game. He is to describe his triumphs in a series of articles in *Collier's Weekly*, for which he will receive the sum of £20,000.

Obviously these articles will not be in the least like those which are printed below, but *Mr Punch* has to fill his pages somehow. Doing that is *his* big game.

The African Jungle,
April 1, 1909.

We are now right in the thick of the strenuous life, after a very tedious time on board ship, where there is little or nothing to kill. We organised a few rat hunts, it is true, and though some thousands fell to my six-shooter, it is not very exciting sport, nor for big game very good practice; and we had some fun with a shoal of porpoises that followed the ship, and of which I succeeded in bagging four. NICHOLAS also got an albatross, the wings of which he is sending home for ALICE'S new matinée hat; but altogether life was tame.

Now, however, that we are once more on land, and in the exhilarating vicinity of wild beasts, our hearts again begin to beat and our veins to throb.

The photographers are getting their cameras in order, and the reporters sharpening their pencils, and we begin to-morrow in earnest.

Our rifles are, perhaps, worth describing at this point. My own are old and trusted friends, with a few larger and more powerful new weapons for local contingencies. I have, for example, a large bore rifle for elephants, rhinos, and hippos. For the swifter or more elusive game, such as the giraffe or okapi, I have a smaller bored and longer-ranged rifle. For lions a special brand has been built for me. The other

animals we are after, such as hartebeeste and deer, I can manage with my ordinary ordnance. NICHOLAS is also well fixed up with a variety of rifles, and so is my eldest son. The other children have weapons according to their ability—good enough to make a decent hole in God's creatures, any way, if not absolutely deadly.

Camp Cortelyou,
April 2.

We have had a busy and useful day. I selected with great care an open space, where the cameras would have a good view of all of us and where there were easily-climbed trees for the reporters and descriptive writers. The natives were then ordered to drive all the animals they could find past this clearing, so that we might practise upon them and get our eyes in.

We were kept pretty strenuous. I got a mixed bag of hartebeeste, antelope, and other small deer, and the others did fairly well too. I now feel I could hit an elephant.

Camp Pierpont,
April 5.

We have had a rare day. Early in the morning the scouts got on the track of a family of giraffes, and we were quickly hot foot after them. I led, then came my sons, and then NICHOLAS. Much to our disappointment we had to leave the camp-followers behind, as it was not safe to be so many, one journalist and one photographer alone accompanying us.

We had a tiring march of some miles without food, for we feared to lose the quarry if we stopped. At last I glimpsed the gently waving head of the father above the long grass, half a mile off. The wind had changed, and they had given up all thought of danger.

We crept forward on our stomachs for another seven hundred yards; and it was no joke, I can tell you. Talk about the strenuous life! But it was no joke for the giraffes, either, for we got the lot. I picked off the mother, NICHOLAS took the father, and the foal fell to my eldest son. I never saw a boy so happy! Indeed, we all were, for it is not an easy thing to shoot a giraffe; and very soon, I am told, there will be none left.

Camp Washington,
April 10.

NICHOLAS, who has a pretty turn for rhyme, has written a new version of "Hearts of Oak," with these flattering lines in it:—

It 's TEDDY, boys, TEDDY!
He 'll fire and he 'll slaughter again and again!

So he will.

Independence Camp,
April 20.

An inhuman brute of a lioness with cubs dared to make for one of our party this morning, but we soon settled her. I never saw a body so peppered. It is a great pity, as I wanted to have the skin dressed as a hearthrug for TAFT.

Camp Lafayette,
May 5.

No trace of an okapi yet, but I have hope. I have never failed hitherto to kill anything I set my heart on, and if there is an okapi left I will get him. The one fear that keeps me awake nights is that the breed will be extinct before I can reach it—is already extinct! What a tragedy! Suppose that that one which the naturalist fellow photographed was the last, and it has died since? A terrible thought. I will get a lion or two to calm my mind.

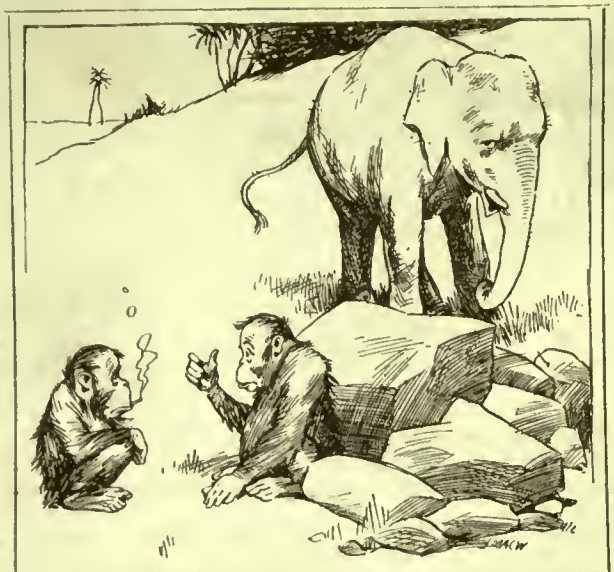
Lions are all very well, but we feel the want of bears. It is a great defect in Africa that it has no bears.

The jungle is also bad for our photographers, who have often missed me completely as I made the winning shot, owing to scrub and trees.

Later. Triumph! I have got an okapi at last. Now it matters no longer whether they are extinct or not.

Homeward Bound,
June 4.

Africa has been splendid, and we reckon there can be very little big game left, at any rate in the parts where we have been. Next year we shall move on to India, and try to clear it of tigers.



"HULLO! WHAT 'S PUT THE ELEPHANT IN SUCH A VILE TEMPER?"
"WHY, HE 'S MAD BECAUSE I WOULDN'T PLAY AT LEAP-FROG WITH HIM!"

INSURRECTION IN STOKE NEWINGTON.

PROMPT ACTION OF NOVELISTS.

A GREAT public meeting of British novelists was held in Hyde Park last Saturday to protest against the action of the local authorities and inhabitants of the North London suburb of Stoke Newington. From statistics which have recently been published, it appears that in the public libraries of that district only 16·3 per cent. of the books on the shelves consist of fiction, and that last year there was a decrease of 2·498 per cent. in the number of volumes of this character issued.

Special trains brought a large number of provincial novelists from the kailyard and other manufacturing fictional districts, and the demonstrators marched in five processions, headed respectively by Mrs. L. T. MEADE, Mr. W. LE QUEUX, Mr. ANDREW LORING, the Baroness ORCZY and Mr. GUY THORNE, from various outlying points to their rendezvous at the eastern end of the Serpentine. A special feature of the demonstration was the lavish use of banners emblazoned with the names of the most famous modern novelists, including THACKERAY, RANGER GULL, GEORGE ELIOT, ANNIE SWAN, WALTER SCOTT and SILAS K. HOCKING.

Before proceeding with the formal business of the meeting, "Rita," who presided, read a number of communications from sympathisers.

Madame CLARA BUTT wrote "Next to ballads, novels form the most humanising influence at the command of modern civilisation. Please inform your great meeting that I am no relation whatever of the Newington Butts."

Mrs. ELINOR GLYN wired the following terrible threat: "Have at once decided to lay the scene of my next novel in North London."

The Grand Duke MICHAEL wrote: "My heart and soul are with my afflicted fellow-novelists. To quote the title of my last romance, I bid them 'Never Say Die.'"

"Rita" began by observing that the position of the novelist at the present moment was exceedingly precarious, threatened as they were by the competition of motors, denunciatory preachers and dancers. If the bad example of Stoke Newington were to spread, there would be nothing but old age pensions between them and destitution. She suggested that a deputation of novelists should wait on Mr. ASQUITH without delay to insist on having the proportion of novels in free libraries fixed at a minimum of 50 per cent.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX said that he thought the time had gone by for deputations. Force was the only remedy, and he was glad to be able to inform the meeting that the President of the Republic of San Marino had generously offered to place his entire standing army at the disposal of the novelists of Great Britain, if and when they decided to invade Stoke Newington. Amid loud cheers Mr. LE QUEUX added that he was prepared to take command of the army, which he had known from its youth up. It was one of the most picturesque and compact forces in existence.

The Earl of IDDESLEIGH said that he thought that, with a Government so notoriously amenable to agitation, they could attain their ends without resort to open violence. Mr. ASQUITH had said that he had an open and elastic mind. He (Lord IDDESLEIGH) had calculated that the total population of Stoke Newington was considerably less than the numbers of the novelists of Great Britain. It would be perfectly absurd if they were not able to combine to defeat this outbreak of local obscurantism. (Dissent.)

Mr. HALL CAINE, addressing the meeting from the summit of the Albert Memorial through a megaphone, was understood to observe that the reduction in the number of novels read mattered little if the unfit were eliminated and the public concentrated their attention on works of real genius.

Mr. HEINEMANN, the famous publisher, said that he endorsed *in toto* the remarks which had fallen from the previous speaker.

Mr. W. E. MACGREGOR, who wore a Highland costume, said that the time for action had come, and striking up a brisk march on the pipes led off in the direction of North London, followed by the bulk of the demonstrators.

Later. Order reigns in Stoke Newington. All the public libraries have been taken at the point of the stylograph, and a Provisional Government has been established with Mr. JOHN LONG as President, the Baroness ORCZY as Ministering Angel of War, and Mr. LE QUEUX as President of the Board of Local Colour.

The report of the Royal Commission on the Metropolitan Police declares in explicit terms that the Force is entitled to the confidence of all classes of the community. In spite of this reassurance professional criminals are still showing a regrettable amount of shyness and reticence in the presence of constables.



Hedger. "THA 'S A GOOD 'UN." *Artist (flattered).* "LIKE IT?"
Hedger. "YES, FUST-RATE. PERWENT YER GETTIN' SUNSTROOK TIME YER SET MESSIN' WI' YER PAINTS!"

"A travelling showman was charged with having in his possession after March 15th, a certain wild bird, to wit, an owl."—*Western Morning News.*

"An owl, tu-whoo," would, of course, have been just as bad.

From a Suffragist's letter in *The Daily News*:—

"We turn a deaf ear to any other red herring that may be drawn across our path."

A deaf nose is more what is wanted.

"'L'Étang,' a lake scene with two pageants in the foreground, was secured at 2,600 guineas."—*The Times.*

Mr. Punch's cartoon with three pageants in the background was to be had for 3d.

"THE TIMES OF TO-MORROW
will contain
TROUT IN THE HIGHLANDS."

But what are we poor Southerners going to do for fish-wrappers?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is an irresistible fascination in *Rose Macleod* (CONSTABLE), by ALICE BROWN, perhaps the most delightful of living American novelists. One of its characters is enough by itself to make the book's reputation. It is that of an adorable old lady (with a grown-up granddaughter) who writes a book of Recollections, treating, with allusive intimacy, of the departed leaders of various movements in her day, and giving passages from their letters and private talk. It creates a vast sensation and she is overwhelmed with requests for further details. To none of these can she reply, because all her "recollections" had been simply faked out of her dear old head, just for joy. Very attractive, too, is *Billy Stark*, her ancient lover, who is for marrying her with one foot in the grave.

By a most unfortunate coincidence (since plagiarism is out of the question) there is in this book a type—the pitilessly immaculate and self-righteous *Electra*—which is almost identical with the *Imogen* of ANNE SEDGWICK'S recent novel *Valerie Upton;* and, by the further malice of chance, both entertain an exalted infatuation for a philanthropic impostor. For the rest the characters—and notably the impostor, a superb creation—are astonishingly fresh.

The story's main motive, the love of a woman for the spiritual beauty that shines through a maimed body, is handled with infinite delicacy of feeling and fancy. Indeed I have seldom read a romance in which the author's insight into unseen things is more admirably combined with knowledge of the visible and real. An earlier work, *King's End*, had already shown ALICE BROWN to be possessed of very unusual gifts. But her present book marks a great advance both in ambition and achievement, and she is now assured of the wide popularity which she has long ago deserved.



OUR DOGS SUFFER VERY MUCH FROM THE HOT PAVEMENTS DURING THE SUMMER, AND THE ABOVE SUGGESTION, WE HOPE, WILL BE ADOPTED BY THE HUMANE.

The Flemings, by JESSIE and CHARLES FIELDING MARSH (SMITH, ELDER), contains a warning to young, struggling artists to be careful whom they marry. *Mary Fleming* was a monopolist, and although she thought that no sacrifice was too great to make for her husband, her jealousy of him was abnormal. The opening scenes of the book, in which the battle of Art *versus* Income was fought, are most ably written, and it is a pity that this contest was ended by *Roger Fleming* inheriting £20,000 a year. For as soon as he became rich and gave up all thoughts of painting, he ceased to be interesting. As a country squire *Roger* occupied himself mainly in wanting to be a father, while *Mary* disliked the idea of becoming a mother for fear that children might prevent her from monopolising her husband's love. When a refreshingly frank doctor told her that she was "a sexless woman" she was silent, and presently "the conversation drifted into commonplace channels." "If," muttered the doctor, "those two people are an enigma to a clever man like me, I wonder what they are to one another!" Unfortunately they developed into a kind of riddle which was not worth wondering about or solving.

The authors know the inside of the artistic world, and have described its little cliques and quaintnesses with humour and salience. But *The Flemings* would have been a better book if the question of matrimony had been handled with less insistence.

Sir EVELYN WOOD tells once more the deathless story of *The Revolt in Hindustan* (METHUEN). Here it has the advantage of being recorded by one who, at the time a young soldier, rode through the campaign with the 17th Lancers and won the Victoria Cross. The civilian may complain that the narrative is here and there somewhat overloaded with detail. For the military student this will add to its value. Sir EVELYN is studiously uncritical of the powers that were, of their policy and their action. But of the inability of some in high command to read the signs of the times he gives a notable incident. At the punishment parade that preceded the outbreak of mutiny at Meerut, during the many hours while the process of rivetting iron fetters on the ankles of the malcontents went on, 400 British soldiers, mainly recruits, had only blank cartridge to their carbines, though they stood between two Bengal battalions carrying ball ammunition. Similar banalities were counteracted by the generalship of OUTRAM, NICHOLSON, HAVELOCK, the LAWRENCES and other heroes, supported by the splendid discipline of the rank and file.

The plot of *A Case for Compromise* (ALSTON RIVERS) reads to me like a combination of two Hard Cases from *Vanity Fair*. Hard Case No. 1:—Mr. and Mrs. A. are happily married. Enter a rascal, B., who points out that Mrs. A. was and still is *his* wife. What ought they to do? In Mr. HENRY STACE'S book Mrs. A. temporarily solves the problem by declining to live with either of her husbands. She disappears into the void of London, and puts in rather a bad time, till she becomes the owner of a smart hat-shop off Bond Street. Here she is eventually discovered by A. and B. While she is firmly refusing to share the proceeds of the hat-shop with either of them, it turns out that a friend of hers, Mrs. C., was herself the long-lost original wife of B. Now what are they all to do? This is Hard Case No. 2. Mr. STACE'S solution is a compromise. "Contrary to all the rules of good melodrama," said Mrs. C., the wag of the party; "I can only call it farce." If you feel curious about the compromise you should read the book, which is good of its kind. I'm not going to give it away.



A STRONG CLAIM.

Passenger (on stranded steamer, as life-boat approaches). "HI! SAVE ME *FIRST*. I'M A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER TO YOUR FUND!"

A QUEUXRIOUS AFFAIR.

An Interview with a Famous Author on the SAGAN-GOULD *Marriage.*

IT was not until Thursday that I found the Knight Commander, and as I came upon him in the smoking-room of one of our most palatial hotels quite by surprise he had not had time to change from the mufti in which I found him into the uniform in which he looks so well. However, his breast glittered with the many foreign decorations for which he is famous, and his moustache was in beautiful condition.

"I fear you were ill last Tuesday," I said.

A shadow passed over his face. "No, I wasn't," he said shortly.

"Not able to get to London in time, perhaps?" I suggested.

"I have been here ten days," he said, staring gloomily at the carpet.

"Then why, oh why——"

"It is a painful subject," he said, interrupting me; "yet I am glad to have this opportunity of explaining to the world that it was not *my* fault. I can't think what has come over the London papers—you are the first journalist to look me up on this unhappy business. And unfortunately I have already spent the fifty guineas which I fully expected to receive from the Press for 800 words or so about the ceremony. However, that cannot be helped now. As I say, it was not *my* fault. I came specially to London in good time, the officials at Henrietta Street knew I was here and ready for work, and the Prince himself was not unacquainted with my presence and my readiness to be of service. But they managed without me. Whether they managed well, I leave it for others to say"—and he shrugged his shoulders in quite an Italian way. "I could have done a good deal for them in one way or another. I could have covered their escape by myself posing for the Press photographers; I could have got the thing written up well in many of the leading London and Continental papers; and I could have driven with them back to the hotel to lunch afterwards—I could have done all sorts of things. However, my services were not required, and there's an end of it. Thank you very much for calling. Put it on a front page, will you? Good morning!"

"Steps are being taken for the erection of a salmon ladder."—*Glasgow Herald.*

This is, of course, the obvious way.

NAVY NOTES.

PETTY officers seldom rise to the rank of Admiral, but the opposite process is not unknown.

Resignation, in naval affairs, is at once a temperament and an act. It becomes the Admiralty in its contemplation of the troubles of life; and it may be expected at any moment as an act of grace on the part of one or more of our Admirals.

"A way we have in the Navy" (or hope to have).—The ARTHUR LEE-way.

"Perhaps it is only rowing men who know the irresistible impulse with which one interrupts a lady's sentence to get on one's legs, with a lump in the throat, as one catches the first glimpse of the flashing sculls. A roar goes up from the bank. College is cheering college, and old boys are shouting 'Christ Church!' and 'Clare!'"—*Daily Chronicle.*

Most unfortunate that the writer should have selected Christ Church as one of his colleges, seeing that no Christ Church "old boy" ever called his boat anything but "House." But the "flashing sculls" should have warned the editor that something was wrong with his correspondent.

THE GERMAN WAITER ONCE MORE.

[The type may be studied at any of the annual dinners that are held every evening in the season.]

He serves the beano night by night,
An alien out of Teuton lands,
With cotton gloves of virgin white
Veiling his vast prehensile hands;
He sees our manhood at its best,
Waits on it where it sits and gorges
Straining its virile lower chest
At annual summer orgies.

The hungry pageants cross his pitch—
Regiment, college, school and corps—
Leaving him careless which is which
And what on earth we do it for;
Sombre of air, detached of soul,
He hears our speeches, long or terse 'uns,
Content to pouch his paltry dole
Without respect of persons.

We come to fill the yearly void,
Meet a few men of our own time—
Absolute strangers, who enjoyed
No knowledge of us in our prime;
But ever there 's a voice that rings
Familiar with the old attraction:—
"That 's all, sir; hope that everything 's
Been to your satisfaction?"

This hint (with variants) he has blown
Into how many a famous ear,
Breathed it to men of taste and tone,
Bishop and actor, bard and peer;
Few mortals in the common ruck
Have met so much of light and leading,
And fewer still have had the luck
To watch the lions feeding.

Their names, however, move him not,
As in and out he deftly trips,
Save as a guarantee of what
They 're good for in the way of tips;
Blind, for the rest, to rank or claim,
Incurious how their gifts are rated,
He serves them with the single aim
Which I have indicated.

And yet at times he studies men,
And takes a note of what is said;
Such are the high occasions when
The patriotic feast is spread;
When veterans praise our Briton breed—
"A pretty toughish nut to crack, Sir;
Our little army goes a d—d
Long way, Sir, there and back, Sir."

'Tis then he dives behind a screen
Where he may chuckle, low and long,
Thinking of camps where he has seen
A nation armed, three million strong;
And slaps his waistcoat, like a man,
Where once the belt confined his tunic,
And drinks to HALDANE'S Army Plan
Deep in a mug of Munich.

O. S.

In what the *Sheffield Evening Mail* calls "Reports from Weather Resorts," we read under "Buxton": "Light wine E. N.-E." We regret that we do not know the brand.

DISCURSIONS.

A NEW JURISDICTION.

THE Court for the Consideration of Hitherto Unpunishable Offences was busily occupied on Thursday last, and the proceedings were of great public interest. The first case on the list was that of an Infinitive, who complained of having been violently assaulted and split by JOHN JAMES CROPTHORNE, described on the charge-sheet as a poet. The complainant appeared in the witness-box in a heavily-bandaged condition, and gave his evidence under the stress of great emotion. It appeared that the prisoner, a man of no attainments, had decided to write a poem entitled, "A Song of Sunrise," and had hired the complainant to help him in the first line.

The poem had been duly composed, printed and published in a sixpenny magazine, and had been signed by the prisoner with his full name. The first line appeared in the following form:—

To with the lark and with the sun arise.

The complainant, in answer to the magistrate, admitted that he had been split before, but added that he had never been split so badly. Ordinary splittings by the insertion of one dividing word he could stand, but the prisoner's offence went far beyond that. A seven-word split gave rise to intolerable sufferings. At this point the complainant fainted, but revived after a strong dose of LINDLEY MURRAY had been administered by the magistrate's clerk.

Mr. HARRISON, a critic, deposed to finding the complainant in a state of collapse outside the office of Messrs. RUMBLE & BLICK, the well-known publishers. He had him conveyed to his home in an ambulance, and bound him up there. Great violence must have been used by the prisoner. Such offences were a grave danger to the community, for many might be led away by the example. In cross-examination by the prisoner, who was not defended by counsel, Mr. HARRISON admitted that he had taken part in the agitation for the establishment of the new Court. He bore the prisoner no grudge. He had never heard of him before.

The prisoner made a long and rambling statement in his defence, but called no witnesses. He urged that he had been educated in a public school and a university, and was now doing his best to keep a roof over the heads of his wife and family. He admitted that it was not necessary for him to write poetry. Even if he had committed an offence he pleaded that it was merely a technical one. He had had no intention of injuring the complainant. Quite the reverse. He asked the magistrate to deal with him lightly. In addition to his wife and children, he had an aged mother dependent on his exertions.

The magistrate asked if anything was known against the prisoner. Police-constable BLUNT said he had on many occasions misused a relative by putting him in the wrong case. Only a month ago he had caused the following sentence to be printed and issued to the public: "The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, whom we believe has never before dealt with a problem of such complexity." He had also attacked several quotations and had brutally ill-treated them, but none of



MORE "CONFISCATION."

PUBLIC-SPIRITED BREWER. "PITY YOU'RE NOT TAKING UP THIS DAYLIGHT SAVING BILL, MR. ASQUITH. SPLENDID THING FOR THE PEOPLE'S HEALTH."

PRIME MINISTER. "AH! BUT THINK OF ALL THE POOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS WHO'VE INVESTED THEIR SAVINGS IN ELECTRIC LIGHT AND GAS COMPANIES!"





Lady of uncertain age. "AH, MAJOR, WE 'RE NONE OF US AS YOUNG AS WE WERE."
Major (absent-minded, but vaguely aware that a gallant answer is indicated). "MY DEAR LADY, I 'M SURE *YOU* DON'T LOOK IT!"

them had been willing to prosecute. Quotations were naturally of a retiring nature.

The magistrate, in passing sentence, said it was a very bad case. Poetry was very dangerous stuff, and must always be carefully handled, especially when the person employing it had had no previous experience of its use. This kind of thing had gone on too long, but the Legislature had decided that Infinitives were not to be split with impunity any more. It was sad to see a man in the prisoner's position. He might have supported his family by manual labour, for which his physical strength evidently fitted him. Instead of that he had chosen to be a poet. Having made his bed he must lie on it. He (the magistrate) was bound to see that the law was obeyed. Infinitives must be protected in their lawful avocations. If such crimes as the prisoner's went unpunished, we could none of us know whose turn it might be next. He took a very serious view of the prisoner's offence, and felt he should not be discharging his duty properly unless he passed upon him the heaviest sentence permitted by the law. The prisoner must undergo ten years' solitary confinement with a dictionary and a selection of novels written by ladies, to be followed by five years of rigorous confinement in a printing office. The gratitude of the public was due to Police-constable BLUNT for the way in which he had prepared the case.

"In the pig section Mr. W. B. Wallace was the only Northerner who had the pluck to face the English host in large whites."
Glasgow Herald.

Something quiet in tweeds would have been more seemly.

A SILENT SUFFERER.

["If telephone users would cast the idea of a machine out of their minds, and use the same courteous and common-sense practices in talking by telephone as they observe when talking to a fellow-being face to face, they would appreciably raise the standard of the telephone service."—*National Telephone Journal.*]

COMPANION of my troubles and my toil,
Who share my study—yea, my very desk—
Who, sleepless, burn with me the midnight oil,
Recumbent, unassertive, and grotesque,
It may be that, when Pegasus has bucked,
And half unseated my confiding Muse,
I have employed you as a helpless duct
To air, with frank brutality, my views.
But hold me not unkind, though I have been
Ungracious, treating you as a machine.

Had I, in clasping your black, slender waist,
Recalled how oft you 've whispered to me, dear,
Avowals passionate but sweet and chaste,
My words had all been meet for you to hear.
Had I been mindful that it naught availed
To objurgate your tender diaphragm
Because, at times, your best endeavours failed
To take my meaning, I had not said: "Tut! Tut!
how tiresome!"
But how remember, while you are, to me,
"Gerrard, eight, double-seven, double-three"?

"Three Taximeter cabs in fine condition and good running order; these cabs will not pass Scotland Yard."—*The Motor.*

Very awkward if one's car refused, just as one swept into the Embankment.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

CHIEFLY MATRIMONIAL.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—HILDEGARDE is Lady WIDELANDS, and I flatter myself that, thanks in a great measure to your BLANCHE, it was quite *the* wedding of the season. St. Agatha's was simply crammed; people were killing each other to get in; and the street outside was a block. At your *own* wedding you 're handicapped by being the *bride*, and can't see to every little detail; but a *sister's* wedding you *can* put through without a hitch. The *leitmotif* of the affair was *pastoral*, with the bridesmaids *en bergère*, and pastoral music played. I *wanted* to hand over the church to SOAMES and SOAMES beforehand, have a lot of the pews removed, and a regular pastoral scene set. The authorities made some objection, however (how *narrow-minded* people are!), so I had to do things on a smaller scale.

I chose the maids *strictly* for their beauty. Where, of two sisters, one was *pretty* and the other *clever* (we don't use a harsher word in these days), I took the pretty one ruthlessly, and left the other. I believe I 've given offence in some quarters, but I can't help that. One ought to have the courage of one's *ideas* as well as of one's *opinions*. The shepherdesses were correct in every detail, with field flowers and genuine crooks, and, as a realistic touch, I thought of making each of them carry one of those dear little pigmy sheep that have been the fashion lately; but they persuaded me out of this. I wanted, too, to have ushers for the maids in the American style, and dress them as shepherds, with smock-frocks, Pan-pipes, and ribbons in their hats; but, if you 'll *believe* me, DAPH, I positively *could* not get them to dress so! Aren't people *sickeningly* self-conscious nowadays? You *can't* get them, *especially* the men, to sink their individuality for a time and merge themselves in a picture. Dear Professor DIMSDALE, in one of those lovely lecture-chats on mental philosophy, told us of a great French philosopher who discovered the Ego. Myself, I think it 's a pity he didn't leave it where it was! I 'm sure it 's made people *absurdly* priggish and *odiously* disobliging.

HILDEGARDE went through it without turning a hair. There 's no scope for originality in a *bride*; she 's *bound* to be conventional. But I made *one* small innovation that, I think, will catch on at summer weddings. Instead of flowers or a Prayer-Book, she carried a white satin fan, with orange-blossom painted round the edge, and all that *matters* of the Marriage Service (the part where the responses come in, you know), printed in silver.

Afterwards we had a *fête champêtre* in the garden here. SOAMES and SOAMES had turned the place into a very good imitation of those sweet old Flemish pictures by WATTEAU or WOUVERMANS, where there are always boors revelling; only there were no boors, and we didn't revel.

And now, my dear, let me say how perfectly shocked and miserable I am at the news of your being engaged to a country parson. I 'm *so* vexed that I positively won't say another *word* about it! *You*, who might have done so well! Why didn't I bring you here by *force*, and give you a season in London? You oughtn't to have come to *this* for *ten* years yet. No girl has any business to *think* of the lesser clergy till she 's past thirty. Where 's the use of telling me that you 're happy and suit each other? Such last-century nonsense! We 're living in the twentieth century now, and those things don't count. It 's *quite* a tragedy! Of course, I know that, just as every private soldier in somebody's army was said to have a marshal's bâton in his knapsack, so perhaps every curate may be said to have a bishop's apron in his sermon-case, but I 'm afraid the odds are all against it in this instance. And some day, when I go down there to open a bazaar or lay a stone, I shall find my poor DAPHNE wearing a middle-aged bonnet and mantle, and with a family of children, and her face "seamed with the horrid cares" of something or other, as MILTON says. Do, my dear child, take the advice of a *true* friend (which is not *too* common a thing among us women); break it off *at once*, and come and stay with me, and I 'll do the best I can for you.

If I were asked what has been the *special* obsession this summer in London, I think I should say Descriptive Dancing, Musical Expression, or Choregraphic Narrative—for it 's called by all these names. A good many of us have been bitten by it, and have taken lessons. One can get hold of it quite quickly, for there are no difficult steps to learn, and one doesn't have to practise much. And then, my dear, the dress! It can be compared to *nothing!* We gave a performance the other day at the Matinée Theatre in aid of a Seaside Home for Irresponsible Impecunious Idiots. I danced a Prelude and Fugue of BACH's, dressed in gold fringe, against a black background. Then BERYL CLARGES did TSCHAIKOWSKY's "1812," dressed in two little flags (French and Russian), her background being a painted cloth showing wintry scenes and soldiers marching. It was my turn again after that, and I danced the "Moonlight Sonata." I wore iridescent sequins, and was backed by a starry sky. It was immense! But the *pièce de résistance* was a duet for BERYL and me—Eve and the Serpent. There was a set scene for this, the Garden of Eden with the Tree in the middle. We 'd a bit of a turn-up as to which of us should do Eve and wear the *sweet* little dress of pink silk-fringe; but BERYL had to give way, and do the Serpent or nothing. (I 'd a *right* to choose, having arranged the whole thing; but some people *are* so self-asserting, aren't they?—never satisfied unless they 're *first*.) I must say she did the Serpent very well. Her sinuous movements were a good deal admired; and, though she certainly looked rather spiteful all the time, *that* suited the part too. My dancing of Eve's irresolution and final taking of the apple was voted to be as classical, artistic, and *satisfying* a choregraphic poem as any professional has yet expressed!

I 've had my first little triumph on the Turf—only a weeny one at the Smallbury Races (rather a rotten little meeting), but it 's a beginning. FREDDY and BILLY VAVASOUR (I think I told you they train for me) say it 's best to begin low down. The winner was a darling two-year-old filly that I 've called *Blanchette*. FREDDY and BILLY think she *may* prove a wonder, and smother *Signorinetta's* record by annexing both the Guineas next year as well as the Derby and Oaks! I was such a happy little woman that day, with the first taste of success, that I insisted on leading in my own, *own* little winner. FREDDY and BILLY tried to dissuade me, saying it 's only done on big occasions. As if I didn't know that! *Ça m'est égal.* I don't *follow* a fashion; I *set* it.

Ever thine, BLANCHE.

"The *Loanda* suddenly founded."
South African News.

"The *Loanda* suddenly floundered."
Midland News, South Africa.

You simply can't hide it from them in South Africa. They *will* have the truth.



Niece (awakened by unusually violent shock). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, UNCLE GEORGE?"
Uncle G. "RUN DOWN A CANOE, MY DEAR."
Niece. "OH, BUT YOU'LL APOLOGISE NICELY, WON'T YOU?"
Uncle G. "WELL, MY DEAR, I'M JUST WAITING TO CATCH THEIR ATTENTION."

THE NON-STOP EXPRESS.

(From Holborn to the Strand and back in 2½ minutes.)

[The following article is asserted to be the work of a driver of the Holborn—Strand train, but we have been unable to verify this allegation.]

OF all those who want to go from Holborn to the Strand only a few are mean enough to walk. For the others there is a train. With that reckless disregard of expense which has always characterised the actions of Tube Railway Companies there is provided a man to drive this train. Equal to the dignity of his post and alive to the difficulties of his undertaking, he steps into the train at Holborn and turns a handle.

When he arrives at the Strand he steps into the other end of the train and turns another handle. When he gets back to Holborn he is confronted by a red flag, which informs him that he can go no further. But he did not need a red flag to tell him that, because—

(*a*) He has been to Holborn before.

(*b*) He can see that there is no further to go.

Thereupon he realises the position at a glance, and adopts the only course open to an honourable man. He goes back to the Strand.

You ask me: "Who may this man be who drives this train from Holborn to the Strand, from the Strand to Holborn, and from Holborn to the Strand, with such conspicuous ability?" I answer you simply and straightforwardly: "I am that man."

Are you coming with me to—

CHAPTER I.—*The Strand?*

The Strand Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 150 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and white. Its most striking features are some theatrical posters and a self-winding clock. When you approach the lifts you will see a notice—"Have your Ticket Ready." The meaning of this notice is briefly this: that you are to have your ticket ready. If you have no ticket you need not have it ready. To that extent you score over those who have tickets. On the other hand, they score over you in that you, having no ticket, will not be let out of the tube and they will. That will be my gain, because I like your company, but it will be your loss because it may interfere with your work.

On reflection I think you must have had a ticket, or you would never have been allowed to descend by the other lift. Therefore, if you have no ticket, you must have lost it.

I beg your pardon. I did not understand you to say that you have a return ticket. Then you will of course be coming back with me to

CHAPTER II.—*Holborn.*

Holborn Station is a spot of especial interest to the tourist in London. It lies 149 feet below the surface of the street, and is coloured green and crimson lake. Its most striking features are a self-winding clock and some theatrical posters.

"Hurry off, please," says my learned friend the Guard, and you start hurrying off. "Hurry on, please," says the double-faced rogue, and you hurry back again. Back we go, then, to

CHAPTER III.—*The Strand.*

Situated, as it is, 150 feet. . . But you know all about that, and I see that there are no other passengers. I am very fond of travelling. I have been to the Strand 12,073 times. Like all other great travellers, however, I am equally fond of returning

from my travels, and by a curious coincidence I have been to

CHAPTER IV.—*Holborn*

12,073 times also. Of the two I prefer

CHAPTER V.—*The Strand.*

Which do you prefer, this or

CHAPTER VI.—*Holborn?*

Yes, you think you like this better, but, believe me, you really prefer the other. Mind you, I have been to both 12,074 times, and ought to know. But just come and have another peep at

CHAPTER VII.—*The Strand.*

Ah! I thought you had not looked properly. I was born at

CHAPTER VIII.—*Holborn,*

but educated at

CHAPTER IX.—*The Strand.*

Sometimes I wish I had been educated at

CHAPTER X.—*Holborn,*

and born at

CHAPTER XI.—*The Strand.*

Wherever I was born I have lived anything but a dull life. My day is full of changes, in fact I am always changing from one end to the other or from the other end to one, as the case may be. Wearing though the strain of such an existence is, I do not think I could stand the monotony of a quiet life above the surface. My noble friend the Liftman tells me that things are very slow up above, and he has been there a good many times. He is a good sort, although he does wear a flannel collar; and I am certain he would not tell a lie. (You must *not* speak to him when the lift is in motion.)

But we must be getting back to

CHAPTER XII.—*Holborn.*

Are you getting out here? Well, good-bye; I am very pleased to have met you so often. If they make any fuss about that return ticket of yours (they are such unreasonable fellows at this end) you are always welcome in my little train. Good-bye again; I think I shall be gadding along to

CHAPTER XIII.—*The Strand,*

on my way to

CHAPTER XIV.—*Holborn.*

"It was a peculiarity of the storm that it seemed to rage furiously in all directions—at one time illuminating the northern sky, at another reverberating in the east, or rolling with a slowly diminishing crescendo towards the south."—*Daily Telegraph.*

The writer is probably thinking of the dodo, which has now diminished altogether. The crescendo, on the contrary, increases with great rapidity, so much so that in certain parts of Australia it has become a nuisance.

CHARIVARIA.

ATTENTION has been called again to the shabby condition of the red benches provided for the Peers in the House of Lords, and it is suggested that it is the intention of the Government not to abolish the Upper Chamber, but to let it gradually crumble away.

***

Mr. HALDANE laughed, in the House of Commons, at the idea that there are foreign spies in this country. Is it that we have no military secrets worth stealing?

***

"It is significant," writes one of our Society correspondents, "that at a tea-party given by Mr. KEIR HARDIE the other day King EDWARD was conspicuous by his absence. No attempt was made to conceal the reason. His MAJESTY was not invited."

***

The British Undertakers' Association has decided that "advertisements tending to loudness" shall be discouraged. It would be interesting to know whether this would mean a cool reception over here for the American undertakers' classic trade announcement, "You kick the bucket: we do the rest."

***

The question whether capital punishment shall be abolished is still being discussed hotly in France. For ourselves we should have thought that in view of France's dwindling population the retention of the death penalty is highly inadvisable.

***

Several Union Jacks were torn down in various parts of the States by indignant Americans on the Fourth of July; but the victory was not bloodless, for 71 Americans were killed, and 2,624 injured on that day.

***

In spite of reports to the contrary the recent Silk Hat Parade at the Exhibition did much to promote the sale of that form of headgear. It came on to rain during the demonstration, and many of the five hundred demonstrators have in consequence had to purchase new silk hats.

***

The agitation on the part of the local gentry to get the name of the thoroughfare known as Houndsditch changed to something more attractive has been revived. The alternative name has not yet been decided on, but we believe that a large party is in favour of swopping names with Park Lane.

***

A Philadelphian preacher has advanced the interesting proposition that MOSES was a negro. This, we suppose, is the swing of the pendulum. A little while ago it was the fashion to whitewash every historical character.

***

The statement that a newspaper which has just made its appearance in a French provincial town is the first journal to be printed on fly-paper has called forth a protest to the effect that one or two papers produced in this country print such poisonous matter that they are quite as effective for the purpose.

***

It is hoped that it will be possible at the banquet which the Government has decided to give to the members of the International Peace Congress to make an announcement that an early cessation of hostilities between some of our Admirals is imminent.

***

At the Children's Garden Party, given by the QUEEN at Buckingham Palace, the entertainment was provided by Mr. ASHTON, and some disappointment, we hear, was felt among the youthful audience because Mr. ASHTON did not recite to them a number of his bright letters on tombstones.

***

We are sorry to hear that the profession of Comic Burglar is suffering from temporary depression owing to an accident to a person of this calling in Germany. The gentleman in question had broken into an hotel at Rensburg, and was about to leave with his loot, when the humorous idea of inscribing his initials and profession in the Visitors' Book occurred to him. While he was thus engaged the poor fellow was surprised by a waiter, and now he is languishing in a gaol.

***

"Prince de SAGAN and his wife," reports *The Daily Telegraph*, "left the Savoy Hotel soon after noon yesterday for Paris in their motor-car, *part of the journey being made by road.*" Our younger readers are invited to guess which part of the journey anyhow was not made by road.

"HARRIER AND BEADLE SHOW."
The Peterborough Advertiser.

"Bumble-puppy" is what you call it, if you don't live at Peterborough.

CENT. PER CENT.

NOT to be eclipsed by his enterprising daily contemporaries, *Mr. Punch* determined to discover, by hook or by crook, a Centenarian of his own. Herewith he has pleasure in presenting the results of his search in his ambassador's own language:—

"After scouring the country for many days without avail, I struck oil north of the Tweed. Sitting one evening in the bar-parlour of a wayside inn, brooding—I repeat, brooding—I overheard a chance remark that put me on the track at last. I brooded a little more, paid for it, and followed up my man.

"'Ay (Yes),' he said, 'he 'll be a hundred the noo.'

"'Hoots, mon,' I answered (being fairly fluent in the language), 'ye'll no be sayin' it! And what 'll be his name, d' ye ken (know)?'

"'HENERY,' replied the bucolic.

"'Ah!' I exclaimed, in my waggish way, 'now we shall soon centenary.'

"My informant led me to the cottage of the patriarch, and ushered me in.

"I found myself in the midst of a unique family party. At the head of the table sat our friend HENERY, clad in a smoking-cap such as our grandmothers delighted to embroider for their swains, and in full possession of all his faculties. He has never in his life worn glasses for reading, but can see the smallest print. He is unfortunately unable to read, but his daughter, a strapping lass of seventy-nine summers, reads the paper to him every night before she goes to bed—she finds it inconvenient to do so after.

"'And so,' I began, shaking hands, 'you remember the Battle of Hastings? Ye 'll ken jist a' aboot it—what, hey?'

"'Ay (Yes),' he replied. 'I mind how me mither smackit me weel the day the news cam'—an' the way I greeted (cried).'

"'Father 'll aye be tellin' ye o' that,' put in the youngest boy, a fresh-faced youngster of sixty-five.

"'Have you ever been to London?' I asked.

"'Ye 'll be fra' (from) Lunnon (London) yersel', maybe?'

"'Ay, ay.'

"'Ay, man, I 'll be there twa (two) times. You mauna (must not) think I 'll forget Lunnon.'

"'No, no. Come now,' I pursued, 'what did you think of it?'

"'It 's a gey bonnie place. A remember the wax-worrks.' And the genial old man smiled at his recollections. We chatted awhile, and I prepared to leave.

"'Before I go, Mr. HENERY,' I suggested, 'you will give me a hint or two for the benefit of my readers on the way to live to a green old age—what, hey?'

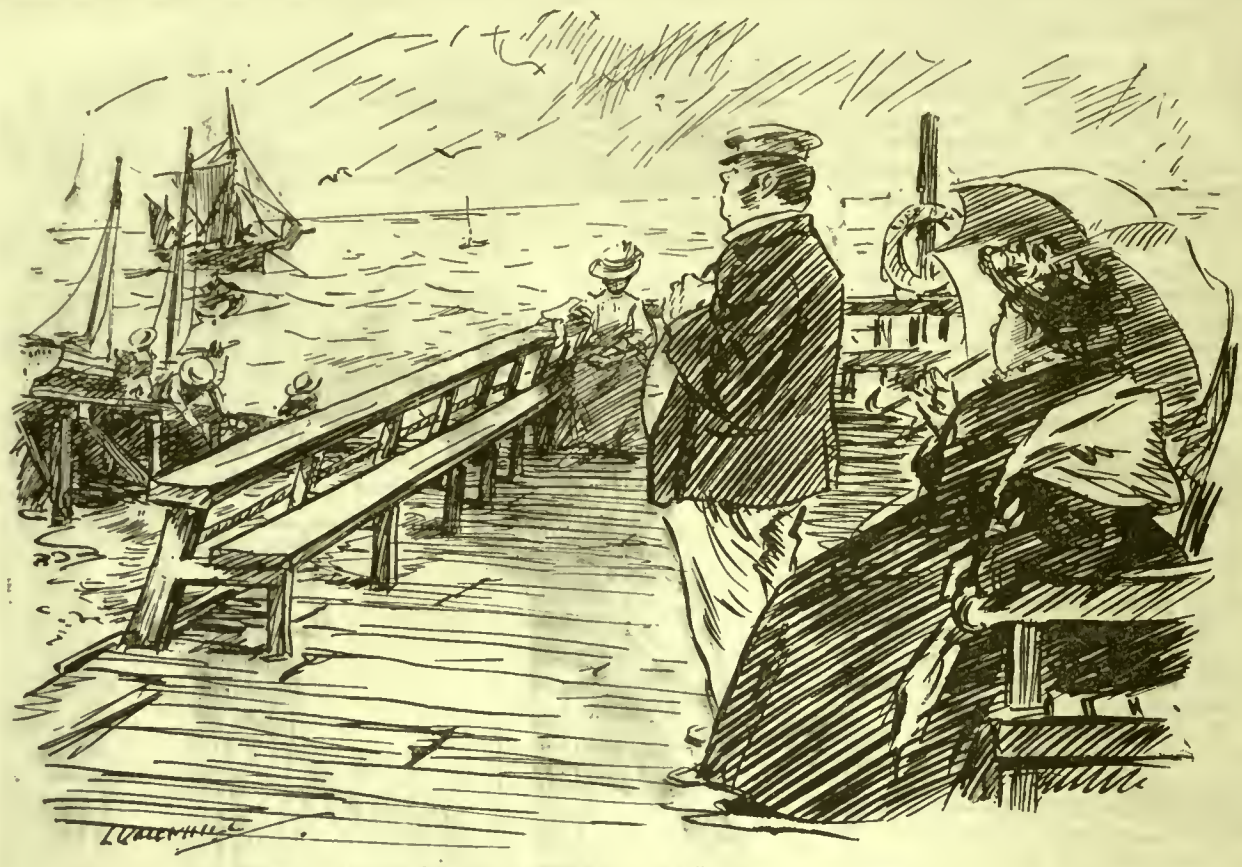
"Food faddists will not be greatly taken with my old friend's ideas. He has always, he says, eaten and drunk precisely what he pleased, except when unable to obtain it. He believes in exercise—a three-mile walk on a Sunday morning he considers a splendid thing for a tonic. Having lived for a hundred years, he has spent some time in the open air.

"'Tak' everything as it comes, and dinna fash yersel' (don't worry),' was his sensible parting advice.

"'Even if you 're caught takin' it,' I said, as I wished him farewell. He laughed very heartily at this sally, so much so that we all joined in. I left him still chuckling."



"THIRTY BOB TOO MUCH FER THE LITTLE DAWG, LIDY? WY! LOOK AT THE OWNER'S VALUATION!"
"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT BACK TO HIM, THEN?"
"WY, BECOS I TOOK IT BACK TO 'IM LAWST TOOSDAY, AN' IT WOULDN'T BE IN ACCORDANCE WIV THE ETTIKWET OF OUR PERFESSION TER LET 'IM 'AVE IT TWOICE IN ONE WEEK!"



Brown. "AH! THEY 'VE JUST DROPPED THE ANCHOR."
Mrs. B. "AND SERVE 'EM RIGHT! IT 'S BEEN DANGLING OUTSIDE ALL THE MORNING!"

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER'S DITTY.

WHEN I 'm annually hunted
Out of town by need of change,
I 'm consistently confronted
By a problem passing strange:
There are scores of charming places
Where I 'd gladly love to stay,
But the folk who inundate them,
Desecrate and permeate them,
With their hats and boots and faces,
Fill my heart with dire dismay.

Thus, for instance, if to Cromer
I repair, and on the shore,
Like a civilised beach-comber
Revel in the ocean's roar,
Though the good Cromerians fire me
With no hatred of my kind,
Countless hordes from other regions,
Liverpudlians and Glaswegians,
Irresistibly inspire me
With a fury black and blind.

Or, again, if I and LUCY—
Lucy is my second wife—
Take our tickets for Kingussie,
Or frequent the hills of Fife,
Though the Scottish folk delight me
With their scones and baps and brose,
Cockneys all around us clamber
(Like so many flies in amber),
Knickerbockered trippers blight me
With their highly-coloured hose.

Cambria's charms anon allure me,
But, no matter where I hie,
No precautions can secure me
Uninvaded privacy.
Though I stretch myself *sub Jove*
On Llyn Cwellyn's gloomy shores,
Swarms from Bootle and from Bowdon
Occupy the heights of Snowdon,
Taint the air of Aberdovey,
Picnic on the Fachs and Fawrs.

Yesteryear my way I wended,
Viâ Fishguard and Rosslare,
Bent, in isolation splendid,
On inhaling Erin's air.
But, alas! I found at Blarney
All the trippers that I loathe,
And they made fair Rosapenna
Quite a miniature Gehenna,
And they Cockneyfied Killarney,
Vulgarised the Hill of Howth.

Failing with this crux (*hâc cruce*)
Adequately else to cope,
Far afield have I and LUCY
Now determined to elope;
And, to end this doleful story
In a less disgruntled style,
Since upon all home excursions
We must meet our pet aversions,
We are off to Ruwenzori
And the Sources of the Nile.

"The mountain side is splashed with acres of bloom running through the entire litany of tints from light to darkness. The dominant hues suggest the curtains of the Tabernacle—purple, crimson, and scarlet. Stacked massively on top of each other, they glare steadily, and the heavy scent heightens the feeling of conflagration. But Nature paints well, and borrowing the artifice of the landscape master, drops in cool green in strange places."

This has dropped into a green edition of *The Dublin Herald*. Borrowing the blue pencil of the editor we have crossed out some of it.

"The ball travelled low until it was over the ridge about 100 yards from the green, then it rose like a soaring bird, and dropping on the sloping ground rolled along till it was within three yards of the hole. As nearly as possible the ball travelled like a bullet fired from a rifle at 600 yards."—*Glasgow Herald.*

The next time you fire a rifle at 600 yards just watch the bullet carefully, and you 'll be surprised at the resemblance.



"ENGLAND EXPECTS——"

SHADE OF NELSON. "I SEE YOU'RE HOISTING MY OLD SIGNAL."
BRITANNIA. "YES. ONE OR TWO OF MY ADMIRALS SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN IT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



Mark Lockwood stalks the Alien in Epping Forest.

House of Commons, Monday, July 6.—Colonel Mark Lockwood, V.C., back on duty; his countenance has taken on a manlier bronze, his hat is tipped a little further towards back of head, carnation in his button-hole nearer than ever to circumference of a sunflower. Excited some attention on entering the Lobby by carrying a telescope under his arm.

"What 's that for?" Walter Long asked him. "A new way of catching the Speaker's eye?"

Beneath the bronze a blush mantled Mark's ingenuous countenance.

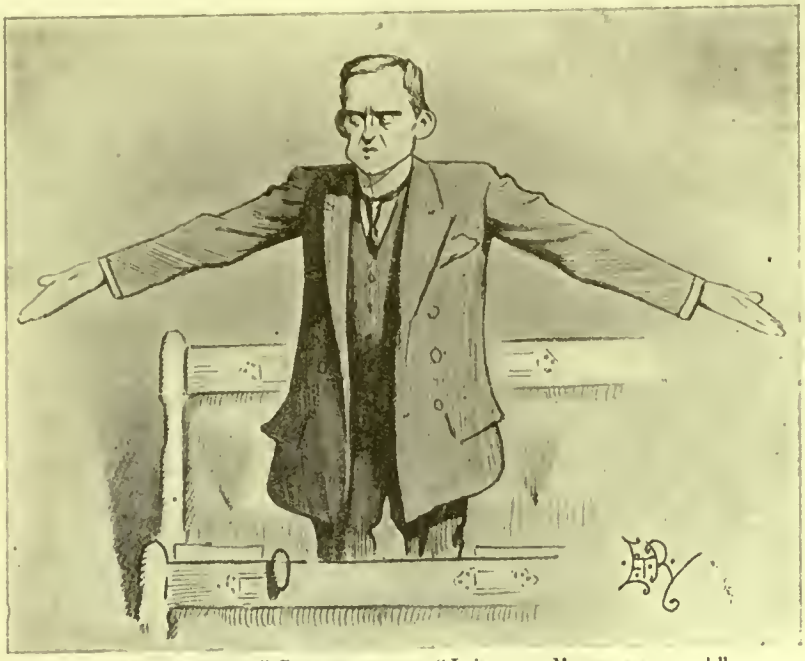
"Beg your pardon," he said; "force of habit."

Rushed off to locker, deposited spy-glass. Back in time to put a question which explained everything. For the past ten days, during which Lobby, House and Terrace have lamented his absence, Mark has been down in Epping Forest, stalking a couple of foreigners. By various strategic movements, such as climbing trees, crawling on all fours through the long grass (on one occasion hiding in an outhouse, the door of which the owner casually locked in passing, imprisoning the unsuspected Colonel for the space of five hours), he accumulated evidence revealing the true character of the self-styled tourists. They were, in brief, German spies, charged with mission of securing photographs of Epping Forest and water-colour sketches of the more picturesque views, with intent that the German Army, having sunk the Channel Fleet and gobbled up the Territorial Forces, should march by nearest route on London.

This afternoon brought subject to notice of House in form of question addressed to Secretary of State for War. With that hide-bound contempt which Ministers commonly show for information reaching them through any but official sources, Napoleon B. Haldane made light of the affair. Told a little story relating to what he described as similar incident. Report made to War Office of three foreign officers taking observations in a rural district. Specially mentioned as conclusive evidence of guilty intent that they "drank champagne and drove about in motors." Investigation made, it turned out that they were innocent, even commonplace, visitors, wholly unconnected with military matters.

"This is the kind of thing," said N.B.H., casting a look of scorn at the cauliflower in Mark's button-hole, "that is constantly coming up."

Thus is patriotism encouraged by the present so-called Government. After spending five hours in an outhouse, breaking his watch-chain in forcing his way through inadequate outlet provided by a partly-shuttered window, and carrying out the other strategic movements cited, for Mark to be put off by ill-timed



THE "SEA-GREEN" INSATIABLE; OR, "IT 'S YOUR MONEY WE WANT!"

"They would accept this paltry measure for what it was worth, and use it as a lever for getting more. . . . Money was staring them in the face. Look at the huge sums spent on ladies' frocks and fur coats for pet dogs."
(Mr. Ph-l-p Sn-wd-n on the Old Age Pensions Bill.)

badinsge is not encouraging to further effort for the public weal.

Business done. — Eight Hours (Mines) Bill read a second time. Old Age Pensions Bill passed through final stage of Committee.

Tuesday. — Like that other renowned warrior, General TROCHU, Captain KINCAID-SMITH has his "plan." It is more comprehensive even than the original one for the deliverance of beleaguered Paris. Having carefully considered the Territorial Army scheme, an eye trained in warfare perceives its weak point. As, many years ago, the late Mr. BIGGAR, criticising a Bill brought in by Mr. CHAPLIN relating to the breed of horses, observed, "It 's too narrer, Mr. SPAKER, much too narrer." It provides excellent machinery, but lacks the force to work it. In brief, it does not make provision for raw material of an army —men, to wit.

This KINCAID-SMITH is prepared to do. Has drafted a scheme, elaborating plan of national military training, making it compulsory. This afternoon moves for leave to introduce his Bill. Avails himself of privilege of Ten Minutes Rule to explain it clause by clause with reiterated formula. "Clause 1 lays down——" he said. "Clause 2 lays down——" and so on to the end, as if the Bill were a hen laying eggs for families.

House began to show signs of impatience at the quaint reiteration. KINCAID-SMITH took no notice of the restless movement, the increasing buzz of conversation, the murmur of "Time! Time!" He had, so to speak, a hen up his sleeve that would "lay down" something sure to please Members, safe to secure a first reading of the Bill.

"Clause 11," he said, in due course, "lays down that exemption from compulsory training shall be accorded to habitual drunkards, persons of weak intellect, and Members of both Houses of Parliament."

A roar of cheers and laughter greeted this happy grouping. When it subsided, KINCAID-SMITH started off again. "Clause 12 lays down—" This brought up the SPEAKER with significant reminder that the allotted time had expired. KINCAID-SMITH quite surprised. Was getting on so nicely. Process of laying down carried on with unvarying punctuality and dispatch. Though there might be no appeal from ruling of the Chair, he was not disposed to forego delivery of his peroration, carefully prepared after close study of JOHN BRIGHT'S masterpieces.

In solemn voice, with impressive manner, he began to "lay down" one of the longest sentences ever worked off in debate. Members, placated by the artful bribe of remission of compulsory training, listened in silence to the first furlong or so. As he went on, laying it down as if it were an Atlantic cable, the long unfamiliar cry of "'Vide! 'Vide!" broke forth, drowning orator's voice. This bad enough; mild compared with what followed on a division, when leave to introduce the Bill was refused by 250 votes against 34.

Business done.—Old Age Pensions Bill passes Report stage.

Friday. To the joy of his friends and the delight of the Labour Members, to whom he is of never-failing interest, Earl WINTERTON has come back, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of an honourable scar or two earned in the polo field. He finds the Government at their old game, suspending Eleven o'Clock Rule, closuring everybody, forcing obnoxious Bills through at the blade of the guillotine.

"I think," Mr. SPEAKER, he said, looking gloomy for one of his tender years, "the time has come when some kind of League should be formed for the protection of Private Members."

There is about the inception of the idea that misty vagueness that invests with grandeur distant mountain peaks. WINTERTON doesn't condescend to detail. The proposed combination is to be what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" a League. In throwing out suggestion he doubtless had in his well-



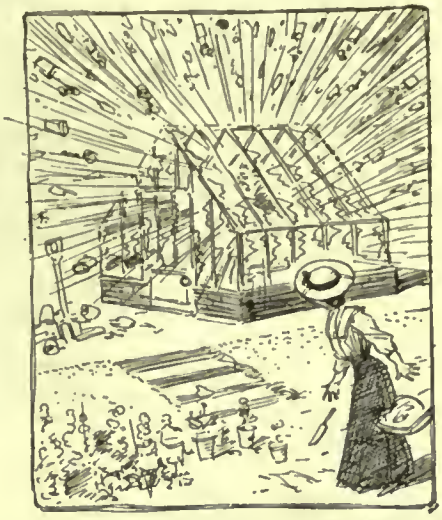
KHIN-KAID, THE CONJURER.

"A hen up his sleeve that would 'lay down' something sure to please Members."

HINTS FOR THE BACK GARDEN.



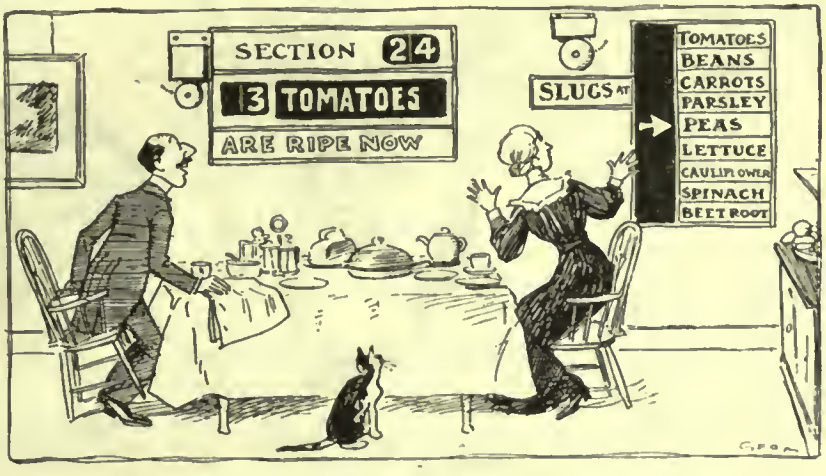
SNAIL-COURSING SHOULD PROVE ATTRACTIVE IN SPORTING CIRCLES.



IT IS INADVISABLE TO SNEEZE IN THE SMALL GREENHOUSE.



CARE MUST BE TAKEN *NOT* TO BUILD THE SUMMER-HOUSE ON THE SITE OF AN OLD MUSHROOM BED.



KITCHEN-GARDEN INDICATORS CAN NOW BE HAD AT A MODERATE COST.

stored mind recollection of historic Leagues antecedent to that named after the simple flower DIZZY admitted he most appreciated when made into a salad. Amongst others are the League of Augsburg, the League of Cambray, the League of Ratisbon, and the League of the Beggars. Less familiar by name in day schools, the title tempting for appropriation, is the League of the Public Weal, formed by the Dukes of BURGUNDY and BRITTANY against LOUIS XI. OF FRANCE.

A companionship under this title, encamped on benches above gangway to left of SPEAKER, would be welcomed by all champions of freedom of House of Commons. Too early to go into details; but obviously earliest draft of the League of the Public Weal would include the names of Earl WINTERTON (President), FREDERICK BANBURY, Knight, A. S. WILSON, W. MOORE and Captain CRAIG; probably with HAROLD COX, Secretary (unpaid).

Business done. — Eleven o'Clock Rule suspended for rest of Summer session.

THE DEATH OF THE SAGE.

HE was very near the end, but when at last the information had been conveyed to him that an interviewer was below, he rallied. I was led in on tip-toe by a muffled nurse.

"To what," he quavered, "do I owe my success in life? To this, young man: to never forgetting the proverbial philosophy of Loamshire, my native county."

Oxygen having been administered, I asked him if he could remember any of the more helpful of the sayings by which he had guided his long and eminent career. He rested for a while, and then repeated a few, truly the wisdom of many and the wit of one, and how racy of the soil!

"You must hold your hat in a high wind."

"Don't lean against wet paint."

"The deepest flagon is empty at last."

"Steady reaches the goal."

"Look twice at a penny and twelve times at sixpence."

"The sun will come out."

"Old birds are the toughest."

"You can't dive for pearls without getting wet."

"It is ill sitting on thorns."

He could remember no more, and sank back exhausted, although still watching me as I wrote.

It was not till I closed my notebook that he died.

MY FIVE-POUND STORY.

I AM writing this story for a wager. Let there be no mistake about that. In the first place JORKINS said I couldn't write a story. Then he said I couldn't get it accepted *anyhow*. Whereupon I drew out five sovereigns from my sovereign-case, placed them on the table, and dared JORKINS to do the same.

JORKINS accepted the challenge and we drew up the conditions:—

(1) I am to name my hero ALAN FAIRFAX, and my heroine CLARIBEL. (My condition.)

(2) Each time the story is returned by an editor I am to add a chapter to it. (JORKINS'S condition.)

I mention this second condition in order that editors shall see that the sooner they accept my story the less of it there will be to accept.

CHAPTER I.

There was a big crush at Lady BASSINGTON'S. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists and poets ascended the broad staircase and flowed into the brilliantly-lighted salon. A continual stream of Cabinet Ministers, poets and artists descended the back staircase and passed out by the emergency exit.

Thus the brilliantly-lighted salon was kept supplied with fresh celebrities.

At the top of the first staircase stood ALAN FAIRFAX. His bronzed face and strong, square chin contrasted strongly (there is nothing about not having two "strongs" together in the conditions; anyway, I shall chance it) with the weak, effeminate types around. One felt that here (at last) stood the hero. It is sometimes wise to trust one's intuitions. He *is* the hero. He had been away from England for ten years, shooting big game in South Africa, South America, Scotland. [Editors, please delete two of these.] He had returned to his native land to find CLARIBEL.

Night after night he had waited at the top of the stairs. He had now been waiting three months. CLARIBEL was overdue.

Suddenly his eyes lighted on a familiar *aigrette* of *torchon* lace—[Are *aigrettes* fitted with *torchon* lace? Please confirm]—that was being carried upwards in the stream of Cabinet Ministers, artists, and poets. "It is she," he said. "She will arrive in half an hour."

. . . . . .

"CLARIBEL!"

"ALAN!"

"At last, my darling, I have come."

"O ALAN! Why didn't you write?"



[The Army Council has decided that the Yeomanry shall be armed with the short rifle and bayonet, instead of being re-armed with the sword.]

British Yeoman (after emptying his rifle at foreign foeman). "LOOK HERE! PLAY THE GAME! COMING OUT WITH YOUR CARVING-KNIFE AGAINST ME AND MY WINKLE-PIN!"

"I saw you at the bottom of the stairs. Was it necessary? . . . . CLARIBEL, will you be my wife? . . . . Speak, my darling."

"ALAN, I have loved you from the first."

THE END.

[Declined with thanks.—EDITOR, *Feathered World.*]

You think I shall find it difficult to add another chapter? Wait and see.

CHAPTER II.

Where was Claribel?

A moment ago ALAN had held her in his strong arms. [Is this right? Should he have taken her into the salon first?] Now she was torn from him in a sudden wave of artists, Cabinet Ministers, and poets. Far away, through the brilliantly-lighted salon, down the second staircase, and through the emergency exit. She was gone! ALAN FAIRFAX searched the thronged rooms. He spoke to the footman at the door. He enquired at the box-office. She had vanished.

Out into the starlit night. Out into the silent blue-black immensity of space. Beyond the park railings. On! On!

Unheeding the low, hoarse cries of breathless men. Unheeding the urgent voices of the night. On! On!

Faster! Faster! Croydon—Redhill—Handeross. Surely he must beat the record.

Then a blinding crash. . . The earth rose and rushed upon him and beat the life out of him. . . . Then—a silence.

. . . . . .

Two days later—when the ice had melted—they found him.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, *Sunday at Home.*]

CHAPTER III.

Through a typographical error in my last chapter "found him" was printed for "fined him." ALAN FAIRFAX attended the Court with bandaged head. When they asked his name he replied not. He only stared at the crowded court and the white-robed usher. [Is this wrong?] He had forgotten it.

ALAN FAIRFAX had lost his memory!

"It is hopeless," said the Court missionary. . . . "unless he were to receive some sudden shock."

"Ten pounds and costs," said the magistrate.

But even this shock was not enough. He left the Court. He began to shoot big game once more. Whenever he saw a policeman he would call for his 6·7 repeater. [Please correct.]

One day he was shooting near Hawkhurst Grange, where CLARIBEL'S married sister lived. He had had no luck that morning. Suddenly a strange beast approached. It rushed upon him with a hideous roar. He raised his 6·7 repeater.

. . . . . .

They applied all four brakes and jumped down from the car.



Nurse (to Johnnie, who had run into the road and miraculously escaped a violent death). "IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN, I'LL KILL TER!"

"It is ALAN," cried CLARIBEL.

"*Was* ALAN," corrected her sister. They picked him off the mudguards and the sparkling plug, [Is this technically right?] and CLARIBEL drew near and wept.

THE END.

[Declined.—EDITOR, *Zoophilist*.]

CHAPTER IV.

I have a presentiment that this will be the last.

The shock had done it. ALAN'S memory was restored. He opened his eyes and recognised CLARIBEL.

THE END.

[In order to spare other innocent Editors, we are kindly printing this story.—EDITOR, *Punch*.]

The Perils of the Motorist.

From a Notice Board outside the Sandhurst National Schools:

"DANGER.
MOTORISTS BEWARE OF
THE SCHOOL CHILDREN."

Under the heading "Where to Spend a Pleasant Hour," *The Golden Penny* mentions the following attraction:

"ALDWYCH THEATRE.
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON."

NOVEL NOTES.

(With acknowledgments to the Paris Correspondent of "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

MISS BONANZA BYNGE, the greatest novelist of the last fortnight, whose Gargantuan genius has caused something like an earthquake in Vigo Street and the vicinity, is not only one of the most beautiful women in Bayswater, but derives an added lustre from her distinguished antecedents. Her real name, which she withholds out of a laudable modesty familiar in modern lady novelists, appears in a footnote to an appendix in *Debrett*, and her brother enjoyed the inestimable privilege of being fag to a belted earl at Eton. Miss BYNGE, it may be added, began to write poetry at the age of three, and although some of her rhymes are peculiar—*e.g.*, "rhododendron" and "pendulum"—there is a high-bred distinction about her ideas which points unmistakably to her aristocratic birth.

MISS ANNABEL VIVIAN, whose recent novel, *The Quandary*, has been pronounced by her publisher to be the greatest work of the century, is related to several of the oldest families in Ireland, and appears — though of course not under her pseudonym—in *Thom's Directory* and *Walford's County Families*. Indeed, we have the best authority for stating that Miss VIVIAN'S uncle by marriage is the second cousin once removed of a gentleman who for some years past has presented a claim for the revival of the dormant peerage of Ballybunnion in North Kerry.

MISS HILDA GILLESPIE, who has recently been declared by *The Peebles Gazette* to be the greatest female novelist of the century, prefers to write under an assumed name in deference to the wishes of her father, whose great-great-grandmother on the maternal side was the foster-sister of the housekeeper to the last Lord BANAVIE of Rannoch. Although, strange to say, Miss GILLESPIE'S real name does not appear in *Debrett*, it is to be found in *The Peebles Directory* in close proximity to that of a well-known baronet of sporting tendencies.

From a Leeds advertisement:—

"THE —— YEAST CO.:
with which is incorporated
JAMES SHERWOOD."

JAMES should expect a rise shortly.

From an election address in *The Leitrim Advertiser*:—

"I will endeavour to provide cottages for all married, or intending marrying, bonified labourers."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IF you are an exiled Russian Prince, it makes it much more amusing to be a Nihilist too. But *Prince Rurikoff*, who is the hero of *The Honour of X* (SMITH, ELDER), went one better than that, being a sort of humanitarian Nihilist engaged in saving the life of the Tsar who had banished him. As a member of the "Inner Circle" he had sworn not to marry, which he found very tiresome when he came across *Nest Llewellyn*, an undiscovered *diva* living in a part of Wales that does not appear in the railway advertisements. Why a spy should have any scruples about breaking his oath, and how the unknown *X* squared his position with his conscience at all (for he kept giving information to the English Government), are points which Miss GRAHAM HOPE does not very clearly explain. Probably one has to be very good at algebra to understand it, and I never got much beyond quadratic equations. Anyhow, the middle part of the book, where *Rurikoff* comes as a strolling artist named *Gregory* to Porth Howell, is wholly idyllic and delightfully written, so that it seems quite a pity that the stranger's shirts and collars are marked B. G. R., and that he is descended from RURIK, Emperor of all the Russias. However, he defies fate, marries *Miss Llewellyn*, and after a stormy interview with his Underground friends is permitted to retire in peace. Miss HOPE has written a very pleasant novel, and one which should certainly make Princes and Grand Dukes more careful in the future.



"THEY TELL ME YOU 'RE WORKIN' HARD NIGHT AND DAY SINCE YOU WERE UP BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE FOR PUSHIN' YOUR HUSBAND ABOUT, MRS. ROBINSON."

"YES. THE MAGISTRATE SAID IF I CAME BEFORE HIM AGAIN HE 'D FINE ME FORTY SHILLINGS."

"AND SO YOU 'RE WORKIN' HARD TO KEEP OUT OF MISCHIEF?"

"WHAT?—I 'M WORKIN' HARD TO SAVE UP THE FINE."

'Twas, years ago, a *Purple Cow*
That GELETT BURGESS wrote about;
He writes of other matters now
More worthy to be writ and read
Than that delirious quadruped,
And Mr. RICHARDS brings them out.

The Heart Line gives a vivid view
Of life out San Francisco way,
With special application to
That sort of life which surely comes
Of faith in spirit mediums
Who are not rigidly O.K.

Such sense informs its every line
I judge the author 's fairly quit
Of nightmare-bred, and-breeding, kine;
And if the tune he 's playing now
Has killed that ghastly *Purple Cow*,
I hope he 'll play some more of it.

The Door of Darkness (JOHN LANE) opens with a peep into the rooms at Monte Carlo, and discovers *Berthe Hamilton* plunging on zero. This *coup*, and others less daring, came off, and anyone with half an eye can see that after that she was bound to be unlucky in her love affairs. On the whole I think Miss MAUDE ANNESLEY has been rather hard on her. She was by no means immaculate. She had an atrocious habit of giggling, she said, "whatsaname the county" when she meant "bother it," and she called her pet aunt "a perfect bird," and her birthday presents "dinky." Also, like Miss ANNESLEY, she had a truly feminine genius for using commas in the wrong place. But her punishment for these girlish failings was, I think, unduly severe. She became engaged to a sort of wandering Jew, whose fate it was to live for ever. Instead of telling her that his immortality was (for some reason not clearly stated) a just cause and impediment why he should not marry this woman, he let concealment play on his sallow Italian cheek till the eve of the wedding and then took to his heels. So she flung up her arms in the air and clutched at nothing. "I don't care if he is the devil himself, I want him, I love him! Oh, my God, how I love him! If you don't find him I shall kill myself; do you quite understand? I mean it!" And upon that the door shuts. Miss ANNESLEY has rather got out of her depths in her endeavour to plumb the ocean of eternity, besides barking her shins severely against re-incarnation and automatic writing and other similar snags.

"On the highest and most inaccessible peaks above Chamonix, Count O'Gorman, an Irishman, is planting edelweiss."—*Daily Mail.*

Any inaccessible peak would have done for the ordinary man. Only an Irishman would have chosen the "most inaccessible."

The Scotsman refers to Captain KINCAID-SMITH'S "golf-rimmed spectacles." Excellent things, these golf-rimmed spectacles. They make a man links-eyed.

CHARIVARIA.

WE are informed that, in order to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of a certain friendly Power, the idea underlying the present naval manœuvres in the North Sea is that the British Fleet has been suddenly attacked by a strong force of fighting Finns.

***

The announcement that Mr. ASQUITH is about to appoint a Royal Commission on the preservation of ancient monuments and buildings, has created a very favourable impression in the House of Lords.

***

"I hope," said Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., last week, "the time will come very speedily when there will be no room for kings and queens—when we shall be able to govern ourselves." We, too, hope that the day will come when certain persons will be able to govern themselves.

***

A correspondent in *The Express* calls attention to the abuse of royal titles as names for public-houses. We agree that there is an opening here for reform. A little while ago a distinguished visitor to this country noticed a miserable little building bearing the sign "The King's Head Inn," and remarked, "Well, if that is His Majesty's chief tavern, what are the others like?"

***

We do hope that our neighbours will not do themselves an injury by carrying the *entente* to extremes. The other day the steamboats on the Seine ceased to run.

***

The Paris *Éclair* announces, according to a contemporary, that "M. DEUTSCH DE LA MEURTHE has offered a new prize of £1,000 for a flying machine which will transport Commandant RENARD from Paris to London." It is not known in what way the Commandant has offended M. DE LA MEURTHE.

***

A remarkable incident is reported from Bisley. During the firing for the CONAN DOYLE prize a competitor aimed at a bull, and hit a cow.

***

The Daily Mail has published an article entitled "Marathon Race: How to Win it." So now there will be no excuse for anybody's failure.

***

The Americans are nothing if not a practical nation. According to *The Evening Standard* our cousins were the only competitors who were prepared for the rain at the opening of the Olympic Games. "The Germans and Austrians," says our contemporary, "were dressed entirely in navy blue: the Norwegians and Swedes had white flannel trousers and singlets: the Americans had divers costumes."

***

We trust that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY is seriously indisposed in consequence of the discovery that persons living in the neighbourhood of the Exhibition can see his Olympic fireworks without paying for the privilege. The suggestion that householders shall be forced to keep their blinds drawn during the display is clearly impracticable.

***

Should solicitors wear wigs to prevent their being mistaken for court ushers? is a question which the Law Society has referred to its Council for consideration. Another suggestion from outside is that the court ushers should wear wigs to prevent their being mistaken for solicitors.

***

The more closely one examines the interesting show of the London Salon at the Albert Hall, where every picture that was submitted was hung, the more apparent does it become that there is sufficient material there out of which to form two distinct exhibitions, one of which, following another French precedent, might be called the *Salon des Humoristes*.

***

The military correspondent of *The Times* having alarmed us as to the intentions of the Government towards the Army, *The Daily Chronicle* has come to our relief with the statement that it is merely intended to reduce military expenditure to "something nearer the point at which it stood before the Boer War." This is most reassuring.



THE TRAMP'S TOILET.

"'OT ONE DAY—COLD THE NEXT. ONE 'ARDLY LIKES TO LEAVE OFF ANYTHING."

Mr. Punch Appeals.

AT this moment, when the thoughts of all are turning to the fields and the hills and the sea, *Mr. Punch* appeals to his gentle and generous readers to remember the Children of the City, to whom the simple delights of the country are forbidden unless there are kind hearts somewhere to care for them. Last year the CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND was able to give a fortnight's happiness in country cottages to 41,970 children. This number represents only about 5 per cent. of the elementary school population of London, of whom not more than one-third have the chance of escaping from the town for even a week's holiday. *Mr. Punch* begs his friends to support this Fund, which is badly in need of help, and to send contributions, large or small or middle-sized, direct to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Arran, at 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. *Mr. Punch* is not often importunate in this way, but he confesses to being something of a beggar in the cause of children, so near are they to his heart. Though he is himself full of years and very, very wise, he still remains incurably "a child in these matters."

THE GREAT LITTLE GAMES.

THE Olympic arena seethed with officials, unofficials and competitors. On the cinder track the demi-semi-finals of the 109·36 yards sprint, and the 29th heat of the 4·05 miles race were being worked off concurrently. On the cycling track the performers in the 1⅛ lap race were threading their way amongst casual groups who had eluded the Kiralfian police. Fountains of spray went up from the tank every time that a fancy diver could find a wet spot in the middle of a water-polo match (Finland *v.* Monaco). On the grass several thousand physical-exercisers were performing various evolutions in a shocking light, the air being dark with flying javelins, diski (both styles), arrows, shot, and so-called hammers. A steeplechase and the 437·4 yards hurdle race just left room for a section of the American contingent, who were engaged in an exotic competition known as the Standing High Jump. At any moment the Marathon runners might appear at the turnstile clamouring for admission.

As my eye ran over the vast empty spaces in the part reserved for spectators, "Ah!" I thought, "if only the public could change places with the occupants of the arena, what a magnificent gallery it would be!"

Suddenly I caught sight of an Austro-Hungarian friend who had come over to represent the Dual Monarchy in the Hop-Skip-and-Jump. His Czech suit shone brightly out from the Distinguished Strangers' Block. We had met in Prague, where he held the title of Backward-Somersault-Long-Distance World Champion. I beckoned to him to join me on the higher slopes of the cycle-track. There we sat down and conversed in the Bohemian vernacular.

I found him unfavourably impressed by the indifference of the British public. "And yet," he said, "they are only asked to concentrate their attention upon a few score of Olympic contests extending over a beggarly fortnight—or a bare month if we include outside events! Is this all the advance we have made, in these twenty centuries of progress, upon the paltry eight or ten contests at the old Pan-Hellenic Games?"

"Well, anyhow," I said, "we seem to have developed some fairly fanciful games that no grown-up Englishman ever thinks of playing at except on these occasions, such as the Back-Swimming-Race, your Hop-Skip-and-Jump, the Standing-High-Jump, and the Standing-Broad-Jump. Don't you call that advancing by leaps and bounds?"

"It 's all right," he replied, "as far as it goes: but we want more of that spirit. I would have a separate event for every conceivable form of muscular activity. Thus I have a Magyar friend who holds the Water-Ping-Pong Championship of the Danube. What chance has he here of proving his claim to Olympic honours? That is one of the nobler branches of athletic competition; but I could easily mention dozens of others that are at present sadly neglected. The following, for instance, occur to me as among the gravest omissions:—

High Jump (kneeling).
Broad Jump (sitting).
Hop-Skip-and-Jump (sideways).
" " " (vertical).
Throwing the Paper Dart (Greek Style).
" " (any style).
Feet-First Diving (with tank).
" " (without tank).
Swimming Race (one leg out of water).
" " (both legs and one arm out of water).
Egg-and-Spoon Race (fresh-laid).
" " " (new-laid).
" " " (relay).
Potato-and-Basket Race (flat).
" " " (over 2·394-ft. hurdles).
Hopping Race.
" " (blindfolded).
Bath-Chair-Trailer Race (passengers to finish alive).
" " " " (no restrictions).
High Kicking (with run).
" " (without run).
Punching the Ball.
Tossing the Pancake.
Quick-Shaving (safety razor).
" " (danger ").
Skittles at 10·45, 12·53, 14·62 yards, and so on.

"One might," he concluded, "with great profit extend these competitions indefinitely till everybody got a medal."

"And how would you find time for the intervals between the Quadrennial Games?" I asked.

"There wouldn't be any," he replied. "And an excellent thing, too, for the World's Peace. It would be like a Hague Conference sitting till further notice."

"And a banquet every night?"

"And a banquet every night. Regularity is the secret of athletic training."

"By the way, you said nothing of a Greasy Pole Walk. You wouldn't miss that out?"

"No, indeed. But I only gave a few obvious samples."

"Well, we 're on the way towards your ideal. But let 's hope it won't all of it come in my time. Give me the Inter-University Sports with ten events and the whole thing over in two hours. That 's good enough for me."

"By the way," I added, as I slipped down the slope and threw a couple of performers in the Cycle "Pursuit" Race, "here 's luck to you in the Hop-Skip-and-Jump. Don't hesitate to take this championship out of the country. I, for one, shall bear the blow like a man."

O. S.

[NOTE.—The above article was written by Our Representative in anticipation of a visit to the Olympic Games. Up to the time of going to press he has unfortunately been prevented from verifying his sketch.—ED.]



THE MARATHON RUNNER.

MR. HALDANE (*on his way to report the triumph of his Territorial Scheme*). "I MUST PUSH ON! *WON'T* THEY BE PLEASED WHEN THEY HEAR THE NEWS?"

[The Marathon race commemorates the famous effort of PHEIDIPPIDES, who ran from Marathon to Athens to report the victory of the Greeks over the Persians.]



A FALLEN CLASSIC.

"NO, MY GOOD MAN. IT'S NO GOOD BEGGING. I——"
"PARDON ME, SIR, YOU MISTAKE. I WAS GOING TO ASK YOU FOR THE MEANS OF IGNITION."

A REAL CONVERSATION.

I CANNOT say what language the two men at the table next to mine were talking. It was not English nor American nor French. It may have been German, but I doubt it. I know three German expressions, "Good morning," "lemonade," and "Thank you," and certainly none of those came in.

They were not conversing as Englishmen converse: they were employing the European or "free style"—the rules of which are that the bigger man of the two talks rapidly and continuously, and the other waits impassively for his voice to break. Then—but you shall hear for yourself. Though I did not know their language I had no difficulty in understanding their meaning, and this (I swear) is what they were saying. I reproduce it in order that this evidence of British sympathy with an unrecognisable but friendly nation may do something to bring about an *entente cordiale* between us.

"I will now," said GUSTAV, "lay before you the history of my early struggles."

"No," said ADALBERT formally, and helped himself to a sardine.

"I was born in a little village of our Hinterland, of obscure but fat parents, forty-five years ago. My early youth was passed in the pleasant surroundings incidental to that fine country, and I shall not be accused of boasting when I say that a love of beauty inherited from my mother enabled me to appreciate perhaps more than most of my little companions the Titanic splendour with which Nature had endowed the mountains in which our hamlet nestled."

"Have you been to the Exhibition yet?" asked ADALBERT. "I really think this is the hottest night of the year. Some ice, waiter."

"But before I go any farther it is necessary that I should give you some idea of my parents, who had so much to do with my upbringing, and for this purpose I must take you back to the year 1760, when a small farmer of humble aspect but astonishing vitality settled upon the coast of Dalmatia. This was my great-grandfather, and I am revealing no secret when I tell you that had he not survived the unprecedented succession of severe winters which greeted his appearance upon those shores the whole course of my destiny might have been changed."

"Sole," said ADALBERT. "And get me some toast."

"It was not until the year 1794 that my grandfather was born, and I well remember—that is, I have often heard my mother describe to me the scenes of legitimate festivity with which the occasion was celebrated. I need not detain you with any long account of the early years of my grandfather's life. Sufficient to say that, if ever a man's boyhood was passed amid scenes calculated to inspire and uplift, these were—or, rather, his was. But at the age of fourteen . . . ." GUSTAV took a hasty drink at a moment when ADALBERT'S mouth was full, and resumed his narrative before the other could break in . . . . "Which brings me down to the point from which I started, my own birth and early years. I have mentioned that my native village nestled in a picturesque way among the mountains, but a more detailed description is necessary if you are to appreciate properly the startling nature of the

accident which befell me when I was still only in my third year. But perhaps you know that district?"

"Yes," said ADALBERT, "I live there."

"Then I will describe it to you. You must know that at the back of our village there rises steeply to the sky a singular mountain, about which a curious legend is related. The legend is this. Some three hundred years ago . . . ."

"I have often wondered," said ADALBERT in the middle of the legend, "how they make their ices here. They seem to have no taste whatever."

". . . . You are now in a position to understand the nature of the setting which Providence had devised as the background of my horrifying experience. It was shortly after three o'clock upon a sunny afternoon in May that, accompanied only by my nurse, I set out upon what was to prove an excursion pregnant with the direst possibilities. My nurse, I should explain, was an Englishwoman of a respectable class, but endued with a love of poetry slightly above her station. Her favourite author was SHAKSPEARE, and many is the time when she recited to me a poem called *Macbeth*, in the hope that its soothing cadences would induce that sleep of which I was at this age so much in need. Forty-two years ago it was, but even to this day I can recall every word of that sublime lullaby. How does it go? Act I. Scene 1, an open place, thunder and lightning: enter three witches: First Witch: When shall we three . . ."

"Another cigar, waiter," said ADALBERT. "I expect you 're pretty busy now, aren't you? Really? I suppose it 's the same everywhere."

". . . Flourish. Exeunt. All that, however, has no actual bearing upon the terrible incident I am about to narrate, though as a sidelight upon one of the most marked features of my character, the memory which I inherit from my mother, it may not have been without interest to you."

"I *must* remember to get a picture postcard of the Embankment tomorrow," said ADALBERT. "I knew there was something I had forgotten."

GUSTAV, who had been gesticulating so wildly that a less acute person than myself would have supposed that he was indicating to a Swedish competitor the Athenian method of throwing the diskus, calmed down as he finished his horrifying narration.

"And my mother," he ended, "when my nurse in trembling accents told her of our adventure, clasped me to her arms and thanked Heaven that so straight-backed a son had been spared to her. But it is time that I hastened over these childish episodes, and placed before you the true facts regarding my early manhood. And here I may assure you that by the time I have brought my story down to the present day—and when I say the present day I mean it literally, for even this morning a curious adventure befell me—you will agree that a more singular narrative it has never been your good fortune to hear.

* * * * *

"And so we come down to this morning. You might have thought that so much adventure was enough for one man, but not so. For at lunch only to-day I had the happiness to find myself seated opposite a compatriot—a man even bigger and more finely built than myself. Just as I was wondering how to introduce myself to him he leant over to me and said, 'I will now narrate to you the history of my life. I was born in North Germany of sensitive but well-matched parents, some eight-and-thirty years ago, and ——'."

This was too much even for ADALBERT. He bent across the table and blew a cloud of smoke into GUSTAV'S open mouth. Then, while the latter was coughing, he began:

"For my part, I belong to one of the oldest families in Europe, and if I am to trace their history with any satisfaction to yourself it is necessary that I should go back to that ADALBERTUS, who in B.C. 60 . . . ."

"Waiter," said GUSTAV, "my soup is cold. Will you take it away and bring me some fish?"

A. A. M.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

RABBITS are so superstitious that nothing will induce them to sit down thirteen to table.

As a general rule bees will not be put off with imitation buttercups when the real thing is readily available.

It has now been proved beyond a shadow of doubt that the ordinary boa has no feathers.

A big-game hunter of European reputation says emphatically that he would rather be kicked by an elephant than by an ostrich—that is if he had to be kicked at all.

The common cat in good health has 2,247,316 hairs on its body. The figures are taken from the last census.

Pumas, for some reason best known to themselves, will never knowingly attack non-smokers.

"THAT WAY MADNESS LIES."

[A new theory to explain *Hamlet's* madness is suggested in an article in *Scribner's Magazine*. "The simple truth of the matter is that *Hamlet* had been too long at the University. We find him at thirty still a student at Wittenberg."]

O, MANY a deep and learned sage
Has sought to make it plain
In many a deep and learned page
Why *Hamlet* went insane.
But vain is all their subtle lore
And scientific knowledge;
The truth is this and nothing more—
He stayed too long at college.

About his youth not much we know,
But this at least appears:
He was a student still although
He owned to thirty years.
O ye, who call slow Camus friend,
Or up the Cher have paddled,
Remember this and comprehend
Why *Hamlet's* brain was addled.

What made him stay so long? you cry;
But history is mum.
He may have been retarded by
A stiff curriculum.
He may have differed with the dons
About the sex of *mensis*,
Stuck at the *asinorum pons*
Or τύπτω's tricky tenses.

Again, he may have loved a life
Of suppers, wines and sport,
Shrinking from all the pretty strife
And jealousies of Court.
Or possibly another ground
Induced the Prince to settle
In Wittenberg: he may have found
Some most "attractive metal."

Again, we know the simple lust
For scholarship and lore
May make a man a dry-as-dust
And fossilised old bore;
And if the Prince became a don
What else could be expected
Than this, that, as the years rolled on,
His brain should be affected?

No matter what the reason was—
Whether his mind grew sick
With too much learning, or because
He could not pass matric.—
This simple fact stands out most clear—
To spend so long a season
In a collegiate atmosphere
Would ruin any reason.

It 's all so plain, then why so blind
Our learned LL.D.s?
The men who write on *Hamlet's* mind
Have *Hamlet's* own disease.
To set your college dons to catch
The cause why he behaves so,
Is like expecting Colney Hatch
To say why Hanwell raves so.

ROBBIE'S SUCCESSOR.

ANECDOTAGE continues to accumulate about and around and upon Mr. JOHN BURNS, who, since Mr. MORLEY went to the Upper House and lost his Christian name, is the one and only JOHN of the people—PLAIN JOHN, HONEST JOHN, DOWNRIGHT JOHN, BATTERSEA JOHN, JOHN. It is useless for denials of these pretty stories to be printed: they go on just the same. For example, a week ago it was stated that Mr. BURNS had a special tenderness for St. Paul's Cathedral, because once, when down on his luck, he acted as the model for one of the angels in Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND'S decoration of that fane. Could there be a more charming anecdote? But what does Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND but deny it? Why a paltry affection for truth should be allowed to have its way against so picturesque and harmless an invention, we cannot understand; but the great artist hastened to repudiate the angelhood of the President of the Local Government Board, and down he fell, like Lucifer. But since no denial ever caught up a lie yet, and this particular and very pleasing story had a few days' start, we need not worry. It will soak well into the minds of the readers, and never really be dislodged. And why should it be?

Meanwhile let us ourselves add to the Burnsian apocrypha in the hope that these other inventions also will stick and become folk-lore in time. If Jack the Giant-Killer, why not JOHN BURNS? If Hop-o'-my-Thumb, why not JOHN BURNS?

Mr. JOHN BURNS is, as everyone knows, a great cricketer and, though not himself a county player, lacks nothing of enthusiasm and ability, but merely the time and practice. It is told that once when Yorkshire were playing Somerset at Taunton they arrived with only ten men. Owing to a mistake GEORGE HIRST had missed a connecting train, and instead of being on the West-country ground was miles away wrestling with *Bradshaw* at a Midland junction and getting no wickets or runs out of it at all. (Have you ever seen HIRST with a *Bradshaw?* It is immense.) Well, in despair Lord HAWKE walked round the ground, asking in a loud voice at intervals, "Is there a Yorkshire cricketer here who would help us?"

"Ay, my Lord, I will," said a sturdy man in a blue serge reefer jacket and a short dark beard.

"But were you born in Yorkshire?" his Lordship asked, being particular on this point. (Cheers.)

"Of course I was," said the stranger, tearing off his coat and rolling back the shirt sleeves from his sinewy arms.

"Then come along," said Lord HAWKE.

The stranger, we need hardly say, not only batted well, knocking up a hurricane fifty-two, but took three wickets and won the match. You ask who it was? It was JOHN BURNS. Lord HAWKE never tires of telling this story, and nothing but the want of time prevented him from telling it again on the occasion of receiving a testimonial last week.



BY-ELECTION LOGIC.

Mounted Ploughman. "ULLOA, SAM'L, I THOWT THEE ALLUS VOATED CONSARVATIVE?"

Sam'l. "NAA FEAR, JARGE. I ALLUS VOATES FUR T' GOVERNMENT, WHICHEVER SIDE 'S IN. T'OTHER UNS CAAN'T DO NOWT FOR NABODY!"

A few years ago, during a period very prolific in burglaries in the London suburbs, Mr. BURNS happened to be returning home to Lavender Hill by way of Clapham Common in the small hours. On his way he noticed a policeman lying prone on the ground in a swoon. To take off the officer's clothes and don them himself was the work of a few moments, and Mr. BURNS, thus clad, patrolled the Common until morning. *There were no burglaries at Clapham that night.*

Mr. BURNS after his recent illness went to the South Coast to recuperate. He walked one day to Hythe and asked for accommodation

at an inn. The landlord at first demurred but afterwards consented, and asked Mr. BURNS where his luggage was. Mr. BURNS named the place where it was left. "What is the name?" BONIFACE (the landlord) then inquired. "Never mind the name," said our JOHN, with his customary bluff wit, "but there's a jolly big J. B. on the side." It is unnecessary to add that the visitor's identity was soon disclosed.

A little girl was recently crossing a Battersea street with a jug of milk. At that moment a motor-car came round the corner at a fearful speed and only just escaped knocking the little girl down and doubtless killing her. In her fright she fell and broke the jug. As she did so a thick-set bearded man, wearing a blue serge reefer jacket and a straw hat, dashed to her side and carried her to the pavement, and then, pursuing the car, stopped it with one hand, and with the other severely chastised not only the chauffeur but the occupants, all of whom were heavy-weight champions. Having completed his task he returned to the little girl, and after carefully mending the jug picked up and restored the spilt milk, and sent her home happy. "Who do you think that was?" someone asked her; and on her expressing total ignorance of her Bayard's name he told her that it was the President of the Local Government Board; or, in other words, England's JOHN. Who else could it have been?

Mr. BURNS is also often very busy at his office.

A SONG OF SHINING MOMENTS.

THOUGH I've lived to be middle-aged and grey,
I have hitherto run my race
Without emerging for even a day
From the ranks of the commonplace.
Yet at certain points of my drab career
I have risen above my fate,
And done some things that came very near
Deserving that epithet "great."

I never got into the Sixth at school—
I hadn't a "sense of style,"
And one report of a savage sort
Said my Latin verses were "vile."
No, the writing of poetry that scans
Was not for the likes of me;
But I once wrote a letter on warming-pans
That appeared in the P.M.G.

I do not shine in the vocal line,
And my musical sisters averred
That a more distressing voice than mine
Was seldom, if ever, heard.
But once in my bath, on a glorious day
In the genial month of June,
I bellowed so nobly *The Vicar of Bray*
That they recognised the tune.

At cricket I was distinctly bad,
For I never made a score;
And the highest average I ever had
Was decimal seventy-four.
But once, when I was fielding slip,
As the ball came curling by
I brought off a catch that won the match
When a single was wanted to tie.

Though to compass a mastery of golf
I assiduously strive,
That course isn't found which I can go round
In under a hundred-and-five.
But the other day, with a niblick shot,
I cut a "Colonel" in half,
And hooking a drive with a new "Black Dot"
I killed an innocent calf.

At school and college athletic sports,
In the hope of winning a "pot,"
I always entered, in shoes and shorts,
But no guerdon I ever got.
Yet once the judges freely allowed
I had made a record throw,
For I hurled the hammer into the crowd
And broke a policeman's toe.

In the company of the gentle sex
As a boy I was always scared,
And to ask a lady to give me a dance
I simply never dared.
Yet once, unafraid of a lovely maid,
I asked her to be my wife,
And the answer she gave made me her slave
For the rest of my natural life.

MELOTHERAPY.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF REED BANDS ON THE STRONG-MINDED.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the treatment of the feeble-minded by music under the Metropolitan Asylums Board at Witham, in Essex, a distinguished practitioner, Dr. O. BOWES, has during the last six months carried on a system of what he calls Melotherapeutics at his establishment in Great Wigmore Street.

The great feature of the treatment at Witham, according to a recent issue of *The Daily Chronicle*, has been the stimulating effect of brass bands on the feeble-minded. Conversely, Dr. O. BOWES has now conclusively proved that people who are suffering from an excessive strength of mind, or mental hypertrophy, can be reduced to a normal level by listening to, or performing upon, reed instruments. Interviewed by a representative of *Mr. Punch* last Saturday, Dr. O. BOWES stated that the pulsations of the reed—whether single or double—exerted an influence on the ganglia in the vicinity of the tympanum which was little short of thaumaturgic. "Our *modus operandi*," he continued, "is as follows: First we play to our strong-minded patients, and then we induce them to play on the reed instruments themselves.

"Perhaps the most remarkable cure I have effected is that of a lady who had been sent to prison four times for breaking the PRIME MINISTER'S windows. As her case was acute, I subjected her to the most powerful register of the double bassoon for five hours daily for a fortnight. The results have been entirely satisfactory. She has now adopted what we call a 'hostile attitude' towards Hyde Park, she has no longer any desire to visit Holloway, and has developed a positive passion for crewel-work, cookery and other domestic pursuits.

"Another patient, who has advanced with great rapidity under the new treatment, is Lady X.—for obvious reasons I withhold her name. In her case I prescribed the bass clarinet. At the end of the first week she evinced a disposition to serenade Mr. LULU HARCOURT; but that soon passed, and she is now so wedded to her instrument that she cannot be separated from it even at meal-times. Ferociously misanthropic only a month ago, she now entertains officers of the Territorial Army to tea."

Dr. O. BOWES further made the interesting announcement that the new Anti-Woman-Suffrage Society were so favourably impressed by the results of his treatment that they had resolved to organise bands with a special uniform to go throughout the country applying the melotherapeutic treatment on the spot to all persons suffering from incipient suffragitis. Chronic cases of cranial expansion will, as heretofore, be treated in Great Wigmore Street, the climate and name of which seem to exert a peculiarly soothing influence on that distressing complaint.



A STAGE WHISPER AT THE EXHIBITION.

"HATHLETES FROM THE STAJUM!"

SOAPOIDS.

(An anticipated development in lightning cures.)

Do you wash? It is a well-known medical fact that scrubbing the face and hands with chemical detergents is absolutely ruinous to the delicate outer fabric of the skin. You would not pour a can of petrol on the side of an aeroplane to make it go, would you? Why then attempt to open the pores of the cuticle and keep them working by the external application of saponaceous tablets and other inferior frauds of the kind? Beware of these as you would of a poison.

Water is equally dangerous. Why is it that you meet so many people every day in the street with grey smut-stained faces and toil-begrimed hands? Simply because they abrade and destroy the elegant envelope with which Nature has provided their bodies, instead of treating it rationally from within. The only way to be clean is to swallow *soapoids*, with their wonderful internal operation on the fibres and nerve tissues. However dusty or gritty you may be, one dose of *soapoids* will set you right. The pores will spring open and shed off the unnatural accretion of foreign substances as a snake sloughs its skin.

Think, too, of the time and money you will save. No more tedious ablutions and ruinous water-rates. You can swallow your *soapoid* as you walk to the office, and be as bright as a new pin.

Our final word is—If you have been washing, stop it. If you have not, don't begin. Spare your epidermis, and swallow *soapoids*. Try Nature's way, and be clean.

ONE MORE SOCIETY.

"No," said he, "I will not join your Society. There is only one Society I want to join, and that does not exist."

I asked what it was.

"I would join a Society," he said, "for supplying people to whom books are lent with a good working idea of what those books are about, suitable for use in conversation with the confounded lenders."

It took me some time to get this into my head. I asked him to say it again.

"I would join a Society," he said, "that, when I have a book lent me, would tell me enough about it to enable me to say the right thing when I took it back."

"You are bothered by book-lenders?" I said.

"Horribly. One used to hear that book-borrowers were the real pests, but it is not true. I don't mind who borrows my books, but I should like to think that I am never to have a book lent me again."

"But why do you take them?"

"Because I am polite and weak-minded, and the people who lend them to me are so strong, and are so sure I shall love reading them."

"And you never do?"

"Never; they are the only books it is impossible to read."

"But an opinion is expected from you?"

"Exactly. How quick you are!"

Thinking it over, I have come to the conclusion that there is something in it, and a real opening has been found at last for hundreds of leisurely men and women with literary tastes. I can imagine this in *The Athenæum*:—

To those upon whom books have been forced.—Conversational Abstracts of lent books provided at the shortest notice. Suitable adjectives a speciality.—Apply, etc.

Who knows? It may come to this if the masterful lending habit continues to spread.



Sergeant Instructor. "'ERE! WHAT'S THE USE O' YOUR FIRIN' ARF-A-DOZEN YARDS BE'IND THAT RUNNIN' MAN?'
The Intelligent Terror (after much cogitation). "I THOUGHT AS IT MIGHT CATCH 'IM AS 'E COMES BACK!"

GUIDE OLYMPIQUE DU PETIT HENRI.

[The following comparative studies in idiom are likely to be of assistance to people visiting the Stadium.]

La montre est un peu en retard.	The show is a bit slow.
Il a mis les pieds dans le plat.	He has entered for the flat races.
Quel temps fait-il ordinairement dans ce quartier?	What is his usual time for the quarter?
Il fait mauvais temps, et il y aura peu de monde.	He does bad time, and won't have an earthly.
Vous aurez bon marché de lui.	You will have a fair walk-over with him.
Il fera chaud à mourir.	It will be a dead heat.
Un champignon sauté.	A champion jump.
Le navire gagna le large.	The naval officer won the broad.
Il se tacha les favoris en buvant.	He spotted the favourites while having a drink.
Il faisait le gros dos.	He backed them heavily.
Il se tenait bien d'aplomb jusqu'à ce qu'on finit de boire.	He held a good lead till the last lap.
Un chassepôt d'ancien régime.	A pot-hunter of the old school.
On porta le vainqueur aux nues.	They carried off the winner to the mixed-bathing-tank.

THE PRIMITIVE MANNER.

By the Achilles, where the sunbeams flicker,
As once of old upon the Doric grass,
Where sparrows with the portly pigeons bicker,
Here, PHYLLIS, we may watch the people pass;
Had lawns in Thessaly a smoother splendour?
Were skies more blue above Arcadian hills?
And Ida's foliage—was its green more tender
Than this through which the London sunshine thrills?

I doubt it, though one enviously guesses
That Strephon, sprawling on the sunburnt turf,
Bored very likely by the shepherdesses,
Lulled by the thunder of Aegean surf,
Nodded at times, if gentle Amaryllis
Prosed o'er some "simple annal" of the flock;
I've got to simulate a smile when PHYLLIS
Describes at length to me her Goodwood frock!

Motto for the (let us hope) 400 Metres Olympic Champion (but we have to say it now in order to forestall our rivals of the Humorous Press):—
"HALSWELL that 'ends well."

From an advertisement in *The Liverpool Evening Echo*:
"Gentleman; full, except dinner."
This doesn't really mean what you think it does.



SALUT AUX MORTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF WOLFE AND MONTCALM.

[The parade of the armies of WOLFE and MONTCALM, who fought and died, with equal honour to victor and vanquished, at the capture of Quebec, is to be the crowning episode in the Pageant which the PRINCE OF WALES will witness at the Tercentenary Fêtes.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 13th.—Painful feeling created by sudden and total disappearance of ANSTRUTHER GRAY, late Major Royal Horse Guards. Was seen in his place a quarter of an hour ago. Filled for the moment a prominent position. Vote for something over a quarter of a million for medical expenses proposed; the Major objected. Encouraged by the support of that other eminent statesman, CLAUDE HAY, he went length of challenging division. Full 150 Members ready to make deposition that they saw him pass out when division was called. Was seen to take up position at wicket gate ready to assist in counting his following. No suggestion that he had been overwhelmed by their number. To tell the truth, they were five all told. Thus a couple of minutes—or, say, two and a-half—sufficed for the counting.

Thereupon it was the duty of the Major, as one of the Tellers, straightway to repair to the House, and await completion of the counting and the arrival of his co-Tellers. Here they were, standing in a line: JACK PEASE holding a paper in his hand recording another Ministerial triumph in Division Lobby; the MASTER OF ELIBANK on his left; next to him CLAUDE HAY. But where was Major ANSTRUTHER GRAY, Inspector of Concentration Camps during the war in the Transvaal, now Member for St. Andrews Burghs? Not the kind of person who might be overlooked in casual inspection. If CATHCART WASON, Himalaya of Members, were not still with us, the Major, in respect of physical proportions, would be reckoned a mountain of a man.



Mr. Arth-r H-nd-rs-n, responsible for the presentation of a Monster Petition, is puzzled how to get the Beastly Thing up to the Table.



"Hey, hey! Clear the way!
Here comes the Galloping Major!"
(Major Anstr-th-r Gr-y.)

Painful pause followed. Members began to think of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, also of *Edwin Drood*, still missing. Old Members recalled an incident in Home Rule Parliament of 1892—5 when an eminent statesman, entering Lobby with apparent intention of joining in division, was not seen to emerge, nor was his vote recorded. Lord PEEL, then in SPEAKER'S Chair, appealed to on subject, delivered one of those sound judgments which link his name with SOLOMON'S.

"To my knowledge," he said, "Members have gone into the Lobby and they didn't always come out of the Lobby."

The case of Major ANSTRUTHER GRAY, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., differed inasmuch as he had not gone into the Lobby and therefore could not, by reasonable persons, be expected to come out. He stood at the entrance; it was from the entrance he vanished from human ken. Tension of situation, which brought beads of perspiration on spacious brow of CLAUDE HAY, broken by cries of "Name! Name!" This obviously a mere expedient to relieve overcharged feelings. What was wanted was not the name, but the man—to be precise, the Major. To that end, Members rushed wildly forth in search. Meanwhile the three Tellers stood forlornly at the Table.

Presently murmur of cheering heard by doorway. Through the group clustered at the Bar broke the Major. In three strides he was at the foot of the Table, and, falling in line with the Tellers, heard the result of division announced. For the vote, 167; against it, 5.

SARK tells me explanation of the incident quite simple. The Major, who, though still a new Member, has been in the running for belt of Champion-Questioner, finds himself of late falling to rear. ASHLEY, who slackened off a bit a fortnight ago, is making up for precious time lost.

A. S. WILSON has put on a spurt; Lord BOB shows disposition to make the running. By strange coincidence, just as the Major had finished counting his five men, there flashed upon his mind six questions he might ask to-morrow, four addressed to N. B. HALDANE, two to SEELY.

As soon as he had finished counting, forgetting in the excitement of the moment his next duty as Teller, went off to Library to draft his questions, and was there found by excited search party.

Business donc.—Army Votes in Committee.

Tuesday.—Immediately on SPEAKER taking the Chair, sensation created by entrance of two stalwart messengers trundling before them a low trolley on which rested huge cylinder some four feet high. First impression suggested an electric cable. All eyes turned in direction of bench where KINCAID-SMITH is usually found. His famous feat last week when expounding clauses of his Bill for compulsory military training marks him out as the man best qualified to "lay down" the cable.

Leader of Independent Labour Party interposed with explanation. The huge mass that blocked approach to Table was not a coil of cable. It was merely a petition signed by 610,000 Wesleyan Methodists, demanding instant passage of Licensing Bill.

In Committee on Budget Bill, Mr. KETTLE boiled over with indignation against Fi'penny Tax on Tea. Wants it reduced to tuppence, at least for Ireland. On division amendment negatived by 230 votes against 91. KETTLE simmers down.

Business done.—Tea and sugar duties agreed to.

Friday.—Earl WINTERTON, continuing his study of constitution and imperfection of his Majesty's present Ministry, has arrived at striking conclusion.

"Until the present Parliament assembled," he incidentally remarked, "we never had the spectacle of Cabinet Ministers speaking at by-elections, writing articles for magazines, or singing songs and giving recitations at concerts."

Practice of Cabinet Ministers contributing articles to monthly magazines, sedulously cultivated by the late JAMES KNOWLES, not uncommon or of recent date. Taking a prominent part in by-elections is as rare with Cabinet Ministers as it is reprehensible. Implied accusation of right hon. gentlemen singing songs



A POT-SHOT AT MR. KETTLE.
Boiling with indignation against the Tea-Tax.

and giving recitations at concerts a little obscure. It suggests the PREMIER, with Yorkshire accent that does not escape keen ear of men of Fife, chanting *Scots wha hae* at a bazaar; LLOYD-GEORGE, his face artistically touched up with burnt cork, singing *Land of Our Fathers* at a chapel tea party; and NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, in his historic *redingote grise*, reciting to German workmen at tea on the Terrace a few stanzas from speech on Territorial Forces.

Perhaps, on seconding reading of



"The Premier chanting *Scots wha hae* at a bazaar."

Appropriation Bill, WINTERTON will take opportunity of furnishing a few particulars on interesting subject.

Business donc.—Guillotine thoughtfully arranged for Licensing Bill.

THE PASSING OF MARY ANN.

O SHADE of Mrs. BEETON,
Her whose prolific pen
Has done so much to sweeten
The lives of Englishmen,
Come, let it now be thine to show'r
The tributary tear,
Weep, weep with us—this very hour
Cuts short a cook's career.

No charms of form or feature
Were hers; she did not seem
At all the kind of creature
To waken love's young dream;
People of nice æsthetic taste,
Remembering her, would sob
To think there could be such a waist,
A nose so like a knob.

And yet, though one could merely
Consider MARY ANN
As built on a severely
Unornamental plan,
She was possessed of points that must
Have pleased a butcher's whim,
For Mr. JOHNSON found her just
The very girl for him.

Ah, heartstrings all a-flutter
With thrills of brimming bliss
Too deep for tongue to utter!
Will someone tell me this?
What are the female charms that make
A butcher's bosom hum,
And cause him to refuse to take
His wonted pabulum?

Swifter than any Jehu
Would he approach our door,
Bright as the brightest sea hue
The apron that he wore,
Soft as the fan of zephyr's wings
His voice, as day by day
He brought her chops and steaks and things,
And smiled her heart away.

O shade of Mrs. BEETON,
Lament with one who feels
Almost as if he 'd eaten
His last of earthly meals;
The robber JOHNSON claims his bride
This morn, and we 're bereft;
No other cook, however wide,
Can fill the gap she 's left.

"Mr. Gillingham made one or two risky strokes through, or rather over, the slips' heads." *The Times.*

If there is really a choice we should prefer "through" as being more exciting.



Father. "HOW IS IT YOU TELL SUCH GREAT BIG STORIES? I THINK I KNOW WHY."
Peggy. "DO YOU KNOW WHY, DADDY?"
Father. "BECAUSE YOU ARE A VERY, VERY NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL."
Peggy. "I WONDERED IF YOU'D GUESS RIGHT, DADDY."

DISCURSIONS.

THE AKOND OF SWAT.

SEEING that we are all at this moment madly occupied with athletics and that many bicycle races are included in the Titanic programme of the Olympic Games, I now propose to relate the story of a certain bicycle. I am not sure that there is any real end to this story. So far as I remember, it just fades out gently into eternity, and, for all I know, it may still be going on.

The bicycle of which I speak became known to me some sixteen years ago. It was then carrying on a blameless, but diversified, existence in Oxford. In other words, it belonged to a bicycle agent and manufacturer, and from time to time it was hired out to undergraduates who desired to use it for the purpose of coaching their College boats from the towpath of the Isis.

Of such undergraduates none was more expert and determined than my friend ROBERTS—we will call him ROBERTS—of Magdalen College. He lived with his understudy DICKSON, also of Magdalen, in Long Wall Street, and their "digs." were renowned for hospitality, for dogs, and for the number of oars, the trophies of victory, that lined and adorned their walls. The hospitality was profuse—cold fowl, cold lamb, salad, biscuits and marmalade—the dogs were wire-haired terriers, and were usually to be found on the armchairs, and the oars were of the ordinary pattern with six-inch blades.

On a certain morning after lectures it occurred to ROBERTS that he wanted to coach his College eight and would require a bicycle in the afternoon. He immediately sent DICKSON, his slave and worshipper, to hire a machine, and DICKSON duly proceeded to the bicycle shop, selected a spruce and promising bicycle, mounted it, and so conveyed it back to Long Wall Street, where he left it propped against the wall outside his lodgings. He then reported the success of his mission to his leader, and both of them set to work on their lunch. After lunch, since time hung heavy on the hands of ROBERTS, he decided to take a preliminary tour on his new acquisition. He opened the front-door and looked about him, but the bicycle was nowhere to be seen.

It was not in the nature of ROBERTS, an oarsman of great pluck and polish, to sit down meekly under this intolerable affront. Having by a severe cross-examination brought home to DICKSON the burdens and responsibilities of existence, he at once sent him to the police-station to give information as to the disappearance of the bicycle on which he had so confidently counted.

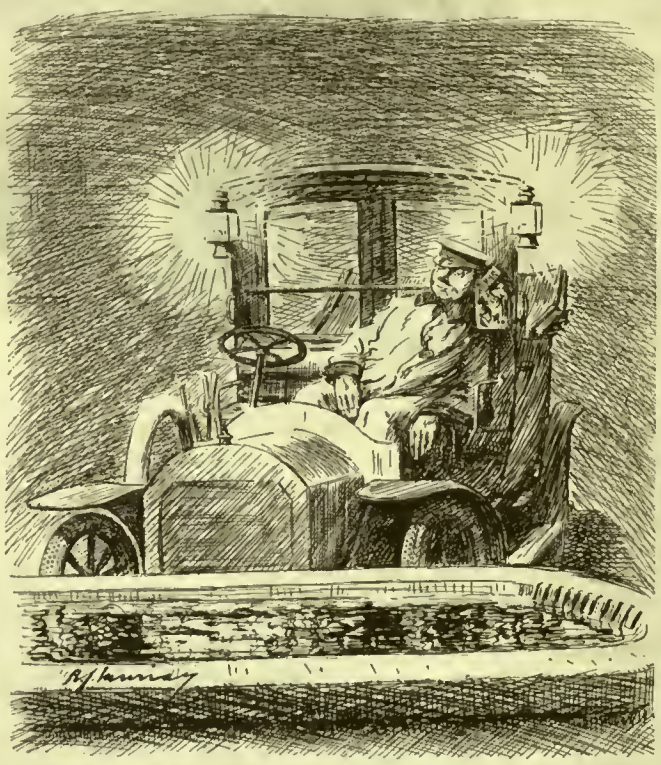
DICKSON, feeling that his reputation and his friendship with ROBERTS were at stake, hurried off, and within a few minutes the Oxford police shook their helmeted heads, assumed an air of sagacity, and promised to enquire. When DICKSON returned to Long Wall Street he was shocked and alarmed to find the bicycle, the object of his complaints, safely propped once more against the wall. There was only one thing to be done, and he did it by hastening back to the police-station and relieving the mind of the Inspector. When, after the accomplishment of this humane duty, he once more came in sight of his lodgings, lo and behold, the bicycle had vanished again. Thoroughly unmanned he fled up the street, appealing for succour as he went; but as he fled he happened to turn round, and there, sure enough, was the demon bicycle resting against its now familiar wall as if nothing had happened. DICKSON rushed upon it, seized it and conveyed it within the house. Then, having locked the door, he sat down upon the stairs and endeavoured in vain to think out the situation.

I must now hark back an hour or so in order that you may learn that in the house adjoining that of ROBERTS and DICKSON there lived COCKBURN, of University College, an aquatic hero of fame almost equal to that of ROBERTS. He, too, had proposed to coach an eight and had desired to hire a bicycle. Preceding DICKSON by a few minutes, he had gone to the shop, had selected the identical bicycle which was afterwards to attract the fancy of DICKSON, and, not wishing at that moment to ride it himself, had instructed the man to send it on later to his lodgings. Thereupon, as you already know, the ineffable DICKSON had come and taken it away. It is no part of the story to explain why they let him have it.

When COCKBURN, having lunched briefly but sufficiently elsewhere, returned to his house in Long Wall Street, he was pleased to see the bicycle against the wall where DICKSON had left it. "The man," he said to himself, "is prompter than I thought him," and, fired by his new sense of ownership, he immediately mounted the machine and rode off for a practice spin. It was at about this time that ROBERTS and DICKSON emerged from next door, with the result that DICKSON paid his first visit to the police. In the meantime COCKBURN came back, deposited the bicycle, and went into his own house, with the result that, as you have been told, DICKSON hastened again to the constabulary. At this moment ROBERTS, moved by some presentiment, decided to take the air. He came out, found the bicycle, rashly condemned DICKSON as incompetent, got up on the machine and pedalled cheerfully away.

I feel that this story is now strangling me, but I must proceed at all risks. COCKBURN, coming out once more, observed that there was no bicycle, and he, too, fled on the wings of fear to the police to give information of his dreadful and inexplicable loss. DICKSON also returned, as I have described, and went shrieking up Long Wall Street. Then ROBERTS pedalled back, propped the bicycle and went within; and lastly DICKSON turned round, seized the bicycle and took it into his lodgings.

ROBERTS eventually had the bicycle, DICKSON was restored to favour, and COCKBURN, a distracted man, went roaming over Oxford searching for a machine which had eluded him. The police have never understood the business, and are still confusedly looking about them for a bicycle which has long since gone to the scrap-heap. The agent lost a valued customer in COCKBURN, but regained possession of his bicycle. He, too, has never understood the ins and outs of the painful story; but he was a man of no imagination and cared little for romance. I find I have said nothing about the Akond of Swat—but it is a delightful and irresistible title, and I shall let it stand.



Inebriated Chauffeur (formerly a cab-driver). "NOW THEN, WE MUST MOVE ALONG, OLD GIRL. YOU'VE HAD QUITE ENOUGH TO DRINK!"

"Hatton finished off the innings in great style. He took the fifth and sixth wickets with successive balls. Had not a catch been missed his next delivery would have yielded a victim also. Off the second ball of his next over he finished the innings by doing the hat-trick."
Western Daily Mercury.

We don't quite see how he did the hat trick in one ball, but seeing how near he had come to it the over before, and that his name was simply crying for it, we are ready to believe.

"Room for improvement" is one of the attractions offered in an advertisement in *The Liverpool Daily Post* of a publichouse to let; but we are afraid that the billiard room mentioned just before will prove the more attractive of the two. Still it is a worthy idea, and we should like to bring it to Mr. ASQUITH'S notice.

Not Cricket.

The attempt of the Suffragettes last Thursday to seize a pitch for themselves at the Oval was frustrated, stump oratory being no part of the programme for HAYES'S benefit. Anti-Suffragists, on the other hand, were allowed to enter and get wet. They were distinguished by brooches bearing the initials L.B.W. ("Let 's Be Women").



"YOU MUST CUT IT A BIT SMALLER THAN THAT."
"YER CAN'T EOSPECK ME TO CUT IT SMALLER 'N THAT FOR *THRIPPENCE A HOUR*, GUV'NOR."

A REMEDY FOR ROAD-BLOCKS.

NOT before it is wanted, a time-limit is being proposed for break-downs of heavy vehicles in the London streets. We learn that the L.C.C. is very cross with offending motor-buses in particular, and is about to ask Parliament for drastic powers to bring about the removal of these and similar obstructions, when their wayward machinery disables them from moving on.

The course of proceedings will be somewhat as follows:—

If the engine shows signs of temper and misbehaviour by back-firing, letting a piston seize, exploding in its silencer, declutching of its own accord, or otherwise, the nearest "police-trap" in plain clothes shall signal or telephone ahead to his colleagues to keep an eye on the vehicle in question, as being likely to travel below the speed-limit.

When a motor-bus comes to a dead stop and refuses to budge, the names and addresses of the several passengers shall be taken as being accessories before the fact, on the ground that, without such public patronage, the vehicle would not be running, or failing to run, at all.

The police shall then, with all possible despatch, request the attendance of a magistrate to read the Riot Act (Geo. I.), and disperse the crowd of some thousands which will by that time have assembled.

Failing the peaceable departure of the latter, the military shall be called out, with instructions to fire blank cartridge only at first.

In any case, a cordon shall be drawn across the road, and barriers erected one hundred yards in front of, and behind, the cause of obstruction, with the notice "Road Stopped by Order of the L.C.C." legibly exhibited.

As soon as all householders within one quarter mile radius have been warned to put up their shutters, and, in the case of shop-keepers, to barricade their shop-fronts, a detachment of Royal Engineers shall be summoned to blow up the stationary motor-bus with dynamite.

On the removal of the *débris*, which must be effected within two hours of the explosion, and after due inspection by the Chairman of the London County Council, provided that he was at the moment of the breakdown not more than fifty miles from the scene, the street traffic shall be resumed, if the state of the roadway permits of the same.

By this means it is expected that all refractory metropolitan stage carriages will be cured of unprogressive tendencies, and trained to move promptly "Higher up!"

"The *Lusitania* has created a new Atlantic record, her passage occupying four days 24 hours eight minutes."—*The Natal Mercury.*

And in a little while, if you will believe us, somebody will go and do it in THREE DAYS 48 hours seven minutes and 60 seconds. That 's the way records get broken.

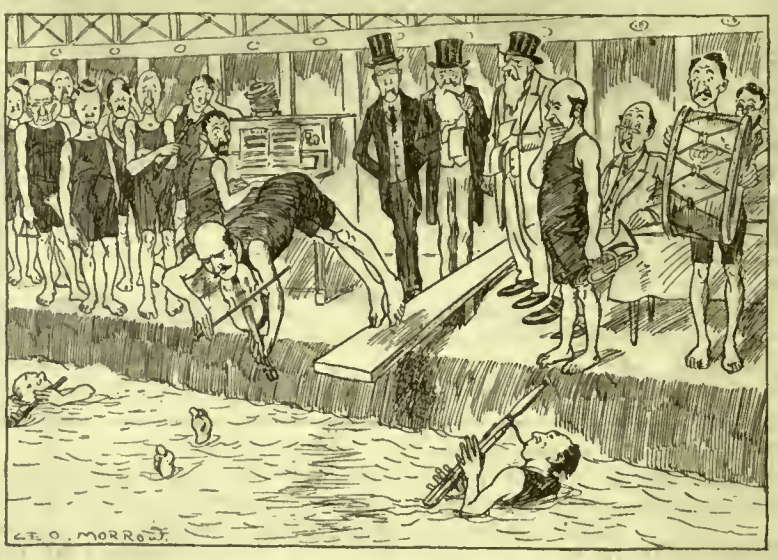
"Deep in the interior of the New World they followed the current of the Mississippi to its source, more than three thousand miles to the south, in the Gulf of Mexico."
Daily Telegraph.

For continuation of this story buy *The Daily Telegraph's* "Geographers' Geography of the World," 7d. fortnightly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JOHN TREVENA has told us all about *Furze the Cruel*, and his last novel, which he calls *Heather* (ALSTON RIVERS), might well have been named "Heath the Horrible," for a larger collection of unpleasant characters has seldom appeared in a single book before. It would be a positive relief to come across an escaped convict after encountering a few of the author's eccentrics and solitaries. Some of them have consumption and live in a kind of open-air sanatorium on the moor, where they have to feed for all they are worth, regardless of immediate consequences. Others are "commoners" of Dartmoor Forest, residing at Wheal Dream in a state of dirt and unpleasantness that the daily papers (but not Mr. TREVENA) would undoubtedly find "indescribable." Then there is a vicar who burns down most of the village (of which he is also landlord) in order to send the insurance money to his wife who has run off with another man; and an artist, *George Brunacombe*, who reminds me of nothing so much as the old man with the beard, of Limerick fame. But the author's power, pitiless though it is, is magnificent, and he presents the savage charm of his country with an almost terrifying enthropomorphism that haunts the reader long after the book is finished. It is pleasant to relate that the only two tolerable people in the story, *George* and *Winifred*, come together at the end, though their union is slightly irregular, and that the former, on becoming suddenly famous, decides to wash. I cannot help thinking that all the nice clean cottages down Dartmoor way must be occupied by the other novelists as lodgers, for Mr. JOHN TREVENA does not seem to have found any.



"Wanted, Assistant Master for L.C.C. school. Must be qualified in swimming and music." [ADVT.]

EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES.

Jack Spurlock, Prodigal (MURRAY), by GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, reads as if it were written for serial publication. This tends to spoil the interest, for one gets into the way, after a chapter or two, of knowing just where to expect a minor climax, and one is conscious every now and then that the author is expanding the matter to fill the space. Still there is a good deal of fun, and some sound sense, in the account of *Jack Spurlock's* struggles to exist after that Captain of Industry and Railway Magnate his father has "turned him from his do'," as *Major Magoffin Jackson* (a delightful character) puts it, and before that "do'" has been opened to welcome him back. It is all as American as buckwheat cake with maple syrup. So American is it, indeed, that on the strength of its evidence one is moved to reform certain old-standing opinions. One is inclined, for instance, to doubt all one hears about Yankee hustle when one reads that *Jack* "was like the bank cashier who, in answer to a hurry-call from his wife to get rich quick, loaded up with Steel Common at fifty, only to find the toboggan greased and the bank examiner at the door." It would have saved so much time (which, I understand, is valuable in America) to say merely that he made a bad bargain.

I wish I could help Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY. His restless discontent with the social system is shown in every chapter of this collection of sketches, *A Commentary* (GRANT RICHARDS), but he makes no effort to construct a better system. He sees a poor man in consumption; a convict in a prison; a fashionable lady in her carriage; or perhaps he hears of some anomaly in the Divorce Laws; and he says bitterly to himself, "It 's all wrong." Whether the question "How can it be put right?" occurs to him then, I cannot say; there is no sign of it in this book. Nor can I say whether Mr. GALSWORTHY ever sees anything good in the world; if he does, he thinks it is hardly worth while to comment on it. His attitude appears to be: "There is a vast amount of suffering going on, and the thought of it makes me very uncomfortable. I am going to tell you all about it and make you uncomfortable, too; and perhaps when we are all uncomfortable together something will be done. Heaven knows what." *A Commentary* is as brilliantly unsympathetic a study of human nature as I have read.

There may be folk who 'll go and get
JOHN MASEFIELD'S *Captain Margaret*,
In hopes that JOHN has written on
Some Amazonian Suffragette.

To these it's only fair to say
The tale is not for such as they;
The author fills his book with thrills,
But in another kind of way.

He tells about the Spanish Main
In good King JAMES THE SECOND'S reign,
And, though the theme 's well worn, he seems
To make it somehow young again.

The English do not always win;
Spain is not always steeped in sin;
And privateers are not such dears
Seen in the light he puts them in.

Best of the writer's sailor tales,
From out GRANT RICHARDS' port it hails,
And all who need a book to read
Should raise the wind and swell its sales.

CHARIVARIA.

WILL the result of Old Age Pensions be the abolition of workhouses? asks a correspondent. We hope not. The country ought surely to maintain some sort of shelter for the head of the broken-down taxpayer.

***

Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., complains that very few politicians are sincere. Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. LONG, he declares, talk fiercely from the front benches, but dine or smoke together afterwards. So different from Mr. KEIR HARDIE and the KING!

***

Mr. PETE CURRAN, too, does not think much of the House of Commons. He has stated publicly that he is doubtful whether he has ever been in such bad company as that with which he has been compelled to associate in his experience as Member of Parliament. Evidently the proposal for the abolition of the Upper House does not go far enough.

***

The Government refuses to give power, in its Licensing Bill, to publicans to appeal to the Quarter Sessions against the extinction of their licences. The Quarter Sessions, it appears, have in the past shown some consideration for the trade, and what the Government really wants is No-Quarter Sessions.

***

Meanwhile the debate in the Commons anyhow served a purpose by drawing attention to the fact that the Government, in its determination to reduce the on-licences (to the great advantage of the off-licences) is willing, for its own purposes, that what is undoubtedly the grocer evil shall remain.

The statement that certain Nationalist Members are thinking of wearing the Irish kilt in Parliament has aroused some curiosity as to the nature of that garment. According to one alarmist rumour, it consists merely of a Celtic fringe.

***

The Westminster Gazette is changing hands—but, fortunately, not heads. Mr. SPENDER and Sir F. C. GOULD are to remain.

***

Admiral RODJESTVENSKY has met with a strange fate. The survivor of the horrors of the battle of Tsushima has perished at the hands of a newspaper correspondent.

***

Said *The Glasgow Daily Record* à propos of the poor attendance at the Olympic Games:—"We feel almost provoked to parody TENNYSON thus: 'What can they know of England who only London know!'" And we in our turn are almost tempted to ask: "What can they know of TENNYSON who only KIPLING know!"

***

At a time when the hundreds of Archbishops and Bishops who came to London for the Pan-Anglican Congress are about to return home we would like to place it on record that their conduct while they have been with us has been exemplary, and that no single instance of crime of any sort, or even rowdiness, has been brought home to them.

***

The Queensland judge who held that oysters are wild beasts had evidently consulted the pages of his *Punch*, where, some years ago, it was recorded that an intending purchaser, who enquired whether the oysters he proposed to eat were fresh, was met with the satisfactory answer: "Fresh? Why one has just bitten a customer's lip."

***

One result of the Marathon Race, a stockbroking friend tells us, is a slight fall in Great Western Railway and London and South-Western Railway shares. Now that it has been shown that it is possible to get from Windsor to London in a comparatively short time on foot, it is thought that many business men who have to come to town each day will in future trot up, indulging in friendly races on the way.



His Lordship. "HOW'S THAT?"
Umpire (the butler). "NOT AT 'OME, MY LORD!"

From an advertisement in *The Daily Mail*:

"Americans always wear ready-made clothes and why not take a few wrinkles from them?"

We are not at all sure that you *can* take the wrinkles from ready-made clothes.

UNLIMITED LULU.

[With compliments to the Right Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, First Commissioner of Works, to whose multifarious functions and versatile tact a contemporary has lately directed attention.]

You who, by right of office, fill the chair
When Britain tenders public hospitality
(In hope of feeding angels unaware)
To foreigners from every known locality,
And all the tongues of Babel
Are urged to eat as much as they are able;

In you how many graceful functions blend!
It is your dearest joy as well as duty
To elevate the Cockney and extend
His latent interest in London's beauty;
It is, in fact, your part
To mould his taste for Monumental Art.

To you alone the Royal Parks belong:
If in those scenes designed for meditation
The Suffragette would like to come out strong,
It is to you that she must make oblation;
The very grass and trees
Must ask you, "May we go on growing, please?"

It is beneath your mild but searching eye
That char-maids purge the House with mop and besom;
To you the Peers uplift a plaintive cry
To have their pews repaired, and you appease 'em;
Or, should you choose to doubt
If they deserve it, then they go without.

Some men rely on Grace and some on Works;
You shine in both; a subtle air of fitness
Under your nobly-groomed exterior lurks,
And even Tories take delight to witness
Your perfect self-control,
Your limpid Lulucidity of soul. O. S.

MY DRAMATIC DÉBUT.

You may have seen a letter which was recently published by an important London journal, signed "One of the Great Unacted." It was mine. Unsuspected by the simple souls of Brickville, I have written and submitted to the so-called actor-managers of London, under whose senseless and emasculating sway the genius of our younger playwrights is being slowly but surely crushed out of existence, several plays of undoubted though unacknowledged merit. Inept adaptations of unpleasant Continental dramas, wholly unsuited to the purer atmosphere of the British stage, and mutilated and bowdlerised till they have entirely lost what little original virtue they possessed, are daily accepted by the so-called actor-managers of the Metropolis, under whose senseless and emasculating sway—— But I perceive that I am repeating myself and my letter. As you have doubtless read it, this is an unnecessary waste of time. I turn from the general to the particular.

One of these rejected addresses was couched in the form of a duologue, at once wise and witty and tender and true. For five years and four months it had gone the round of the principal managers in London, only to return to me, time after time, like the dove to the ark, its delicate plumage soiled and disfigured by thumb-marks, which, had they had their deserts, would long ago have been registered at Scotland Yard. Little did I think when it was refused for the sixth time that Mrs. MASTERMAN, our Rector's wife at Brickville, would be the humble and unconscious means of its seeing the glare of the footlights. Little did I think—— But that belongs to a later part of the story. For the present, I need only say that, when I yielded to Mrs. M.'s demand for my assistance in raising funds for a new churchyard, I concealed the fact that the play which I promised to produce, with the assistance of GLADYS, was my own. I was resolved that it should be judged solely on its own merits.

It was.

During the frequent arm-chair rehearsals which were necessary before we were word-perfect (the mere acting was a comparatively simple matter, as, like all good drama, my play acted itself), GLADYS once or twice expressed a fear that the Brickvillians might not see its real beauty. Hadn't we better, she asked, do something which their unsophisticated minds would be able to grasp? Surely there must be some play——

I assured her that, as far as my experience went, there was none, and that it would be all right on the night, she would see. And, though privately I shared her apprehensions, they proved to be quite unfounded. Six times we were called before the curtain, and only the obvious jealousy of the stage-manager—the Brickville butcher—prevented me from responding to an undeniable seventh appeal. But I found consolation in the somewhat bitter thought that, for each of the rebuffs which I had received in London, Brickville had given me a call.

After it was all over, Mrs. M. came up to me in her *flamboyant* manner (inclined, as I often think, to *embonpoint*), and tapped me on the shoulder with her fan.

"Splendid!" she cried. "Magnificent! How ever did you do it? You were both first-rate. I can't tell you how grateful I am. You must always act for me."

I smiled a deprecating smile, secretly enjoying my long-deferred triumph. "Did you really like it?" I asked. "Didn't strike you as being amateurish?"

"Not a bit!" she said. "I was just going to tell you. Some friends of mine in the audience saw the piece performed in London by professionals. And they didn't do it half so well as you and Miss GLADYS!"

GLADYS looked at me, and I looked at GLADYS, and we grinned, and while I was thinking of a really neat way of scoring off Mrs. M. without being too severe she took up her parable again.

"Of course," she said, "it was all the acting. Silly little piece, isn't it? I wonder who it's by. But you got such a lot out of it. You really must go on the stage, both of you." And she fluttered off to her next victim.

And then, somehow, such is the divine power of sympathy with which some women are blessed, I found that all unconsciously, seeking only to heal my wounded self-esteem, GLADYS had slipped her little hand into mine. Mrs. MASTERMAN'S failure to appreciate the fine and subtle qualities of my play had brought about the complete understanding with GLADYS which I had long sought in vain to compass by more direct methods. And so, though, like all true artists, I abhor the banal convention of a happy ending, my own story is brought to a close to the sound of wedding bells.

There is only one subject on which GLADYS and I are not agreed. She persists in thinking, as I confess I did myself at first, that Mrs. M. lied about her friends in the audience. But I am not so certain. After all, I seldom visit a London theatre. It seems to me more



THE OPEN-MINDED SENTRY.

LORD ROSEBERY. "PASS, FRIEND, ALL'S FAR FROM WELL!"



Miss Gushington. "DOESN'T HE PLAY DIVINELY?" *Colonel Fitz-Foozle (suddenly waking up).* "ER—WHAT'S HIS HANDICAP?"

than likely that one of the managers who read my duologue, suddenly realising that he was incapable of "visualising" my play in manuscript, produced it experimentally, without saying anything about it. Then, when it fell flat, as of course it was bound to do considering the incompetence of the young and untried actors to whom it was no doubt entrusted, he returned it to me with the usual polite but lying formula. Now if I were one of the so-called managers under whose senseless—— [*Thanks! Ring off, please.*—ED.]

THE PHEIDIPPIDES LEGEND.

"MARATHON SCHOLAR."—Many thanks for your offer to correct *Mr. Punch* in the matter of PHEIDIPPIDES. If you will kindly forward a quotation from any reputable historian of the time proving that PHEIDIPPIDES did *not* run from Marathon to Athens with news of the victory—whether any one else did or not—he (*Mr. Punch*) will be happy to inspect the passage. Meanwhile, the PHEIDIPPIDES legend, as immortalised by ROBERT BROWNING (you have heard of ROBERT BROWNING?), will serve as well as most other legends dating from that period.

"The Navy cannot be further weakened by these terrible exhibitions of personalities. Far better that there should be a clean sweep, involving the disappearance from the scene of all those involved, guilty as well as innocent."—*Daily Express.*

Getting rid of the guilty as well is quite an idea.

"The public meeting held in the Town Hall last night cannot but be regarded as otherwise than disappointing."—*Natal Mercury.*

The editor appears to us to be hedging.

LINES TO THE LAST STRAWBERRY.

SURVIVOR of the season's crimson rout,
Whose comrades have incarnadined my platter,
Late laggard of July, and just about
To pass away into a pinkish batter,
I pause to dash
The tear-drop from my eye, before I mash!

I shall not feel, I think, such fond regret
When dying roses make the lawn look squalid,
Nor when, too soon, across the slackened net
The last white orb of summer has been volleyed,
As now I do
Soft spheroid, in eviscerating you.

What garden was it, languorous with scent,
Where first the morning sun began to mottle
Your homely features in the heart of Kent?
And ere they packed you in the leaf-lined pottle
On what low bed
Of patent compost did you hide your head?

I cannot say. But, anyhow, the stream,
The still, white stream of Lethe laps you closely;
The sifted sweetness mingles with the cream;
You perish, but you shall not perish grossly;
A form so fat
Deserves some pomp—Great Heavens, what was that?

Vile ingrate! Scarlet hypocrite! Is this
The way you treat the fervour of a poet?
What madness of the gods, what Nemesis
(You looked the nicest of the lot, you know it)
Has made me sing
The mausoleum of a Creeping Thing?

SALAMIS SIDE-LIGHTS.

[Contributed by our Extremely Sporting Correspondent, Author of "Marathon Memorabilia," "Marathonia," "Mince-meat from Marathon," etc., etc.]

THE Salamis Race, which is due to take place on Friday at Henley, will bring to a fitting conclusion the series of International aquatic contests upon which the eyes of the sporting world have been fixed for the past few days.

The Origin of the Race.

As all my readers know by this time, this race is called the Salamis Race because it commemorates the famous eight-oared crew, stroked by one PHEIDIPPIDES, which rowed from Salamis to Athens to announce the news of the great Greek victory over the Persian fleet, the distance between the two places being approximately the same (if we allow for the difference in the Greek calendar) as that which will be negotiated upon the Henley course on Friday.

The world's best crews are competing, they are in splendid condition, and international rivalry is acute. Though it is too early yet to venture to name the winner, I may safely predict that the winning crew, whichever it may be, will take a lot of beating.

The Course.

But, first, a few words as to the course. Below will be found a map of the Salamis Route.

[*We much regret to say that our Extremely Sporting Correspondent has (by some error) sent us, instead of a plan of the Salamis Route, what appears to be a chart of the District Railway between St. James' Park and Hammersmith. As this can be seen at any Underground station, we forbear to reproduce it.*—EDITOR.]

The course is in excellent condition, the surface being delightfully smooth; all the competing crews are enthusiastic about it, and are loud in their praises of the trouble the A.R.A. have taken to prepare it. On the whole, a wonderfully level route has been chosen, hills of any steepness having been carefully avoided.

Where to See the Race.

That the whole course will be lined with spectators goes without saying. I have, with some difficulty, prepared a list of trains and trams to the different points on the route, and——

[*Our Correspondent has been too conscientious. The simplest way is to drive or train to Henley, walking or rowing from there to the desired position.*—EDITOR.]

Time Table of Race.

The times at which the leading crew may be expected at the different points named——

[*Seeing that, if the Daylight Saving Bill should pass before the Salamis Race is rowed, all these times would become extremely misleading, we have decided to hold them over.*—EDITOR.]

"Who's Who" of Crews.

Long Boat and Pony: Sensational Story.

CANADA.—The Canadian long boat (or, as we should say, "light ship"), is much fancied to win the race. The crew of the "long boat" have not been training with the Canadian runners at the Stadium, but have been rowing at Henley, where they have accomplished some sensational times, on several occasions arriving at the winning-post before their coach, who was upon a pony.

CAMBRIDGE.—The oldest of the competitors. Slightly on the wrong side of six hundred and seventy. Best suited by firm going and dry surface. Much fancied to win.

LEANDER.—The only Greek entry which has any chance of success. Its victory would be extremely popular at Athens. Much fancied to win.

BELGIUM.—With a high-springing action, this country, upon which the Belgians pin their faith, should be well up in the front. Much fancied to win.

Salamis Smatterings.

A herring won the last Salamis Race.

. . . .

There is great diversity of opinion as to what is the best nourishment to take during the race. All agree upon the value of a wet sponge passed over the head and neck at intervals during the contest. Luckily, there is plenty of water obtainable for this purpose.

. . . .

The original Salamis course was over salt water. At Henley the water is fresh. To avoid any suspicion of unfairness the Committee has explained the nature of the difference to the foreign competitors.

. . . .

Curiously enough, the last Salamis Race was won by a herring. This is the first recorded instance of such a thing happening.

. . . .

It is considered unlikely that any of the competitors will mistake the route.

A. A. M.

THE BATTLE OF AVOIRDUPOIS.

[In the final of the Olympic Tug-of-War the City Police pulled over the Liverpool Police. The light-weight of the former team is stated to have scaled 14 stone.]

When the foaming sea-god thunders
On the mute marine parade;
When the home-bound Vanguard blunders
And the kerb is badly frayed;
When the bull-whale seeks revenge in
Battle for his consort slain;
When one sees a donkey engine
Drive a crane—

Things like these convey a notion
To the human weakling's mind
Of colossal power in motion,
Bulk and majesty combined:
Pulses in the heart are shaken
By those mammoth powers at play,
Much as by a tonic taken
Thrice a day.

But of all titanic tussles
That can sound the soul's abyss,
Was there ever match of muscles
Worthy to be ranked with this?
What were all the Hellene's hobbies,
What the pagan wrestler's scope,
When compared with Briton's bobbies
. . . On a rope?

Milo with his beefy dinners,
Zeus-engendered Heracles,
All the roll of classic winners
Would not take the boots of these;
Evermore in moments idle
I shall muse upon the scenes
Where they stamped their fratricidal
Small eighteens.

And at eve, when ROBERT drowses
Softly at his usual post,
While the careless world carouses,
I shall drain a silent toast
To that deathless tourney proper,
Where, before a gaping throng,
Copper made immortal copper
"Pass along."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

["A New York publisher has lately been sending round the American Press a brief biographical notice of Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, in which it is mentioned, among other things, that she is a granddaughter of 'the famous Dr. ARNOLD, who wrote the *Tom Brown* stories.'"—*Westminster Gazette*, July 20.]

THE announcement that a new novel is shortly to be expected from the pen of Miss MARIE CORELLI may serve as an excuse for reminding our readers that it was her gifted ancestor, ARCANGELO CORELLI, the famous musician, who composed the well-known opera entitled *Mefistofele*; or, *The Sorrows of Satan*.

Mr. FRANK T. BULLEN, whose novels and stories dealing with sea

life have achieved so wide a popularity of recent years, is, we understand, a collateral descendant of the illustrious Miss ANNE BULLEN, whose remarkable romance *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, first brought her to the notice of KING HENRY VIII.

The late R. L. STEVENSON, though he spelt his name differently, was, we are assured on the best American authority, a grandson of the famous engineer, ROBERT STEPHENSON, to whom Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING dedicated his volume *Mcnai Inventions*.

Although it has been positively stated in some of the best American papers that Sir WILLIAM S. GILBERT is distantly connected with GILBERT WHITE of Selborne, we have good authority for asserting that this interesting allegation is unfounded. On the other hand, Mr. PERCY WHITE, the first large edition of whose new novel has been entirely exhausted, undoubtedly bears the surname of the gifted naturalist as well as that of BLANCO WHITE the eminent poet, a fact which is in itself strong presumptive evidence of hereditary genius.

An extraordinarily interesting discovery has just been made by Mr. VOLNEY P. SLOCUM, the literary paragraphist of *The Pittsburg Clarion*. It is to the effect that *East Lynne* and many other novels were written by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, the gifted vocalist and wife of the renowned conductor who presides over the Queen's Hall orchestra with such magisterial prestidigitation. The same writer has also placed it beyond a doubt that Mr. FRANK R. BENSON, the illustrious tragedian, is the author of *Through a College Window*, *The Upton Letters*, and the "Dodo" books.

Mr. W. H. HUDSON, the famous naturalist and author of *The Purple Land*, has written to the *Athenæum* to contradict the statement of the New York *Bookie* that at an earlier stage of his career he was known as HUDSON the Railway King.

WOLFFE'S CHANNEL
SWIM COMMENCED.
"Westminster Gazette" poster.

Our geography is rusty, and we do not clearly remember where this channel is. But we are not surprised that the swimmers are beginning to try other channels for their energies, having been so frequently beaten by the English Channel.



New Owner (who has just bought schooner-yacht). "LOOK 'ERE, MCPHERSON, YOU 'LL 'AVE TO 'AVE THAT PILLAR REMOVED BEFORE MY WIFE COMES DOWN. SHE 'LL WANT TO SIT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

McP. "WEEL, YE 'LL HAE TO MAK A STEAMER O' HER, FOR THAT 'S ANE O' THE MASTS!"

THE POSTMAN.

HAD it been an ordinary letter, the fellow would have just slipped it inside the letter-box and said nothing about it. But, you see, it was not an ordinary letter. People who write ordinary letters do not write them to me, either because they think that I am too æsthetic to tolerate the colour of a penny stamp, or because they cannot bring themselves to make the necessary outlay, or because they do not know my address. I rarely, if ever, receive letters from people outside the Services; in fact I may say that my only regular correspondent is the Army and Navy, whom I met over a deal in socks. One is perhaps a small number for a complete circle of friends, but I venture to think that there is more in my one friend than in twenty of your everyday acquaintances. My friend is the sort of creature who knows a bit about everything; and a friend who can and does tell you all about the quality and price of all known things and draw pictures of most of them is a friend whose correspondence is worth having, even though he is only a Stores.

Now, my letter-box is built especially to fit my correspondence. It will only admit the ordinary-sized letter, and the people who write the ordinary-sized letter do not write it (as I have said) to me. Therefore the Postman cannot put my letter into the box, but must give it to me personally. That he cannot do if I am not here; so that, when I am away, my friend cannot write to me, a fact which saves him trouble and me disappointment. Hence the four knocks on the door and the Postman waiting without.

"Come inside, won't you?" I said to him.

"Now that is really nice of you," said the dear old fellow (as I thought him then) with tears in his eyes. "I have called on 487 others this evening and not one of them has even answered the door."

"The door should not ask questions," I said in my jocular way, as I led him through into the sitting-room. Once ensconced in our chairs before the fire where the July log was blazing, "How do you like being a Postman?" I asked him, more to start the conversation than with a view of eliciting scandalous chit-chat.

"Oh, so-so," he answered. "How do you like not being a Postman?" and from that we passed on to such other topics as a Postman and a non-Postman would naturally discuss together. "If you were to guess," he said, "how many letters were delivered in a year. . . ."

"I should," I interrupted, "guess wrong."

"But delivering a letter," he continued, "is not the simple job you suppose it to be. Ours is a difficult and responsible position, which requires a great deal of tactful discretion. Take this block of flats, for instance. The minute my *rat-tat*. . . ."

"I beg your pardon."

"I beg yours," he said.

"Let each keep his own," I suggested, "and consider the mutual transaction as complete."

"The minute," he pursued, "there is heard the double knock, which no other than a Postman can give and than which a Postman can give no other, everyone in the building expects a letter. 'There 's BANKS,' you say to yourself; 'he 's a decent sort of fellow, let 's give him one. Then there 's CLEAVER—he 's got as much as is good for him already; and I gave Miss SAUNDERS one yesterday. FRASER means well; give him a post-card. HEBBLETHWAITE doesn't; give him a bill.' And so on."

"Why, then," I said a little crossly perhaps, "do you nearly always leave me out?"

"Well, you see, old man," he said apologetically, "if I give you a letter in the morning, you go back to bed and stay there reading it when you ought to be getting up, and, if I give you one in the evening, you stay up reading it when you ought to be going to bed. As you are always out for the afternoon delivery, what is a man to do?"

"Have a cigarette," I said, "and take it that you are forgiven."

"Thanks," he answered, putting his hand in his bag; "have a letter."

I blessed him for the kindly thought and gazed casually at the half-penny stamp. "Ah," I said, "from the Army. Do you know him?"

"Army?" he said. "Let me see. Doesn't he live with the Navy down Victoria way? Oh, yes, I know him fairly well; I call on him about five times a day."

"Excuse me opening it?" I asked in my best manner.

"I would excuse you willingly," he replied, "did the letter not happen to be open already."

"For once, old Thing," I laughed, "you are wrong. For this time only by some curious chance they *have* licked the flap."

"Indeed?" he said curtly, examining the envelope, which was obviously closed. "Then you owe me a penny."

I was too much hurt to argue with him, so paid him the penny with frigid politeness, telling him at the same time what I thought of this petty extortion. He saw I was upset and tried to pass the whole thing off as a joke, but it became plain that it was no joke when he refused to give me my penny back. There were words, and the upshot of it all was that I told him that I should not in future be at home when he knocked. He answered with passion that he should never knock again if he could possibly avoid doing so, and gave me back (as became a gentleman and a Postman) as much of my cigarette as he had not smoked.

* * * *

Since that eventful evening he has always brought old Stores' letters when I have been out and has forced them under the door. I hate to think what would happen if someone were to address to me a good-sized parcel.

AMUSEMENT.

FOR the tenth time I laid aside the volume by Mrs. HENRY WOOD. Under other conditions I might have managed it; but this afternoon it was impossible. The rain grew worse as the glass rose higher. For the tenth time I endeavoured to find something new in *The Daily Telegraph:* I even read the advertisements. I walked round the pictures again, and again read the funeral card that was stuck in the mirror: SARAH ANN THURSBY, aged 59. A very easy age at which to die, I thought it. It was a wonder that she had lived so long. Her end was peace, anyway.

The rain was worse than ever, and the glass higher than ever. An old man was crossing the road under an umbrella, which so dripped that he was wetter in one part of his back than he would have been all over had he carried a walking-stick. What was I to do? The train did not go for two hours yet; and a time comes when old *Tatlers* and old *Sketches*, celebrating plays long since dead, are less entertaining than nothing. Why had I not Mr. GLADSTONE's gift of going to sleep at any moment? One should cultivate it.

I wondered if HAYES had insured himself against this weather, and, if not, how he was taking his luck. I opened a cupboard in the hope of finding another book, but it contained only a pack of cards and some bagatelle balls. I looked out of the window again. The sky grew lighter with that lightness which, while on some days it means a clearing up, on days like this means worse rain. The gramophone in the bar began to sing. I turned again to Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

At this moment the door was knocked and the servant-girl came in carrying a book. "Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. WINTER sends you the Visitors' Book with her compliments, and hopes you may be amused by it."

Amused! Delightful word. I had thought never to be amused again. I took the book.

Have you ever examined the Visitors' Book of a country inn, either for amusement or with the cold eye of criticism? It is appalling. That is the only word I can think of, and I use it deliberately. Appalling. The beasts of the field become intellectual beside the facetious commentators and even serious commentators of these volumes, which, it must be remembered, exist in their thousands in this country alone.

"Dr. and Mrs. SILVESTER much enjoyed their stay at the White Hart, which they prolonged by two days owing to the beautiful weather."

"Lord DORKING and the Earl of PECKHAM can speak to the freshness of the White Hart eggs. No election brand here. Now we shan't be long."

"Mr. LIPSCOMBE and the members of the Roydale Botanical Society made a *Hart*-y meal."

"The Roydale Botanical Society understand *chestnuts* anyway!

E. THOMAS."

"'The Ten Boozers' arrived from Pulverhampton in time for lunch, and very soon made the joint look silly, especially His Nibs."

"Mr. and Mrs. BLAND have just concluded their fifth annual visit. Everything perfect as usual."

"ALLY SLOPER, BILL BAILEY, and WEE MACGREGOR wish long life and happiness to Host WINTER and Mrs. WINTER."

"Mrs. and Miss VAUGHAN, of The Cedars, Balham, have much enjoyed their stay. Everything at the White Hart is a treat."

"Everything is A 1 at the White Hart. Ask Emmie and Vi if they like raspberry jam. Not much, I don't fink.

THE SOFTEST OF THE FAMILY."

"It is a great pity that people use this book for the purpose of airing their would-be wit. The practice is in danger of causing others to think too lightly of Mrs. WINTER'S excellent fare and unremitting kindness. H. ANSTRUTHER-STAPLES."

"'Arf time, cockey!
B. MARJORIBANKS-CHOLMONDELEY."

"Mrs. WINTER served us a first-class tea at very reasonable cost at very short notice. In fact, I might say it was summarily served. We mean to come again.

DAVID JOHNSON."

And so on, for hundreds of pages. I read and read, and it got wetter and wetter as the glass rose. Was I amused? I don't know. But the time went, and at least I was not edified. But what a world!

A GUILBERTIAN SITUATION.

[Madame YVETTE GUILBERT, writing in the *Westminster Gazette* of July 21, strongly advocates the divided skirt, and concludes: "From the day on which women will become capable of using their feet and their fists, equality will be gained. . . . Ladies, cultivate muscle, for by muscle only will you conquer."]

"LADIES who, athirst for progress,
Strive your fellow slaves to free,
Let the Amazonian ogress
Ever your exemplar be.

Futile is the fret and bustle
Of the valiant Suffragette
Unaccompanied by muscle,"
Cries the prophetess YVETTE.

Followers of PETER KEARY,
That portentous publicist,
On the need of being cheery
Must ferociously insist.

But the cult of mental hustle
For the Feminist is vain;
She must cultivate her muscle
More severely than her brain.

Man at present is the stronger,
But his reign cannot endure.
Woman, trained a little longer,
Will the upper hand secure.

And in many a hard-fought tussle,
Constables, though stout and tall,
Must, against superior muscle,
Like so many ninepins fall.

In the past her mode of dressing
Made her sickly, weak and pale,
Though it may have proved caressing
To the senses of the male.

Now, abjuring frocks that rustle
With a feminine *frou-frou*,
She must concentrate on muscle
And divide her skirts in two.



Officer (to new recruit doing "sentry go" for the first time). "NOW MIND YOU LET NO ONE GO BY WITHOUT CHALLENGING THEM."

Recruit. "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR. DON'T YOU WORRY. THE SLIGHTEST NOISE WAKES ME UP!"

"Can anyone suggest a good opening for a small boarding house near London?"

The Queen.

Why not try a door? Much better than any of these fancy coal-shoots.

What Dog Collars are for.

"Mr. Pearce (the Clerk): How old is the dog?—Constable: About four months. He had teeth?—Oh, yes. And he could bite?—Yes. Well, that is the object of having a collar with the name and address on it."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Dog-fanciers whose puppies are backward in their teething should make a note of this.

A SIGNBOARD at the Franco-British Exhibition directs visitors to "The French and British Sections of Food and Drink."

Section of Drink (British).—A split.

Section of Drink (French).—*Vin coupé.*



Belated Reveller (after feeling his way many times round). "LOCKED IN! LOCKED IN!"

THIS CONCERNS YOU!

(In the manner of the New Journalism.)

ARE you reading "The Cow with the Crumpled Horn?" An odd title—some might call it a catch-half-penny title—but it is the name of the most remarkable romance that has been given to the readers of any journal during the past week; a romance, and yet not so much a romance as a story of real, live, struggling, palpitating people—people you know, people you meet every day of your life, people you can't avoid meeting. There is, for example, *Bingley Baines*, the great financier, who controls the money markets of the world, and who is about to

Engineer a War

between San Marino and Sweden in order to raise Spitzbergen railway stock half a point. There is *Cedric Poopington*, the young and ardent philanthropist and reformer, who leads the middle-class millions of London in their wild rush into Essex to annex small holdings—one of the most soul-stirring, gasp-compelling, and yet wholly lifelike episodes in modern fiction. Then there is that beautiful enigma, the *Countess of Carpentaria*, the

Richest, Merriest Widow

in Europe, a puritan, with the wiles of a MESSALINA, half saint, half siren, wholly woman. Best of all, perhaps, you will like to meet *Perdita Popkins*, the penniless governess, whose beauty becomes the object of a cult in Paris, Vienna, Petersburg, and Penge, and whose motto is yet "All for love, and a little bit for myself." Just ordinary, actual people—weak, well-meaning, aspiring, sinning, palpitating people, who lunch at the Carlritz and wear diamond tiaras like ourselves.

"A Palp in every Par"

is the verdict of a bishop who was privileged to peruse the proof sheets. Begin it to-day; you won't be able to finish it for months and months.

Expert Advice.

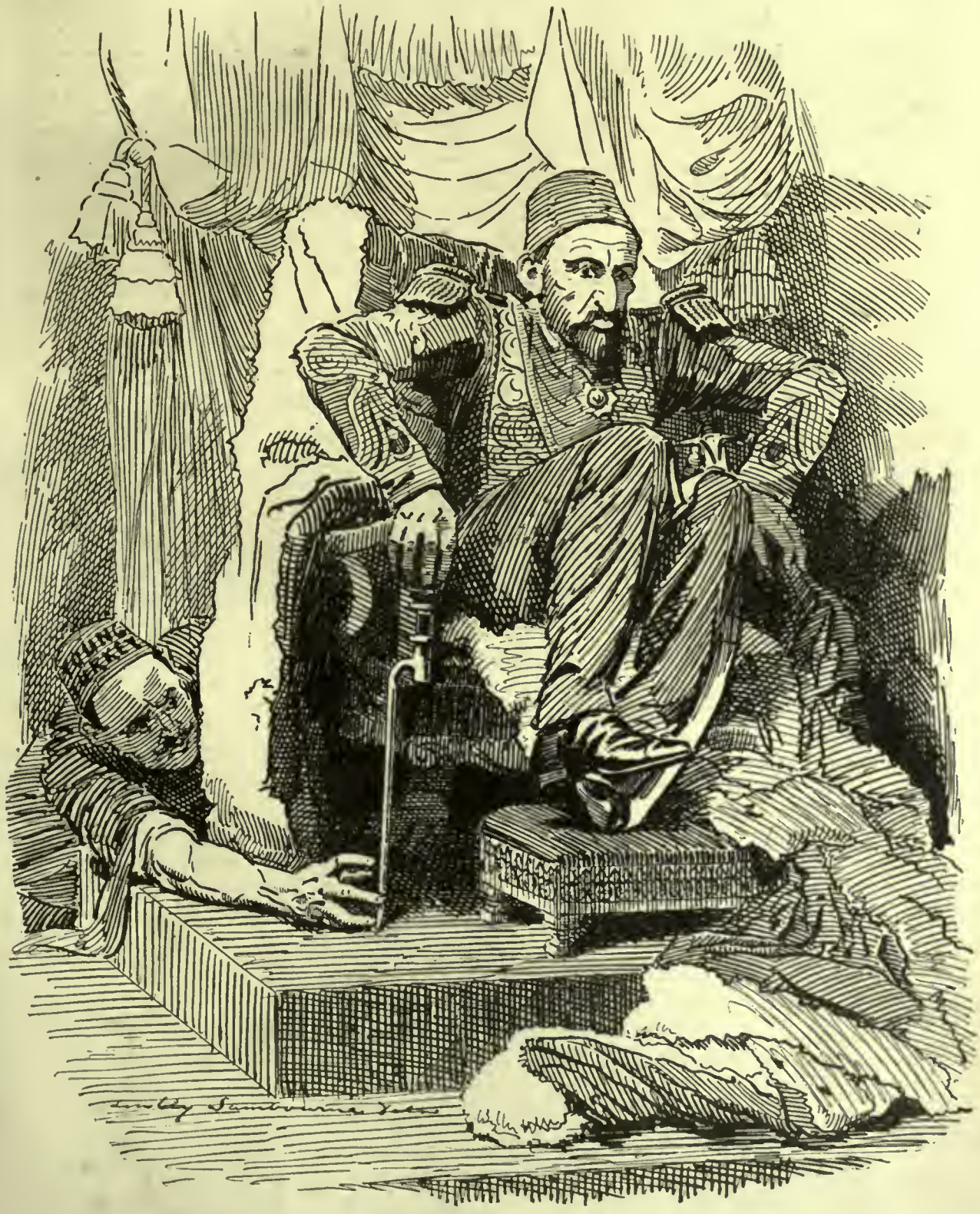
"White was the next to leave, Crawford bowling him with a ball that he had much better have left alone."—*Evening News.*

A GOODWOOD MEETING.

Do you forget that Goodwood Day
And all the vows we vowed,
As we together strolled away
Far from the madding crowd?
How wistfully you shook your head
As, when our fingers met
In one last lingering clasp, I said,
"Will you forget?"

Do you forget the dream you had
About a number up,
That haunted you, and made you mad
To plunge upon the Cup?
And though I swore dreams always lied,
And warned you not to bet,
"A pony on for me," you cried,
"And *don't* forget!"

I put that pony on for you,
Though much against my will;
The dream, of course, did not come true,
And I am wondering still
If you regard the vows you made
As lightly as your debt;
For I begin to be afraid
You *do* forget.



THE THRONE PERILOUS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 20th.—One of the nights when the shabbiness of red leather benches lamented by Viscount Ridley is hidden by crowded assemblage. At last the frozen-out gardeners of the legislative field, the coroneted unemployed, have work to do. Old Age Pensions Bill, read a first time the other day in presence, and with consent of, five Peers, comes up for second reading. Wolverhampton, youngest of Viscounts, making maiden speech in moving the stage, dexterously dragged in a tribute to Don José, "the Onlie Begetter" of the scheme.

This meant to be awkward for noble lords opposite who denounce measure as iniquitious in conception, ruinous to prosperity of the country, dangerous to existence of Empire, inasmuch as its drain upon public purse will necessitate reduction of amount appropriated to Imperial Defence. Fundamental principle of politics that circumstances alter cases. What 's one man's nourishing meat at a certain epoch is deadly poison at another. Thus in another place, in debate on application of guillotine rules to Licensing Bill, we had Prince Arthur crushing Premier with quotation of uncompromising denunciation of the practice, delivered by him on former occasion; Asquith retorting by reading from same record passage in which Prince Arthur extolled the guillotine as a beneficial, indispensable factor in legislation.

A pretty comedy, amusing at first, apt to pall by reason of constant repetition through revolving years. By-and-by, characters exchanged, we shall have Prime Minister Prince Arthur having rigged up the guillotine, reading extracts from Asquith's speech of last Friday in support of his case; Leader of the Opposition H. H. Asquith responding with quotation of Prince Arthur's withering denunciation of the practice. If plot and play a little stale, the grave air of conviction on part of principal performers never varies.

Whilst noble lords, excelling each other in denunciation of Old Age Pensions Bill, redressed the balance by voting for the second reading, Harold Cox in the Commons poses Government with awkward question. Cites case of Mr. James Walker, age fifty-five, recently charged with bigamy at Huddersfield Police Court, it being alleged that he had gone through form of marriage with eleven women.

"Will he," queried Cox (on behalf of his hon. friend Box, temporarily absent), "be entitled, on attaining the age of seventy, to an Old Age Pension? If not, under what provision of the Bill will he be excluded from the reward intended for veterans of industry?"

Chancellor of the Exchequer, discreetly taking refuge behind fact that the case is *sub judice*, declined to discuss it, nevertheless, there it stands. Type of innumerable difficulties that will attend working of proposed Act.



"Youngest of Viscounts."
(Lord Wolverhampton.)

Business done.—Young Wemyss' motion designed to shelve Old Age Pensions Bill finding only 16 supporters in House of 139 Members, Bill read a second time without division.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—What a month ago seemed to be the impossible has been accomplished. To-night Clause 1 of Licensing Bill, perhaps the most important of the lot, got through Committee.

"It was the riding that did it," remarked the late Mr. Palmer, of Rugeley, commenting on the verdict of wilful murder and the consequent sentence of death.

"It was the guillotine that did it," the Premier might have observed as he folded up his paper and left Treasury Bench.

Gratitude has no place in politics. Otherwise he would have halted on his way out to shake Prince Arthur warmly by the hand. It was he, whilst Leader of the House, who introduced this thrice-blessed machinery, failing which all legislation would to-day be impossible.

At half-past ten the blade fell, cutting through a thicket of redundant amendments. On division taken in crowded House, Clause 1 was added to the Bill by 348 votes against 140.

Asquith has introduced new tactics in generalship. Formerly—notably in the giant days of Mr. G., who, with more than fourscore years on his back, carried Home Rule Bill of '93 through Committee single-handed—Minister in charge of important measure personally conducted it. One of the Law Officers, peradventure an Under-Secretary, was told off in attendance; but in the main it was a one-man job. Asquith has got together a finely selected team, ready at a sign to step in and reply to successive points. It includes Admiral McKenna, Herbert Samuel, who, starting well, is daily improving, and Lulu. Among the younger men, this an incomparable trio of debating power.

On opposite Bench Prince Arthur in constant attendance. Has passed a Licensing Bill himself; knows all its ins and outs. Watchful, wary, dexterous, he fights with his back to the wall all through the summer night. Walter Long, Bonar Law, and Son Austen chip in from time to time. Practically on the Opposition side it is a one-man fight.

At the outset Son Austen got a rather nasty tumble. With righteous indignation denounced what he described as proposal of the Bill to reduce to the unit licences in country villages. Herbert Samuel said the Bill contained no such proposal. Across the Table he quietly handed a copy, indicating the lines dealing with the case.

Through awkward pause Son Austen studied the text. No doubt about it; someone had blundered. Would he admit his error, apologise and resume his seat? Not he. He turned upon the Infant Samuel and hotly complained of interruption.



"AFTER YOU WITH THE GUILLOTINE!"

Citizen B-lf-r (to Citizen Asq-th). "My dear comrade, duty compels me to hold you up to execration as an inhuman monster, but between ourselves it absolutely makes my mouth water to hear the dear old thing come scrunching down! You're a *perfect marvel* at it, my boy!"

Opposition, taking the cue, loudly cheered.

"We only ask," said PREMIER, interposing, "that the right hon. gentleman should read our Bill before he criticises it."

Here Ministerialists broke in with strident cheer.

SON AUSTEN had gained his point. Amid the angry scene his blunder was overlooked. But only temporarily. The House, to certain extent a business assembly, thinks that, after all, there is something in the PREMIER'S insistence on essential preliminary to discussing a Bill.

Business done.—Clause 1 of Licensing Bill passed through Committee. Remainder shelved till Autumn Sittings.

Friday.—Some men are never satisfied. Members to-day enjoy privileges and comforts unknown to predecessors of so short a time back as twenty years. LULU, most popular of First Commissioners, has marked his short reign by various improvements. As for the Kitchen Committee, under Chairmanship of JACOBY, it has wrought wonders. Think of the shilling dinner: Soup, fish, choice of two entrées, joint, game in season, tarts galore, rich choice of cheese, and bread at discretion.

True, the quails are small. SARK, turning the thing over to-night in quest of scraps of flesh, says he understands how in ancient Palestine two sparrows were sold for a farthing. But what would you? There are limits to the possibilities of a shilling, even in JACOBY'S dexterous hand.

Now, here comes HARWOOD wanting a verandah built over a portion of the Terrace, so that in wet weather Members may meditate on the spectacle of the storm-swept Thames.

"We like," he said, "to enjoy fresh air, even when it is raining."

This a novel view of the business for which Members are sent to Westminster—to sit on the Terrace and enjoy fresh air, wet or shine.

"I may remind my hon. friend," retorted LULU with grave sarcasm, "that there is abundant supply of excellent fresh air within this Chamber."

Business done.—Report stage of Irish Universities Bill.

A TRIAL TRIP.

WHEN quite young I made a model fire-escape, an ambulance, a torpedo destroyer, a Thames dredger, an electric tram, a toy lathe, and a half-plate camera.

"Why don't you make a microscope?" said JORKINS one evening as we were giving the dredger a run across the dining-room carpet.

"Done!" I replied. "I will. I will make it in chapters."

CHAPTER I.

The Eye Piece.

The Eye Piece is, as everyone knows, situate in a pleasant residential locality at the extreme north of the instrument. When examining a caterpillar's collar stud or a spider's spinning jenny, it will be the first thing that strikes one's eye. Hence, I suppose, its name. Mine consisted of two lenses, which I picked up dirt cheap at a second-hand bookstall.

The object of the Eye Piece is to prevent children from falling down the tube of the microscope and so injuring the objective.

CHAPTER II.

The Tube.

Unlike most other tubes, the Tube of the microscope has no intermediate stations. I christened one end of mine Shepherd's Bush, and the other Bank. When a dandelion's foreleg got in at the Shepherd's Bush end it travelled right through (growing larger and larger), until the man at the Eye Piece called out "Bank!" Then it got out.

CHAPTER III.

The Mechanical Stage.

The Mechanical Stage is that part of the microscope specially devoted to dramatic productions. It is here we place our troupe of highly-trained rhizopods, our comedy trio of cheese-mites. It is worked on the Two-



Minister (much gratified). "AND SO, SAUNDERS, YOU THINK THAT WE MINISTERS OUGHT TO GET LARGER STIPENDS."
Saunders. "AY. YE SEE WE WAD GET A BETTER CLASS O' MEN!"

House system. As soon as one turn has finished, a twist of the milled head brings on another, and number one waits in the wings for the Second House.

CHAPTER IV.

Having described my microscope in detail, I will now give a short account of her speed trials. They took place one Sunday evening. I was the commodore, JORKINS the stoker, and SYMPSON watched for the Admiralty. Having broken a bottle of dry ginger ale over her bows, SYMPSON said we might proceed to test her engines.

GRAND FINAL EPISODE.
The Drop of Water.

Selection by the orchestra—*A Life on the Ocean Wave.*

The first object to be examined was a drop of pond water. JORKINS had gathered it, and assured us that it teemed with microscopic life. "Then hard-a-port," I shouted, and we dropped it on the mechanical stage.

"What do you see?" I asked SYMPSON, who was at the Eye Piece.

"Nothing," replied SYMPSON.

"Put her two points to windward," I called out to JORKINS, who had now taken off his coat.

"What do you see now?" I asked.

"Water," replied SYMPSON.

"Good! Anything else?"

"No—yes—It 's a thing with a fat body and a—a mouth and a tail."

"That 's a porpoise," I said. "Hard-a-port."

"Now there 's a long thing with any number of legs."

"Southend pier," I said. "We shall be in choppy water in a minute."

"Don't," cried SYMPSON. "Now there 's a—ugh——"

"A ground swell," explained JORKINS.

And SYMPSON, who is a martyr to *mal-de-mer*, went below.

"JORKINS! Up in the conning-tower," I gave the order.

"Ay, ay, skipper," cried JORKINS, who was now covered with grease and perspiration.

"Light on the port bow," he suddenly called out.

"What does she look like?"

"A rakish-looking craft with a big head and ninety-seven legs."

"Margate jetty," I said. "Run her close in and reconnoitre."

Suddenly we ran aground.

"Full speed aster-r-rn," I shouted, and I rushed to the steering-gear.

Our drop of water had evaporated.

THE END.

A Simple Arithmetical Problem.

Mr. TILAK, the Indian Nationalist leader who published seditious articles in his newspaper *Kesari*, made an address to the jury lasting six days. He was fined £66, and sentenced to six years' transportation. Even an innocent man might have received that sentence in the circumstances.

So near and yet so far.

"Starting from Sandgate, near Calais, J. Wolffe will to-morrow make another attempt to swim across the Channel."—*Daily Mail.*

Unhappily even this encouragement did not bring him success. But it was a nice thought, all the same.

PROVERBIAL NEGLECT.

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have a real grievance. It occurred to me last Sunday week, and I have been trying to write about it ever since, but—— Well, the fact is they have been putting rape in my seed-pot lately and I simply have no time for anything. To-day they are late in feeding me—so here goes.

I had just been uncovered and had hopped from the ring, where I sleep, down to the perch, where I live. Before springing on to my seed-pot I glanced out of the dining-room window. A robin was looking for his breakfast in the laurustinus. "Poor thing!" I said, and cracked ninety-three rape seeds; then, "Fancy having to turn out on a rotten morning like this." Next I started on the water-cress. Simultaneously the robin discovered a long worm. "Heavens!" I cried. "This must be The Early Bird." Full of excitement I rushed to the edge of the cage to catch another glimpse. But the robin had retired with his *petit déjeuner*.

The world seemed very empty, and I remained quite still *for several seconds* — thinking — thinking. At the end of that time I found I had a grievance. So have all the other canaries, if they only knew it.

Dear *Mr. Punch*, why don't they put *us* into proverbs? There are thousands and thousands of canaries (besides linnets and bullfinches and other cage-birds) in these islands alone—and not one proverb among the lot of us. Not one. Look how many the other birds have—the bird in the bush—the bird that wouldn't be caught with chaff, and lots of others. Even a wretched stray cat is better off than we are. And as for dogs, bears and tortoises—why, I am perfectly sick of hearing about them.

Of course, you say you don't want any more proverbs. Don't you, though? Things are always happening that the proverb-makers never thought of. Supposing you just miss a railway accident through staying for an extra glass of gingerade? Neither "Taking a horse to the water," nor "A stitch in time" quite fits the case, does it? So that you see you *do* want one or two more—really good ones.

It 's no good leaving the cage door open after the canary is dead. I thought of that the other morning. It sounds nice, and might come in well when a cheque is returned dishonoured.

A canary that is not fed to-day
To-morrow will have flown away.

That is poetry. A mistress might use it now and then during spring cleaning to urge on an unwilling maid. Or the maid herself might quote it when giving notice.

A green canary should not bathe. That is another one. I don't know exactly when you ought to say it, but if your canary is green, that helps the point.

Paint its cage yellow and your canary will disappear. This suggests a scientific problem that should keep canary-owners awake for many a night and incidentally benefit the colour-artist.

The hand that gives the groundsel gets the song. This should cover a bare patch or two in life's daily round, though I am afraid it *is* a bit like "Virtue is its own Reward." Still most people would rather talk about canaries than virtue. Always cater for the masses.

A blind canary will eat lead shot. Do not take a blind canary to the theatre. Both of these may be funny, but not, in my poor opinion, in very good taste.

In conclusion I should like to tell you of one I thought of in my bath yesterday. It is short, yet *so* full of meaning. It seems to bring before us, in a few simple words, all those grand mysteries of Life and Death. It runs as follows:—*A stuffed canary does not sing.*

What do you think of that?

Dear *Mr. Punch*, I should feel very grateful if you would publish this letter. People ought to know what a lot of good-wearing proverbs we could supply them.

I am, yours truly,
Peter
("London Fancy").

P.S.—There are heaps of others.



A DIFFICULT CHOICE.

Referring to the new war balloon, "Dirigible No. 2," *The Evening News* says:

"It creates on the mind of the spectator the impression of a colossal German sausage."

We have heard of "footprints on the sands of time," but this seems to be quite a new impression, and we tremble to think of the mental state of London after the new balloon has made a trial trip over the metropolis.



Dowager. "SO YOU ARE COMMENCING A PRACTICE HERE. YOU 'RE RATHER YOUNG, AREN'T YOU?"
Young Medico. "OH—ER—WELL—I ONLY EXPECT TO START ON CHILDREN FIRST, YOU KNOW."

G.P.O.

Mr. Punch, always anxious to please and assist, has collected a few suggestions in response to the Postmaster-General's pathetic plea for a scheme that shall benefit his revenues as successfully as did the Limerick Craze:—

Charge a shilling for permission to view Mons. WALKLEY at work in his room. IMRÉ KIRALFY.

Establish penny postage to Lapland. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Persuade Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON to begin writing letters again.
EDITOR, *P.M.G.*

Purchase the proceeds of the Buckingham Palace waste-paper basket every day and sell them to tuft-hunters and flunkeys at an exorbitant figure. DIOGENES.

Establish penny postage to Spitzbergen. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Induce some rich paper to libel the Postmaster-General—by saying, for example, that his express messengers exceed the speed limit—and then claim heavy damages.
W. H. LEVER.

Make it possible for other persons besides gloomy and cynical Post Office clerks to sell stamps.
COMMON SENSE.

Invest the capital of the Post Office Savings Bank in the Coliseum.
OSWALD STOLL.

Open high-priced reading-rooms for the perusal of other people's Poste Restante letters. PAUL PRY.

Establish penny postage to Minorca. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Charge an entrance fee for the inspection of the bumps (candles, one shilling each) of the wonderful clerks who find out the puzzle addresses and send an account of this triumph to the papers. BOSTOCK.

Establish penny postage to Tierra del Fuego. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Move into the country and let me have St. Martin's-le-Grand for a restaurant. JOE LYONS.

Establish penny postage to Stromboli. J. HENNIKER HEATON.

Go through the registered letters.
WORMWOOD SCRUBBS.

"IRISH KILT AT WESTMINSTER."—*The Standard.*

The Standard's attempt at local colour is excellent, but nothing is said as to who kilt them.

The Brutal English.

From a German picture-postcard:

"368. ENGLISCHE KRIEGSSCHIFFE.
No. 10. H. M. S. 'Loocaster.' Armoured bruiser, 9,800 ts."

"One saw the hand that was raised to cheer fall limply by its owner's side."
Manchester Guardian.

But what about the voice that was going to pat the winner on the back?

"The final of the 400 metres flat race—which is a trifle less than three yards short of a quarter of a mile—was the principal event . . . Another tape had been stretched about a yard further on to give the winner a chance of breaking the quarter-mile record."—*Daily Mail.*

Why not another tape 100 yards further on for the half-mile record?

The Yorkshire Evening Post makes mention of an accident to a man whom it describes as a "cotton singer," and in this connection we may say that we once knew a man whom we should unhesitatingly describe as a "rotten singer."

From an advertisement in *The Staffordshire Sentinel*:—

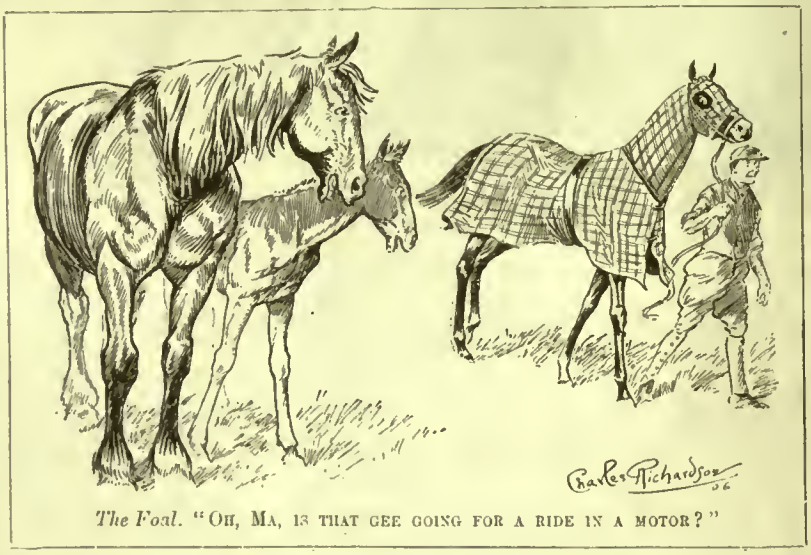
"Several smart lads wanted . . . Lads must be respectable or useless."

It seems a terrible alternative.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Love's Shadow (GRANT RICHARDS), by ADA LEVERSON, is a most refreshing sketch, and I only wish that a few more woman-writers had her joyous sense of humour. The story is not much in itself, and its construction is rather desultory; the author, indeed, seems to have written a new chapter just whenever a fresh idea came into her charming head. But her dialogue is a pure delight. Of the heroine, who describes herself as a "bachelor girl," we are told that she had not enough of the Bohemian quality to warrant that description; "she was too plastic, too finished." I am sure Mrs. LEVERSON has no more notion what this contradictory sentence means than I have: but I easily forgive her for the sake of the courage which she shows in letting the girl make her own running along the course of true love. The fun that is made out of *Bruce Ottley*, of the Foreign Office, is perhaps a little exaggerated and certainly tends to grow discursive. But his patient wife, who sees through his foibles but forbears to take advantage of her insight, is a noble example of restrained humour on the part both of the lady and her creator. By the way, how is it that *Lord Selsey*, who cuts out *Cecil Reeve*, his nephew and heir, in the affections of the widow *Eugenia*, is only twenty years older than that nephew? *Cecil's* father (*Lord Selsey's* younger brother) must have married at a very precocious age.



The Foal. "OH, MA, IS THAT GEE GOING FOR A RIDE IN A MOTOR?"

But this is mere captiousness. Mrs LEVERSON's book marks a great advance upon her previous work, and I hope she will not miss the appreciation which she has thoroughly earned.

When young *Nevile Arnott* fell in love with *Pauline* (CONSTABLE), a lady with a past, there was a good deal of fluttering in the Arnott dovecote, and the wise mother-bird promptly winged her way to Switzerland, there to talk to the siren, as woman to woman. *Pauline's* husband was a bad lot, and she had divorced him. Also she was an actress, and some years older than *Nevile*, who was engaged to a nice little bread-and-butter miss at home. *Mrs. Arnott* put it to *Pauline* that for all these reasons she was no fit mate for the pride of the Arnotts, and *Pauline*, far from contradicting her, offered to make her young lover believe that she really was as black as she had been painted. The conventional youth (Eton and Oxford) obediently and blindly walked into the trap. He returned to his *Evangeline*, won a by-election for the Unionists, compared with which Pudsey was a moral victory for the Liberal Party, and was on the point of settling down as a prosy married M.P.—when, one unlucky day, he went to see *Pauline* in a French play. He guessed from her performance that she had sacrificed herself to save him and please mamma; had his head cracked with a decanter, of all vulgar weapons, by an admirer of the lady; was jilted by *Evangeline*, and, after all, accepted by his other love, only to learn that she had received her death-sentence from the doctors. As a rule I enjoy the novels of Mr. W. E. NORRIS, but this one I find a trifle heavy, in spite of the comic interludes of a terrible old lady with an ear-trumpet who had an inconvenient habit of thinking aloud. There is good work in *Pauline*, but as a whole it seems to me to fall a little short of the high standard which we generally expect from Mr. NORRIS.

Mr. LOUIS J. VANCE's story, *The Black Bag* (GRANT RICHARDS), begins, as all good romances should, in a London hotel; but it is not long before the villain is sneaking out by a back door to avoid the police, and the hero and heroine are driving to Bloomsbury in a hansom. On page 60 they two are, with the exception of the body of an unknown man, alone in an empty house; and if there is one thing more romantic than a London hotel and a hansom cab it is an empty house. But *Philip's* happiness, for he is by this time in love with *Dorothy*, is short-lived, for by page 107 the boat was—this is official—gathering impetus as it momentarily diminished in the night's illusory perspective; the boat, that is, which was conveying the villain and the girl aboard the brigantine. *Philip* was at the wharf to see them off, not being aware that the other man really was the villain; and *Dorothy* went quite willingly, under the mistaken impression that he was her father. However, *Philip* finds out his error and gives chase. Up till now he has not even tapped his hip-pocket significantly, far less shot anybody; but at Antwerp he boards the brigantine, collects all the revolvers (I am never happy until the hero has *all* the revolvers) and makes off with the Black Bag and *Dorothy*. It is then the villain's turn to give chase—his effort is even more exciting. Mr. VANCE knows exactly how to do this sort of story, and I recommend him enthusiastically to all who are not familiar with his methods. I forgive him for making his hero American, seeing that the latter talks English and has his adventures in Europe. If *Philip* had got the bulge on a club-footed snipe in Fifth Avenue, it would have been another matter.

"The Old Lamp at Lord's again brightly burns. Its lustre has been momentarily hidden by the shreds and patches that percolated the rind of secrecy that those who were striving to run the Triangular Tests endeavoured to set up."—*The Observer.*

The writer must get his left leg across more for this stroke.

CHARIVARIA.

SIGNOR DORANDO PIETRI, it appears, is by calling a confectioner. This, we suppose, accounts for his doing so well on a baking day.

***

It seems that he was not fascinated by his brief experience of the Stage. He is said to have even refused a part in a piece which he was assured would have a long run.

***

The Grand Vizier, FERID PASHA, who quite recently received from the KAISER the Black Eagle, has been replaced by a new Vizier of pro-British sympathies. So the Eagle turns out to have been prophetically right in putting on mourning.

***

In reply to a grateful telegram from his army, the SULTAN OF TURKEY stated that "he had long desired to grant the constitution." Oh, ABDUL!

***

The Under-Secretary for the Home Office, speaking on the Old Age Pensions Bill, apologised for the fact that the age-limit was at present as high as 70. "You must remember," he said, "that the Bill imposes no small charge upon the resources of the nation." There was never any fear of our not remembering this fact.

***

Meanwhile the Bill has given a distinct fillip to the Manhood Suffrage agitation, for it is obviously only fair that those persons who are to receive pensions should be in a position to give effect to their views as to the amount of the same and the period at which they are to become payable.

***

As several articles entitled "The Ideal Public House" have appeared on the subject of Lord LAMINGTON'S Bill, we are requested to state, in order to prevent false hopes from being raised, that the Bill does not propose to make it compulsory for every publican to supply customers with free drinks.

***

It is suggested that the Crystal Palace shall be turned into a Museum. We should have thought it would take up too much room in any Museum.

***

In the opinion of a Stuttgart professor, music is the best agent for making the hair grow. We think, however, that the Professor has jumped to a hasty and wrong conclusion. Much of the music one hears nowadays makes one's hair stand on end, and this gives a deceptive appearance of growth.

***

Miss MAUD ALLAN, who is contributing the story of her life to *The Weekly Dispatch*, was once, it appears, kidnapped by Red Indians. Their costume seems to have made a lasting impression on her.

***

"Yes," said the manager of the latest exponent of the Almost-Altogether Dance, "of the Press notices I received there was only one unfavourable." "And what was the tenour of it?" "Why, it said that there was nothing in the performance to which anyone could take exception."



"DID YOU MARK IT, BOY?" "AY!"
"WHERE IS IT?" "ON THIS YER BEACH!"

Solicitors, it is now stated, are to be wigged as well as gowned, "an eminent firm of wig-makers" being on the point of producing a headgear which, it is mysteriously announced, will be easily distinguished from the hall-mark of the barrister. While we have no wish to give away the secret, we would mention that a rumour is current, and is causing some concern in Chancery Lane, to the effect that the solicitor's wig will be red instead of grey.

***

Answer to a Lady Correspondent:—We believe that the best way to pack your hats is to obtain from the local ironmonger a large round tin bath for each of them.

THE MAN THAT STOLE THE DIAMONDS.

[To Mr. Rupert Guinness, Commander of the London Division Naval Volunteer Reserve (H.M.S. *Buzzard*, moored off the approach to *Mr. Punch's* Offices). Mr. Guinness is reported to have been the object of a bitter attack on the part of Mr. Herbert Burrows, in the course of the latter's appeal to the Socialist Electors of Haggerston.]

Rupert, I 'm told you 've never done
A decent day's work 'neath the sun,
Never perspired in any one
Of life's laborious furrows;
But I am certain (see *Who 's Who?*)
This allegation isn't true
Which (they allege) was flung at you
By Mr. Bertie Burrows.

That bulwark of the public weal
Says "Man must work, or beg, or steal,
To earn the matter for a meal
To stuff his Little Mary at;"
'And, since you always shirked a job
And shunned to beg the casual bob,
One course remained, says he,—to rob
A toiling proletariat.

Yet I have read that, long before
Your *Buzzard* flanked the Temple shore
And you became the Commodore
Of civil tars that manned her,
You figured in the Eton eight,
'And helped to lift the Ladies' Plate,
'And twice secured, at welter weight,
The Diamonds for Leander.

From time to time, when I observe
Your waistcoat's more than ample curve,
I 've thought what courage, what a nerve
Hanc agitavit molem;
'And now I hear our Herbert swear
You never turned an honest hair,
Or won the Diamonds on the square,
But simply went and stole 'em.

Bear up, my Rupert; never mind,
Though men like Herb are gravel-blind
To labour of the larger kind,
The work that 's not for wages;
Your efforts on the L.C.C.,
Nobly performed without a fee,
Shall stimulate our heirs and be
The envy of the ages.

O. S.

OUR SUMMER NUMBER STORY.

At the base of the cliff he sat sketching. Behind him the granite wall rose forbiddingly—up, up, and again up, and yet up again. The tide swirled ominously round the rocks—like a tiger licking his lips before his lunch.

Yet he noticed it not, for a vision of ethereal beauty had swum before his ken. He knew her at once for the Summer Number Girl, for she had liquid violet eyes, and she wore no shoes, stockings, sleeves, or neckwear. However, a Directoire hat made up for these deficiencies.

A pink freckle on her lissom neck set his veins dancing with liquid fire. Where the sun had kissed why should not he?

A tiny scream—instinct with graceful *abandon*—rent the air. She had slipped on the rocks! To his dying day he will remember that sickening scrunch as she sat down suddenly on a colony of periwinkles.

She was thirty yards away, but in a single bound he was by her side. She had fainted—her ankle had given way. A horrible indecision made a moment waver out into an eternity before his eyes. Ought he to chafe her ankle or her wrist? In the end he decided that the latter would be more genteel.

Her eyelids opened like two April flow'rets, revealing eyes of liquid violet, then closed modestly like two timid oysters. "Thank you," she murmured, and the unconventional *camaraderie* of her words sent a thrill of exaltation to his brain.

"Not at all!" he replied with almost passionate intensity.

"I must have slipped," murmured the Vision. Even in his intoxicating rapture he could not help noticing that she never "said" but merely "murmured."

"Not at all!" he repeated; then he could have bitten his tongue off at the audacity of the remark. Suppose she were to resent it?

But his indiscretion was quickly banished from thought.

"The tide!" she panted. "It 's rising! We 're cut off!"

It was so. The tide was swirling menacingly around them. One wanton wavelet touched her toe. She blushed and drew it under her skirts.

In an instant he had slipped off his scarlet cummerbund, tied it into a lasso, and cast it up at the merciless granite wall behind them. Twenty feet above a tiny projection glinted in the sunlight. The noose caught—held—tightened. To clasp her in both arms and to swarm up the cummerbund with the other was the work of a moment.

They were on a ledge some two inches wide, looking out wild-eyed upon a waste of waters. On the far horizon a tramp steamer flirted a puff of smoke mockingly towards them. And still the tide rose. . . .

Again he cast up his cummerbund another thirty feet, and drew her into temporary safety in a crack of the cliff that just afforded a hold for one foot. And still the tide rose. . . .

"It looks jolly awkward," he breathed, feeling that he was voicing an eternal truth.

"Yes, isn't it?" she murmured; and her words seemed to him an ample reward for æons of purgatory.

Fifty feet above them a single root of samphire tantalised him with its offer of safety. Alone, he might have leapt and caught it, but with her in his arms he felt that the risk was unthinkable.

They must perish together unless . . . unless . . . An avenue of safety suddenly flashed upon his mind! It was horribly prosaic, but for her sake he felt that no sacrifice could be too great. It must be done.

"Why not take the lift up the cliff?" he whispered hoarsely.

"It will cost us twopence," she murmured; "and I 've lost my purse."

"May I pay for you . . . always?" He was gazing passionately into the depths of her liquid violet eyes. They loomed up before him like the coloured bottles in a chemist's window.

She lowered her eyelids, down, down, down. They reminded him of the blinds closing down o'er the chemist's shop. Then she trembled deliciously.

He hung on her words in an agony of apprehension.

"You will be my hero . . . always," she murmured.

"Then I can never be your husband?" he demanded fiercely.

"No!" she answered sadly, "not if you and I are to keep our pride of place in the Summer Numbers!"



A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

Mr. Punch (*to* Peace). "GLAD TO SEE YOU, MADAM; BUT I WISH YOU COULD HAVE COME A LITTLE EARLIER—WHILE THE OLYMPIC GAMES WERE ON."



Small Boy (in an awestruck whisper), drawing his mother's attention to the gorgeous socks of the young blood opposite). "MOTHER, MOTHER, LOOK! THAT'S AN ESCAPED CONVICT!"

A WANDERER IN WALES.

CROSSING o'er the English borders
By my worthy doctor's orders,
Well equipped with home-spun raiment,
Gold, to make immediate payment—
Fully armed likewise with divers
Weapons—fishing rods and drivers,
Niblick, putter, cleek and baffy;
Thus I went to call on Taffy.

Disappointments not a few
Lent my trip a sombre hue.
For I never saw CORELLI
At Llandudno or Pwllheli;
Did not see SHAW take a header
In the sight of all Llanbedr;
Did not run against MACKINNON
WOOD, M.P., by Llyn or Ffynnon;
Did not meet with DONALD TOVEY
On the links of Aberdovey;
Failed to recognise Count HAYNAU
In the environs of Blaenau;
Or encounter Baron WRANGEL
In the streets of Llanfihangel;
Did not pluck the wild persimmon
On the summit of Plynlimmon;
Did not hear the voice of "MABON"
On the platform of Ruabon;
Never saw, worst blow of all,
RAVEN-HILL at Raven Fall.

Subject to these reservations
Wales, throughout my divagations,
Answered all my expectations.
Ordered specially to "slack it,"
And avoid all needless racket,
Soon I found that Cambria's railways
Were the very best of snailways.
Further, that this land of quiet
Harmonised with varied diet.
Thus I sampled fair Portmadoc's
Admirable shrimps and haddocks,
And appeased a mighty twist with
Mutton pies at Aberystwith;
Lunched off lamb and peas and lettuce
At the hostelry of Bettws;
Mingled ham and eggs and shandy-Gaff beside the Mill of Pandy;
And partook of beer and trifle
On the cairn that crowns Yr Eifl.

For the rest my Welsh impressions
Justified my prepossessions.
Though the trippers' ways at Barmouth
Much reminded me of Yarmouth,
Vocalists I heard at Bala
Worthy of Milan's La Scala.
Though the Merioneth "Terrier"
Should be more to make us merrier,
Still the walls of Harlech stand
Frowning over mead and strand;
Still the ancient songs that stirred
Heroes to the fight are heard;
Still the old enchantment clings
To the ruined halls of kings;
Still amid her hills and vales
Throbs the unconquered heart of Wales.

The Church Times begins an article upon "Church Finance" boldly thus:

"This is a large problem. This is a difficult problem. But it is a problem the consideration of which can be deferred no longer. At every turn it presents itself, and then the temptation is to talk platitudes, to wish vaguely for reform while implying that reform must wait for the millennium, and so to pass on hastily to another subject."

Unfortunately it ends (on the third column) in this way:

"We have no space left wherein even to indicate remedies. Possibly we may find an occasion of returning to the subject."

How well it understands!

Echoes of the Marathon Race.

"He went to South Africa during the Boer war and there learnt to run."
The Daily Chronicle (on Mr. Hefferon).

There must be a better way of putting this, if one could only think of it.

THE HOLIDAY GUIDE.

"Where are you going for your holidays?" asked Beatrice, who always wants to know more than is good for a sister-in-law.

"I don't know," I said sleepily.

"Isn't it nearly time you began to think about it?"

"My dear, I've been thinking about it for weeks. Don't be cross with me."

"You haven't even decided *when* you're going, have you?"

"Oh, yes, I have."

"When?"

"As soon as I've decided *where* I'm going. . . . Is that for me or for Baby? If it's for me, it's too small."

Beatrice stitched in silence for a little while. Then she put down her work and began to talk seriously.

"Why don't you go abroad?"

"I can't go alone," I said; "I should probably get stolen. You wouldn't like it a bit if the postman turned up one morning with an ear of mine in a little box, and you were asked for ten thousand pounds for the rest of me, and twopence anyhow for the overweight."

"Don't be absurd."

"I'll go if you'll let me have John. You know, I always think they'd eat John first. He is fatter than I am. I should point that out."

"I'm afraid you can't have John."

"Oh, if you're going to be selfish about it——"

"What county did you think of, if you stay in England?"

"I don't know. I like all the counties. This is so sudden."

"Why not Cornwall?"

"Yes, why not Cornwall? Only . . . Well, what I feel is that if I go to Cornwall I am sort of casting a slur upon all the other counties. . . . 'Casting the Slur'—you know, that would have made rather a good field event at the Stadium. I suppose America——"

"Mary says Northamptonshire is lovely."

"Now that really is nice of Mary," I said enthusiastically. "Northamptonshire has it. I shall qualify for the county. Hang Cornwall."

"Really?" said Beatrice excitedly.

"Yes. I leave it to you and Mary to find me a nice place there."

"I'll write to Mary to-night." She got up and moved towards the house. "I suppose you don't want to be too near a town?"

"Not too near. But so long as it's quite close to the sea, I don't really mind. I want," I went on dreamily, "to lie on the top of a cliff and smoke, and listen to the waves, and watch the rabbits playing on the sands below. I want——"

Beatrice came back to my chair suddenly.

"I should like to shake you," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Northamptonshire isn't near the sea, as you know quite well."

"I knew we should find something against it," I said regretfully. "I must have the sea."

"If you really want the sea and will be sensible, perhaps I might make a suggestion."

"I wish you would. Then I'll tell you what I don't like about it."

"All right. Wait a minute." She disappeared into the house, and came out again with something in her hand. Drawing her deck chair next to mine she spread a map out on her knees.

"A map," I cried, sitting up quickly. "How lovely. Oh, look, there's the sea. What county is this?"

"Dorset."

"Cheers for Dorset. Is the sea really as blue as that?"

"Bluer. Much bluer."

"You seem very keen," I said suspiciously. "Have you got shares in it?"

"I was born in Dorset."

"You dear! Then I shall certainly make a pilgrimage. Now, where shall I stay?" I looked longingly at the map. "What about Tumuli? That looks a jolly little place."

"Osmington," began Beatrice, "is——"

"Oh, here's Tumuli again. That will make it very awkward. My letters will all go wrong. Two in the same county is absurd. Oh, look here, they're all over the place. Why do you—— Oh, I see."

"As I was saying ——"

"I've got it! Look there—'Inn.' Right on the sea, too. Now, if we only knew the name of it we'd write to the landlord. Or we might cut that bit out and paste it on the envelope, with 'The Landlord' written just above."

"John won't mind his map being spoilt," said Beatrice. "Not a bit."

"Then will you do it for me? I never know what to say to landlords."

Beatrice folded up the map and looked at me. "You're simply too——"

"It's you who wanted me to decide," I protested. "I was quite willing to go on thinking. Now you're trying to back out of it."

"Oh——oh, very well. What are your particular requirements?"

"That's it exactly," I said in admiration. "That's the sort of word landlords love. I'm no good at them at all."

"Well?" said Beatrice, nibbling her pencil.

"First, a big breakfast."

"'The food must be ample,'" said Beatrice to herself.

"Is 'ample' strong enough?" I asked doubtfully.

"Quite."

"Well, you might add 'particularly at the morning meal,' or something like that. Don't let's spoil the whole holiday for a ha'porth of ink."

"All right. What's the next?"

"Oh, well . . . Yes. . . . I don't know that there's . . . I said about the breakfast, did I? A big breakfast, and no feather bed, and—— Well, you might just ask if they can do porridge. That's really all. Three weeks in August probably. . . Oh, I knew there was something I'd forgotten. 'P.S. What about plate and



How our Village Sports are affected by Olympic ideas.

linen?' You always say that when you go away. I don't know what it means."

"Oh, I think that will be all right. Well, I'll send it off to-night. I daresay I can find a way of addressing it without cutting up the map. It's close to Osmington. You've quite decided on it?"

"Quite," I said sleepily, and closed my eyes again.

But I've been thinking since that I'm rather an ass. I believe "Inn" is a catch like "Tumuli," and that it will turn out to be the name of a town. It's hardly likely they'd go and stick all the pubs into a small map like that. If so, we shall look rather fools.

In fact, I really think I shall have to go abroad after all. You can hear quite well with one ear, I believe, and if you let your hair grow the disfigurement is nothing to speak of.

A. A. M.

"LADIES IN PARLIAMENT."

(Extract from a Debate on the Nationalisation of Laundries.)

Mrs. McNag (Gretna Green). . . . But there is worse behind it. A traitress to her sex is egging on those who would not otherwise dare to raise their heads against the righteous demands of an enlightened and all but unanimous sisterhood. (*Hear! hear!*) Yes, we glory in the "sisterhood of women"! How the Chancelloress of the Exchequer can reconcile it with her conscience . . .

Mr. Polkington (Prime Minister). I beg to rise to . . .

Mrs. Polkington (Chancelloress of the Exchequer). John, sit down. I will see to this myself. *I* am responsible for the nation's money. Mrs. McNag, you are no lady. (*Loud Opposition cries of "Order! order!"*)

Mrs. McNag. As the right honourable member has infringed the regulations of the House by addressing me by name, I feel at liberty to give her a piece of my mind. A woman who has the bad taste to wear a mauve silk dress with *passementerie d'asperges* and *ruches* of *pâté de foie gras* is . . .

Mrs. Polkington. At any rate, *I* never wore a pink hat trimmed with *escargots d'or* and birds of paradise. (*Uproar.*)

Mrs. McNag. You haven't the taste of an oyster.

Mrs. Polkington (bursting into tears). John, how *can* you sit there and hear me insulted by this female?

Mrs. McNag (also in tears). Am I to be called a female to my face? (*Loud cries of "Mrs. Speaker," "Withdraw," etc.*)

Mrs. Speaker. I think we are all agreed that the honourable member is *no* female, and I hope that the Chancelloress of the Exchequer may, when less agitated, see her way to withdraw the expression.

Mrs. Polkington. I am quite willing to withdraw. The House will kindly bear in mind that I had great provocation, and I may add that my cook gave me notice a few hours ago, which has greatly shaken my nerves.

Mrs. McNag. I accept the apology, and take back what I said about the mauve dress and the oyster. The Chancelloress has the taste of many, many oysters.



Auntie. "What do you think, Alan? God has sent you a dear little new sister!"
Alan (already fairly well off for toys). "Oh, I say! Isn't Dod spoiling me?"

The New Zealand post brings us the report of *The Eltham Argus* ("with which," we feel bound to add, "is incorporated *The Kuponga Mail*") on the second reading of the Prevention of Crimes Bill, as cabled from London on June 14.

"Mr. Gladstone," says *The Eltham Argus*, "stated that the Government would provide the machinery necessary for bringing every kind of good influence to bear on Parliament, teach them trades, show them what fools they had been, and equip them for a new start in life."

We have often suspected that some of the bitterest home truths uttered in the House of Commons are kept back from us by a corrupt London Press; and we are glad our New Zealand contemporary has had the courage to reveal a very sinister state of things.

THE THORN IN THE BUSH.

(*A Complaint from the Exhibition.*)

O city of the dazzling domes,
And pleasances by genies planted,
Wherein the happy tourist roams
And ought by rights to feel enchanted;
I 've done my best
To feel that zest
Your gushing little guide-book takes for granted.

I know where every trade is wooed,
Where every cloistered walk or glen is;
I 've hung upon a bridge and viewed
(While counting my remaining pennies)
Electric boats
Pop out like stoats,
And murmured, "This is fairyland (or Venice)."

In vain! it was no earthly use.
It seems the half-inspired creators,
Whose airy intellects produce
These palaces and hire the waiters,
Have no regard
For me the hard
Who cannot stand a tumult of spectators.

Just as I seemed to have it hot
(That glamour that the scribes reported),
Some visitor defaced the spot
Where only Fancy should have sported,
The fine effect
Was simply wrecked
By amatory pairs who crooned and courted.

But take away the selfish mob,
Remove the mere erotic sillies,
And I 'd have gladly paid a bob
For porticoes like carven lilies;
So rare a shade
They might have made
For me to wander in alone with Phyllis!

SEASIDE RHAPSODIES.

(*To suit all tastes.*)

Northgate.—Brilliant sunshine today in the morning; the Mayor's "At Home" in the afternoon. Sea somewhat choppy in parts, but smooth places still obtainable. Penny-in-the-slot machines are being well patronised by visitors. Curiously enough, wretched weather is being experienced at Westbourne.

Westbourne.—Sunshades are being used here to keep off the sun. Thousands of visitors watching the tide come in. Performance twice daily. Northgate seems to be unfortunate in its weather just now. It never rains there, they say—but it pours!

Teymouth. — Glorious sunshine, cool breezes, and a sea like glass. Beach black with babies. Heavy excursions expected to-day from Northgate and Westbourne, where the weather seems to have broken up for good.

Eastsea.—Delightful weather conditions as always. Sun, 4.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M. (Free). Band of the Boys' Brigade in the Terrace Gardens (6*d.*). The influenza victims who arrived yesterday from Northgate, Westbourne and Teymouth are rapidly recovering.

Highstairs.—24 hours' bright sunshine. Rainfall *nil.* Cool breezes from all quarters. Sea to suit customers. *Daily Mail* on breakfast-table, 5.30. The fund inaugurated by *The Highstairs Independent* for the sufferers at Northgate, Westbourne, Teymouth and Eastsea now totals several pounds. Umbrellas and mackintoshes are still required for their relief, and will be acknowledged in the columns of *The Independent.*

THE ADVERTISEMENT;

OR, A School for Liars.

"How to let the cottage for August?" I said. "Why, advertise, to be sure."

"What a good idea!" said Eleanor. "How clever you are, uncle!"

"I could have told you that," said Humphry.

"Yes," said Eleanor, "but you didn't. Cleverness consists chiefly in saying the right thing at the right time, doesn't it, uncle?"

"Certainly," I replied.

"A stupid man," Eleanor went on, rather incautiously, I thought, "who says the right thing at the right time is cleverer than a witty man who keeps silent."

"The case exactly," said Humphry.

Eleanor, who never sees irony, beamed upon her husband.

"Let us draw up the advertisement," I said hastily. "How many rooms?"

"Let 's see," said Eleanor. "Four bedrooms, counting the attic, one sitting-room, one kitchen, larder, wood-shed, bicycle-house. How many is that?"

"Strictly speaking," said Humphry, "it is six and an attic."

"It would never do to say that," I said.

"Must one give the exact number?" Eleanor asked.

"Certainly not," said Humphry—"not in a clever advertisement. It was for such difficulties that the word 'roomy' was invented."

"Or 'commodious,'" I added.

"Yes, or commodious," he agreed. "The advertisement should begin: 'To let, for the month of August, roomy cottage'—and so on."

"Do you think it quite fair to call it roomy?" Eleanor asked. "You know how we hit our heads sometimes."

"Isn't it 'roomy'?" Humphry asked.

"I don't know," Eleanor admitted. "It depends on what you mean by 'roomy.'"

"If," said Humphry, "by 'rainy' you mean appertaining to rain, by 'roomy' you mean appertaining to a room. A house possessing only one room thus becomes 'roomy.' It is an excellent word."

"Oh, Humphry," said Eleanor, quite convinced, "how clever you are!"

"Very good so far," said I quickly. "Now, how do we go on? Isn't it a drawback to have no bathroom?"

"Couldn't we just say 'bath'?" asked Eleanor, who was very rapidly descending to the low moral level of the house-agent. "Something like this: 'Roomy cottage, with all needful offices, bicycle-house, bath, etc.'?"

"Well," said Humphry, "I 'm—blowed. And you have been calling uncle and me clever. We 're not in it."

Eleanor shone with joy.

"In this advertisement here," I said, reading from a paper, "they mention cricket and golf."

"That 's all right," said Humphry. "We can add 'Cricket and golf.' What 's to prevent us?"

"Only that there isn't any," said Eleanor.

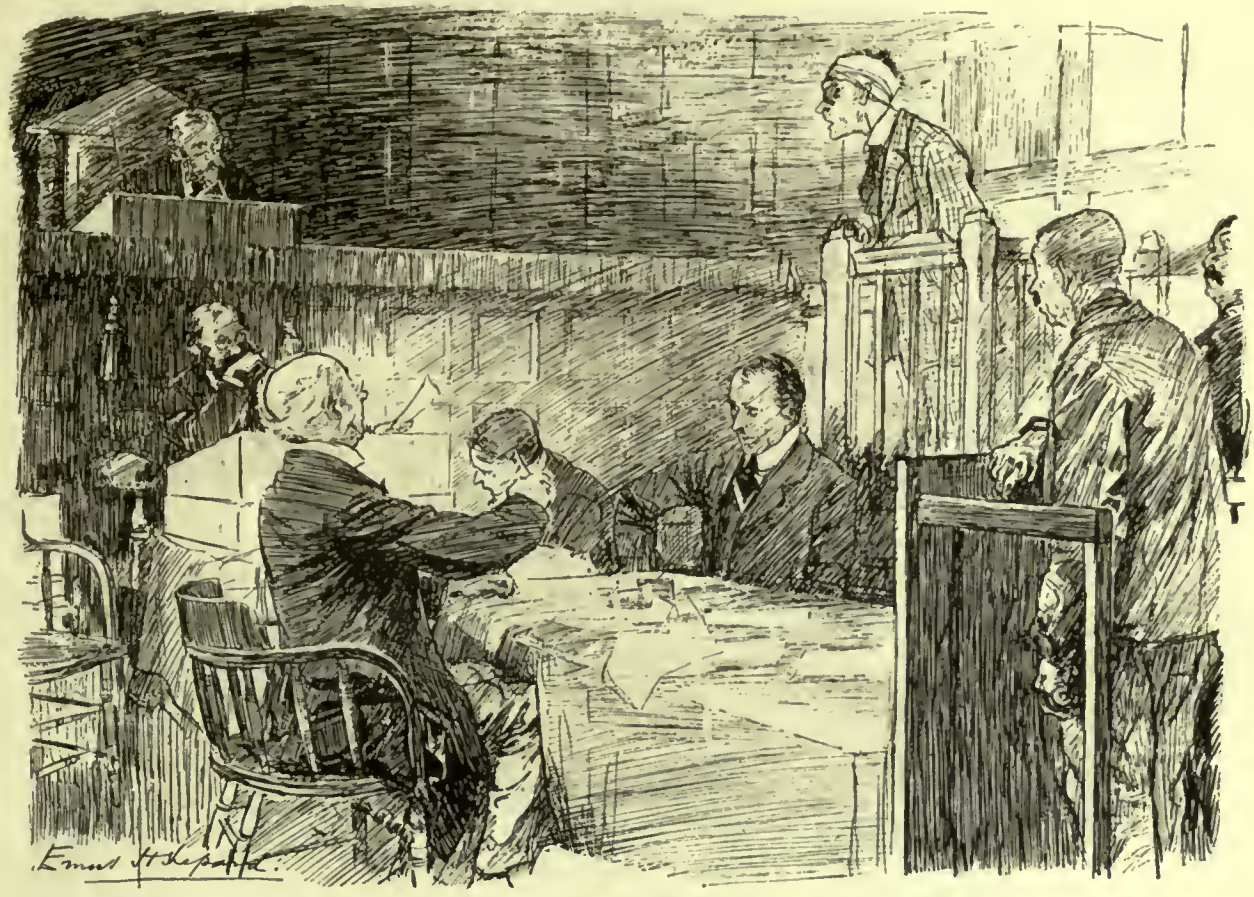
"There 's cricket in the village on Saturday afternoons," said Humphry. "Why not mention it? And one could putt on the lawn if one wanted to. I think as a matter of fact that the words 'cricket and golf' ought to be added to all advertisements just as a symmetrical ending."

"Very well," said Eleanor. "But could we say 'good fishing,' too?"

"No," said I, "you couldn't. You will get into enough trouble as it is. How far are you from the station?"

"Two miles and a quarter," said Humphry.

"A very bad distance," I said.



Magistrate. "You say you slapped the defendant on the back and called him a brick. What happened then?"
Complainant. "He threw himself at me."

"One should never be over two miles in an advertisement."

"Why say the distance?" Humphry asked. "Why not say merely 'within easy distance of station'?"

"Because you're not," I replied.

"But two miles and a quarter would be quite easy in a motor-car," Eleanor said. "You merely say 'easy distance,' and every one has a motor nowadays."

"Splendid!" said Humphry.

"Jesuit!" said I.

"Then it now reads," said Humphry, "'To let, for the month of August, roomy cottage in Kent, with all needful offices, bicycle-shed, bath, etc. Golf, cricket. Within easy distance of station.' I don't think that's quite enough."

"Here's one here," I said, reading again from the paper, "that says 'Fruit and vegetables.'"

"Oh yes," Eleanor cried, "that's very attractive. Of course, let them have the fruit and vegetables."

"There won't be any," said Humphry. "There's nothing but parsley and herbs and apples. The apples aren't ripe till October."

"But some people," said Eleanor, "like green apples. Don't you remember how Mr. Thistlethwaite did? And parsley is a vegetable, isn't it?"

"Quite right," said Humphry. "'Fruit and vegetables.'"

"Is that all?" I asked with some sarcasm.

"Look and see," said Humphry.

"Well, here's one," I said, "that mentions a garage."

"The bicycle-house!" cried Eleanor.

"No," said Humphry. "I think that would be deception. Everything else has been all fair and square; but to call the bicycle-shed a garage is a little bit too strong. No, uncle, you must not tempt us. No garage."

"Tempt you!" I replied. "I like that!"

"Well, uncle, we should not have thought of it but for you," said Eleanor, who is as fickle as April. "It was tempting, in a way, wasn't it?"

"Very well," said I, laying down the paper, "I have done with it. I wash my hands of the whole affair."

"But what about the rent?" Humphry cried. "We must fix that."

"'Rent moderate,'" I said shortly. I was tired of it.

"Oh, uncle," Eleanor exclaimed. "Why moderate? How can we get to Holland on it if it's only moderate?"

"Well, we must say moderate, anyway," said Humphry. "Once they have nibbled we can fix the amount. They won't nibble at all if we don't say moderate. That's the point, as uncle says."

"I said nothing of the kind," I replied hotly. "What I said was I was tired of the whole d—— whole thing."

"Oh, uncle," said Eleanor, "don't be unkind. You are so useful. We could do nothing without you."

Hereupon Eleanor sat down and copied out the advertisement just as it had been compiled, save for the mention of a garage, and it went off to the papers that very night.

Jolly for the poor beggars that bite. Sure to have a large family. But what awful liars of nephews and nieces an uncle can have!



CA' CANNY!

The McSkinner. "Twa shillin' to gang to Holborn! Nay, nay. But—weel—I'll toss ye, double or quits."
Sporting Cabby. "Well—I'm goin' that way any'ow—so 'ere goes. 'Eads!"
The McSkinner. "Heads? Weel, ye've won. *So I'll just hae to walk!*"

THE USE OF THE WHISTLE.

The dance over, I placed myself delicately in a taxicab and ordered the fellow to drive me to my eligible residence. Upon arrival I alighted (as who would not have done?), and as I paid the fare to the taxicabman I could not help noticing that a discussion was pending between us. As I always come off worst in discussions, whatever the topic, I stepped up to my front-door with alacrity and admitted myself cordially and without hesitation into my front hall. I left the cabman deliberately winding his engine, as one that desired to give a man every chance of relenting and returning to increase the bonus.

Just inside the hall I met a man whom, upon cross-examination, I discovered to be a burglar. In his professional enthusiasm he had abandoned his weapons of defence, and I noticed with horror that he too seemed to be gathering himself together for a discussion—moral, probably, and socialistic. So I resorted to a subterfuge. "After all," I said, "the legal element in the matter is not altogether negligible. Let us procure an Expert." Thereupon, retreating to the doorstep, I blew once, and, reminding myself with pleasure of the report of the Police Commission, I blew again upon that whistle, without which no householder (be he casuist or not) is complete. "Let us have three Experts," I said, and blew once again.

There was a short, sharp silence. The Dialectician of the Doormat regarded me curiously from his side of the lintel. I maintained my position on the step, mute of malice and trusting that my experts would not tarry in their coming. I felt now less inclined than ever to carry through single-handed an argument which showed every sign of being a violent one. At moments like these one's senses are alive to the smaller details. My eye feasted itself upon the burglar's neckwear, and discovered in his scarf a shade of green hitherto unsuspected. My nose detected, sensible through a widely-distributed atmosphere of alcohol, the aroma of my own whisky, and lastly my ear listened attentively to the sound of a rapidly approaching motor.

With a feeling that warmed the cockles of my heart and loosened the stiffness of my facial muscles, I heard the car pull up at my doorstep. Much as I have always admired the Police, I hardly expected them to come to my assistance in an electric brougham. I turned round to greet them, and the burglar, not to be outdone in politeness and the better to watch the proceedings, stepped past me on to the pavement.

It was no electric brougham that met our anxious gaze. It was not even a private automobile. It was merely an empty taxicab. It was, in fact, *the* taxicab. "Thank you," said the burglar, with genuine gratitude, "thank you a thousand times for this most generous thought"; and to the taxicabman, as he packed himself and his congested bag into the loathsome machine, "Whitechapel, please, William."

Thus the two controversialists passed out of my life.



THE PHILANTHROPIC HIGHWAYMAN.

Mr. Lloyd-George. "*I'll* make 'em pity the aged poor!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.



SUCCESSFUL CORYPHÉES OF THE SEASON.

Signorine Lulu, Ascuitta, and Agostina Birrelli come forward with some confidence at the fall of the curtain.

House of Lords, Monday, 27th July.—"The Government come to the House of Lords and thrust Bills down your Lordships' throats one after another."

Thus Camperdown, on proposal to take second reading of Irish Universities Bill. Phrase a little ambiguous. Striving to realize the picture suggested, one is not sure whether it is the Bills that, one after another, are thrust down throat of noble Lords, or whether, one after another, noble Lords are taken in hand and have Bills administered to them.

A small matter; does not affect forcefulness of the fancy. The case is certainly hard. Month after month the Lords have had no work to do. Now Ministers plump down upon them measures by the bushel. They will be required to crowd into this single week their consideration of multiform labours which the Commons have spread over months. By way of aggravation, the important Bill set down for second reading to-day has not been circulated. Peers are invited to pass a critical stage of a Bill they have never seen, whose provisions are a matter of hearsay.

True, it has been before the other House and the country for months. Newspapers full of reports of debates in Commons, with leading articles thereupon. By going into Commons' Lobby any Peer might obtain copy of the Bill at the Vote office. That a low utilitarian way of looking at things. In accordance with ancient tradition and etiquette, the Lords know nothing of any legislative proposal until it has been presented to notice through their own channels. In theory they knew no more about the much-debated Bill than if discussion actually carried on across the way had gone forward in Saturn.

These matters must be understood before full realisation of the enormity of the Government's fresh attempt can flood the shocked mind. With a Liberal Government in office, Camperdown's life is full of anxiety. Has arrogated to himself the character and position of watchdog at the door, on the look-out for fresh attacks by an iniquitous Government on a blameless Assembly. Small wonder if in excitement following on discovery of fresh outrage there is something ambiguous in his bark.

Business done.—Irish Universities

Bill read a second time without division.

Tuesday. — HALSBURY in what he would describe as "a sort of" hole. Eleven years ago, when he sat on Woolsack, the Government of which he was chief ornament brought in an Education Bill. Loyally impressed with largeness of majority by which it was carried through other House, majority in the Lords decided to adopt it without amendment. A small but raucous Opposition submitted certain amendments. These touched money matters exclusively in the purview of the Commons. To meddle with them was to assail the ancient privilege of that House.

Thus Lord Chancellor HALSBURY ruled, in statesman-like speech that broke down the Opposition and carried the Bill intact.

Unfortunately his speech was reported. Is found to-day in unimpeachable pages of *Hansard*. Another Party is in Power. Another Money Bill reaches the Lords. Amendments are moved from Front Opposition Bench of character kindred to those denounced from Woolsack when, in 1897, PRINCE ARTHUR'S Education Bill came up from the Commons.

Of course, wily Ministers to-day quote HALSBURY'S judgment, extolling its lofty view, its unassailable constitutional principles.

What is to be done? Should the ex-LORD CHANCELLOR stay away, kept to his room by sudden indisposition? or should he boldly show up, declare that what he had said he had said, and that neither wild horses nor motor-cars should drag him off the lofty plane of constitutional law he mounted at an earlier time in other circumstances?

HALSBURY did neither. Ignoring references to his historic dictum, he declared it "time for the House of Lords to assert their rights, and to show whom it might concern that there is in the land one institution that will insist upon the privilege of free discussion uncontrolled by the Ministry of the day."

Burst of applause followed. Amendments similar to those formally denounced by LORD CHANCELLOR as affecting privileges of Commons carried by overwhelming majorities. Bill hurried through Committee. Home on stroke of midnight.

Business done. Commons vote trifle over 45 millions completing supply for financial year.

Saturday.—Both Houses adjourn for Autumn Recess.

THE WOOIN' O'T.

(Being the true history of a romance which has just been enacted at a Workhouse in Buckinghamshire.)

PAUPER JIM was a gay old soul;
Sixty summers had bared his poll;
Sixty winters had snowed on him,
And bent his back and bowed each limb;
But his heart was gay
As the month of May
And light as the pocket of PAUPER JIM.

Close to the "House" and across the road
Stood a neat little, sweet little, trim abode,
Comfy, cosy,
Green and rosy,
Owned by a widow who sat and sewed.
Green were the leeks in that garden fair,
Green the cabbages blooming there;
And JIM had been given to understand
That this nice little lot was on freehold land.
Once and twice and thrice a day
The wandering orbs of JIM would stray
To that ultra-respectable
Highly delectable
Haven of refuge across the way.

Once and twice and thrice, maybe,
Those wandering orbs would smile to see
Somebody sitting there,
Possibly knitting there,
Possibly sipping a cup of tea.
Whenever this spectacle caught his eye
JIM THE PAUPER was heard to sigh;
For he loved that elderly widow and
He did not object to the freehold land.
Now and then his heart stood still,
And down his marrow there passed a thrill,
As he fancied he caught an answering sigh
And the "Come hither" look in the widow's eye.

JIM'S white locks began to curl;
He warbled a song to his grey-haired girl.
But who—oh, who could hope to woo
In a pauper's jacket and trousers, too?
Show me the swain could achieve success
Clad in a hideous workhouse dress!
JIM knows well that the female heart
Loves not a little the tailor's art,
So he takes his courage in both his hands
And before the Guardians, lo, he stands.
Swiftly the case is explained by JIM:
The widow has certainly smiled on him,
But though she favours his suit she loathes
(As what woman wouldn't?) his pauper clothes.
Could the Board but see their way
To purchase a courting-suit for J.,
It was but a trifle they had to spend,
And the rates would certainly gain in the end.

So urged the swain, and not in vain:
The Guardians saw that his case was plain,
And resolved *nem. con.* that JIM be dressed
In a blue satin tie and a fancy vest,
Black coat, brown shoes, and a pair of spats
And the *dernier cri* in billycock hats.

What need of more? What pen is equal
To telling the rapturous joy of the sequel?
Arrayed like this who could resist him?
The widow fell plump on his neck and kissed him.
JIM is now lord of that lady and
Her snug little parcel of freehold land.

"Here the pleasure-seeking public delight in the health-giving aroma of the marine ozone, and a happy time can be spent amid the swish of the never-resting waves. Bathing is freely indulged in without the restrictions of conventionality."

This appears in a local paper under the heading "Newbiggin's Charms." We do not quite know what the second sentence means, and find the writer more intelligible when he remarks that

"The perriots did not find the sands salubrious to their finances, and with the nobility, peculiar to the Arab, they struck their tents, and departed silently in the night."

We assume that these were talking perriots—always a risky investment.

We learn from *The Evening News* that the Suffragettes have been teaching some school-children the following martial song for a parade:

Asquith, Gladstone,
Cabinet Ministers all;
Fifty thousand Suffragettes
Determined to have their way,
All of them doing their level best
To bring about Votes for Women;
So give your vote for a woman's sake,
And keep the Liberal out.

Clearly a protest against the "man-made laws" of metre and rhyme.



SECOND SIGHT.

Terror (who, with a friend, has been doing some very reckless shooting at rabbits). "I HOPE WE'LL ALL HAVE GOT OUR EYES IN BY THE TWELFTH, DUNCAN."

Duncan. "DO YE ALLUDE TO OUR AIN EEN, SIR, OR GLASS EEN?"

DISCURSIONS.

IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

THE first-class carriages happened to be few in number and somewhat crowded, so the two ladies, after zigzagging feverishly up and down the platform for a minute or two, decided at the last moment to enter a smoking compartment occupied by three men. The three men all moved at once in order to transfer their hats and newspapers from the vacant seats, and the two ladies plunged into a vortex of collisions mitigated by excuses. Both ladies were flustered but triumphant. One was young and fair, and conveyed a general impression of being dressed in grey and having little silk bags hanging from her wrists. The other was ample, and her dominating note was tight black silk. She was more mediæval than her companion, and there were suggestions of a Yorkshire terrier being concealed about her person, stray canine gleams, as it were, of a black snout and wisps of hair lovingly addressed as "Tiger" and promptly thrust back into obscurity. Finally we all seated ourselves—I ought to have mentioned that I was one of the three men invaded—and the ladies began to talk to one another.

"Was it a bangle?" said the elder.

"Well, not quite a bangle, you know. You might call it a bracelet. There was a pearl with some diamonds, and the clasp was—— Where 's my dressing-bag? I 'm sure I saw it on the platform. The porter must have—— Oh, thank you. I didn't see it on the rack. I never knew such a bag for getting lost."

"But what did *he* say?" insisted her companion.

"Oh, *he*. I forget what he said. Something silly, of course. There 's Tiger again. You mustn't let that dog show so much. They 'll be wanting a ticket for him. They 're too absurd about dogs on this line. Where 's my——" She broke off in great agitation, tapped herself all over, opened various little bags, and found her watch peacefully ticking in its place on her breast. "Fancy finding it there," she said. "I thought I 'd left it on the toilet table."

"Watches," said her friend, "are more nuisance than they 're worth."

After this the conversation dropped to a whisper for a few moments. When it rose again the subject had been changed. "Of course," said the grey lady, "she tried to catch ALGY. Men are such perfect fools. She 's four years older than he is, and"—she touched her head—"not a hair of it her own."

"Bald?" asked the stout lady.

"Quite bald in front. I went into her room once when she was dressing, and caught her putting it on. Poor old ALGY. He isn't fit to go about without a keeper. Go back, Tiger, naughty dog."

Tiger having been re-interned, the conversation continued:—

"Did he lose his temper?" said the stout lady.

"Well, you know what men are. He said, 'Meringues again,' and I said 'Yes, meringues.' Then he said, 'I can't bear meringues. I 've often told you so;' and he took one off his plate and threw it into the fireplace. It was there at breakfast next morning. I told the housemaid not to touch it."

"Is it there still?"

"No. The cat must have eaten it."

At this moment the train began to slacken speed. Soon it stopped, and porters were heard shouting that all tickets were to be ready, please.

"Where 's my ticket?" said the grey lady.

"I 've got mine," said her friend.

"You 've got mine, too."

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then, where can I have put it?"

To this there came no answer, and the ticket-collector entered the carriage. Three men and one stout lady handed over their tickets at once, while the lady of the meringues went hunting for hers. Two silk bags were drawn blank twice, and their miscellaneous contents emptied over a seat. There was a handkerchief rolled up into a ball; there were two scent-bottles, some gold safety-pins, a pair of gloves, a veil, a purse containing an assortment of small change, two postcards, a fountain pen, a gold locket and a card-case—but no ticket. Then we all joined in. I took up the cushions one after another, and two stock-brokers risked apoplexy in searching under the seats. At last the ticket was found on the window-sill.

"It 's the wrong half," said the collector; "and there 's the dog—a shilling. Five-and-six altogether. Thank you, mum. Yes, you can write to the Superintendent," and he banged the door.

"It 's a very rude line," said the stout lady.

Clapham's Contribution to the World's Thought.

"'The farthing is too small to be useful,' writes a Clapham resident. 'Why not abolish it and substitute for it a three-farthing piece? A farthing change could then be more readily given."—*Daily Mirror.*

We have worked this out very carefully with a mechanical calculator, but can make nothing of it. If any other residents in Clapham have ideas about anything we hope they will be satisfied to exchange them with each other.

ANOTHER MENACE FROM THE LICENSING BILL.

"The same as usual, I suppose, sir?" said Mr. Leach, dropping both hands into the pocket of his apron.

I respect Leach. He is a little bald man, who years ago invented a never-failing hair restorer. That is clear proof of an unselfish nature. And more than that, he is an artist who can boldly dare the most extensive undertakings in hirsute expression. He can engineer a fuz-buz that shall guarantee a perfect mastery of all that is most intricate in Chopin. He can arrange the flowing locks of melodrama in a manner to make you weep. He knows to a nicety how to trim just at the turn of the wave, and give assurance of unostentatious literary merit with a promise of polished gems of style hanging on a slender thread of interest. He can train a long wisp from a left-side parting to form a sort of bower over a barren skull, and mingle with the foliage on the other side. Nothing can move it—short of poetic frenzy or taking off the hat in a high wind. For these reasons, with unwavering confidence I have these many years entrusted to Leach the superintendence of my head.

"Quit the same as usual, Leach. You know exactly what I like," said I, taking my seat in the sacrificial chair.

"Exactly," repeated Mr. Leach, with a bow that included the scissors and comb. Then, as he deferentially adjusted my head to get at the poll, he sighed deeply.

There is a cleanness of attack about Leach's snip-snipping, together with the assurance of great power in reserve. These give a sense of security and induce repose. It is usual with many people under these soothing influences to close the eyes. Then as one's thoughts wander the voice of the barber undergoes transformation and becomes a running brook. Only now and then a phrase stands out from the flow of words—but fraught with a strange power of hypnotic suggestion. The hopeless melancholy of Leach, the profundity of his sigh, gave the impression of a great imprisoned soul struggling under the limitations of human life.

"Cheer up, Leach. Cheer up," I murmured.

Leach shook his head. "'Ave you perused the particlars of the new Licensing Bill?" he inquired.

"Not carefully."

"It is clear to see you 'aven't put your money in a brewery, sir."



New Curate. "We had a good number after all, Mrs. Muggins."
Mrs. M. "Yes, yer reverence. On summer evenings folks oenerly goes out to enjoy theirselves; but it was quite the other way to-night."



Rich Aunt. "So sorry I haven't been able to see more of you and Adolphus this afternoon; I'm afraid you've had rather a dull time."

Poor Niece (humbly anxious not to offend). "Indeed, indeed, dear Aunt Jane, we *expected* nothing else!"

"Never."

"I 'ave."

For a minute, but no longer, there was silence. Then Leach became argumentative.

"There 's many haspec's to this subjec', sir. I 've got all my 'alfpence—out of the shop "—snip, snip—" in brewery shares. But say you 've laid up yours in a better place, that 's not to say you 've got no hinterest in that Bill. I hestimate myself that one out of two 'as a hinterest in that Bill. Look at malt, I say. Who grows barley? Where 's your farmers and your labourers then? Look at dray-'orses! Look at barmaids! Then there 's 'ops—look at 'ops—an' traffic—all your railway shares. Look 'ere, sir, I wish I 'ad the Prime Minister in this ehair. I 'd cut 'is 'air!

"Now take the question of publicans, and look at 'em in another light. Why should publicans be chose out to be hinterfered with? Publicans must have clean sheets. You and me, sir, we 'ave no need to 'ave clean sheets. Who knows about you and me—that is, if they don't 'appen to know? Now, say you 've been in trouble, sir, and in the 'ands of the law. Can you become a publican? Not at all. You can be or remain in the perfessional classes, but to 'old a licensed 'ouse is out of reach. Or take myself, sir. Suppose it was only five shillings and costs or seven days in my case. Could I become a publican? No. I could cut 'airs. I may move in the best society, and no reference made. But 'ave my name on a signboard, I can't. Therefore, looking at it with the heye of reason, I say, publicans are the pick of the commercial basket. The haristocracy of the trading community. They are bound to be—'aving clean sheets, as they 'ave. And I only wish I 'ad 'im 'ere—I 'd cut 'is 'air!

"Or take the subjec' of Temperance. Can you make a man temperate by Haet of Parliament? You can't. If I can't get it open, shan't I get it sly? Of course I shall. It 's the wrong way about, sir. Put on a penalty, ses I, so heavy as you like for a breach of the law, but leave a man free. Legislation is not Nature, sir. Let Nature put on the penalty. Now, say, like this, sir. You stop out a bit late of a night—no 'arm—but you fall in with a few friends, we 'll say. You come to me in the morning. 'Leach, I 'ave a 'ead on me,' says you. 'Then I s'pose you 've earned it,' says I. 'Well, perhaps I 'ave,' laughs you. Then I turn to and shampoo you so fresh as a daisy. There 's nothing like a shampoo, wet or dry, for a 'eadache. So there you 'ave it all. The whole scheme complete in a nutshell. The 'armless wrong—the penalty—the remedy. Would I set aside the penalty what warns? Not me. No. I only hact the ministering hangel. And I just wish I 'ad 'im in this chair, I 'd——

"'Ow 's that, sir?"

I opened my eyes. A hand-glass, deftly held, revealed——

"Good gracious, man! What *have* you done? You 've made me look like a ticket-of-leave man. You 've ruined my appearance for a month."

Orestes making oblation at his father's tomb did not undergo so close a crop. Leach saw it and wept.

"'Tis a clear case of mistaken—mistaken hidentity," he stammered. "I was carried away, sir. I never mixed 'eads before—never. But I thought I was cutting the Prime Minister's."

Surely no sane man can support a measure with consequences so unforeseen.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

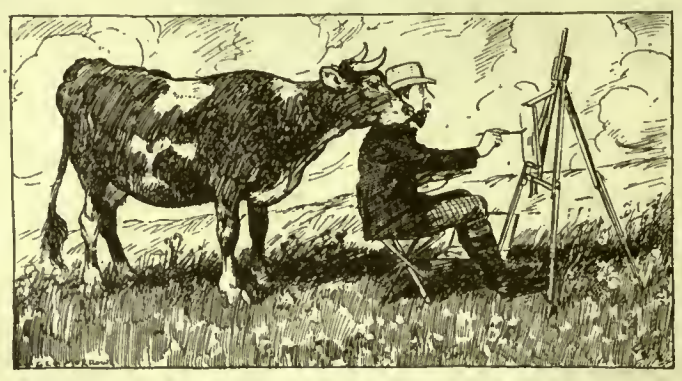
(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If Mr. R. C. Lehmann has any superiors among rowing-coaches, they must be very few; and if there are better masters of lucid diction, they can't be very many. Anyhow, I know of no other living connoisseur, in either kind, who so well combines the twofold qualifications which go to make the excellence of *The Complete Oarsman* (Methuen). Students of the art of rowing will have no need in future to take preliminary risks in a boat; they can acquire perfect oarsmanship in their arm-chairs with the help of Mr. Lehmann's printed instructions and photographs. As the poet sang:

> What Rudie doesn't know of rowing
> Cannot be very well worth knowing.

And he was right, though it is true that the said Rudie had previously got him elected into the Leander Club.

Mr. Lehmann traces back the history of English rowing styles to King Arthur's day; but without pedantry. Indeed, there is a fine reserve of strength in his simple declaration: "I pass now from Tristram to *Bell's Life*." But the book is not for specialists alone. The chapters on "Famous Crews and Memorable Races" are as thrilling as any tale of heroic adventure. And a fine spirit of sportsmanship runs through the volume, as befits the work of an ardent amateur. He is all for the Game, as distinct from personal achievement. And, indeed, in rowing, more than in all other games, the first necessity is combination, the sacrifice of individualism to uniformity of style, and this perhaps largely explains why professionalism is confined almost entirely to the one-man business of sculling.



Artist (who has been bothered by rustics breathing on him all the morning). "My good fellow, I assure you that you can see the sketch with more advantage from a little distance!"

Mr. Lehmann's book has made a timely appearance; and I could wish that at least one passage in it had been laid to heart by a certain section (who shall be nameless) at the Olympic Stadium, where it was much more needed than it is ever likely to be among the good sportsmen who meet at Henley:—"The real thing, after all is said and done, is the game itself—that and the spirit in which it is played. Compared to that, victory or defeat in any particular race is a trifle." Mr. Lehmann has good right to say this, for the rowing world recognises the fine cosmopolitan work he has done for the advancement of the game that he loves the best.

When I first heard someone talking about *The Last Shore* (Chapman and Hall) I thought for a moment that G.B.S. had been at it again. But when I got the book I found that, though its title (as pronounced in the best circles) recalled the name of our only dramatist, the hand that wrote it was the hand of Mr. Vincent Brown. The latest Shaw and *The Last Shore* are, however, alike in this, that they both deal with certain aspects of the married state. Or rather, to be precise, Mr. Brown's book is about the unmarried state. In the course of a violent quarrel between a brutal husband and a friend whom he fancies to be in love with his wife, the husband tumbles down a back-stair and cracks his skull. The horror of this tragedy so plays on the mind of the survivor that, though he and the widow make no bones about setting up house together, they agree to dispense with the customary formalities. Besides her pseudo-husband, the lady has a wicked lover and a devout lover. The wicked one—who has the makings of a poisoner—falls into the pit that he had digged for another, and is asphyxiated. Whereupon the devout gentleman, who had been running a waiting race, comes with a rush at the finish (I have just returned from the Stadium), and carries off the lady to the bosom of Mother-Church with the full consent of the third party. It is not always true that all 's well that ends well, and, though the book has its points, it is rather sombre stuff.

Criticism of a culinary dish is sometimes offered in the formula that it is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. *The Japanese Spy* (Grant Richards) is neither a record of travel, a political disquisition, nor a good work of fiction. Mr. Lancelot Lawton, attempting to combine the three methods of treatment, has produced a book of prodigious length, and of a dulness which is relieved only by marvel as to whither we are going now, and who 's who in the muddled action. The best parts are those devoted to description of social life in Japan. In this Mr. Lawton is literally at home, and he would have been more successful had he been content to write a chatty narrative unencumbered by a slight thread of fiction.

Bess of Hardendale, by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Hutchinson), is a strong novel, well written and interesting. Miss Wilson doesn't allow her story to maunder into byways or to drivel into obscurity. She keeps a firm grip on it, and makes it obey her. Her characters are real flesh and blood, not wraiths dimly seen through a mist of impressionism. Children, of course, have been changed at birth in other stories before this, but Miss Wilson gives a freshness to the plot, and the reader excuses it for the sake of the mother who passionately desired a boy and whose life is saved by the substitution. All comes reasonably right in the end; but I can't help thinking that *Mr. Harden* might have been allowed to live out his six months of life instead of being prematurely killed by a dog.

We understand that the next volume of the "Men of the Hour" series will be entitled, *Dorando and Sievier;* or, *The Two Winning Posts.*

"Board in country cottage near gold links."—*Daily Mail.*

"Cottage, near bone collar-stud" is what we have always been on the look out for.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. HALDANE, we are informed, intends to persevere with his Territorial Army scheme in spite of the resolution passed at the Peace Congress against toy soldiers.

***

Soldiers serving at Aldershot whose term of service will expire shortly have been invited to join a class of instruction in motor-car driving. Seeing that the men have already been trained to kill, the idea seems an admirable one.

***

"We hope," says *The American* of New York, "that Canada will keep on growing, and keep on getting richer, for one of these days she is going to be a part of this great country, and fly the American flag." This is great encouragement, and Canada, we hear, has decided to keep on pegging away.

***

CARPENTER, the American who fouled Lieutenant HALSWELL at the Stadium and was disqualified for that reason, is to receive a consolation cup from his New York admirers. We had an idea all along that CARPENTER'S action was not incorrect under Tammany rules.

***

According to the Constantinople correspondent of *Die Zeit* there has been another abortive conspiracy to kill the SULTAN. Over a hundred officers were to attend at the Selamlik, and, at a preconcerted signal, to fire at the SULTAN'S carriage. "when it was believed that at least two or three of the bullets would take effect." If this estimate of Turkish marksmanship be a correct one, it would appear that the proposed Army reforms will not come a moment too soon.

***

"Has the SULTAN been assassinated?" asks a sensational paper. Scarcely ever, we believe.

***

With reference to the charge of cruelty to elephants in the Indian village at the Exhibition, we would mention that it is an open secret that the tiger which takes part in the tiger hunt in the same performance leads a dog's life.

***

"The true explanation of sleepiness in church," says the *Revue Scientifique*, of Paris, "is that the auditor unconsciously hypnotises himself by concentrating his gaze for a long time on a single object." The parsons always declared that it was not the sermon.

***

A Swedish woman who had been asleep for thirty-two years woke up last week. It is thought that one of Messrs. PICKFORD'S motor-vans did it.

***

Several medals which had been won by Mr. EDWARD DOBSON, J.P., a former champion amateur lightweight boxer, have been stolen by burglars. It may not generally be known that such medals are of great use to housebreakers. They wear them when engaged in business in order to persuade fractious householders that a struggle would be hopelessly one-sided.

***

The announcement that a new Great Ant-eater has reached the Zoo has caused something like a panic among its favourite food, and thousands of ants are leaving the country every day.

***

Miss MAUD ALLAN regards as absurd the excuse given by Mr. F. E. SMITH, K.C., last week that he could not appear in certain proceedings because his clothes had perished in a fire.

***

The statement in the Registrar-General's Blue-Book that alcoholism is one of the most potent causes of death among musical artists is being strenuously repudiated, and a mass meeting of musicians who have not died from this cause is, we hear, to be held in Trafalgar Square at an early date.

***

According to an American newspaper, a ten-year-old Chicago child named DORIS SMITH can repeat the whole of "The Merchant of Venice" by heart. This is surely a dangerous weapon to place in the hands of so young a person.

"It is said that there are a quarter of a million golfers in the United Kingdom and a statistician has calculated that on the basis of each one travelling a hundred miles a year by train in the pursuit of his game, they thus collectively make a journey of twenty-five million miles once a year."—*Evening News.*

What calculators these statistic fellows are! 100 × ¼ = 25. Not many of us could have worked that out at the first shot, not in millions, at any rate. We are glad, by the way, that the golfers don't travel 25,000,000 miles more than once a year. To do it five or six times would leave them so little leisure for the game itself.



PAINFUL DREAM OF AN UNDECIDED TOURIST.

The correspondent of *The New York World* at the recent review on the Plains of Abraham speaks of "two squadrons of North-Western mounted police, the pride of Canada. They sat their saddles like minotaurs."

The type seems to have come on a good bit since the old Cretan days.

The Boston Herald gives a prospectus of the big game shooting that is to be placed at Mr. ROOSEVELT'S disposition by a Mr. MCMILLAN of Mombasa:

"Among the large quadrupeds that abound in this vicinity are elephant, rhinoceros, zebra, antelope . . . egrets, lions, tigers and wolves."

We shall look to see one of these four-footed egrets in "Princess ALICE'S" hat when next she makes a royal progress through our Metropolis.

Puff-Puff.

"Mme. Melba is not a *prima donna* content to let the steam of operatic endeavour pass by unheeded."—*From a review of the operatic season in "The People."*

A LAWLESS PEACE.

The hour incites to jocund song;
From tent and cabin, hut and cave,
Issues the happy, careless throng
To wallow in the teeming wave;
The sands are black with boisterous folk:
The infant sports with spade and bucket;
And Liza on her lissom moke
To 'Arry's "Chase me!" answers "Chuck it!"

Nor are the spirit's needs forgot;
A coloured minstrelsy supplies,
With music made to touch the spot,
Laughter and tears and amorous sighs;
There is the Pierrot, wan with paint,
The Nigger, burnished like a scarabee,
To cause the ladies' hearts to faint
With songs of youth and love and Araby.

Similar draughts of bliss inflate
The Briton's waistcoat where he flogs
Some harmless pool from ten to eight
Or paints the moorland over dogs;
He has an air of ale-and-cakes
Whether with infinite fatigue he
Surmounts the Matterhorn or takes
His axe by railway up the Righi.

What is the source of all this joy
"In widest commonalty spread"?
(Had I been in the *Mail's* employ,
"Far-flung" is what I must have said).
Is it perchance the change of scene
Allowed by intermitted labours
That makes us wear so glad a mien
And even almost love our neighbours?

'Tis that; but there 's a deeper cause:—
Full in our thankful hearts we feel
How sweet the legislative pause,
How potent for the public weal;
No further need to fume and chafe
Now while the House is hushed and sleeping,
And England's health once more is safe
In Permanent Officials' keeping. O. S.

OUR DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

Ever ready to encourage dramatic talent, *Mr. Punch* has been offering a prize consisting of a Daylight-Saving Watch that contains a skip-and-jump movement as required under the coming Act—for the best handling of a dramatic theme. The problem set was as follows:—She rich, He poor—in love with one another—but the money stands in the way of their getting married. Solution required.

After profound deliberation the judges have awarded the palm to Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero for his effort entitled

THE FAMILY SKELETON.

[*The scene is a drawing-room in the Midland town of Dumpborough. A family council is being held to settle the question of marrying Her. In order that the audience may know how matters stand, the family history is being retailed to a Census gatherer.*

Uncle Edward William (*handing the Census Man a paper, and jerking his thumb at the various members of the family as he runs over the items*). That 's me, and that 's my brother John Henry, and that 's my sister Eliza Ann, and there 's our aunt Charlotte Johanna, and over there 's our niece Isabel, my ward.

The Census Man (*making a note*). Spinster.

Uncle Ed. (*with a chuckle*). She won't be for long! When she comes of age next year she 'll have ten thousand pun to her name. [*Exit the Census Man.*

And now to decide 'oo 's to be the lucky man. James Tidman, I think; he 's got a tidy little soap-boiling business, and he 'd know how to put the money out to advantage.

Isabel. A smug hypocrite!

Aunt Eliza. Ho, ho! Hoity-toity! I don't know what girls are coming to nowadays! Why, he 's Grand Master of the Order of Ancient Buffaloes.

Isabel (*calmly*). I will *not* marry him. Mr. Waymark is the man I love.

Uncle Ed. (*horrified*). Waymark! A fellow earning three pun a week at doctoring, and not even collecting it! The family 's not going to stand a missalliance like that! I suppose he 's been hanging round you trying to get a look in at the money?

Isabel. Mr. Waymark has not done me the honour of asking me to marry him. It is this wretched money that is standing between us. I wish it had never been left to me!

Great-Aunt Charlotte (*from a back corner of the room*). It never was.

[*General consternation.*]

Uncle Ed. Oh, come now, Aunt, a joke 's all very well—I like a little joke myself at times—but this is too strong!

Great-Aunt Charlotte. It never was! All these years I 've held my tongue, but now I 'll speak out. Your father was never properly married, Isabel.

Aunt Eliza (*sententiously*). Then the money ought rightfully to come to us! I never did think it proper for a young girl to have all that left to her.

Great-Aunt Charlotte (*to Aunt Eliza*). But that 's not all. *Your* father, too, committed bigamy when he married your mother. I found his first marriage lines in between the leaves of our *Shakspeare* only yesterday.

Uncle John. What a cunning place to hide them in! Then where *does* the money go to?

Isabel. The lawyers must advertise and find out. We must right the wrong.

Uncle Ed. Oh, come, Isabel, we mustn't do that! Think of the scandal! Where 'd my business go to if this got about Dumpborough? We must 'ush it up. Of course your ten thousand pun will have to be divided up equally amongst us. And perhaps (*generously*) we 'll give you a couple of hundred between us. Look here, Isabel, you say nothing about this, and you can marry young Waymark if you want to. And I tell you what, I 'll get him a situation as Medical Officer of 'Ealth to the town. There 's plenty of pickings in that post. Give us a kiss, lass, and settle it!

Curtain.

Highly commended was the attempt sent in by Mr. George Bernard Shaw:—

SHAMPOO AND OTHER SHAMS.

[*The scene is a private room in a high-class hairdressing establishment in Bond Street. She, Lady Ninon Portcullis, is being shampooed by Him, a hairdresser's assistant, and a very Shavian young man.*

He. Professionally speaking, your hair is abominable.

She. Candour is cheap!

He (*unabashed*). But I love every strand of it. It is curious how love overrides the professional judgment.



THE SALT-WATER CURE.

Shah of Persia. "GO ON IN, ABDUL—JUST FOR THE LOOK OF THE THING. YOU CAN ALWAYS COME OUT IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT."

Sick Man of Europe. "YES, I KNOW. BUT ONE GETS SO WET!"



A HAPPY AFTERTHOUGHT.

Em'ly (in command). "NOW, MARY JANE, PULL UP YER STOCKING—STICK YER 'AT ON, AND—GET OUT OF THE WAY OF THAT MOTOR!"

She. I am wondering why I let you talk to me like this.

He (drying her hair). Why shouldn't I? I am your equal in birth—my great-grandfather was a Regency buck. I am more than your equal in education—I have been to a Polytechnic. I am far cleverer than you—I can build up a dozen styles of coiffure and you can't build up one fit to be seen in. Moreover, I have a vote and you haven't!

She. Would you think me very old-fashioned if I referred to my rank and my income?

He. It would pain me—I should hate to suspect you of being conventional. It is true that you have rank and money, but I shouldn't refuse to marry you on that account. As a Socialist I have too much pride and courage to let a mere matter of that sort part us.

She. People might say that you were marrying me for my money!

He. People might say that you were marrying me for my brains! But let us test the opinion of "people." *(Throwing open a window.)* I will call up the first "man in the street" that passes. . . . Hi! Hi! ! Come up!

She. Oh, he mustn't find me like this. *(She knots her hair roughly into position and throws off the towel from her shoulders.)*

A Policeman (entering hastily). What 's the matter? Murder?

He (calmly). Worse than that—marriage. As the "man in the street" we want your opinion. This lady and I are in love; she is rich and of high social standing; I am poor but brainy; ought I to brave public opinion by marrying her? Would it be likely to ruin my prospects?

The Policeman. Well, I 'm blowed! ! !

He. Come—your opinion, constable!

The Policeman (slowly recovering). Is either of you married already?

He. No.

The Policeman. And you aren't lunatics?

He. We three are the only sane people in Bond Street.

The Policeman (judicially). Well, the Law 's got nothing to say against it. If you two people really love one another . . .

He. Ah, the true British sentiment. It smacks of roast beef and a black coat on Sundays. My last scruple has vanished, NINON! I *will* marry you. You cannot fight against me.

She (resignedly). I suppose one can't help the inevitable happening; that is always a comfort if things go wrong. But remember, I shall keep the purse!

He (going over to her and whispering). Meanwhile, would you mind tipping the constable half-a-crown for me?

Curtain.

[Exercises sent in by Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM and Another to follow in our next issue.]

The Editor of *The Fishing Gazette*, writing on "Sea Angling" in *The Daily Mail*, recommends, as the best "fly" for bass, "a silvery little bit of soleskin made like a whitebait." Of course you have to catch your sole first, and we have found that the best worm for this is the wing-liver of a sea-anemone made like a minnow.

THE SPEECH.

"I HAVE finished my speech," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE as he entered the dining-room. "I wish you 'd listen to it. Only no nonsense, mind."

"All right," said JACK. "Go ahead!"

"'It is with mingled feelings,'" Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE began, "'that I rise to my feet to reply to the far too kind and flattering remarks about me . . .'"

"But, father," said AGNES, "you haven't heard them yet."

"No, of course not," said her father; "but that 's quite a safe opening. They 're sure to come. HASTIE'S speech is certain to be fairly greasy. How could it be otherwise?"

"Of course," said JACK. "Go on, father."

"'. . . the too kind and flattering remarks about me,'" Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE continued, "'which have fallen from the lips of my old friend Mr. HASTIE, our worshipful mayor.'"

"Oh, father," said BERYL, "do you really mean to say 'fallen from the lips'? It 's so horribly stilted."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE, "it 's a regular form of words. How would you put it?"

"I should say, 'which have been uttered,' or something simple and direct like that," said BERYL.

"I don't mind that," said AGNES. "What I object to is calling that impossible Mr. HASTIE your old friend. You know you 've always barred him."

"My dear, have I? He 's a very good fellow at heart."

"Yes," said JACK, "they always are—at heart—that breed."

"My dear children," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE, "you are very young. When you are my age you will know that you must not be so critical. I intend to call HASTIE my old friend whatever happens. Besides, for all practical purposes he is."

"He did all he could to help in your defeat at the last election," said JACK.

"Well, that was a matter of political conviction. I can't punish him for that."

"Political grandmother!" said JACK.

"Anyway," said AGNES, "you needn't go out of your way to butter him up."

"Well," said her father, "suppose for a minute that I said exactly what I felt, how do you think it would come out? What kind of a figure should I—should we all—cut? I now resume," he added, clearing his throat. "'Since public speaking is not my forte——' By the way, AGNES, is it 'forte,' or 'fort-e'? I notice people say 'pianofort-e' a good deal."

"I should say 'forte'—one syllable—if I were you," said AGNES.

"'. . . Since public speaking is not my forte, I propose to say only a very few words——'"

"Hear! Hear!" said JACK.

"'It has been a very great pleasure to me to hand over to the Corporation this piece of land.'"

"Oh, father," cried BERYL, "how can you say so? It wasn't a pleasure. You had to do it to keep Redlands."

"Well, my dear, it was a very great pleasure to us all to keep Redlands, so the phrase is all right. By handing over the land we had pleasure."

"Yes," said AGNES dubiously, "I suppose that 's true."

"'And I hope,'" Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE continued, "'that it will serve a useful and (may I add?) delightful purpose in its new career as a Bilmington lung.' That 's rather good, I think."

"What 's good?" said BERYL coldly.

"Why, the word 'lung.' Meaning an open space."

"Why not say 'open space,' then?"

"My dear child, how could I? Look at the tameness of it—'as a Bilmington open space.'"

"Quite as good as 'lung,'" said BERYL, "and more decent."

"Decent!" gasped the orator.

"Yes, decent. I consider the employment in rhetoric of the internal organs of the human body a serious blot."

"Human!" cried JACK. "Well, I like that. Why, pigs have lungs."

"One does not think of a pig's lungs," said BERYL. "Pig's trotters, I grant you, and pig's liver; but never pig's lungs."

"BERYL," said her father, "you are very young. When you come to my age you will realise that there are many occasions when an epigrammatic term is more effective than a plain and commonplace one."

"You will also learn," JACK added, "that the lung is never indecent."

"Don't be coarse," said BERYL.

"'A few words,'" Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE went on, "'may not be inopportune——'"

"'Out of place,'" suggested BERYL.

"'. . inopportune,'" Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE continued, "'concerning the history of the aforesaid plot.'"

"Oh, father," cried AGNES, "not 'aforesaid plot.' That 's like a lawyer's document."

"But how the dickens," said her father, "is one to refer to it? I can't say 'lung' again."

"No, certainly not," said BERYL.

"This part has given me more trouble than all the rest of the thing put together," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "How on earth those writing fellows manage it, I can't think."

"Say 'this piece of ground,' or 'the piece of ground in question,' father," said BERYL.

"Very well. 'Piece of ground.' 'It came into the possession of my ancestor Sir HUMPHRY BROOK during the Commonwealth, being a grant to him by OLIVER CROMWELL for services rendered in the Parliamentary cause.'"

"Better go slow with that," said JACK. "Old Lady CATT will be present, and she 's a Jacobite and all the rest of it. Sends a wreath to Whitehall every year, don't you know."

"Oh, please don't offend Lady CATT," said AGNES. "At least, not till the Pageant is over. She offered to put us up all the week, and that will save all kinds of trouble."

"But it is the only interesting part of my speech," said her father.

"Never mind, dad, cut it out," said AGNES. "It 's much better to speak badly than well. People think more of you. They 're suspicious of fluent speakers. Just say you are very much honoured and so on, and sit down."

"I don't think I ought to," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "I 've taken a lot of trouble over this speech, and it will be expected of me. People will go away disappointed if I don't deliver it, and that won't be fair. One must be fair and kind."

"True kindness," said BERYL, "is not to make speeches at all."

"Oh, come, my dear," said her father, "it 's not so bad as that. Think what we should have missed: DEMOSTHENES and CICERO and CATO and—and—BURKE and GLADSTONE."

"Yes," said JACK, "and BROOK-WYLLIE. Go on, father, and don't listen to them. Only I would skip OLIVER CROMWELL if I were you."

"Very well," said Mr. BROOK-WYLLIE. "Then I 'll go back to the study and cut out OLIVER CROMWELL; but I 'm sure it will disappoint them horribly. If you young people were only a little older, you 'd know."

A MOTOR-BOAT TRAGEDY.

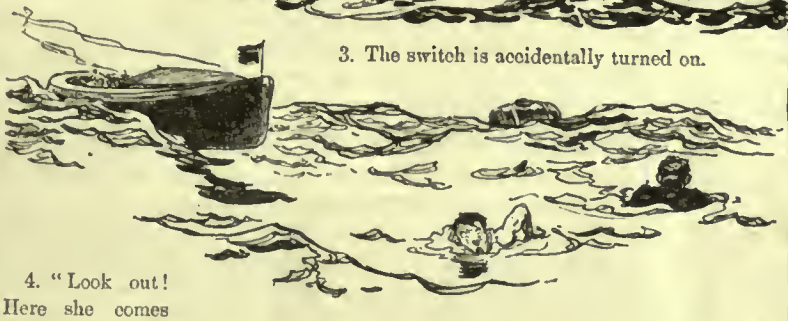


1. The only way of travelling at sea.

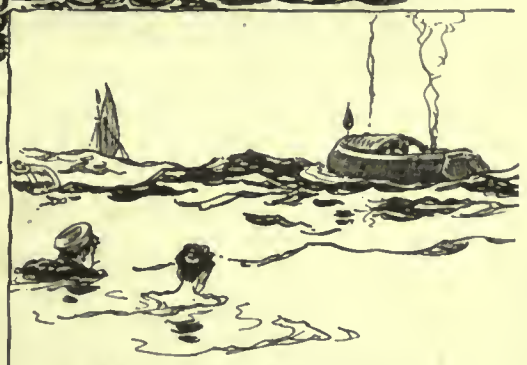
2. One of the many ways of stopping. (Rudder jammed hard a-port.)



3. The switch is accidentally turned on.



4. "Look out! Here she comes again!"



5. She's run down. Now's the time to catch her!



6. Is it?



7. Rescued by a girls' high-school excursion.

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

THE HOLIDAY PROSPECT.

SHALL I travel to far Honolulu,
Blest Island of mountain and palm,
Though numbered with those as a rule who
Prefer that the sea should be calm?
Shall I bound on its breast as a sailor,
Inhaling the luscious ozone,
In a nautical suit that my tailor
Evolved from ideas of his own?

They tell me *Aloha* is delightful,
When sung by Hawaiian quartettes;
That the largest hotels are all quite full
Of the smartest and wealthiest sets;
That the surf and the rides through the passes
Are fine, and the starlit lagoons,
Where you float with a crew of picked basses
To warble appropriate tunes.

Shall I hie to Yosemite's gorges,
Where Sequoia gigantica * stands,
Reminiscent of juvenile orgies
On clarets of picturesque brands?
They tell me that everyone goes there
To fish, or take photos, or climb;
That one always meets people one knows there;
That the scenery 's simply sublime.

Yes, I feel it 's my duty to scan yon
Sierras, but then there are things
At Lake Tahoe, Palm Beach, The Grand Canyon,
Encenada and Arrowhead Springs,
That they tell me are just as enthralling,
And each one unique of its kind.
Good heavens! the number 's appalling!
I wish I could make up my mind.

Time was when I viewed the Atlantic
With a vastly inflated regard;
When Ramsgate still charmed a romantic
And grossly ill-recompensed bard;
When a trip to Southend on the *Throstle*,
Of heaven seemed more than a glimpse,
As one gaily washed down with a wassail
Of stout a sixpenn'orth of shrimps.

Selection in those days was easy,
One packed a few trifles away,
Then bought a cheap ticket to breezy
St. Leonards or balmy Herne Bay;
Where, extended at ease on the jetty,
One gazed on the life-giving sea,
Till the cares of existence seemed petty,
And the one thing that mattered was tea.

But alas! for the sense of elation
A respite from servitude lends;
I shall never enjoy a vacation
As I did those delightful week-ends;
When we 'd left the Swan Pier and were slipping
Past Greenwich, agog for the sights
And the sounds and the smells of the shipping,
And the fairway a-twinkle with lights.

Though I traverse the globe in expresses,
And the state-rooms of liners-*de-luxe*;
Though for months at a time my address is
The ends of the earth, care of COOK'S;
Though I sample hotels without measure,
And scatter largesse like a lord,
I shall never extract the same pleasure
Those holidays used to afford. ALGOL.

* The Californian "Big Tree."

DISCURSIONS.

BRANDY IN BASUTOLAND.

A WHITE Paper recently presented to Parliament contains a report of the proceedings of the Basutoland National Council, which met at Maseru in January and February of the present year under the Presidency of Mr. H. C. SLOLEY, the Resident Commissioner, and discussed matters of great moment. For instance, on Monday, February 3rd, "the Council considered Law No. 9, which dealt with the question of 'turning the door of the house' from one chief to another." The following interesting discussion then took place:—

MATSABISA: Who is to blame when a man turns the door of his house—the man himself, or the chief who receives him?

TSOLOANE: Both.

PATSO: The matter is almost as great a source of danger to the country as brandy.

PHILIP: If men turn from one chief to another and it is found that these chiefs have done nothing towards having the matter cleared up, then the chiefs should be punished.

QAMAKO: It is a very difficult matter for chiefs to deal with.

SEKAKE: Who amongst us is said to be breaking this law? Let him be named.

NKING: The men who are at fault in this matter are the petty chiefs. They are always turning to greater chiefs.

Reverend N. MPITI recommended plainer speaking.

JAMES MATETE: I consider the matter of turning the door to be a very important one.

Here, however, the matter ended. The Reverend N. MPITI's recommendation of plainer speaking was not followed up, and we are left guessing. I suppose "turning the door of the house" must be something like "crossing the floor of the House" with us. In Basutoland Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL would be said to have turned the door of the house from Mr. BALFOUR to Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. On the other hand, Major RENTON, M.P., and a number of Haggerston electors have just turned it in the opposite direction. In Basutoland they would be blamed for this tergiversatory proceeding.

Later on the Council discussed witchcraft, and it is stated that "the opinion of the Council appeared to be that legislation on the subject would be unadvisable, as certain forms of witchcraft were certainly practised by universal custom; but it was denied that the practice of 'litaola,' or bone-throwing, involved the mention of individuals' names." I am glad of that; though I am bound to say that to throw bones, so to speak, *in vacuo*, would appear to be an aimless and uninteresting pursuit. When our own ancestors used to make little figures of wax and stick pins into them, they were never foolish enough to make what I may call general figures. They made them in the particular likeness of a favourite



Mr. Norman Brown (counting his possessions, animate and inanimate). "Twelve, thirteen—— Dear, dear! there ought to be fourteen! I say, porter, something's missing."

Porter. "Any name on it, Sir?"

Mr. N. B. "Er—yes. Let's see—it'll be marked 'N. B.' or else 'H.M.S. Thunderer.'"

enemy, and always hoped for fatal results from the pin-sticking.

I pass on, however, to the tremendous question of brandy, which the Council debated on Saturday and Monday, February 1st and 3rd. We, too, have had our Licensing debates; but, unlike the House of Commons, the Basuto chiefs appeared to be all of one mind in the matter. A few extracts from the Basutoland *Hansard* will show the nature of the discussion:—

Paramount Chief: With regard to brandy, I drink it myself; but when I see its effects on others I can see that it is a bad thing.

Josias: There is no use in chiefs saying they should put a stop to brandy-smuggling unless they bind themselves to stop drinking brandy.

Reverend C. M. Sebeta: One of the greatest evils of brandy-drinking is that chiefs cannot hear cases owing to being drunk. We shall soon ask that those who are drunken should not have the right of hearing cases.

Various chiefs having spoken in the same strain, the Council closed with prayer.

This was on Saturday, and the subject came up again on Monday, when Makhaola opened the proceedings:—

Makhaola: I do not know what good these men, who even come into the Council after drinking, are as advisers. I do not drink myself, and can always attend to the messages of the Assistant Commissioner.

This remark was evidently regarded by the Paramount Chief as being of the nature of a personal attack on himself. He at once retorted with some dignity:—

Paramount Chief: No one has ever found me incapable of doing business through drunkenness, but I occasionally suffer from headache.

Had this remark been uttered in the House of Commons it would certainly have been punctuated by "Loud laughter and cheers." In the Basuto Council, however, it passed without any comment whatever. It must be admitted that in thus pleading guilty to the minor count of headaches the Paramount Chief gave himself away.

Finally the Resident Commissioner wound up the debate with an excellent speech, in which he promised to do what he could to help the Basutos in this matter. He told them they must choose between national prosperity and drink, and also declared that he would "talk over this matter with the Paramount Chief before he leaves Maseru." I hope there will be no more headaches, and in the meantime I commend the whole of this debate to the notice of those who propose to speak in our own Licensing debates in the autumn.

The Liverpool Echo, describing some prehistoric remains lately discovered, states that "the femur bones of some of the skeletons exceeded in length by several inches the same bones in the arms of the biggest workmen."

We thought there must be something wrong about the construction of some of our workmen. No wonder we have so many unemployed.



CAUTION.

Village Postmistress. "AND WHAT ARE THOSE DASHES?"
Hodge. "OH, HE'LL UNDERSTAND THEY RIGHT ENOUGH."
Postmistress. "YES, BUT WE CAN'T SEND THEM BY TELEGRAPH."
Hodge. "WELL, THEY'RE THE PRICE O' THE PIOS. HE'LL UNDERSTAND."
Postmistress. "YES, BUT YOU MUST PUT IT IN WORDS OR FIGURES, ELSE WE CAN'T SEND IT."
Hodge. "MUST I? WELL, I'LL WHISPER IT TO 'EE THEN!"

Those Indomitable Engines.

"Every member of his" (the Prince of Wales's) "suite took a short turn at stoking. It was a very severe and eminently satisfactory test of the *Indomitable's* turbine engines."
Morning Post.

Companions of the Bath.

West End, Stoke.—Superior Apartments Vacant, bath; friends could join.
Staffordshire Sentinel.

The First-Class Cricketer's Ideal.

"The efforts of Johnson were so ably seconded by the other members of the eleven that at no time did there appear the slightest prospect of a definite result being arrived at."
Morning Post.

"WOMAN (strong), country preferred, wanted for breaking eggs."—*Scotsman.*

After this let us hear no more about woman as the weaker sex.

A PARTIAL PORTRAIT.

MR. HAROLD COX, M.P.

SOMEWHAT schoolmasterlike in mien,
Yet simpler in his speech than scholars,
Undeviatingly serene,
Artistic in his ties and collars—
Such is the style of HAROLD COX,
The man who gives his Party shocks.

Aloof, alone, yet undismayed,
When any Party move is mooted
That will not tally with Free Trade,
Cox preaches COBDEN undiluted,
Regarding as a base defection
LLOYD-GEORGE'S dallyings with Protection.

A thorough master of detail,
A perfect demon at statistics,
He never yet was known to fail
In castigating cranks or mystics;
And when an ignoramus chatters,
Cox tears his fustian into tatters.

When ASQUITH seeks in rounded phrase
To palliate some rash surrender
To Labour's menace, or essays
The *rôle* of Poverty's defender,
Cox bids him talk to the marines,
And gives the polished Premier beans.

Yet though his sentiments are strong
And though his irony is searing,
Such virtues to his speech belong
He never fails to gain a hearing;
Nor does he strive to be effective
By lapsing into crude invective.

Expert at diagnosing fools
Who grope in intellectual twilight
Or seek to sit upon two stools,
He radiates unceasing dry light
Upon the sophistry that snares
The minds of muddled doctrinaires.

Free from the tremors that assail
The vacillating opportunist,
Where Folly flounders like a whale
He smites it like a good harpoonist,
Delighting specially in digs
At all humanitarian prigs.

The efforts of the candid friend
Excited CANNING'S execration,
But HAROLD COX contrives to lend
The part a certain elevation;
For here at least the wounds are felt
To be in faithful earnest dealt.

Most Members treat with more respect
Their Party's whip, their Party's banner;
Few have a keener intellect,
A more alert debating manner;
And few would be more badly missed
Than Cox, the Individualist.



AN OLD BIRD.

First Gun (Mr. Asquith). "SEEMS TO CARRY A LOT OF SHOT! I THOUGHT WE BOTH HIT HIM."

Second Gun (Mr. Winston Churchill). "I KNOW *I* DID."

Bird. "HA! HA!" [*Exit.*



Shooting Tenant (refreshing his memory by reading agent's advertisement). "'LIMIT, GROUSE 300 BRACE.'"

Keeper. WAD THAT BE FOR THE LEASE OR FOR THE YEAR, SIR?"

Tenant. "YEAR, OF COURSE." (*Continues.*) "'STAGS, TEN. THIS IS A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING SOME TROPHIES QUITE OUT OF THE COMMON, AS WE UNDERSTAND NO STAGS HAVE BEEN SHOT ON THIS ESTATE DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS.' IS THAT RIGHT?"

Keeper. "OO, AY, IT'LL BE SAX OR SEVEN YEAR SINCE THE LAST STAG WAS SEEN ON THE GROUND."

STRAINED RELATIONS.

SCENE—*The Terrace at the Stadium Restaurant in the Franco-British Exhibition.* TIME—*About* 8.5 P.M.

Mrs. Spettigue (a portly overheated matron with glittering grey eyes—to her husband, as they stand in the entrance-way). Well, THEOBALD, considering that I 've been kept standing outside for half-an-hour in a long *queue*, for all the world as if the place were a soup-kitchen, the *least* you can do now they *have* let us in is to find a table to sit down at!

Mr. Spettigue (a wizened little man with an air of soured depression). If we wait here, they 'll give us one presently.

Mrs. S. You never get anything in *this* world, THEOBALD, if you wait for people to come and offer it you. I see a table over there which will do well enough. Quick now—before anyone else gets it!

Mr. S. (as they arrive at a table laid for four). I don't know if you 're aware of it, DEBORAH, but this table has a card with "Reserved" on it.

Mrs. S. (seating herself, tearing the card into pieces, and throwing it under the table). It hasn't got it *now*, anyhow. If people reserve places, they should come in time to take them. But you 've no idea of standing up for yourself, THEOBALD—you leave *me* to do everything. It was I who insisted on those people taking their places at the end of the line just now when they were trying to push in before us.

Mr. S. One of them said he 'd engaged a table for four, my dear.

Mrs. S. Very likely he did—but it doesn't follow that he was telling the truth, does it? (*Two young men in straw hats enter with their respective fiancées.*) They 've just come in—don't look round. Those two hussies with them are no better than they should be, *I 'll* be bound!

Reggie (the leader of the party). *Now* we 're all right! I chose a table close to the parapet. Hullo! I say. You remember the old tabby who wouldn't let me get

near the *commissionaire* chap at the door? Well, she and her husband have nipped in first and calmly taken our table. However, I 'll soon have 'em out of *that*. (*Approaching* Mr. Spettigue) Sorry to disturb you, Sir, but as a matter of fact this table is reserved for us—you will notice it is laid for four.

Mrs. S. Theobald, tell this young man that it is nothing to us if it was laid for forty. We got here first—and we intend to stay here.

Reggie (*to his friend*). This is a bit *too* thick. I 'll see if I can find the manager. (*Returns later with the manager.*)

The Manager (*to* Mr. S.). Excuse me, but ze gentleman have engage zis table. I give you anozer, very nice, inside there—for two persons.

Mrs. S. Thank you—my husband and I are very comfortable where we are, we shall certainly not move—unless you choose to drag us away by main force.

Manager (*with a shrug, to* Reggie). I am sorry—but viz such types, vat can I do? And to-night zere is so much crowd. I have no more any tables for four at present. If you like to sit here all ze same, I tell them to bring two more chairs. (Reggie *consults his party—they decide to accept this arrangement; the chairs are brought,* Reggie *being on* Mr. Spettigue's *right, facing* Mrs. S.)

Mr. S. I should not have thought this table large enough to seat so many as six, should you, Deborah?

Mrs. S. Certainly not, Theobald—but if people *will* thrust themselves in like this, I suppose we must put up with the consequences. I always say the worst about coming to a place of this sort is the company one is brought in contact with!

Reggie (*gloomily, to himself*). We 're in for a rotten time, if I can't manage to shunt Deborah and Theobald! How would it be if I—— I 'll try it, anyhow. (*Aloud to* Mr. S.) Come, now, haven't you kept this up about long *enough*, Uncle Theobald?

Mrs. S. (*bristling*). "*Uncle Theobald*," indeed! Theobald, don't tell me that young man is any relation of *yours!*

Mr. S. Of course not, Deborah. (*To* Reggie) I don't know what you 're talking about, Sir, and I 've no *wish* to know.

Reggie (*affectionately*). I wouldn't go on with it any longer, Uncle. *Really*, I wouldn't. I can't bear to see you and Auntie there—two of the dearest, merriest old souls who ever breathed—(Mrs. S. *glares at this description, while her husband regards him with a scowl of suspicion*)—you are—you *know* you are—I *can't* see you letting my friends here misunderstand you for a minute more than is necessary. If *you* won't tell them, I *must!*

Mr. S. (*hopelessly mystified*). Tell them—tell them what? *I* 've nothing to tell your friends, Sir!

Reggie. Then you leave it to me, Uncle? All right. (*To his party*) It was like this. My dear uncle and aunt found out we were dining here to-night, and so Aunt Deborah—who never *could* resist a spree—suggested giving you all a pleasant surprise by joining the party. (*General surprise and bewilderment.*)

Mrs. S. (*to the party*). Don't believe a word he says! It 's an absolute falsehood!

Reggie. I 'm wrong. No, it was Uncle suggested *that*. And then, Aunt Deborah, *you* said, what fun it would be if you and Uncle got in first and pretended to be a cantankerous old couple who couldn't play the game for toffee. And jolly well you 've done it, too, I *will* say! Anyone would have been taken in who didn't know what ripping good sorts you really were. But you mustn't let your love of practical joking carry you *too* far, you know. Now own up, and be your own cheery selves!

(*Delighted applause from his party, who by this time have grasped the situation.*)

Mrs. S. (*crimson with rage*). Don't take the slightest notice of that young jackanapes, Theobald, or of those giggling minxes either. They are only trying to make us ridiculous! It is high time you thought about ordering some food. (*Taking the carte from a waiter*) I shall have *consommée*—and you had better have the same. And curried mutton and rice to follow.

Reggie (*tenderly*). Do, Aunt Deborah, do. But you 'll have some fish first? *Do* try a little fish! To please *me!*

Mrs. S. (*furiously*). Are *we* ordering this dinner, or are *you?*

Reggie. Oh, I thought *I* was to be host—but, of course, if you *insist*—— (*To the party*) Just like my dear Aunt and Uncle—always so hospitable! (*Leaning over* Mr. S.) If I might suggest, Uncle, I *wouldn't* have braised lobster—safe to bring on your gout—and isn't curried mutton just a little heating this weather? For *Aunt*, I mean. Do you mind if we have some chicken *mayonnaise* and Neapolitan ices instead?

Mrs. S. Have whatever you please. It 's nothing to *us!*

Reggie. Awfully good of you, Aunt! (*To the others, in a stage whisper*) Simply rolling, both of 'em!

Mrs. S. Stop, waiter—you 're sure you quite understand what you 're to bring us?

Waiter (*rapidly*). *Consommée*, braise lobstare, curri mutton, mayonnaise, rasberri tart, Napolitan ices for seex—alright. (*He rushes off before* Mrs. S. *has time to protest.*)

Reggie. You *do* understand ordering a little dinner, Uncle! Are you looking for the wine list? (*Handing it*) Lager will do *us* quite well—you and Aunt Deborah, I know, never drink anything but champagne—that ain't a bad wine—but a little on the dry side, for Auntie's taste. A glass or two of champagne will buck you up like anything, Aunt. And you 're coming with us on the Spiral Railway and the Flip-Flap, aren't you? I remember how you enjoyed yourself at Earl's Court last year. *How* many times was it you went down the Helter-Skelter Lighthouse? Fifteen—or was it twenty?

Mrs. S. (*rising wrathfully*). If you prefer to endure the impertinences of a pack of impudent young idiots, Theobald, remain by all means. But don't expect *me* to put up with them—for I will not!

Reggie (*rising*). Aunt, I implore you. If you *must* deprive us of your genial presence—at least—at *least* leave us Uncle Theobald!

His Party. Yes, yes—*do* let Uncle Theobald stay!

Mr. S. (*rising*). I am coming, Deborah—I have long felt that this is no place for *us*.

Reggie. I won't say good-bye. Perhaps, dear Aunt and Uncle, when time and curried mutton have brought you to a gentler mood, we may all meet and forget this unhappy family feud—on the Flip-Flap.

(*They edge their way past him, and retreat in some disorder.*)

Reggie (*pensively, as he takes* Mr. S.'s *chair*). Of course, I don't *know*—but I 've a sort of feeling that Auntie and Uncle will never sit at *my* table again.

F. A.

Drastic Methods.

"——'s Shooting Powder for cutting Infants Gums per packet 15 annas."—*From an Indian price list of Patent Medicines.*



THE "CONQUEST" OF THE AIR.

(Shewing how gracefully the air acknowledges its defeat.)

From a co-operative store in the North of England:

Rabbits	Mourning
Fresh	Wreaths
Daily.	To Order.

"Home in vegetarian family for Christian, to take mother's duties; washing and extra cleaning given."—*Scotsman.*

We recommend for the purpose a new book by Mr. H. C. Woods, which should supply all requisite instructions for "extra cleaning." It is entitled *Washed by Four Seas.*

"To-day's Forecast.—Easterly, light breezes, chiefly from the west or north-west."—*Birmingham Gazette.*

If we must have East winds we should always choose for them to blow from the West, or even North-West.

"Wanted, perfectly quiet, light, airy ground-floor room . . . . Rat and vermin free."
The Daily Statesman, Calcutta.

We certainly think that there should be no petty extra charge for these trivial luxuries.

"West Kirby, Superior Apartments, with or without rooms."—*Liverpool Echo.*

When taking apartments we always insist that rooms should be thrown in.

ON THE BEACH.

[Muriel, *aged* 14, *and* Miss Crawley, *her governess, aged ? are waving to* Mrs. Jackson, *a plump, over-dressed lady, on the parade.*]

Muriel (*shrilly*). Here we are, mumsy! Miss Crawley 's got you a chair! Isn't it jolly here? And oh, mumsy, *may* I bathe?

Miss Crawley. Muriel, you must not shout like that: it goes right through my head, besides being unladylike.

Mrs. Jackson (*approaching and lowering herself heavily into the beach chair, which bends but does not break*). Bathe, girlie? how can you? Where are the machines?

Muriel. Oh, there are no machines *here*. Tents, mumsy — much jollier. Aren't they, Miss Crawley?

Mrs. Jackson. And how do you get down to the sea, pray?

Muriel. Oh, that 's the best part of it. You have to run right across the beach, mumsy. It 's lovely.

Mrs. Jackson. What! Through all those people, and dozens of them from our own neighbourhood. I never heard of such a thing. Miss Crawley, I wonder you should have encouraged the idea.

Miss Crawley. I assure you, dear Mrs. Jackson, I did not. It was most repugnant to me.

Muriel. Oh but, mumsy, really it 's all right. Everybody does it.

Mrs. Jackson. Not everybody. No lady would; and, as far as I am concerned, no lady's child shall either.

Miss Crawley. I felt convinced that would be your decision. Oh, look at that person going down to bathe now. How truly dreadful.

Mrs. Jackson (*adjusting lorgnettes*). Shocking creature. Who can she be? Why, I do believe—— Yes, it is—Mrs. Lowe, the draper's wife at home. I wonder she isn't ashamed. But there 's no telling what these underbred people will do nowadays.

Muriel. Well, I think she looks very pretty. It 's such a sweet costume. But oh, mumsy — Miss Crawley—do look at this old fatty waddling down now with the little girl. Isn't she a *sausage?*

Miss Crawley. Muriel, how often am I to forbid you to use that expression?

Mrs. Jackson. Really, Miss Crawley, I think there is some excuse this time. What a shocking exhibition! Disgraceful creature! Where is the beach inspector? It ought not to be allowed.

Miss Crawley. Oh but, dear Mrs. Jackson, do you see who it is? Mrs. Leader-Ripton and Joan Leader-Ripton, of Croft Manor.

Mrs. Jackson (*half rising in excitement*). It is! Miss Crawley, engage a tent for Muriel at once, and help her to undress, or they will be out of the water before she is in it.

[Muriel *and* Miss Crawley *hurriedly depart and presently return,* Muriel *in a wild state of excitement and a scanty bathing-dress.*

Mrs. Jackson. Stop, child. Whereabouts are you going to bathe?

Muriel. Oh, by those little rocks, mumsy. It looks lovely there.

Mrs. Jackson. Do nothing of the sort. Go straight over there where Mrs. Leader-Ripton and Joan are. You know Joan, don't you?

Muriel. Only just to say "Hallo" to.

Miss Crawley (*sternly*). Not in my hearing, Muriel.

Mrs. Jackson. Well, you know her a little. Go and talk to her now, and play with her, and come out of the water when they do, and speak to me as you go by.

[Muriel *runs down to the water, giving an occasional pirouette of joy as she goes.*

Mrs. Jackson. I am so pleased for her to improve that acquaintance. Come and sit down, Miss Crawley. Er — perhaps you would like a chair?

Miss Crawley. Oh, no, dear Mrs. Jackson. I can quite well sit on the sand.

Mrs. Jackson. Come over on this side of me, then you don't block my view. Sit on those stones —no, they 're not damp; anyhow, sea-water won't give you cold. [Miss Crawley *obeys with a pained smile.*] Now we 're niee and comfortable. Dear little Joan Leader-Ripton. See, my girlie is talking to her. I really must say a word or two to Mrs. Leader-Ripton as they come back to their tents. I don't think she quite knows me at home; but at the seaside we all seem one big family, do we not? How happy they look in the water. I quite envy them, Miss Crawley; don't you?

Miss Crawley. Quite, dear Mrs. Jackson; but unfortunately sea-bathing does not agree with me. It upsets my liver, and stops my circulation.

Mrs. Jackson. Perhaps it 's just as well. People are more likely to make friends with a child when she



MELODRAMA IN AUGUST.

Pathetic Voice from gallery—halfway through Second Act—as the solitary occupant of "more expensive seats" rises. "Don't leave us, Stalls!"



Village Schoolmistress. "AS FOR YOU, WILLY TOMPKINS, YOURS IS A DOUBLE OFFENCE. WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE UP YOUR APPLES WHEN THE OTHER BOYS DID?" *Willy.* "PLEASE, 'M, I THOUGHT YOU ONLY WANTED ENOUGH TO MAKE A PIE!"

is alone. Where is my girlie now? I believe dear Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON is teaching her to swim. How very sweet of her!

Miss Crawley. I cannot distinguish one from the other, the sun is so bright on the water. No, surely this is MURIEL coming out by herself.

Mrs. Jackson. So it is. Foolish child. I told her not to come out till they did. She is getting very headstrong, Miss CRAWLEY. You really must be more careful with her. [MURIEL *runs up, wet and whimpering.*

Muriel. Oh, mumsy, I was nearly drowned. I got almost out of my depth, and she pulled me back again.

Mrs. Jackson. Oh, how can I ever thank her? Miss CRAWLEY, she has saved my child's life. Noble woman! I must go down to her at once and thank her from a mother's heart.

Miss Crawley. Would it not be better to call this afternoon, and then you could leave cards?

Mrs. Jackson. It would; Mr. JACKSON shall come with me. Perhaps we can get it in the papers.

Muriel. No, mumsy. Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON wouldn't take any notice of me. I said "Hallo" to JOAN, and she said "Hallo" to me, and then her mother called her away at once. And I tried to let them see how many strokes I could take, and I got too far out, and it was Mrs. LOWE who pulled me back.

Mrs. Jackson. What, the draper's vulgar little wife? Pushing creature! I call that quite a piece of impertinence; don't you, Miss CRAWLEY?

Miss Crawley. I do, indeed. But she is always trying to scrape up an acquaintance with her class superiors.

Mrs. Jackson. I hope you did not speak to her, you careless child.

Muriel. I believe I said "Help!"

Mrs. Jackson. Well, she need not consider that an equivalent to an introduction. Please understand, Miss CRAWLEY, if MURIEL sees her in the street she is not to bow.

Miss Crawley. Certainly, Mrs. JACKSON.

Mrs. Jackson. You should never have gone near her in the water at all. You placed yourself in a very awkward position. Miss CRAWLEY, you must bathe with MURIEL to-morrow, and keep her near the right people.

Miss Crawley. I am afraid it will upset me, Mrs. JACKSON, and the tents are a very long way from the water.

Mrs. Jackson. Nonsense; you 'll soon get used to that. I cannot have my child running these risks. Besides, you may be useful to Mrs. LEADER-RIPTON, who has not brought her governess or maid, I believe.

Muriel. But I don't think I want to bathe any more, mumsy.

Mrs. Jackson. Of course you must bathe, you foolish child. But go and dry her now, Miss CRAWLEY; the child 's wet through. Be careful with her hair. And to-morrow you can offer to dry JOAN's hair, too—it will restore your circulation after your dip.

Miss Crawley. Very well, dear Mrs. JACKSON. [*Leads the shivering* MURIEL *sadly back to her tent.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

When I take up a novel and read right at the beginning "Through the open window the clear, sad cry of some night-flying water-fowl reached her. The elfin ring in it quieted her tumultuous thoughts," I naturally assume that the note of romance, like the widgeon's (or whatever it was), is going to be pitched fairly high. But in *Love and the Poor Suitor* (Hutchinson), the only unusual feature that Mr. Percy White has provided is the lady's name, *Sonia* (short for *Ausonia*), and, barring the fact that her husband is a struggling artist and that the book ends in Rome, there is really no justification for this heroic piece of nomenclature. The appalling poverty of life in a Hammersmith flat is the theme on which the plot turns, and there is a shadowy *tertium quid* in the person of *Lionel Musgrave*, a rich dilettante and critic, but as *Sonia* never felt the slightest interest in him I felt bound to imitate her example. Treated as a mild comedy, the story would go well enough, but Mr. White evidently conceives it to be a full-blooded drama, and there I do not follow him. If *Mr. Musgrave* had been a little more enterprising and *Sonia* a little less placid, or if there had been any chance of her husband's really starving, I might have been stirred; but, as a matter of fact, poor suitor though he was, he stuck to his last, I should say his palette, with a diligence that was so praiseworthy as to be not a little dull.



Extract from Guidebook.—"The steamers pass so close to the Island of Havers that a biscuit can easily be tossed ashore from the deck."

Fancy picture of the inhabitants of Havers, whose means of subsistence depend on the curiosity of tourists to test the accuracy of the guidebook.

Love the Harvester aims to bring,
In Mr. Pemberton's well-known way,
The times when George the Something was king
(Which of the four I can't quite say)
Into the light of the present day.

The volume (Methuen) is nicely packed
With various sports of the good old brand,
Who crack their bottles and whips, and act
After the manner ordained and planned
For swains who sigh for a lady's hand.

There are villains, also, who mostly hail
From London City (abode of crime!)
Who weave foul plots, but finally fail
As always happened in that sublime
King George the Something-or-Other's time.

I have not before read Lady Napier of Magdala as a novelist. *A Stormy Morning* (John Murray) induces in me the frame of mind for ever connected with *Oliver Twist's* mood at meal time. As a story it is brightly told, the interest maintained to the last page. Lady Napier has a keen eye for character, and can draw it with a few light touches. She knows many women, but with the exception of her heroine, *Betty Fitzhugh*, a charming girl, she is not fortunate in her findings. Some of the portrait-paintings of woman—scheming, selfish, dishonest, at best frivolous—look dangerously like sketches from life made in circles of more or less intimacy. If Lady Napier does not love all women, she is at least alive to the beauties of landscape. Also she likes dogs. One of the best-drawn characters in a clever book is her four-legged confidant and companion "Johnnie."

In *The Cliff End* (Grant Richards) Mr. E. C. Booth has been more generous than discreet. His pen is so fluent that he has allowed his showers of metaphor and simile to become a deluge, and I regret this the more because he says many things which are well worth saying. In method he reminds me often of Mr. de Morgan; he is as leisurely, and shows as humorous a sympathy for all sorts of curious people, but he just lacks the charm which makes Mr. de Morgan's discursiveness pardonable. You do not mind how long Mr. de Morgan goes on, but with Mr. Booth you are concerned to know when he is going to stop. The scene of *The Cliff End* is laid in a Yorkshire village, and Mr. Booth has the touch which makes his characters likeable even when they are ridiculous. His gallery of minor portraits is full of admirable work, and if the hero and heroine—*Wynne*, a composer who was visiting the village, and *Pam*, a post-girl who spent her leisure in wanting to be a sister to her numerous swains—are a little commonplace, *The Cliff End* is, after all, a book which depends more upon its setting and its subsidiary characters than upon its main theme. As a novelist Mr. Booth has an equipment almost too ready to hand, and he has only to spare himself—and not, in golfing language, to press—if he is to fulfil the promise he has already shown.

A Galahad among the Pussies.

"Persian Cat, young, pure."—*Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."*

"Then the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops Assistant were conducted to seats without the gates of the choir, and close to the pulpit, where they remained during the sermon."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Very decent of them!

FIRST AID TO EDITORS.

THE silly season being with us, and promising to be unusually productive of the epistolary ass, *Mr. Punch* offers the directors of the great London dailies a choice of further succulent topics for their readers to munch upon:—

Should children be told all?

Is honesty the best policy?

Does one ever really know the time?

What is life?

Are we dead when we die?

Shall we let India go?

Are holidays dangerous?

Is marriage a success?

Should sauce for the goose be sauce for the gander?

Is there really anything of any importance?

Are things what they seem?

Ought we to bathe in water?

Is food deleterious?

Can one learn by experience?

Should newspapers cease?

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL newspapers gave details of the long private conversation which took place between the KAISER and his guest in the library at Friedrichshof Castle, and it has been suggested that, with a view to preventing correspondents from secreting themselves under sofas, etc., such rooms shall in future be searched by a vacuum cleaner immediately before an interview.

***

Meanwhile it is good to know that the Royal visit has gone far to improve the relations between the two countries. Indeed it is said that, to accentuate this fact, the KAISER intends to christen his next Dreadnought "König Edward VII."

***

A Continental contemporary, in reporting the review of the Channel Fleet by the KING in the *Victoria and Albert* mentions that HIS MAJESTY afterwards received Sir JOHN FISHER on the *Victoria*, and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD on the *Albert*.

***

From Marienbad comes the news that Dr. OTT found KING EDWARD in excellent health, but he undertook to cure HIS MAJESTY.

***

"England and America should march together," says a contemporary. Running together was certainly not a great success.

***

In the course of three weeks no fewer than 80,000 persons have signed the "Gold Book" at the White City and received in exchange a certificate stating that they have visited the Exhibition. This, we understand, exempts them from further visits.

***

Brighton, for all its reputation as a health-giving town, evidently does not suit everyone. A Sussex rector, writing to *The Daily Mail*, states that ten centenarians have recently died there.

***

Within a week a white seal has turned black at the Zoo. This gives one some idea of the density of our dreadful London atmosphere.

***

The new Kent Control of Dogs Order, 1908, provides that no dog shall be allowed out between the hours of sunset and sunrise without being under proper restraint. Those who are in favour of a Quieter London are agitating for a similar order in regard to cats in the metropolis.

***

The epidemic of fires in country houses is, we hear, giving great satisfaction to the drapery trade. More attention than ever is now given by gentlemen as well as ladies to the selection of dainty nightwear.

***

An Italian nobleman, who is a widower for the seventh time, has, *The Express* informs us, erected a castle with seven towers at Biarritz in memory of his seven wives. It would be interesting to know whether the architect's design allows for the erection of further towers.

***

A report of the Board of Agriculture shows that the North Sea fish are gradually vanishing. It is thought that the silly creatures have been frightened by rumours of a coming war.

***

Sir IAN HAMILTON, in his report on the battle in which the Territorials took part, states that he had been advised to let a Regular Royal Engineer officer assist in building the bridge over the Avon, but he turned a deaf ear to the suggestion, he being resolved that the Territorials should "sink or swim on their own merits." Apparently, however, the Territorials did neither: they walked across the bridge.

***

Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT has now had an accident. He has broken his record.



Cabby (to decorative youth). CAB, SIR? *(Pause.)* OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO WALK ABART A BIT?"

OUR DRAMATIC COMPETITION.

(Concluded.)

[It will be recalled that the problem set was as follows:—She rich, He poor—in love with one another—but the money stands in the way of their getting married. Solution required.]

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S innumerable successes on the London boards should console him to some extent for having gained only third place in our competition with the following exercise:—

THE DETRIMENTAL.

[*The scene is the usual Mayfair drawing-room. She, the usual Society débutante, is leaning back amongst the usual sofa cushions. He, the usual Society young man, is leaning the usual elbow on the usual mantelpiece and throwing off the usual smart sayings.*

He (*moodily*). I 'm going off to the Colonies—the refuge of the deservedly destitute.

She. Ah, no, you are worthy of better things than that!

He. If we all got what we were worth on this earth there would be no need for an under-world hereafter.

She. Won't you change your mind and stay? . . . (*Hesitatingly and lowering her eyes.*) For my sake?

He. Men are not allowed to change their minds—except politicians and millionaires. I 'm only a pauper.

She. The peerage?

He. Fifteen lives stand between me and the Earldom, and most of them are hale and hearty. That 's why your mother is usually out when I call.

She (*banging a cushion*). Money is hateful.

He (*kicking the fender*). Lack of it is still more hateful.

[*A footman enters with the usual urgent letter for him.*

He (*taking the letter*). Excuse me. (*Opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.*) Two uncles and four cousins gone—a yachting accident.

She (*eagerly*). Then you are rich now?

He. Only in my love for you. Nine lives still stand between me and a banker's smile.

Newsboy (*shouting off stage*). Spesh-hul! Orrrrhbl Dsssahhhstr! Spesh-hul!

[*He goes to window and buys a copy of the paper, opens it, reads, and then lets it flutter to the ground.*

She (*tensely*). What is it?

He. Two more uncles, one cousin, one second-cousin, one half-cousin, three nephews, and one half-nephew—the liner went down in mid-ocean. . . . That leaves me high and dry as the heir.

Her Mother (*entering with a telegram*). Have you heard the news? The old Earl . . .

He (*taking the telegram, reading, and then letting it flutter to the ground*). A boating accident. . . So there 's gold in sea-water after all.

She (*whispering to her Mother*). He succeeds to the title.

Her Mother. My dear boy, you have my very *deepest* condolences. I hope (*archly*) you will manage to spare a *little* more time to call on us in the future! You have always been a most welcome guest here!

He. Thank you. (*Sotto voce*) Sapphira!

(*Curtain.*)

"Honourable mention" is also accorded to a dramatist who writes under the pseudonym of "X." (Will he kindly send his name and address?)

THE BOOSTER.

[*The scene is a farmyard in the Isle of Man. A milk-maid is pumping real water from a real pump into a real milk-pail. A flock of real sheep passes across the stage. Exit the milkman, stumbling over a real hayfork. She, the farmer's daughter, enters, carolling blithely, with a dish of real peas to shell. He enters in farm-labourer's dress, and surveys her melo-soulfully for some moments.*

He (*removing his hat elaborately*). Good morning, Miss GWYNIFRED.

She. Good morning, QUILLIAM.

He. Can I help you with your task?

She (*doubtfully*). Oughtn't you to be turning out the pig-sty?

He. I ought to be, but I cannot bear to be turning out pig-styes when I might be near you.

She (*aside*). How noble he is! (*Aloud*) If my father were to . . . !

He (*heroically*). Let him! I would face even *his* wrath for your sake. For I love you, GWYNIFRED, I love you with the inmost fibres of my heart! Name the deed of daring to be done for your sake, and it shall be done.

She (*bursting into tears*). If only I dared . . . !

He. Dared what?

She. If only I dared to sacrifice my position! To become the wife of a poor labourer! . . . But, yes, I will, I *will* marry you, whatever the world may say! (*Throwing herself into his arms.*)

He (*recoiling*). Never! Never shall it be said that I let you sacrifice yourself for me! If there is any sacrifice to be made it is for me to make it! I will give you up, and go away to seek my fortune.

She (*clinging to him*). No, you shall not, QUILLIAM! If you love me truly, you will not be so selfish as to wound me by sacrificing yourself. It would break my heart.

He. In this world, dearest, the call of duty comes first. My duty is sacrifice, and I shall go through with it to the bitter end! 'Tis better that we should part.

She. Then I shall cast myself down from yonder cliff.

He (*burying his forehead in his hands*). What a terrible situation! Is there no solution to it? No way out?

A Postman (*appearing at the gate*). Is Master QUILLIAM QUATKINS about the house?

He (*rising majestically*). I am QUILLIAM QUATKINS. Speak out and fear not!

The Postman. Then I have a document for you. (*Holding out an open document with a conspicuous red seal.*) You have been elected Turncock to the House of Keys and Booster-General of the Isle of Man.

She (*ecstatically*). Oh, QUILLIAM, all my life I have longed to be a Booster's wife! How *splendid* for you!

He (*to the Postman*). Convey to them my acceptance of the posts. [*Exit Postman.*

She. Nothing shall ever, ever part us now!

(*She falls into his arms.*)

1st Curtain.

[*Her Father raises his hands in blessing from the doorway.*] *2nd Curtain.*

[*The neighbours rush in through the gate and shake hands with them.*] *3rd Curtain.*

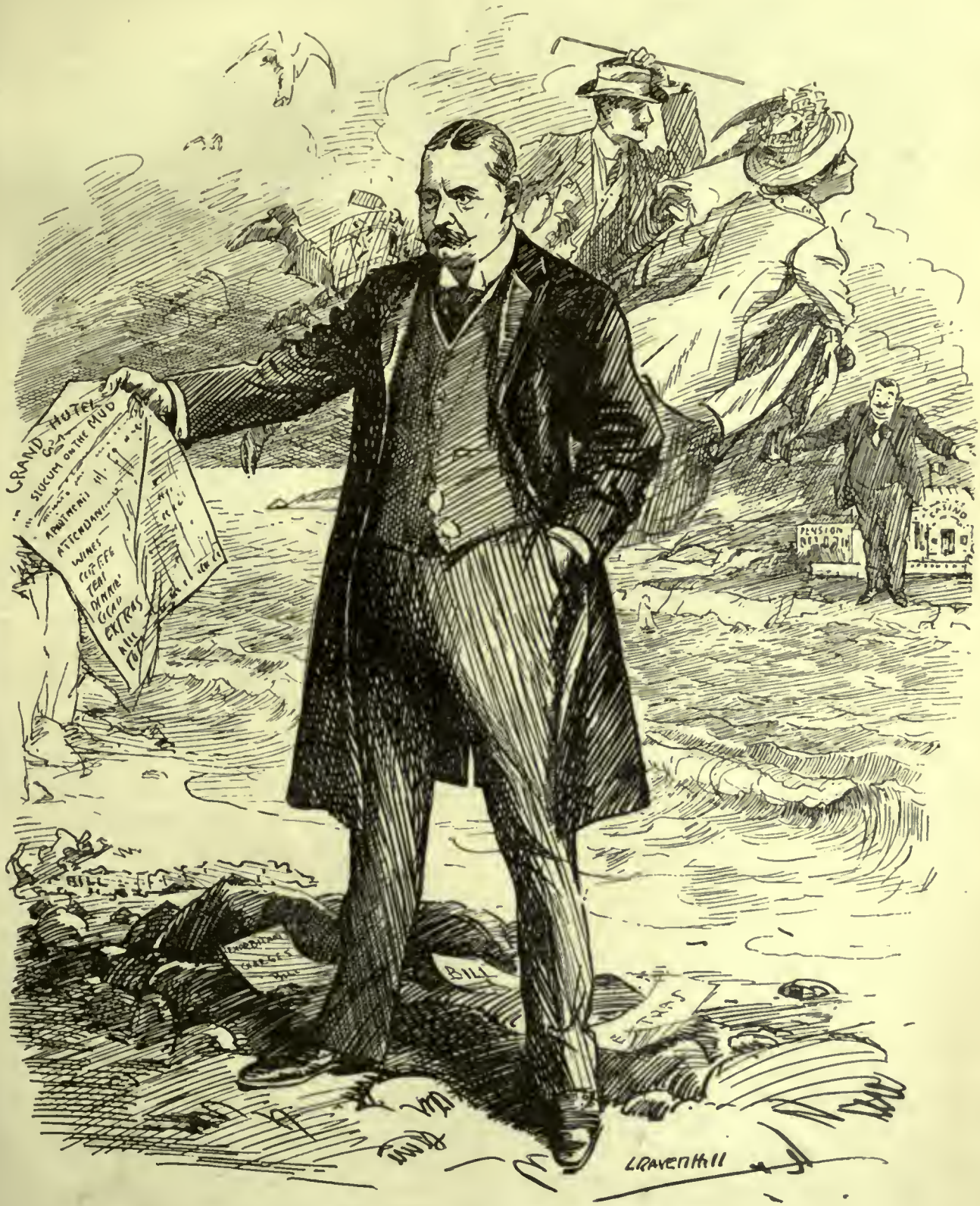
[*A flock of real sheep troop on to the stage.*]

4th Curtain.

[*A herd of real cows enters and mingles with the joyous gathering.*] *Final Curtain.*

[*The stage is clear again but for the happy pair. He kneels down and kisses her hand. Real church bells ring out a merry peal.*]

Absolutely final Curtain.



"DEAR" OLD ENGLAND.

English Hotel Proprietor. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I DO ALL I CAN. I CHARGE DOUBLE FOR EVERYTHING, AND GIVE THEM NOTHING TO DISTRACT THEIR MINDS, AND YET THEY WILL GO TO THOSE CHEAP PLACES ABROAD!"



Parson (discovering odd-job man working at the chapel). "WHY, GILES, I WAS NOT AWARE THAT YOU CUT THE GRASS FOR THE DISSENTERS TOO?" *Giles.* "WELL, YOUR REVERENCE, I DOES SOMETIMES; BUT *I DON'T USE THE SAME SCYTHE!*"

COUNTRY *v.* CLUB.

DEAR JACK, if rumour speaks aright
And you 've put off your annual flight
To Inverness until September,
And haven't gone to the Isle of Wight—

Come out of London's fumes and reeks,
O clubman of the pallid cheeks,
Desert Pall Mall and Piccadilly,
And stay with us for a couple of weeks.

We can offer you little except repose;
But beyond the paddock a trout-stream flows,
And in the lane that borders the garden
No scent of petrol affronts the nose.

Our style of living is not tip-top,
But you 're neither epicure nor fop,
And you shall have the prophet's chamber
As long as ever you care to stop.

I own that most of the reasons I give
To tempt you hither are negative,
But it *is* a boon that no fat stockbrokers
Within our six-mile radius live.

The boys are home from Rugby. HUGH
Already is quite as tall as you;
JACK goes to Oxford in October,
With hopes of winning a football blue.

MAUD's skirts are lengthened—she calls them "trains";
Her hair, the most rebellious of manes,
Is now put up, and she gives good promise
Of passable looks as well as brains.

If you hanker after a life of ease,
We 'll sling you a hammock under the trees,
Where little is heard from morn till even
Except the drowsy murmur of bees.

If games allure, our friend the Dean,
Next-door, has a capital bowling green;
Or MAUD will take you on at tennis,
And give you probably half fifteen.

There 's cricket, too, in the village; COBB,
My coachman, trundles a curly lob;
Your godson JACK 's a lusty smiter,
And *I* don't always get out for a "blob."

Well, come if you can, and let it be soon,
For, though the landscape is best in June,
You 're not too late to see the glory
Of ripe wheat under an August moon;

To witness, unaided by costly mummery
Or wigs, or any sort of flummery,
The finest pageant that England offers—
The country arrayed in a garb still summery.

THE CHASE OF THE GROUSE.

[You may have read a lot of bright informative articles on this subject during the last few days, but this is brighter and more informative than any of them.]

A clever cynic once observed—(N.B.—He didn't; but this makes a good start for any article)—that the only reasons for Scotland's existence were that it provided a home for Mr. Carnegie, seats for Liberal Cabinet Ministers, and forests for the grouse.

What a picture King's Cross Station presents a day or two before the Glorious Twelfth. (N.B.—The Great Northern station, not the Metropolitan. Many people wishing to witness the northern exodus, as it is called, have spent hours at the latter, to their great disappointment.) Fox-hunting is over, flat-racing has not begun, and peers and Cabinet Ministers, sovereigns and suffragettes, bishops and baronets, surge wildly up and down the platforms—all eager for the blood of the grouse.

You may see (or you may not) Lady Warwick with her famous brace of blood-hounds, which will soon be on the scent of the bird, or Mr. Winston Churchill with his petted dachshund which has played havoc with many a grouse warren.

On these occasions the lot of the humble porter is to be envied. No more content with the customary two-pence, he demands gold for merely cramming one of England's nobles into an already crowded guard's-van. Often a porter gathers in between two and three hundred pounds during this busy week, and railway directors have been known to assume the porter's uniform in order that they might share in the golden harvest.

Soon all (with the exception of the porters) are whirling northward eager to hear once more the sweet song of "Scotland's nightingale." Quaint it is that the favourite exclamation of the grouse, as of the Scot, is "Cheap! Cheap! Cheap!" Unhappily the grouse is a delicate bird, especially when hatched out by the domestic fowl or duck. That fearful disease "the gapes" often decimates the feathered inhabitants of the grouse-forest. This year the famous forests around Dundee, Stirling, and Montrose will be ruined by this disease. Experienced keepers allege that the outbreak of "the gapes" coincided with the series of Scotch by-elections.

Fabulous prices are paid for the choicest grouse forests. Mr. Baillie-McNab's famous Fochabers estate of four hundred acres always commands a rent of ten thousand pounds for the season. The Mackinnon of Graddock has a kailyard, situated between two famous grouse forests, which lets literally at a pound a square foot. But, of course, in this instance the lessee has no expenses of keepers' or beaters' wages. He merely lies in ambush amongst the kail and brings down the grouse as they rocket over from one forest to the other.

But what cares the sportsman for expense when once more he sets foot in his beloved Scotland?

(N.B.—Now for a bit of fine sporting writing. Some of it may be Crockettese. You proceed at your own risk):—

At dawn the faithful Angus raps at my window, and after draining a flask of usquebaugh, cries, "Hoots, mon, I spaed a grouse o' seven tyne sprouching on Ben Glumskill this morn." (Sprouching, I may explain to the illiterate Southerner, is crouching to spring on its prey.)

In half a minute I throw a kilt round me and rush down-stairs. My trusty repeating rifle is on my shoulder, Angus grips the whisky keg and the sandwiches, and we set off on our six-mile crawl to Ben Glumskill. The hot sun beats upon me, a hail-storm sweeps down from the hills, the keg springs a leak till Angus heroically plugs it with his mouth; yet in spite of misfortunes I press on. At last, tired and worn, I creep over the summit and espy the cock grouse of Ben Glumskill not a dozen yards away singing sweetly as he perches on a tussock. (Please note admirable local colour in last word.) Angus hastily slides the rifle into my hand. "Try a sighting shot, mon, whiles he sings."

Bang!

"A wee bit tae the left, aiming at the middle grouse ye see—none of the outside yins—and allowing for the wind."

Crack, crack, crack, goes the repeater. At last, at the twentieth shot, the grouse collapses. He makes an effort to crawl away, but the deadly explosive bullet has done its work.

"The landing-net, Angus," I cry.

"Approach wi' caution, mon," he answers as he gives it me.

Another moment and we are gazing on the noble carcase.

"Hoots, we maun wet its feathers," cries Angus.

Alas! alas! the keg is empty.

FACTS ABOUT FOOD.

Chicken cutlets are made of rabbit. Hence the name.

Though in the latter end they are inseparable, in their early youth raspberries and red currants do not grow on the same trees.

Rhubarb is spelt with an "h" and eaten with a fork.

For those who prefer the juice to the substance of this delicious if inexpensive stalk, a spoon is substituted for the fork. The "h," however, is still retained.

Chicken patties are so called because they are made of rabbit.

There is no edible substance known to mankind which does not find its way into a plum pudding, save only the common plum.

Even the most skittish lamb on the brightest spring morning may be reduced to a state of comparative solemnity by the production of a bowl of mint sauce. It is odd what an antipathy the gentle creature has to this apparently innocuous liquid.

Market gardeners admit that the most responsible part of their work is the selection of professions for their potatoes. Many a promising spud has failed miserably as a *sauté* which would have been an instant success as a mash.

Consistently with the derivation of their title, chicken creams are made of rabbit.

The only safe way to eat a strawberry ice is to place a small portion at a time upon the tongue and press it against the roof of the mouth. When it is thoroughly warmed through it is fit to swallow. It seems a pity that this heating process cannot be done in the kitchen, where more suitable and efficient apparatus is available.

Every cloud has a silver lining, so that milk may be boiled in it without fear of burning.

Game cutlets are made of rabbit. In their case no snobbish exclusiveness is shown in the selection of the rabbit.

Welsh rarebit is neither Welsh nor rare. It is not, however, made of rabbit.

A Contented Mind.

Mistress (fanning herself, to maid). Oh, Emily, *isn't* it hot? They say it 's 89 in the shade!

Maid. Well, Miss, we can only be thankful there ain't much shade!

AN EPOCH-MAKING BANQUET.

It was a happy thought to bring together at one table all the Henry VIII.'s who have figured in recent pageants.

At the head sat Dr. Best, who was Henry VIII. in the Dover Pageant, while around him were seated Henry VIII.'s from Winchester, Chelsea, Pevensey, St. Albans, Gloucester, Derby, Worcester, and several other towns which have lately celebrated their picturesque past in the very attractive new manner.

It was an imposing and splendid scene. Never have so many corpulent gentlemen in dazzling array dined together before. At first it had been intended that they should meet merely as private friends, to exchange experiences and jokes; but to Dr. Best came the excellent idea of insisting upon their appearing in their regal habit, and every guest therefore retired to a dressing-room before the banquet and donned the royal jerkin. The Savoy has witnessed many strange sights, but none stranger than this: a dozen Royal Harrys, all exactly alike, bending over their plates in unison, genial, prosperous and majestic in girth—each one every yard a king.

From statistics gathered during the evening it appears that the heaviest representative—Alderman Fagge, of Gloucester — weighs nineteen stone eight, and the lightest (with one exception) fifteen stone three. These figures were ascertained at the reception before dinner, a weighing-machine being in attendance; what they afterwards were who shall say? One Hal, however, it should be explained, had stuffed for the part—Mr. Lancaster, of Derby — whose weight without pillows is only twelve stone. None of the others, let it proudly be put on record, had any recourse to art for their pomp of flesh. The total weight of the company was 1 ton 2 cwt. 1 stone 12 lbs.

Of the twelve monarchs, five only wore their own whiskers: the rest were made up very skilfully, although as the evening wore on and the heat grew more noticeable some of these artificial appendages showed a tendency to slip. The oldest Henry was sixty-two; the youngest forty-nine. Their total ages came to 672 years.

One was a doctor; two were brewers; three were retired gentlemen; one was an auctioneer; one a hotel proprietor; one a butcher; one a yachting-agent; one a veterinary surgeon, and one a town clerk.



Sassenach Humorist (amusing himself at expense of Highland Caddie). "Hoots, ye ken, ma wee bit laddie, yon was nae so muckle bad a shot the noo. What think ye?"

The Bit Laddie. "Eh! Ah'm thinken ye'll learn Scotch quicker 'n ye'll ever learn gouf!"

It was computed by a mathematical professor from Harvard, who was staying in the hotel and was deeply interested in the occasion, that the chances against twelve Henry VIII.'s dining together again are eight million to one. In spite of this, however, they have arranged to do so next year.

The meal was in character. The waiters were dressed as beefeaters. Ale and Malmsey wine and sherris sack were drunk; boars' heads and chines of beef were eaten.

Dr. Best proposed the health of Mr. Louis N. Parker, "the Henry VIII.," as he wittily put it, "of pageant makers" — meaning, as he explained, not that he was of extraordinary girth but extraordinary attainments. (Cheers.) He also proposed their noble selves. Might their shadows, he said, never grow less! Might they always remain bluff defenders of the faith! (Applause.)

Mr. William Toogood, the respected auctioneer of Worcester, responded in a humorous speech. As for himself, he said in the course of his remarks, he would tell them a curious thing: he had two daughters whose names by an odd coincidence were Elizabeth and Mary; but the coincidence stopped there, for Elizabeth was married, and Mary was anæmic. (Roars of laughter.) In such spirits did the evening proceed.

The Perfect Chauffeur.

"Butcher (young) wanted for van, able to kill."
Glasgow Herald.

DISCURSIONS.

THE STORY THAT NEVER GOT TOLD.

BOTH were ladies of some expanse of form, and of years which, though they could not be termed "advancing" in the full sense of that word, might yet be said to have made a certain amount of progress. They were sitting on the shingly beach next to one another, with a little space of pebbles interposed so as to preclude the notion of any long previous friendship. Across this space they talked. Both were sewing nondescript articles of children's dress. There were indications that each was the owner of at least two children, presumably scattered abroad upon the beach with spades and pails. Absent husbands might be inferred from their conversation—men with whose frailties they dealt faithfully, but for whose masterful qualities of temper and bearing they sometimes evinced a wondering respect heightened by pride in the possession of an acknowledged paragon. One of the ladies wore a Spanish mantilla; the other was chiefly remarkable for a dark-blue blouse. When I became aware of them, the mantilla was endeavouring in a desultory manner to tell the blouse a story—seemingly of strong domestic interest, but liable to frequent interruptions.

The Mantilla. When it struck ten it woke me up all in a cold shiver, and I knew something was going to happen. If he 'd meant coming home he ought to have been there at nine; but his supper——

The Blouse. Whose supper?

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN'S supper. It 's a funny thing your name should be PINKER and mine PINCHIN. The very first time I see you here I said to myself, "Lor, if that isn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Whatever is Mrs. NEVILLE doing here? She said she was going to Margate for a fortnight, and she 's come here after all." But when I looked again I could see it wasn't Mrs. NEVILLE. Still, it 's a queer thing the names should be so close.

The Blouse. I knew your name before I spoke to you.

The Mantilla. Lor!

The Blouse. Yes; I saw your little boy scratch his name on the sand at low tide yesterday with his spade. He did it quite plain.

The Mantilla. Did he, the young rascal? I wonder wherever those children have got to. (*She calls distractedly.*) TOMMY! MELIA!

The Blouse (*also calling*). HENERY! JANE!

The Mantilla. Oh, there they are, all four of 'em, rolling in the wet sand. Well, I was telling you about that night I had with the horrors. Mr. PINCHIN isn't one to be late for his supper, and he likes it ready for him when he comes in. You can always get him in a good temper by having it ready, but if he 's kept waiting half a minute he lets you know it.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER 's just such another. You could wind him round your little finger with a tasty bit of hashed mutton, but he can't bear pigeon pie.

The Mantilla (*resuming the thread of her narrative*). I sat still in my chair for about a minute, and then I gave myself a shake and I got up to have a look round. I knew I 'd shut the door when I 'd come into the room, but there it was wide open, and not a sign of Mr. PINCHIN. I said to myself, "He 's been in and gone out again"; but there was his supper just as I put it on the table. If he 'd come in, he 'd never have gone out again without taking his food—— Don't say a word. Here 's the nigger minstrels again.

The Blouse. Impident fellows, especially that one with the white eyes. Don't notice them.

[*Both the ladies absorb themselves in their sewing as the three minstrels approach.*

A Minstrel. Ha! What do I see? Do my ears deceive me? They *are* my long-lost mothers-in-law. ARAMINTA, listen to the voice of nature. (*To his partners*) No good 'ere; let 's try that pitch over there. (*They pass on.*)

The Mantilla. It 's never any use encouraging them.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER once blacked his face for a party and carried on like a mad thing. I thought I should have died of laughing.

The Mantilla. Mr. PINCHIN'S got no voice to speak of, but he used to play the concertina on Sundays. (*She again resumes.*) Well, that night, when I 'd done looking round, I thought I heard something coughing in the kitchen. It gave me such a turn I didn't rightly know where I was. So I went to pick up the poker—— (*She breaks off.*) Oh, do look at the children. MELIA'S got knocked over by a wave, and TOMMY 's fallen atop of her. I must fetch them.

[*She proceeds to do so. The Blouse also collects her tribe, and the two parties leave the beach separately.*

MEMORIES.

Now 's the time when the August weather
Makes a magic to haunt my desk,
Coveys calling across the heather,
Salmon running the winding Esk,
Wind and sunshine that tan to leather
Features sunburnt and picturesque!

Now 's the time when Memory bridges
The locusts' years and their woeful track,
Bringing the days when we faced the ridge.
Light of footstep and lithe of back,
Where the versatile Highland midges
Lapped the blood of the Sassenach.

Days of boyhood that sought to jeopard
Uncle JOHN of the pompous strut;
(I 'll admit he was slightly peppered,
But deny that the skin was cut,
Though he roared like a wounded leopard
Writhing about in the left-hand butt!)

As the bees o'er the meadows hover,
Storing their sweets for Autumn's chill,
So I also from Memory's clover
Take the visions her blooms distil;
They will stay when our last drive 's over,
Pipes are lit, and we 've turned down-hill.

Down the hill, for the mists are crawling
Up the corries in ghostly wrack;
Down the hill, for the dusk is falling,
Lodge-lights gleam where the pines mass black,
And the grouse on the tops are calling
Faintly, mockingly, "Back—go back!"

"Recently, taking a short cut along moorland ground, I observed a white thistle: not of the species of the national symbol, but of the English or donkey kind. On a hasty examination it did not appear to be injured in any way."—*The Scotsman.*

This seems to be a very hardy plant.



"CARETAKER WITHIN."

CRI DU CŒUR.

UNTIL I lost him I never knew how precious he was to me; I never realised how much he was a very part of myself until he was gone, and his place knew him no more.

His brothers, who were standing one on each side of him when I saw him last, are here still, but he—he is gone; I shall never see him again.

Was I hard on him? Was I unfeeling? Was I heartless, callous? Now that he is mine no longer, I heap a thousand reproaches on myself. With a little care, a little tenderness I might have kept him. And now—— His absence leaves a blank which I am unable to fill.

In time, maybe, some other will take his place; but in the first bitter wrench of parting, the gaping void stares uncompromisingly at me; and do what I will, I cannot escape from the consciousness of it.

The world must surely see it, too. Were I some great magician, I might perhaps hope to hide it from prying eyes, but I am only a very human woman in the throes of a very human trouble; and things like this are hard to conceal.

With arrogance and a Pharisaical feeling of thankfulness that I was not as they, I have often in the past regarded those who were undergoing what I am suffering now. I held myself superior, deeming that no such thing could ever touch *me*. Yet my day, too, has come; and I shuffle shrinkingly aside at the approach of any of my former companions, hoping (but instinct tells me, hoping vainly) that they will see nothing amiss. We women have sharp eyes to discern the shortcomings of our sisters.

Why did I never properly appreciate him? I torture myself with the question.

True, in station he was far below me, and in appearance unattractive; in figure he was round, in complexion dark, and often, it must be confessed, shiny; but his silent devotion to my service, the laying of his whole heart and soul and the work of his lifetime at my feet, ought to have counteracted such disadvantages.

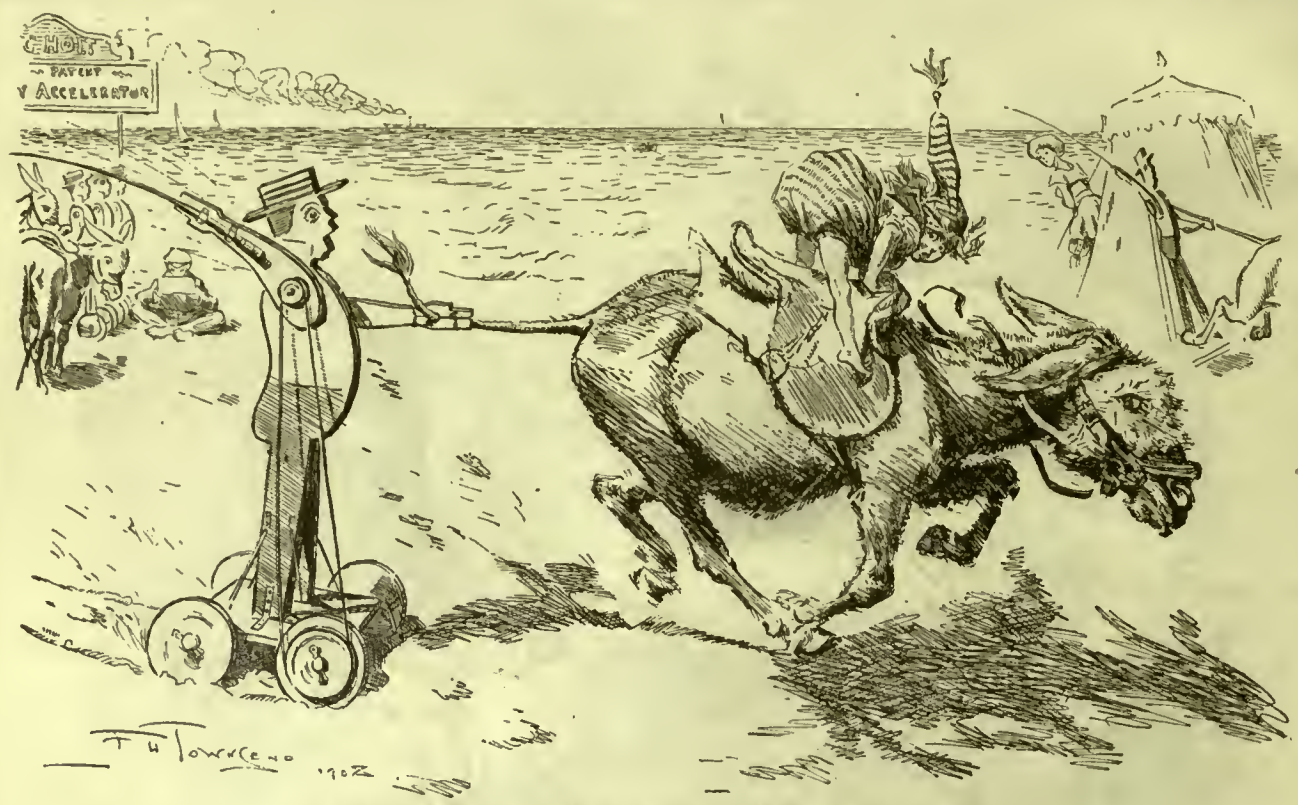
And each day he seemed to grow less *gauche*, as if some of the polish of the world to which he had been raised had by continual contact communicated itself to him.

Yet day after day I tore at the very root of his being with a hook crueller than that of the fisherman. And through it all he uttered no word of reproach.

I treated his devotion as a matter of course; and though we took long walks together, and spent many, many hours in each other's company, I never learnt to prize him at his true worth—until it was too late.

And now Fate has flung him from me—has sent him where I shall never find him, and I can never hope to see him again.

He was the second button on one of my Sunday boots.



TO BRIGHTEN THE LITTLE ONES' HOLIDAYS.

The Patent Donkey Accelerator.

PANTOUM OF SURBITON IN AUGUST.

It 's really much too hot to think.
Would I could see the ocean swell!
But even more I want a drink;
I wonder, can I reach the bell?

Would I could see the ocean swell!
Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze!
I wonder, can I reach the bell? . . .
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees.

Oh, for a fresh salt-laden breeze,
A fleecy sky, a downland view!
I wish they hadn't lopped those trees,
A rotten sort of thing to do.

A fleecy sky, a downland view,
A flock of sheep, perchance a cow;—
A rotten sort of thing to do
To stay in Surbiton just now.

A flock of sheep, perchance a cow,
Such the delights for which I crave.
To stay in Surbiton just now—
Oh, what it is to be a slave!

Such the delights for which I crave,
But even more I want a drink.
Oh, what it is to be a slave—
It 's really much too hot to think.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

(A study in the Art of Conversation.)

Good afternoon, Mrs. Jones. I 've found you at home, I see.

Yes, I 'm in to-day. I always wash on Mondays. As I say to Mrs. Brown. . . .

I 've called three times to see you, and always missed you, but you 're in to-day.

Lor', mum, to think of that! I 've been doing a bit of washing. Early in the week. . . .

It 's such a beautiful day that I feared you might be out, but I 've found you in, you see!

I don't take no heed of weather. If it 's fine, as I say to Jones . . .

Yes, it 's a fine day. I met Mrs. Smith's little girl in the lane, and she said, "Mrs. Jones will be in if she 's doing her washing." So I was fortunate.

The little piece! It 's the only way to get through work, to begin early, it is. I 'm washing Monday this week.

Monday is early in the week.

Yes, it 's early, Monday is. But I always like to feel happy about getting through.

Mr. Jones is out, I see.

Yes, he 's not in to-day. He 's gone out.

Are the little ones all quite well? I saw them in Sunday-school yesterday.

Yes, they are all well, thank you. Oh yes, they all went to Sunday-school, though baby do cough terrible. They are out this afternoon.

So I 've missed them. But I 've caught you at home.

Yes, I 'm in to-day. As I say——

What a beautiful cat you have there, Mrs. Jones.

Yes, it 's a fine cat. He 's half Persian. He seems to like sleeping on the window-sill.

He seems to like the sun. Well, I must be going. I am so glad to have had a chat with you. I shall look forward to seeing you again next time I find you in.

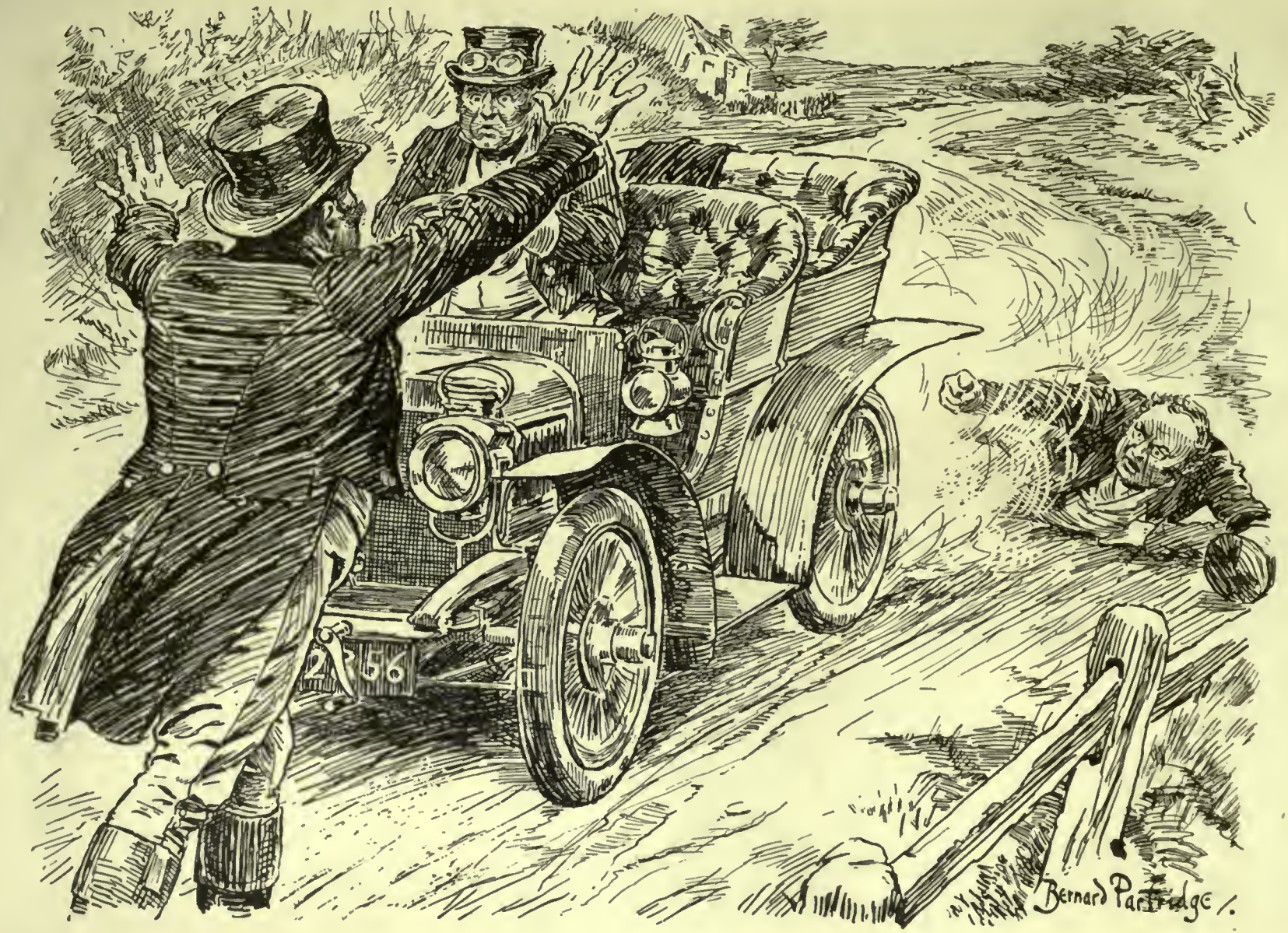
Yes, I stopped home to-day.

"Lord Brassey's Mansion Destroyed.
An Ideal Holiday."
Daily News.

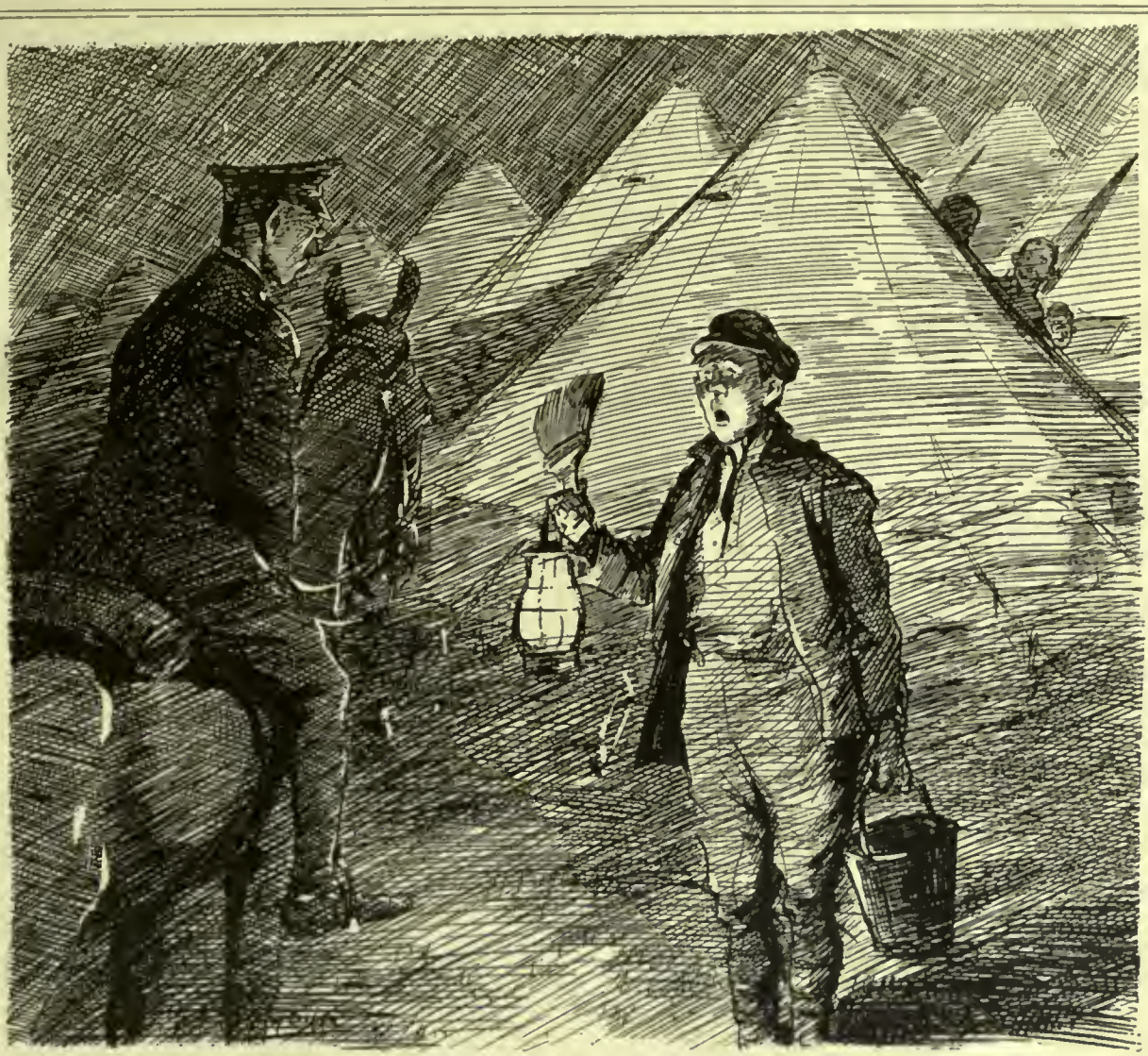
The fun of building it up again!

"Mr. Derwent Hall Caine is about to appear in a new play written by Hall Caine specially for his son. It is entitled *The Fatal Error*."
The Era.

Of course, if Mr. Hall Caine says so.



CONFLICTING INTERESTS; OR, JOHN BULL'S MOTOR PROBLEM.



WITH THE TERRITORIALS ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

Officer of Yeomanry (riding into camp late, to new recruit). "WELL, MY MAN, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?"

Recruit (after saluting with the whitewash brush). "PLEASE, SIR, THEY TOLD ME AS 'OW I 'AD TO GO AND PAINT THE LAST POST, AS THEY COULDN'T SEE IT LAST NIGHT!"

THE MOTOR PROBLEM.

A MISDELIVERED LETTER.

To the Editor of "THE TIMES."

SIR,—The danger to automobilists involved by unchained dogs, cattle, poultry and other agricultural fauna is a crying scandal which has long called shrilly for legislation. But an even more serious peril to swift drivers comes from the indiscriminate use of our high roads by foot-passengers, and some such scheme of regulations as the following is earnestly recommended:—

1. No pedestrian shall be permitted to cross a road or street without winding a coach-horn, blowing a few notes on a trombone, or beating a dinner-gong to signalise his intention.

2. At night, red lamps must be carried fore and aft, and fog-signals attached to the boots.

3. Every pedestrian must wear a printed placard with full name and address on his or her hat, coat-tails, bonnet or what-not, for purposes of identification.

4. Any perambulist wilfully obstructing motor-traffic by impinging upon a car, or inserting himself between the wheels or in the gear thereof, shall be liable to a fine of 5 guineas, over and above the cost of repairs, removal of *débris*, or damage sustained by loss of time or nervous shock to the chauffeur.

5. To obviate the risk of punctured tyres, no male in spiked shoes, female with hatpins, or person of either sex with acutely pointed features shall be allowed to cross the road under any pretext whatsoever.

I am, etc.,

PRO MALO PUBLICO.

The Conflict of Sex.

"Lost, Wednesday last, Tabby Tom Cat; answers to Kitty or Wee Woman."

Manchester Evening News.

From the advertisement, in *The Madras Times*, of P. PONNUSAWMY BUTCHER, purveyor of First Sort Beef:—

"The undersigned begs to inform the public that he has a Cow Cost Rs. 200, purely fed on better things and will be slaughtered on Saturday."

These two facts about Mr. P. P. BUTCHER will be read with mingled interest and regret.

THE GREEN PERIL!

I AM no Alarmist. On more than one occasion within my own experience the Nation's affairs have passed through a serious crisis, and I never uttered a word of warning. To be candid, I did not notice that the crisis was coming. But that merely shows that, when I *do* foresee trouble, that trouble must be something very serious indeed. And I foresee it now. Probably you read the other day in your *Daily Mail* an announcement to the effect that Captain S. MUSGRAVE, who was in charge of Lord ROBERTS's armoured train during the Boer War, had returned to England, after a twenty-months' trip through Colombia, and had brought home a live ant-eater. There is nothing of course at all alarming about that—unless you happen to be fond of ants, which I am not. But did you read on? Because, if so, you will remember that it continued as follows: "Captain MUSGRAVE had, he said, discovered a specimen of *a carnivorous plant, which had a brain, digestive organs, and a nervous system, like a human being.*"

It may not have occurred to you that there was anything particularly ominous in such a discovery—but possibly you did not give yourself time to think out all that it portended. I *did*—and I confess the prospect fills me with the gravest concern for the future. You see, in all probability Captain MUSGRAVE has not only discovered, but actually imported one or two, if not several, of these botanical monstrosities.

They are here—in our midst. They are not only carnivorous, but they possess a brain "like a human being's" (I think the possessive *must* have been intended). The precise degree of intellectual capacity is not stated, but I should put it myself at considerably above the average. Because, while their digestive organs and nervous system (on which the vigour of the brain so largely depends) are also human, they will not, thanks to the healthy open-air life which plants lead in their natural state, have become shattered or enervated by a decadent civilisation. These plants live plainly and think highly. The chops or cutlets with which Captain MUSGRAVE may seek to appease their carnivorous propensities will but serve to stimulate their reflective faculties. They will observe what is going on in this strange land to which they have been transplanted—they will draw their own conclusions. What can any plant with a human brain and nervous system think or feel when it once realises the kind of existence which countless millions of its fellow-vegetables are condemned to lead by the Tyrant Man? When it hears, for instance, of Hop vines treacherously encouraged to climb poles for no other purpose than to be more conveniently picked in order to be dried in the neighbouring oast, and brewed as a human beverage; of roots and crops nourished by rich manure only to serve as fitter food for Mankind? What will be its opinion of Covent Garden—or of the Vegetarian Movement?

Inevitably these plants, with their marvellous human brains, will seek some means of rescuing their oppressed fellows, of organising them in self-defence. It may be less difficult to do so than you imagine. Men of Science now admit that all members of the vegetable creation possess intelligence—not, perhaps, of a very high order as yet. It will probably be a considerable time before the ablest Mangold-wurzel attains the mental level of the ordinary Man in the Street. But the mind is *there*, however dormant, if only it can be awakened and developed. That is the problem these Colombian strangers will have to grapple with—and they will solve it. *How* I don't pretend to say. They will manage to get into touch with them somehow, possibly by thought transference, and the process of education will be carried on slowly, secretly, but surely.

You will know nothing about it; probably even Captain MUSGRAVE himself will never suspect that the plants, seemingly so acclimatised, so placidly content in their pots or tubs, are really engaged in stealthily propagating the seeds of discontent and rebellion.

Even when one day you are surprised for the moment by reading that an open scholarship at a minor college in one of the Universities has been carried off by a precocious Pumpkin educated "under private tuition," you will soon realise that there is nothing so very extraordinary in the circumstance. A "leaderette" in the same journal will be devoted to it, commenting on the remarkable manner in which vegetables have been coming forward of late, and pointing out that the young student's success affords a gratifying instance of the opportunities afforded, even to the humblest, by our revised educational system.

Later on, perhaps, you may be startled by the headlines, "Unrest Among the Potatoes. Military Called Out." But when you have ascertained that the disturbance took place in Ireland, you will think no more of it. Even should you read of a "Rising of the Swedes" and "Appalling Slaughter of Sheep," your equanimity will not be disturbed for long; you will conclude that the sheep must have behaved with regrettable want of tact, and turn to the latest cricket or football results.

Not till you hear that Mr. EUSTACE MILES's Restaurant has been wrecked by an excited mob of Turnips, Carrots, Cucumbers, and Parsnips, which refused to disperse after the Riot Act was read, and hurled themselves at the Life Guards with such fury and determination as to knock them off their horses—not till then will you begin to suspect that the Vegetable Orders have become a force to be reckoned with.

Though, of course, following the lead of your daily papers, you will still treat the demand for "Votes for Vegetables" with ridicule. You will refuse to recognise that Beetroots, Lettuces, and Onions have reached a stage of progress at which they decline any longer to be butchered to make a British salad; that a Cauliflower has a head to think with, a Cabbage a heart to feel with—even as you.

But you will assuredly be alarmed by the discovery that their Colombian leaders have impregnated them with their own carnivorous practices. I have no wish to be unduly pessimistic—it is quite probable that the most voracious vegetable will not venture to attack human beings, but rather confine itself to depredations on domestic animals—at all events, for a considerable time to come. Though *that* would be quite unpleasant enough.

Even a Labour Cabinet will find itself compelled to adopt *some* repressive measures. But a universal strike of cereals, and a demonstration in Hyde Park by a mass of turbulent Gourds and Scarlet-runners, which will overflow into the streets and force their way by the windows into the House of Commons itself, will suffice to bring the Government to its knees. Universal Vegetable Suffrage will be reluctantly conceded. And the fate of the Empire will lie at the mercy of a bare majority, composed perhaps of half-educated and wholly irresponsible Radishes, incapable of seeing beyond their native beds!

You may think this exaggerated—fantastic, even.



"JUSTICE FOR WOMEN!" OR, THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY.

A Tragedy of the North Sea.

But do not forget that four mighty nations—Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Rome—all perished by the disaffection of their own slaves. It may be that Great Britain will owe her downfall to an equally fatuous confidence in the loyalty of her home-grown vegetables.

I admit that I distrust these sinister plants of Captain Musgrave's. I should be relieved to know that those subtle human brains of theirs had been suddenly paralysed, reduced to a hopeless state of imbecility. There is still time. A dose of weed-killer would do it. About two-pennyworth, I should think, would be enough.

Will not Captain Musgrave be induced by this solemn warning to nip these dangers while they are still in the bud? I believe the nation would willingly recoup the expense. Even the most thoroughgoing advocate of economy in the estimates for our country's defence could hardly consider twopence an unreasonable price to pay for national safety. F. A.

Everything in due order.

"H.M. destroyer *Whiting* has been refloated, badly damaged, and dry-docked.—Reuter." *The Observer.*

We like the air of steady, purposeful progression which breathes through this statement.

THE NEW NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

Wouldst have Mayfair completely 'neath thy shoes?
Know When, to Whom, and lastly What, to lose.

Wouldst never taste the bitter dregs of Marah?
Then beg, or steal, or borrow, a tiara.

When asked to dinner, be discreetly deaf,
Unless your host has got a famous *chef*.

In choosing friends, note only their cigars,
Their cellars, and the horse-power of their cars.

"Captain Guest, Mr. Churchill, and the other men worked the little fire engines which were kept at the house in their pyjamas."
Weekly Dispatch.

We have always thought it a mistake to keep them in their pyjamas. A little fire-engine is so much more useful when it has its hose on.

"To remove inkstands from white cloth, heat a pint of sweet milk, soak goods in it, and the stains will disappear."—*Bristol Times and Mirror.*

Another way is to take the inkstand between the finger and thumb, and throw it at the man who comes for the rates.

THE SEA.

[Cut this out and give it to your little one at the seaside. If you have no little one, wrap the sandwiches up in it.]

A very small friend of mine, whose parents had never taken her out of London, once said to her sister: "Thiththie, when you go to the theathide, do you thee the thea?" What reply her sister made I cannot say for certain, but the correct answer would have been "Yeth." It is because the answer is "Yeth" that I propose to tell you all I know about the sea.

The first thing you will notice about the sea is that there doesn't seem to be so much of it on the second day as there was on the first. If Miss Pringle hadn't gone away for the holidays she would have told you that this was due to evaporation, and she would have been quite wrong, as usual. The truth is that there is just as much sea as before, only it is now in a different place. The less sea we have in England the more they have in France. My own private opinion is that it is also more humped up in the middle than it was yesterday, but I may be wrong. Anyhow, I don't think I shall bathe this morning.

Now you will want to know why the sea moves about in this way. Why couldn't it always stay right up on one side and right down on the other? The answer is, Because it wouldn't get enough to eat. The sea lives on paper bags, orange peel, spades and ginger-beer bottles; and if you are a kind-hearted child and love dumb creatures you will leave out at least one ginger-beer bottle a day. It comes up every morning to fetch them, and when it has collected all it can it hurries over to France to see what the French children have been putting down for it. Generally they have been putting down the French for ginger-beer bottles too.

By the way, I was not quite right when I called the sea a dumb creature. On this side, as you all know, it says, "Try Beauchamp's Pills"; and on the French side, "Try the pills of Milor Beauchamp, if you please"; it adds "if you please" because the French are always so polite.

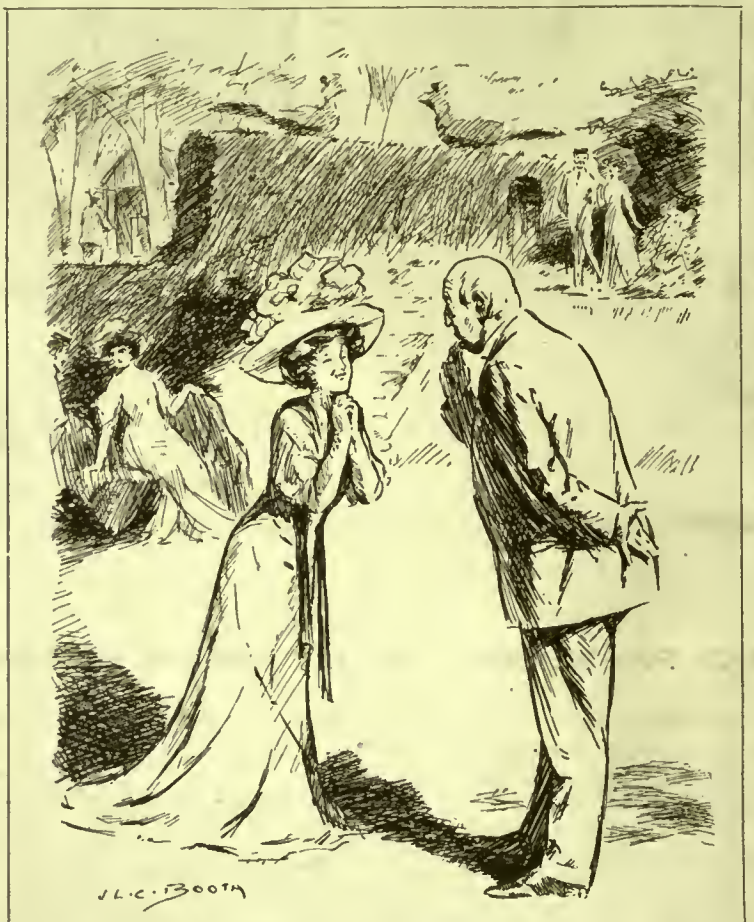
Now I have to tell you a very sad thing about the sea. Like you and me—I mean like some lazy people—it gets up later and later for breakfast each morning. By the end of a month it is a whole day late. Just think how angry Miss Pringle would be if that happened to you! A man called Kipling has calculated that we have fed the sea for a thousand years; so that, if it was really in time for breakfast on the first day, it is now twelve thousand days behind. Fancy—more than twenty-three years late for breakfast! This is so very confusing that most scientists have agreed to say nothing about it. The others put it on to the moon, which is a long way away and doesn't mind.

When you have got down to the sea the first thing to do is to see that Nurse has the new number of *Home Gossip*. That will keep her good for two hours at least; by the end of that time you will want her again because she has the sandwiches. Some children dig a big hole in the sand and hide her in that, so that she can't see what is going on; but this isn't really necessary so long as the serial story is an exciting one. I daresay you have often wondered why the serial in *Home Gossip* ends so abruptly every week. It is because the Editor suddenly realises that the sea is coming up and surrounding Nurse; so he has to stop just as the Earl is showing *Veronica* his watch. If the story were to go straight on there would be no nurses left on our coasts at all! Of course in a way that would be rather jolly, but in other ways it would be a pity. Even as it is, you may have noticed that just underneath the "*To be continued*" there is a little paragraph called "What to do with Wet Feet." The Editor has put that in on purpose. I think the simplest thing is to dry them on somebody else's pocket-handkerchief.

Now you are on the sands you will probably want to build a castle. Those silly Wilbraham children over there think that all you have to do is to pile up a great mound of sand and put a flag on the top. That isn't my idea of a castle at all. To take two points only—there is no lift and no bath-room. Perhaps the lift is a little difficult to do; but without a bath-room no modern castle is complete. You build this right in the very front, facing the sea, and when the tide is nearly up you all stand on the castle walls together. Then you say to Tommy, "It 's eight o'clock, Sir," and Tommy says, "Thank you," in a very sleepy voice, and he rolls over and adds, "The jersey and the red bathing drawers this morning, Benham, I think."

"Yessir," you say; "and would you like a hot or cold bath, sir?"

If he says "Hot," you smack his head and begin all over again with Wilfrid—which is a pity, because Wilfrid is really too small to under-



"Oh, Sir James, I hear you have an acetylene plant, and I simply *adore* tropical flowers!"

stand. But if Tommy is a true sportsman he says:

"Cold, please; and briny, because of my rheumatism."

And then the tide comes up; and for one glorious moment there is The Castle bathroom in working order . . . and there are the Wilbraham kids still pottering about on their rotten sandheap. The next moment Nurse has finished her story and collared you all; and you sit down to lunch a little higher up the beach.

But I am afraid it happens sometimes that there is no sand on the beach, only pebbles. I can't quite explain why this is so. Scientists say it is the fault of the sea for not grinding the pebbles up small enough; but it 's really the fault of your parents for not choosing a more sensible place. Still, as they *are* here now, and have probably broken the best teapot already, you 've got to stay and make the most of it. The jolliest game is with father's walking-stick. You shove it into the beach and throw pebbles at it. If you hit the silver band it counts two, and if you hit Tommy it 's his own fault for standing behind you when you were drawing your hand back. An even better game is with father's panama: you put it a few yards away and drop big stones into it. If you fill it with water first you get the splash, which is jolly. . . . .

Yes, Ethel, I was just coming to that. It is a curious fact, which has puzzled many scientists, that with an uncle's panama you don't get the splash properly at all. . . . Besides, I 'm just going off to bathe.

A. A. M.

THE MOTOR AS INSECTICIDE.

A writer in a German paper (quoted by *The Motor Cycle*) says that every caterpillar and slug has disappeared from his garden since he allowed his boy to ride a motor-bicycle round its walks. He is convinced that the exhaust fumes from the engine acted as a caterpillar destroyer, and he has never seen his garden with such a show of fruit and flowers.

Here is more work for the Royal Automobile Club, with their sporting system of holding examinations, every Wednesday morning, of motor-car owners and prospective chauffeurs in driving and technical proficiency. A Horticultural (or Autocultural) Certificate should now be granted to the purveyor of sufficiently noisome exhalations, and this would go far to endear motorists to the present somewhat unenchanted cultivators of wayside cabbage-patches. We can picture the enthusiastic welcome which will be accorded to the happy possessor of a rickety car with unjacketed carburettors or unclean cylinder-lubricating oil of low flash-point. He will be promptly invited to "come inside"—where the break-down occurs, and back-fire a bit among the begonias or distribute a distillate of crude petroleum over the mangold-wurzels, in view of the approaching autumn shows. Great and deserved indeed will be the popularity of the novice who shall steer his "stink-wain," even if unintentionally, into the flower-beds of any "Garden That I Love," dealing death to the earwigs in the dahlias and euthanasia to the aphids on the rose-bushes.

A class of beginners should be promptly started, with every encouragement from the L.C.C. or the Ranger, and no absurd restrictions as to exhaust, along the parterres of Hyde Park and Kew Gardens. We feel sure that the increased floral output would soon move the flower-girls of Piccadilly to call the scorcher blessed, and the duly-certificated "road-hog" will earn the market-gardeners' undying gratitude. This larvicidal discovery has just come in time to stop the unreasoning outcry against the real (if over-rapid) friends of the country-side.



Affable Grocer (to local Art Master). "Yes, Sir, I shall be sending 'im along to your evening classes when 'e 's a bit older, and I want you to learn 'im just like you learned his brother. You so trained that lad's eye, Sir, that 'e can cut the bacon to a quarter of an ounce!"

THE NON-COMMITTAL SCOT.

[Scene—*The hall of a Highland shooting-lodge on the eve of the Twelfth. A barometer, over which is a stag's head mounted.*

Son of the House. Do you think it will be fine to-morrow?

Keeper. Ay, Mr. Charles. Gin it hauds up.

S. But the glass is going up.

K. Ay, but the gless is an awful leear i' these pairts.

S. Are there plenty of birds?

K. There 's just a good wheen.

S. But do you call it a good season?

K. I hae kenned better, and I hae kenned waur.

S. Will they be lying high or low to-morrow?

K. Ah! whiles they are i' the taps, and whiles they are doon, and it 's jist according.

S. Do you think we shall find them?

K. Ay, gin we hae good luck.

S. Hang it all! Shall we make a good bag, do you think?

K. Aiblins, gin ye haud straight.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Punch has received for review a book purporting to be Mr. Hubert Wales' "new" novel, entitled *The Old Allegiance* (John Long). This work, however the author and publisher may endeavour to conceal the fact, is merely a reprint of a novel entitled *In Royal Purple*, by William Pigott, published in 1899 by Messrs. Cassell. *Mr. Punch* is not interested in the task of examining the merits or demerits of *réchauffé* fiction. He is, however, concerned to remark that publishers and authors probably lose nothing in the long run by being straightforward and candid.

It would be a kindly thought to describe Mr. E. F. Benson's latest production, *The Blotting-Book* (Heinemann), as a half-crown parody of the shilling shocker. But honesty compels me to accuse him of having written it as a serious experiment in melodrama, if the phrase may be used of a story so commonplace in style and so slipshod in construction. The evidence in a murder-trial turns on the question of the date of an impression in a new blotting-book, but Mr. Benson has not taken the trouble to get his dates right. Thus the threatening letter which is accepted as evidence against the prisoner is dated June 21st, while at the same time it is proved to the satisfaction of the court that not till June 22nd did the facts which alone could furnish the motive for this letter come to the prisoner's knowledge at all. This is a typical instance of the carelessness with which Mr. Benson handles the threads of his plot. As for the literary quality of his book, it scarcely ever rises to any distinction, and occasionally lapses into the best manner of the half-penny evening *feuilleton*. Here is a gem:—"He had but to be able to exercise his option at that price to be quit of that dreadful incubus of anxiety which for the last two years had been a mill-stone round his neck *that had grown mushroom like.*" And here is another jewel:—"Mr. Godfrey Mills had wantonly slandered him to Sir Richard Templeton, a marriage with the daughter of whom was projected in the prisoner's mind, *which there was reason to suppose, might have taken place.*" The italics are my own, but everything else, including the punctuation, is Mr. Benson's. The author is presumably satisfied with this kind of stuff, or he would not have published it; but it is extraordinarily unsatisfactory for the people who buy his new book on the strength of its author's established reputation.



Mr. Townley (who has just agreed to take a country cottage). "Of course you 'll have those trees straightened up a bit? They 've got horribly warped!"

The British public is frequently credited, rightly or not, with no very great amount of intelligence, but I think that Mr. J. E. Patterson has altogether too low an opinion of it. Throughout his book *Fishers of the Sea* (Murray) he seems to be obsessed with a fear that his readers will fail to take his points, and he is for ever explaining himself in parentheses. Quite often he employs these when he is not in the least degree ambiguous, and forgets all about them when he is. Examples are singly too trivial to quote, but, taken together, such signs of a lack of skill in the telling of a story generate a sense of irritation that tends to spoil one's satisfaction at the author's intimate knowledge of fisher-folk in the North Sea. I am rather sorry for this, because it 's a fascinating subject.

David Lepstein was a waif of the New York Ghetto, and his intimate friends called him *Dovid'l*—for short, I suppose. When he left school a kind of Judgment of Paris was put before him, the choice between Learning, Art, and Riches, and selecting the last of these, he became in a marvellously short time what I believe is called a lumber-king. That, briefly, is the story of *Dominy's Dollars*, by Mr. B. Paul Neuman (Murray), a very remarkable book. The moral, of course, is that Money, considered as a goddess, is no better than she should be; but there is nothing of the cheaply melodramatic about Mr. Neuman's presentation of this commonplace. For *Dominy* (that was *David's* adopted name) was a very likeable young man, with all kinds of good qualities, and it is only very gradually that he becomes so ravenous with the gold-hunger as to ruin a nature that we feel compelled to admire. The second crisis in *David's* life comes when he is asked to renounce his whole career by *Sadie Walder*, a compatriot and prima donna (what a lot of these divas there are!), who has entered the Romish Church. After his refusal to do this, in spite of his love for her, there is a slackening of interest, for the end is inevitable; but the progress of the hero's obsession is traced with a wonderfully fine and certain touch, and Mr. Neuman is to be heartily congratulated on the study.

TO THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Under what weight of years you have to bend
I do not know; your name I did not catch,
Nor from your toothless converse could I snatch
One word from the beginning to the end.
But yet what brightness to the beach you lend,
Your nether garments gleam with many a patch
Of alien stuff which never claimed to match
The parent fabric it aspired to mend.

I 've read of you in fiction, now in fact
It is my privilege to get a glimpse
Of that reality my visions lacked,
And to behold your figure as it limps
Down to the sea from which you still extract
Unwilling, coy, yet marketable shrimps.

CHARIVARIA.

Mr. Lloyd-George's object in visiting Berlin, it is officially declared, is to obtain information about Old Age Pensions. Now that his recommendation to grant the pensions has been adopted, he naturally feels that he ought seriously to study the subject.

***

When Mr. Churchill is married, Mr. Haldane will be the only bachelor left in the Cabinet; and we are glad to hear that, in order to give the War Minister a chance, he has been supplied with a smart semi-military uniform.

***

At the Folkestone Beauty Show medals were awarded to those competitors who did not win prizes—as testimony, we suppose, to their pluck in entering.

***

"Billy," who is now appearing at the Palace Theatre, is, it is announced, the only monkey motorist in the world. This just shows how deceptive appearances may be.

***

A Frankfort slaughter-house employee, named Zinert, is reported to have killed 5,000,000 hogs during the past twenty-seven years. Here, surely, we have the man to deal with our scorching motorists.

***

A member of the staff of the South-Eastern Railway Company, who was presented with an address upon retiring after sixty-one years' service, mentioned that in his early days third-class carriages were open, and only two foot-warmers were kept at the Bricklayers' Arms Station. This is the most complete answer we have yet had to the charge of No Progress so frequently brought against the S.E.R.

***

The Daily Mail must really be more careful. Our contemporary caused grave offence in certain exclusive military circles last week by stating that the Suffragettes' audience at Boulter's Lock included "many influential people *and* officers of the Brigade of Guards."

***

Familiarity breeds contempt. The Dutch have no intention of submitting their quarrel with Venezuela to a Conference at their own Hague.

***

The Registrar-General's report for the last quarter chronicles a remarkable decline in the death rate. It looks as if Old Age Pensions were proving an irresistible attraction to many persons.

***

"Might I ask the rev. Archdeacon who believes in the future life of animals," writes Mr. J. P. Howard in *The Express*, "if he includes among them serpents, centipedes, wasps, scorpions, and all kinds of vermin?" If yes, we take it that Mr. J. P. Howard will reconsider his desire to go to a Better World.

***

The railway companies are at last becoming seriously alarmed at the way in which they are losing passengers, and a safer catch for the doors of corridor carriages is promised.

***

The reissue of an old book by Mr. Hubert Wales as a new one has had one result which cannot be very gratifying to the author at any rate. The book has been regarded as showing a distinct advance on Mr. Wales' subsequent works.

***

Mr. Owen Moran, the English light-weight boxer, has, *The Daily Mail* informs us, been held up and robbed of forty pounds in the streets of San Francisco. It was evidently not realised who he was.



Mistress (to new gardener). "I thought you told me you were a staunch teetotaler!" *Gardener.* "Not staunch, mum—not staunch!"

Mystery of a Priceless Collection of Gems.

"Lost.—Three Copies of 'Punch' namely March 11th, 18th and 25th have been lost or mislaid. If returned in good condition, the finder will be rewarded and no questions asked. Church Periodical Club."—*Tokyo Times.*

The curse of drink is once more illustrated by a letter from a "Surrey Householder" in *The Times*:—

"I have many times been driven home when attempting to walk upon the high roads. This should not be."

Indeed it should not.

THE UNGATHERED BIRD.

ALL day you tramped, on bloody business bent,
Knee-deep in heather, middle-deep in fern;
All day your weary perspiration went
To feed the local burn.

Far up the flanking hills from time to time
The keeper drew your notice to a "point,"
And thither you would dolorously climb,
Creaking in every joint;

And, having ultimately scaled the sky,
Stand puffing till the pointer (humorous dog)
Confessed that he had been deluded by
A latent lark, or frog;

Said "My mistake, Sir"; eased his rigid tail;
And, ranging wide without a sign of stitch,
Put up a covey well across the vale
On to the next-door pitch.

And if, for once, he gave a true alarm,
And made a guide-post of his quivering nose,
Your spray of pellets did no deadlier harm
Than water from a hose.

During the luncheon-interval they told
The heavy tale of corpses, two by two;
But there was not a single ghost that rolled
Accusing eyes at you.

The thought encouraged so profound a pique
That not the cherry-whisky's luscious fume,
Nor many midges browsing on your cheek
Could chase your settled gloom.

It lingered through that lamentable day.
Round you the air still rang with chortling cries
Uttered by scathless birds that chose this way
To vent their glad surprise.

And here and there some old and seasoned cock
Turned in his flight to throw a backward glance,
Anxious to see what you were like—the crock
That missed so soft a chance.

At length, as evening's shade began to fall,
The whole of Inverness-shire might have heard,
Clear as a thunderclap, your shattering call:—
"MARK DOWN THAT WOUNDED BIRD!"

No one but you so much as saw him flinch.
We searched in vain; while you protested still
That surely somewhere, dying inch by inch,
He cursed your fatal skill.

It 's my belief the bird 's alive and fit;
Yet, if you like to think he really dropped,
Why then, to save your feelings, I 'll admit
The theory you adopt—

That, dead within some moist and hollow "hag,"
Beyond the power of dogs or men to trace,
Lies, unembodied in the general bag,
Your lonely half-a-brace. O. S.

"The Cologne Accident Insurance Company has decided to grant insurance policies to those who take part in aerial journeys in balloons. The insurance commences on the persons entering the balloon-basket or car, and will cease as soon as the insured have left the basket or car."—*The Financier.*

Unfortunately that is often just the moment when the insurance is really needed.

"RABBITS."

WHAT thoughts that simple word conjures up! Rabbits! To this one it suggests the old home-field where the bunnies used to play, where the little brooklet in the left-hand bottom corner used to be, now trickling down to join the main stream, now stopping to ask the way of a kindly yokel. To that one it suggests the gun; the rustle as the furry fellow trots from his hole; the bang of two barrels; and another rustle as the furry fellow trots into another hole. To a third it suggests a steaming dish with too much pepper and not enough salt. This one and that one and the other one are all wrong, for "Rabbits" is a game.

Mr. "Z.," a gentleman who has his own private page in one of our great illustrated monthlies, told me all about it. "If," he said, "you are at a party and find that the company needs enlivening, the following little catch is bound to prove amusing. You wait till the conversation turns upon rabbits" (as, I take it, it is bound to do sooner or later), "and seizing your opportunity you ask casually if anyone would care for a game of 'Rabbits.'" He then tells you how to proceed. I cut this part out, sold the rest of the magazine to my cousin (he not knowing that it was the rest), and waited my opportunity.

Not only am I an amateur humourist, but I am also such an expert cyclist as to justify my being asked to a bicycle picnic. It was at one of these great social events that my opportunity arrived. It had been drizzling all the afternoon, there had been five punctures and a collision, and the best part of the tea had lost its way. I thought well to cheer and amuse the party according to Mr. "Z.'s" prescription.

At the outset there was a curious lack of enthusiasm. The ladies were only prevailed upon to play by the natural politeness and curiosity of the sex; the children joined in the fun under duress; and of all the men, one only was willing, and he merely because he had thought I said "Bridge." A man, even if a major, who thinks you said "Bridge" when you really said "Rabbits," ought to have his bicycle taken away from him.

I am not the one to let little things stand in my way, and soon had the company upon its knees in a circle, round which (for reasons not at once apparent to the lay mind) the question is passed: "Do you know how to play 'Rabbits'?" I explained that all one had to do was to answer the question and ask one's neighbour. I begged them, in the words of BURKE, "to admire where they could not presently understand," and explained again. I should have explained a third time had it not been for the Major. I then started the ball rolling and put the question to my neighbour. "No," she said. "Then ask your neighbour," I said. "Why?" she asked. "You 'll know in a moment," I told her, and she asked him. "No," he said. "Then ask *your* neighbour," I said. "Why?" he asked. "You 'll know in a moment," I told him, and he asked her. "No," she said. "Then ask *your* neighbour," I said. "Why?" she asked. "You 'll know in a moment," I told her, and she asked him.

Eventually I got as far as the Major, the last but one of the circle. He said, "I have had enough of this damned folly," and got up and walked away. "What a silly man the Major is!" I said. "It is not the Major who is silly," the chorus replied. "We think——" I told them to let that pass and go on with the game. "Do you know how to play 'Rabbits'?" someone said to Mrs. WALKER. "No," said Mrs. WALKER, "and——"



A SKELETON ARMY; OR, THE CHARGE OF THE VERY LIGHT BRIGADE.

Mr. Haldane (*at the Cavalry Manœuvres*). "YOU SEE THOSE THREE MEN? WELL, THEY'RE PRETENDING TO BE ONE HUNDRED. ISN'T THAT IMAGINATIVE?"

Mr. Punch. "REALISTIC, YOU MEAN. THAT'S ABOUT WHAT IT WILL COME TO WITH US IN REAL WARFARE."





FASHION FAVOURS THE FRAIL.

Bored Sportsman (to his brother-in-law and host). "I SUPPOSE YOU KNOW THIS 'WALKING-UP' BUSINESS HAS GONE CLEAN OUT? YOU CAN TAKE IT FROM ME, THE BEST PEOPLE SIMPLY *DON'T DO IT.*"

"Reserve your defence," I said hurriedly, "and ask me." "Why?" asked Mrs. WALKER. "You 'll see in a moment," I told her, and she asked me, as one humours a restless child: "Do *you* know how to play 'Rabbits'?" "No," I said slowly, relying more upon Mr. "Z.'s" dicta than upon my own observations for my *dénouement*, "so I am afraid we shall not be able to play."

Now Mr. "Z." had led me to suppose that this was a moment when manly guffaws and girlish laughter rent the air. I had gathered that at this point the suggester of the game was patted upon the back for a merry fellow with a pretty wit and carried shoulder high by the laughing throng. Picture to yourself, rather, a funereal crowd kneeling upon the damp grass in a ridiculous circle and regarding me more in anger than in sorrow amid the most silent silence conceivable. What appeared to be a joke to Mr. "Z." turned out, in fact, to be the saddest and most tragic effect ever conceived by the mind of man. Realising this I left them to their wrath, and crept away in shame to the bicycles. There, choosing a new one with three good speeds and a little oil bath, I rode away lonely and depressed into the outer darkness.

* * * * * * * * *

I am a broken man now and a social pariah, but I still have one hope left. It is that I shall in the latter days meet Mr. "Z" face to face. I shall come very close to him and look him straight in the eye, and then, without seeing his hand or feeling the bumps of his head, shall tell him his character with a candour and a thoroughness which will take his last breath away.

Answer to Correspondent.

"ANXIOUS ONE."—Our attention has already been called to Mr. HAROLD SPENDER's utterances on the mission of himself and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE ("our mission to Germany," as he is reported to have described it to a *Daily Mail* correspondent); and we agree with you that it would not be advisable to disband our Navy until we have the mission's guarantee that such action would be approved in Germany as likely to strengthen the idea of friendly relations between the two countries.

In *M.A.P.* Mr. HALL CAINE describes Mr. WILKIE COLLINS' forehead as one that "belonged to Collins alone." So different from Mr. CAINE's own forehead, which we have come to regard as the property of the nation.

"The gardens are well supplied with seats, and there are umbrageous walks in various directions, where the old, but never new, tale is told."—*Liverpool Echo.*

That 's the worst of chestnuts: they 're never really fresh.

It is proposed to hold a conference, when the London borough councils resume their meetings, to discuss the question of the damage done to lamp-posts by motor vehicles in the streets of London. Personally, we hope it will be possible to arrive at some sort of compromise whereby the motor vehicles may knock down as many lamp-posts as they like if they will leave pedestrians alone.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

About Fire and Water.

Broadlands,
August.

Dearest Daphne,—The St. Adrians' has always been counted a nice house to stay at, and *now* they 've *surpassed themselves!* Their last house-party was indeed in luck to have the week wind up with such a glorious blaze. You 've read about it, of course, in the dailies; but you don't know how simply lovely it was to *be* there. My dear, for real fun and thrills of the *first* magnitude, *nothing* comes up to a fire, so long as it 's at someone else's place, and you 're young and *real*, with lots of pretty, naturally wavy hair. For *then*, you know, it 's such awful fun to be saved! Of course, if I were like *some* people, I 'd rather be left to my fate. Not that there was any leaving people to their fates in *this* case. There was no life lost, and not the least danger of such a thing.

Norty happened to be staying there, and he saved my life *most heroically*. Then I flew about saving others, and giving help wherever it was needed. If you look in *The Sideglancer* and *West-End Whispers* you will see a full account of it all, headed, "Heroic Conduct of a Popular Society Leader. Mrs. Multimill Saves Many Lives!" and photos of me in a sweet Etruscan dressing-robe, sandals on my bare feet, and my hair streaming in the wind. In one I 'm flying along crying, "Fire! Fire!" In another I 'm carrying a jug of water to the hottest part of the blaze.

Beryl Clarges is *wild* that she didn't happen to be staying there at the time. Indeed, she 's so set upon being even with me and distinguishing herself in a fire, and being saved and all that, that it really wouldn't be *safe* to have her to stay anywhere just now.

Lord St. Adrian and his six sons long ago formed themselves into a fire brigade, and have practised and drilled till they 're *quite* perfect. It was wonderful to see how cool and skilful they were, and how they fell into line and all that sort of thing, and went through quite *professional* evolutions. But, unfortunately, there was no water to be had; and *however* cool and skilful and well drilled an amateur fire-brigade may be, and however many evolutions they may go through with the hose, they can't do *very* much without water. And so the whole west wing, with the picture-gallery and library, was burnt before help came.

There were some juvenile-antiques in the party—Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, for one. My dear, the less said about them the better, when brought hurriedly out of danger, quite *au naturel* as to hair and complexion! I am pretty sure that, when the Prophet said "Truest truth is fairest beauty," he had never stayed with a large party in a house where fire broke out in the early hours of a summer's morning, and people ran out into the grounds in spur-of-the-moment toilettes.

The men are telling a simply *odious* story about dear Professor Dimsdale. He was one of those staying there (it was a *particularly* clever party), and, only the evening before the fire, a number of us who used to be at his mental philosophy lecture-chats last spring were sitting at his feet while he talked in the most lovely way, occasionally dashing back with his hand the curls that *will* fall over that wondrous philosophie brow. (People can't help having curly hair, *can* they? even if they *are* profound thinkers.) Among other memorable things, he told us never to use "that foolish expression 'I must believe my senses,' because our senses were given us *expressly* to *conceal the truth* from us!" Isn't that a delicious idea? He told us, too, that, like some old Greek or Latin, he could say that life and death were all one to him and he was *perfectly* indifferent about them. And yet Norty says the Professor was one of the *first* out of the house after the alarm was given, that he ran faster than any of them, and didn't try to save anyone, and that—oh, it 's an abominable libel!—above that brow that 's always occupied with the Noumenon, and the Macrocosm, and the Microcosm, and the nothingness of everything—there was a row of curling-pins!

As Beryl hadn't the luck to distinguish herself at a fire, she 's turned her attention to the *other* element, and, with my help, has brought off a very good thing. Clarges Park, you know, is only two or three miles from Paradeville-on-Sea, and, the Olympic Games being still rather in the air, Beryl wrote to the Mayor or the Town Council or something to say she was willing to give a Diving and Swimming Display off the East Pier for the benefit of the local life-boat fund. They thanked her very much, but said they 'd quite a new life-boat which had been paid for—(Pigs!). So Beryl said that she dared say they could do with a few more, and anyhow she meant to give the show, and they could use the pier admission money for anything they liked.

As soon as I got wind of it, I offered my services, for I 've always taken an *immense* interest in life-boats. And then *heaps* of people wrote and wired and 'phoned to say they 'd help—*some*, my dear, who not only can't *dive*, but can't *swim!* We had to tell them it was to be a *diving* not a *drowning* exhibition.

The pier was a *struggling mass* at half-a-crown each (you know, my dearest, how *ces autres* will always pay and elbow to see *us* do anything), and it all went with a yell. Oh, my little, darling, ducky diving-dress! But you 'll see me in it in the picture-weeklies.

I don't say that Beryl and Babs didn't dive perhaps the weeniest bit better than I did, but I "peeled" best of the three, and was quite the favourite of the crowd.

Ever thine, Blanche.

P.S.—When Josiah heard about it, he disapproved in his very best style. He has put his foot down, my dear, and that 's flat! He says if I want to go in for diving and swimming he 'll have a place specially made for it here. *Here*, you know! The very idea! As if people wanted to dive and swim in the *depths* of the *country*, with not a creature near to see them.

NEUROTIC MOTOR-CARS.

Extraordinary Allegations.

The recent distressing accident to Mr. Hall Caine, due to the running away of his motor-car, though happily unattended by any serious consequenees to the talented fictionist, has caused a painful impression in motoring circles, as tending to create misgivings in the minds of *littérateurs* who may have purchased cars, or may be intending to purchase them. In these circumstances the information which a representative of *Mr. Punch* has gleaned from Dr. C. W. Syllabub, F.R.S. (Edin.), will be peculiarly welcome, as that eminent man of science is himself an expert motorist as well as musical and dramatic critic for sixteen daily and ten weekly papers.

"Yes," said Dr. Syllabub, who was toying with the metatarsal fin of an extinct ichneumon when we found him, "there is no doubt that motor-cars are extraordinarily sensitive and susceptible machines. You

remember Kipling's story of an animated fugitive locomotive. Well, the novelist wrote better than he knew. There is no doubt whatever that what was merely an ingenious speculation in the case of the steam engine is an absolute fact in regard to the motor.

"Take this accident of Mr. Hall Caine. He speaks of his nerves being utterly broken. I don't wonder at it. You note that he says his motor-car ran down the drive. Now I have not the slightest doubt that this was a case of deliberate evasion on the part of the machine. The motor-car ran away of itself. From whom, then, did it run? The answer is obvious—from Mr. Hall Caine. All of us have experienced the desire, when brought into the presence of a great or awful personage, to seek safety or seclusion in flight, and this is clearly what happened in the present case. The car, probably a high-mettled neurotic 100-h.p. Mercédès, was so terrified by the proximity of dæmonic genius in goggles that it fled in an ecstasy of fright down the interminable avenue that winds up to the stately portals of Greeba Castle.

"But you must not think that this is an isolated case of what is professionally known as stampedomania amongst motors. Many similar cases have come within the range of my own experience. I had once a little Baby Peugeot, which was so nervous that I had actually to sing it asleep before it would consent to let me take the wheel. Mr. Max Pemberton's great Cronstadt is an extraordinarily affectionate car. Indeed, he has told me that an unfavourable review of one of his novels will make it cry like a child. Mr. Clement Shorter's car quickens its pace when he calls it 'Charlotte.' Mr. J. M. Barrie drives a Peter Panhard, and converses with it in the Wendish tongue. The Sid-lee cars are all accomplished Shakspearean scholars, and when Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was writing *The Hound of the Baskervilles* one of his motor bicycles evinced its interest by frequently remarking 'Pup! pup!'

"Again, there is a famous lady novelist—I will not mention her by name, as she is notoriously averse from any form of publicity—who owns a very sensitive Itala car. She was recently reading aloud some of the most moving scenes in her forthcoming novel to a few friends when an agonising cry was heard from her garage. Her third footman burst open the door, and a poignant voice issued from the exhaust pipe exclaiming that this was really too exhausting.

"Mrs. Elinor Glyn, again, has a very fast car which exceeds the limit on the slightest provocation. And Lord Avebury told me the other day that the only way he could account for the behaviour of his car was that it must have a bee in its bonnet.

"Another point. It is impossible to expect to get satisfactory results out of a car unless you speak to it in the language of the country in which it was manufactured. For my own part I always make a point of conversing in the *lingua Toscana* when I am driving a F.I.A.T. In a Spyker I speak French with a Belgian accent. In an Argyll I talk Gaelic. If drivers would only show a little more consideration to these highly organised creatures, there would be far fewer accidents. I cannot help thinking that the accident to Mr. Hall Caine's car was due to his having inadvertently confused it by lapsing into his native Manx.

"By the way, I forgot to mention just now that Mr. Tree's new 'trolly,' as he humorously calls it, the Comyns Car, is more than usually faust."

This remark, we need hardly say, terminated the interview.



Golfer. "You've caddied for me before. Will you give me some hints before we start?"

Sandy. "Weel, if ye'll just no dae what ye're gaean' to dae, ye'll no dae sae bad!"

THE MAGIC CARAVAN.

["The caravan of the inventive genius is not very safe to live in. Everything collapses, and one is surrounded by unsuspected pitfalls."—*The Field.*]

Said I to myself, let care be blowed
Whilst I go wandering free
Afar from trains
Through the long green lanes
That lead to the voiceful sea.
Sing hey! said I, for the open road
And the open camp beside it!
Sing ho! for the man
With the caravan—
But that was before I tried it.

I was filled with delight when I first caught sight of the gipsy-like home that awaited me,
For the paint was as gay as the hedges in May, and the dimity curtains elated me;
A queer little step upholstered in rep led up to a door in the centre,
It was open a bit, and the view through the slit made me feel that I simply must enter.
The fittings inside filled my bosom with pride, for the brass was as bright as it could be,
And the woodwork was smart with the polisher's art, and everything just as it should be.
These fittings, again, were a feast for the brain just as much as the eyes that were daft on 'em,
For they all were designed by a masterly mind who had lavished the best of his craft on 'em.
What wonderful tricks he had managed to fix! What ingenious dodges he 'd hit upon
For the saving of space in that rum little place! What curious things you 'd to sit upon!
You seated yourself on a sort of a shelf, but as soon as you let yourself down on it
It suffered a change and became a small range with some sausages bursting and brown on it.
You felt a wild wish for this savoury dish, but before you had time to lay hand on it
The range disappeared in a manner most weird, and you were compelled to abandon it.
At first it was fun just to see what was done—the furniture had such agility!
But when everything grew into something quite new you longed for a little stability.
At a quarter to five the bed came alive; it revolved, and in less than a minute
'Twas no longer a bed but a sitz bath instead with you sitting shivering in it.
You looked all about for a cloth or a clout or for anything likely to dry you,
And your frowns disappeared when a towel-horse reared all covered with towels close by you.
You stretched out to clasp what had seemed in your grasp, but the moment before you were able
To clutch it you learned that the towels had turned to a cloth which was spread on the table.
All dripping and wet you sprang out in a pet and looked for your garments to don 'em,
But the hooks had turned round; they were not to be found any more than the clothes which were on 'em.
Through all the day long things would keep going wrong, through breakfast and luncheon and dinner,
Till my hair became grey and my flesh fell away, and my figure grew thinner and thinner.
At length in despair I resolved to repair to the nearest hotel I could light on;
I 've sent the van back, and the rest of the vac. my address is the Métropole, Brighton.

DISCURSIONS.

Why Jimmie Sopwith Married Her.

When Jimmie Sopwith announced his engagement to Miss Adelaide Harbottle there was a universal shout of amazement from all his friends. Certainly, Jimmie was of the philandering sort; no man of forty, which was Jimmie's age, had philandered with greater vigour. Still, he always played for safety, and generally secured it. Married ladies had a special attraction for him, but he never went too far or caused a single flutter of agitation in the breast of any *Othello* of his acquaintance. He had an assured income of about £3,000 a year, and his bachelor parties had acquired a great reputation. With unmarried girls he had a certain timidity of manner, but when he knew them well he became fatherly. No man, indeed, was considered to be more secure against the attractions of matrimony.

Adelaide Harbottle varied in her age. I have known her to figure as a kitten of 28, and to pass primly in a single day to the age of 37. In the dim light of a discreet drawing-room she was young; in the blaze of a Foreign Office Reception the years came flocking to her as by magic. As a matter of fact, she was at least as old as Jimmie. She was not exactly gaunt, but a strongly-marked nose of the Wellingtonian order gave her face a formidable and bony appearance. She was said to be "a good sort," and though she had, of course, never openly scratched for the matrimonial stakes, she was popularly supposed to have dropped out of the running. She and Jimmie had been good friends for many years.

This was the lady, then, to whom Jimmie, that confirmed bachelor, not only became engaged, but whom he married in due course. Nobody has yet been able to ascertain why it happened, but there is no reason now why the mystery should not be revealed. Jimmie, as all the world knows, disappeared mysteriously two years ago. His disconsolate relict was last heard of as conducting a search party for him in the remoter wilds of Patagonia, and, so far as I am aware, there are no surviving relatives of either side who will be affected in any way by the disclosure I am about to make. Before Jimmie vanished into the inane he posted a letter to me, and it is from this document that I propose to quote.

"By the time you receive this," it began, "I shall have disappeared. It will be quite useless to search for me. All my measures are taken, and the secret of my whereabouts will never be known. I have made a proper provision for my wife, who will want for nothing. We have had four years of married life, and that is quite enough for either of us. You have been a very good friend to me, and I don't like to go without telling you why I got married. In fact, you were the only one of my friends who never showed the least curiosity on the point, and you are, therefore, the one man who ought to know. After two years have passed, you can use your discretion about telling anyone else.

"I don't want to bore you with a long story, so I 'll tell you at once that the whole business was due to that detestable invention, the electric light. I always felt that there was something baleful about its uncompromising glitter, but I little knew what awful catastrophe it would bring upon me. Some men may say that my own sentimental weakness helped on the misfortune,



Vicar's Wife (trying to explain history to villager whose son is taking part in the rehearsal of Pageant). "You know, Mrs. Perkins, when the Romans first came to England, we 'Ancient Britons' were naked savages painted blue."

Villager. "'Deed Ma'am, I don't remember it, and *(with offended dignity)* it was only such of us as were alive at the time!"

but I disagree with them. Gas or candles or oil would never have lured me on and lulled me and then crushed me with the same terrible completeness.

"It happened at Barrowdean, on the Sussex coast, in a bungalow which Jack Tourey, the parson, had taken for the summer. Jack, as you know, was married to Adelaide's youngest sister, Lucy, and Adelaide was staying with them. I was asked for a week-end, and, unconscious of my doom, I accepted. Lucy was a charming woman, plump and pink and cheerful, for whom I had always felt an extreme liking; her husband was a good chap, and Adelaide, of course, was an old shoe for comfort. Friday night and Saturday passed off well enough. Sunday was to be the fatal day.

"On Sunday evening we had cold supper to save the servants trouble, and two friends of Jack came in and shared it with us. We were, therefore, a party of six. Now, there was only one thing peculiar to this infernal bungalow. It was fitted with electric light, which worked on a shilling-in-the-slot arrangement. It ran all right for a certain time, and then, unless you popped a shilling into a kind of iron money-box and turned a handle, it went out. I don't know when the last shilling had been put in, but on this particular Sunday evening the machine had apparently arrived at its last halfpenny-worth.

"The dinner began all right. I had Lucy (who looked bewitching in light blue) on my left, and Adelaide, who was silent and *distraite*, on my right. Jack said grace in his best form, and we had just had cold soup out of tea-cups when, without a word of warning, the blessed light went out. 'I 'll put that right in a jiffy,' said Jack. 'Has anybody got a shilling?' Nobody had. There was a plethora of half-crowns, florins, and sixpences, but there wasn't a single shilling in the room. 'No matter,' said Jack, 'I know there 's one on the mantelpiece in my bedroom,' and he stumbled out of the room to find it.

"Now darkness always had a curious effect upon me. I can't describe it better than by saying that it made me both affectionate and absent-minded. Lucy and I were old friends. Why shouldn't I give her a mark of my paternal devotion? I decided that there would be no harm in kissing her hand. I groped along the table for it, found it, grasped it (it made no resistance) and carried it to my lips. At this moment the shilling must have dropped into its receptacle, for the light went up with a dazzling flash, and I discovered to my horror and amazement that I had mistaken the side on which Lucy was sitting. I had let my hand stray to the right instead of to the left, and there I was with the back of Adelaide's hand planted on my mouth!

"'Congratulate us, Lucy,' said Adelaide with a fiendish readiness, 'we have been engaged for a month, and we 're to be married before the end of the year.' At this moment Jack came back, and insisted, in spite of Sunday, on drinking our healths:—'Jimmie, my boy,' he said, 'you 've got a jewel, but I can't say you don't deserve her.' I sat like a dumb fool, and never said a word, and in three months Adelaide married me."



English Clergyman. "And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

Fair American. "You bet, I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England!"

THE FELLOW-PASSENGER.

When, about nightfall, the train stopped at the end of the branch, nearly all the travellers made for the lumbering omnibus that links up the railway with Brinehaven six miles further on. The rush had evidently been anticipated, for the omnibus had brought with it an ancient victoria capable of taking the overflow to the extent of two passengers. A young man of meek appearance and a large gladstone bag already occupied much of the interior of the latter vehicle. I hurried to take possession of the remainder.

"I hope," I said, after apologising for placing my luggage on the top of his, "that there will be room in the hotel." Nothing depresses me so much as the prospect of wandering stranded and homeless about a strange place, like a common player on a Sunday afternoon. It is not Sybaritism; it is merely the unfortunate result of a respectable bringing-up.

"I don't know," said the young man callously.

"I understand there is only one hotel," I went on. "It would be very awkward to be turned away—six miles from anywhere."

"Not at all nice," he observed without showing the slightest concern.

The young man was clearly either a disreputable Bohemian—perchance a hardened sleeper-out—or was brutally indifferent to the anxieties of his fellow-creatures.

"You have a bed to go to, perhaps?" I ventured with some acerbity.

"I am going to the hotel," he said.

"But you said you didn't know. Ah, you have written for a room! Wise man!"

"No, I can't say I did that," he answered, looking away at the last remnants of the sunset.

"Then they know you—you 've been here before," I said.

"Oh no—never," he replied quietly.

Nothing annoys me so much as to find people sanguine and cheerful in a situation that fills me with qualms and misgiving. And so I did not speak to the young man again during the whole of the six miles' drive. What struck me as rather remarkable was that he made no attempt to speak to me—not, indeed, until the next morning, when I had taken a seat in the coffee-room for breakfast. Then he said, "Tea or coffee, Sir?"

Homespun.

Our leading journals and magazines are being compelled to adapt themselves to modern requirements in the way of "home" interest, and we are therefore looking forward to the new combination entitled *The Spectator and Girls' Home Journal*, with its "Chats with the Chicks, by Uncle Joe"; and to a symposium about to appear in *The Nineteenth Century and Afternoon Tea* on the question: "Do Duchesses make the best Wives?"

"The new South Parade pier at Southsea, which has been built by the corporation at a cost of about £70,000, was F. G. Foster."—*The Times.*

A clever disguise, but we spotted him at once.



ABDUL THE SPONTANEOUS.

Young Turkey. "*MY* BOWL, I THINK?"
Sultan. "QUITE RIGHT. I WAS ONLY MINDING IT FOR YOU."



AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, student of Automobile Construction, Letters and Life.]

FEEDING WITH FISHERS.

READING his work, I cannot surmise Mr. ISAAC WALTON (who is now some time deceased, poor chap!) was a very miserable person at all, but I am sure he is not so jolly as a club of angling gentlemen with which I have recently taken some food. This fishers' society is entitled The Chelsea Park and Sands End Piscatorial Club.

Strangely, for chaps so connected with *aqua pura*, their place of tryst is a public-house called the Blue Boar. I perceived from summit of an omnibus next day from the strange device on its *façade* that the blue boar is a species of extinct pig of a dark Cambridge boat-race hue.

Having performed the deglutition of a split-soda-mineral, I followed my consort aloft, coming to roost in a large room in most festal array. On all bounds were tables dressed in fine napery of great snowishness, fitted out with quite the usual number of forks and other lunching-tools. At twenty-seven minutes after the appointed pistol-fire Hon. Chairman said grace before soup. The lading-bill I quote, to show you that fishers are not confined to asceticism by effete rules of caste

Soups.
CLEAR OX-TAILS. SMOCK-TURTLE.

Fish.
BOILED COD & SHRIMP'S SAUCE. PULLETED SOLE.

Joint.
ROAST BEEF HORSE. RADISH.

Vegetables.
BAKED AND BOILED POTATOES. CAULIFLOWERS. FRENCH BEENS.

Sweets.
ANGLER'S PUDDINGS. CHERRY. TART CREAM.
CHEESE, CELERY, BISCUITS.
WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE BEST QUALITY.
CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND BILLIARDS.
CLUB ROOMS TO LET.

I succeeded in polishing up some of each, despite a meat lunch in an A.B.C. store, and was pleased to note the absence of pedantiery with which my confederates ate meat. Here I saw no slavish imitation as to *meum* and *tuum* between knife and fork. One fisher certainly asked a waiter to change his meat knife, protesting that its blade, not wide enough to act efficiently as a pea-transporter, was yet so keen an edged-tool as twice to have made incision in his right cheek or jowl. The waiter readily obliged him, remarking that the caterer really ought to provide wooden spoons.

But I forgot. Mister Chairman, a very waggish gentleman in a robin redbreast vest-coat with brass buttons, rose to his legs, and said: "Mister Vice and gentlemen! It is my pleasant task to propose a hearty vote of—I mean the health of our most gracious King, EDWARD THE SEVENTH."

Each fisher arose as one man, his glass in hand, nodded to his neighbours, and said "The King," as at a game of napeards. Then all drank their tipples off at one bound, while a concealed player upon the pianoforte played *God Save the King*. Each man sang lustily, I of course joining. This interlude gave me a blow for the roasted beef, I am thankful to remark. After the sweetmeats, the Chairman's opponent, near my end of the table, arose upstanding, and said it was his pleasant allotment to propose the health and posterity of the Chelsea Park and Sands End Piscatorial Club, which he did with great heartfulness.

Then each gentleman reduced the restriction of his nether vest-coat buttons, and most lit large pale-swarthy cigars. I politely but tenaciously refused a cigar, and lit a virgin cigarette.

"I call upon Mr. R. TERRY for the



"THE MAN FROM COOK'S."

English Girl (with great distinctness, addressing the chef de gare). "PARDON, MONSIEUR! VOULEZ-VOUS CHERCHER POUR MOI L'HOMME AVEC LE MOT 'CUISINIER' AUTOUR DE LA COURONNE DE SON CHAPEAU?"

first song," said the Chairman. Whereupon up rose a slim young boy, with hair of great oleaginity, making his way nimbly to the most distant pole of the room, where was a Grand & Co. pianoforte, denuded of its bookcase timber.

Mr. Terry treated us to a rending of a ballad of some quaintness, early in which he took us into his confidence concerning the sweetness of a lady known as *Nora, the Bride of Kill Dare*.

Some of the singing was most agreeable, but I was pleasantly chilled by the Vice-Chairman announcing that he would now call upon the Chairman to present the prizes to the fishers who had created the most remarkable draughts of five thousand.

The Chairman smiled, and commenced to say the Club had had a most successful season. "Hear, hear," said many. I took the cue, saw my chance, and whenever he paused said "Hear, hear!" manfully enough. But unfortunately I was too pre-occupied on my vocalising to follow the trends of his oratory, and happened to give tongue to a most sounding interjection when, alack for vanity! he had just announced that, by force of the premature bankrupting of Mr. Robertson, the prize for a large Jack-fish would not be forthcoming!

Presently I saw much laughter holding both its sides, and my right hand *vis-à-vis* handed me a small correspondence, requesting me kindly to pass it to Mr. Vice.

This I did, upon which Mr. Vice-Chairman stood up again and proposed the health of the Visitors. We all stood up and slaked our thirst once again, and then Mr. Chairman froze my hair by announcing that he really "must call upon Mr. ——, the Japanese gent, to respond for the visitors."

I rose, bowed, and said:

"Mr. Chairman, Mr. Vice, Mr. George" (my companion) "and gentlemen! I came to bury Cæsar, not to respond to visitors, but this being the first occasion of my being asked to speak I am in for it. I am a stranger among you ("Hear! hear!"). But I am enough of a fisher to know anchovies from bloater's paste! (Much cackling.) But let us look round on fish apart from food, gentlemen. How useful an article is a fish. Think of the castor-oil, lamprey's piratic saline, fish-glue, and pauper's hide boot-strings we should never have had but for fishes and fishers! Let us regard the enormous waste of food if there were no finny monsters to follow the wake of the exhumed hot-luncheons served on pleasure-steam-vessels at 2*s*. 6*d*., even 3*s*. 6*d*. per head, gentlemen! Let us be thankful to Handel's creation of fishes, gentlemen, for manifold beatitudes.

"As a visitor in your middle to-night, gentlemen, let me say I am glad to be a visitor. I am sure we are all glad to be visitors, and all made rosy with sheepishness of gratification at the way in which you have toasted our shins. Gentlemen, in the name of others in my predicament, I think you very hearty chaps. Much obliged, and the same to each individual. Thank you! I am a fisher from to-night, though I fear I shall not take prizes except as a diminisher of boiled-cods! Once more, gentlemen, in the name of my colleagues, thanks very much, old chaps!"

Then came more singing, a solo upon three mandolins and the pianoforte, and many diverting incidents by flodden field. I fear George must have become jokingly practical later, for I found myself inbibing the courage of a Belgian-hare at each glass—laying the treason to my soul that George had added a flow of reason to my mineral-drink. I showed many feats of agility with paper-folding (inadvertently immolating a postal order for one shilling and sixpence, sterling, in my eagerness to be up and doing tricks; but who cares?) and altogether quite cocked my walk.

On the whole it has been quite a change, but I was very surprised to find that the boniface of the Blue Boar was not at 12.30 after midnight such a cheery lad, yoho, as he proved himself while he overlooked the ordering of flasks of J. Barleycorn and drinks of bitterbeer and smallbass earlier in the evening. E. N. D.

An Army Order which has just been issued gives the following as the occasions on which the Union Jack is to be flown:—

"(*a*) On anniversaries only, or when specially required for saluting purposes. (*b*) On Sundays and anniversaries. (*c*) Daily."

A doctor writing on the "Uses of Oxygen" in *The Daily Mirror* says:

"I have often to run five minutes to a station and up a flight of stairs, across a bridge, and then across a siding. After breathing oxygen for six minutes I can do it easily."

Perhaps he could manage it still more comfortably if he spent the whole eleven minutes in walking quite slowly to the station.

THE SOUVENIR-HUNTERS.

"Yes," said *la belle Américaine*, "there is no doubt that I have the finest collection of souvenirs on this side at the present moment. Would you like to see them?"

I said that nothing would give me greater pleasure; but of course many things would. Still, it is a useful phrase.

"You 're just in time," she said. "They 're all spread out on the tables: we pack up to-night. We sail on Saturday."

I followed her to her suite of sitting-rooms overlooking the Thames, and entered what appeared to be a marine store. "There!" she said triumphantly, indicating the *débris*.

Every inch of table, sofa, chair and mantelpiece space was covered with litter: pebbles, faded flowers, napkin rings, cigar stumps, cherry stones, bits of rock, spoons, forks, bed-knobs, railway straps, candle-ends, cakes of soap, billiard balls, menus, lumps of sugar, and a thousand other things. On looking more closely I saw that to each was affixed a card bearing a name and a date.

I picked one up and read it: "The Dover Pageant, July 28," it ran; "Louis N. Parker's cigar stump."

"Ah!" she said, "that 's one of my bulliest souvenirs. Wasn't it lucky to get that? Won't it make some of the others just mad with jealousy?"

I picked up another: a spoon, with the name of a well-known Deeside hotel on it.

"That 's a Scotch one," she said. "You have to be spry to get those, I can tell you; the waiters are all up to it now. Mamma was caught pocketing hers, but I got mine all right. Poor mamma, she 's so unlucky. It cost her several dollars to square a horrid landlord at Stratford-on-Avon just because she was pocketing a napkin ring. I got mine, though—there it is!"

"I 'm most particular," she continued, "to get them all myself; there 's no fun in getting others to do it for you. Why, there 's some girls mean enough to sit down at home, after they get back, and make souvenirs out of things they find there, and fix up labels for them just as if they were real. But all mine are genuine. And the trouble! Look at that plum stone there—that was left on Mr. Thomas Hardy's plate the day we called at Max Gate, Dorchester. He 'd had plum pie for lunch. It cost me a quarter to get that from the parlourmaid. I had to be sure



PREHISTORIC MAUD ALLANS.

It would be the greatest mistake to imagine that this kind of thing was not all the rage in primeval times.

it was not Mrs. Hardy's, for example: that 's what made the difficulty. Oh, I tell you, souvenir-hunting is no picnic.

"That red wine-glass," she went on, "is from Oxford—the Mitre, you know. That button I cut off an undergraduate's coat when he wasn't looking. That piece of soap is from a toilet place at Penshurst."

"But don't you think——? Isn't it rather like——?" I began.

"Oh, I know what you 're going to say," she said. "'Isn't it rather like stealing?' All you Britishers say that, and I 'm fairly worn out answering. Of course it isn't. Americans don't steal, I 'd have you know. It 's just souvenir-hunting—a compliment to the old country, too."

"Very flattering, indeed," I said.

The Power of the Press.

"The Crisis in Persia is dealt with by a Special Correspondent."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

A HINT FOR A HEAT-WAVE.

What though the car of Phœbus stands
Above us in a copper sky,
And pavements burn, and palsied hands
From shining temples hunt the fly,—
I do not care. I have a rule
For keeping all the time profoundly cool.

When other bards desert the town
To lave, beside some river's brim,
A Muse deplorably run down,
Or, fading into forests dim,
Discover that remote shebeen
Where wood-nymphs manufacture Hippocrene;

I watch the butter float about,
The weary milk in torture turn;
But still my appetite is stout,
I sleep and eat with unconcern,
And in the morn I rise and sing
As gaily as a laverock on the wing.

Yet think not that a saline draught
Or airy suit of underclothes
Has steeled me to Apollo's shaft,
While other men perspire with oaths;
Ah, no, it is a simpler ruse
That saves my epiderm when London stews.

When pressmen make a vast parade,
And climate-mongers mourn the fact
Of glasses 90° in the shade,
Whose bulbs are very nearly cracked,
The artless poet's plain device
Is *keeping his thermometer in ice!*

The Horse before the Cart.

"Unlike most Parliamentarians, he (Clémenceau) has not run after his followers."
National Review.

A POPULAR AUTHORITY.

He slipped smiling into the vacant seat beside mine on the top of the omnibus—a rusty, unprepossessing little man, somewhat frayed at the edges, and with a general air upon him that suggested a combination of Drink and the British Museum.

"I see," he began without apology, "that you are perusing one of my latest. I shall be glad to hear how it strikes you."

I glanced from him to my half-penny newspaper in surprise. "As a matter of fact," I replied, in a tone of corrective hauteur, "I am at present reading an article by 'an Eminent Harley Street Specialist' (whose name is not given) upon the Hygienic Aspects of Sea Bathing."

"Precisely," returned the seedy one affably. "Mine."

"Yours?" My look must have betrayed my incredulity, for he smiled again, apparently not ill pleased.

"I can repeat it by heart," he said, "if you wish for proof. It consists mainly of a few simple precautions to be observed by holiday-makers at the present season. You will correct me if I misquote. 'In dipping the head, care should be taken not to remain beneath the surface for more than half an hour. It is inadvisable for non-swimmers to dive into deep water immediately after a heavy meal. Never bathe in elastic-sided boots on a hot day. If the body turns bright blue all over and begins to swell, get yourself pulled out at once.' Do you want any more?"

"On the contrary," I answered hastily, shaken but still unconvinced. Those impressive statistics on the dietetic properties of sea-water, was it possible that they also could have been written by the individual beside me? I glanced at him again dubiously.

"All of it," he said, as though in answer to my thoughts. "Without me you would never have realised the exact proportion of hyposulphates in a mouthful of Margate, or the comparative values in solution of Southsea and Scarboro'. It is I who tell you these things—not once, but many times."

I was impressed in spite of myself. "I fancied," I rejoined, "that I had read something very like them before."

The stranger smiled proudly. "Almost correct," he answered. "Your memory, my dear Sir, is above the average. You have read, not something very like them, but those identical words, every August for more years than I care to count. And yet," he added dreamily, "properly considered, that bathing article is but in its first youth."

"There is one other thing," I ventured, not without hesitation, for I was beginning to revise my first estimate of him; "the style. I seem to catch an echo—other articles which are somehow familiar, but which I cannot definitely place."

This time he beamed in absolute triumph. "I congratulate you," he exclaimed warmly; "you have the perception of the connoisseur. Of course, many of my works are doubtless familiar to you. My monograph on the restorative properties of strawberries-and-cream will be fresh in your memory. It appeared in June, and had a popularity that I may describe without vanity as enormous. Indeed, with perhaps the possible exceptions of 'The Prophylactic Pancake' and 'Plum Pudding as a Force-Producer,' published on Shrove Tuesday and December 25th respectively, I should consider it the most widely read of all my purely alimentary writings."

"You have, then, other spheres of literary activity?"

"Without doubt. There is indeed hardly a hygienic aspect of popular amusement or interest that has not, from time to time, furnished its theme, either of warning or encomium, for my active pen. To take an example, 'Diabolo as a Preventative of Disease'—that was one of my greatest successes in 1907. Later on, however, I invented the Diabolo Squint, and thus practically annihilated the craze. I have a great deal of power. There were others also last year that you may not have forgotten. 'What Limericks do for the Brain,' 'Should the Bald Balloon?' and a dozen more. All mine!"

I uncovered with reverence. "I had no idea," I said, "that I was in the presence of an authority so versatile and so renowned."

"Not at all," said the stranger, and held out his hand, which I grasped cautiously. Our mutual esteem was complete. But for all that there was one trifling inconsistency that even then perplexed me. Appearances are notoriously misleading, but still—"an Eminent Harley Street Specialist" with flip-flap cuffs! I leaned forward, extending the newspaper and mutely calling his attention to the description with a look of enquiry.

He did not seem at all embarrassed. "Aha!" he said smiling, and might have been about to add more; but perceiving that we were now in Bloomsbury he substituted a hasty "Good morning" and descended briskly from the omnibus. I had a last glimpse of him standing before a small newspaper shop regarding proudly a contents-bill that displayed in letters of crimson and black the words "Are Holidays Harmful? Famous Medico Speaks."



Irate Overseer. "Here, I say! What the blazes are you doing here? I gave you the sack yesterday!"

Battered Person. "Yes, I know you did. And don't you do it never no more. My missus went on somethink awful when she heard!"



THE CONFLICT OF THE SEXES.

SCENE—*A picturesque fishing village on the East Coast.*

"LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, YOU WON'T GET NO PLACE 'ERE IN *AUGUST!* LEASTWAYS NOT A EVENIN' EFFECK. IF YOU WAS TO COME DOWN TOWARD THE LATTER 'ALF O' NEXT WEEK, YOU *MIGHT* 'AVE A CHARNCE OF A MORNIN'."

THE CONTROVERSIAL DRAMA.

THE action of Messrs. HALL CAINE and LOUIS NAPOLEON PARKER in basing their new play upon an aspect of the Ideals of Marriage now being so ably discussed in *The Daily Telegraph*, has drawn a warm eulogy from that journal. In a recent leading article *The Telegraph* observes, not without complaisance, that nowadays the drama "fortifies its customary appeal by distinct and immediate reference to the burning topics that occupy our newspapers." Envious of earning a similar encouragement, several other managers are, we understand, taking steps to bring their respective entertainments into line with the correspondence columns of the daily press.

Thus it is (incredibly) rumoured that, in view of the interest aroused by the Silly Season discussion of "The Curate's Lot," Mr. BEERBOHM TREE contemplates an immediate revival of *The Private Secretary*. Obviously the spectacle of the *Rev. Robert Spalding* in the oak-chest cannot fail to have a powerful effect on the apologists for the present position of our Assistant Clergy.

In this connection also a protest reaches us from Daly's to the effect that the Lyceum is by no means the only theatre whose production may be said to bear upon the vexed question of matrimony and its consolations. Undoubtedly *The Merry Widow* presents an aspect of the same problem that should not be overlooked.

Finally, with regard to another topic which at present occupies popular attention—The Treatment of the Feeble-Minded—we need only mention that at least four West-End houses are nightly presenting some form of Musical Comedy.

Black Sheep in the Fold.

"During the last twelve months more than one hundred bicycles have been reported to the Surrey constabulary as having been stolen from porches of country churches. Captain Sant, the chief constable of the county, has issued a warning to vicars and churchwardens."
Manchester Evening News.

Classified under "Employment Wanted."

"BLACK PUGS; good specimens; 25/-, 35/- each."

It would be a help if the owner would state what kind of employment the dogs prefer.

From *Fellowship*, the journal of the Browning Settlement:

"Here is a sheaf of dates which coincided without any design by persons participating:—

"On the day after Browning's birthday, December 13th, the Settlement began to be (1894) . . . .

"Two days after Browning's birthday, May 9th, 1899, the National Committee of Organised Labour was formed."

It did look rather suspicious at first sight, but we gladly absolve the poet from the charge of complicity.

The schedule issued from the Board of Trade in its search for information regarding the Bleaching and Dyeing Industries contains a question as to the number of working days in the year. There is a note for the reply:

"If the answer to this question is 'None,' the proper entry is 'None.' Blanks are misleading."

We hope the gentleman who drew up the form was not influenced by his experience at his own office.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

"I love my love with an H because he is handsome, and his name is Hardy, and he lives on a hill," was no doubt what *Miss Leslie* used to say to herself, though I don't think M. E. Francis, the author of *Hardy-on-the-Hill* (Methuen), has mentioned it; but, anyhow, the heroine's aspirations could not be realized at once, because *Mr. Hardy* stood on a much lower level socially than territorially, being, in fact, a yeoman farmer of Dorset, while she was the daughter of an Oxford don. Besides there was a polished villain who attempted to entangle her; and *Hardy* very foolishly engaged himself to a girl of his own class. After being saved, however, from flood and fire through the hero's athletic resourcefulness *Miss Leslie* very properly decided (calculating, perhaps, on the chances of an earthquake) to overlook class distinctions; and, other complications being removed, is now, I believe, *Mrs. Hardy*. The tale is pleasantly and skilfully told and indulges the reader with one of those glimpses of farm-life which he resolutely determines to believe in. But is not the title that Mrs. Blundell has chosen rather daring for a Wessex romance? What if the publishers were to startle us some fine morning with "*Phillpotts-on-the-Dart*, a Devonshire idyll"; or "*Corelli-super-mare*, a simple tale of the sea"!

Mr. John Long has recently published a book called *The Hard Way*, which, according to the title-page, is written by A Peer. Think of that! A real live peer. If the otherwise anonymous author had been a mere commoner, I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Long would have sent him and his MS. back to school to learn many things, amongst others that the German for "why" is *warum* and not *warim*, and that "dear" is *liebe* and not *leibe*. After all, *noblesse oblige* even in such trifling matters as spelling and grammar and style; and personally I should think a good many times before I wrote "*je les ai comptes*," or said that "the irrepressible crumples of her nature rose to a quick thought," or called a plebeian pocket handkerchief "a hemmed inornate square." But then I am not a peer. The moral of *The Hard Way* is that young ladies who propose to commit bigamy ought to be quite sure that no one knows about marriage number one before they venture to go through the ceremony of number two. Poor *Delilah Chertsey* omitted that precaution and paid the penalty in the shape of blackmail and much distress of mind. As her first husband was locked up in a lunatic asylum for all but three days of their married life, and her second died almost as soon as they had legally become man and wife, she did not altogether have a very lively time. But she has at least the consolation of feeling that her biography has been written by a peer.

If there is any author whom I would have backed to clear up with a triumphant surprise the most bewildering tangle, that author is Mr. Richard Marsh, and he has disappointed me. *The Surprising Husband* (Methuen)—the title beckons you—deals with certain social difficulties connected with the coloured race question, and what with obeahs and voodoos, prejudices and conventions, Mr. Marsh knots together as pretty a piece of puzzlement as even he could conceive. He works it up cleverly. The various players in the game are distinct and convincing, if one or two of them *are* a thought *bizarre*, and you read on wondering how on earth matters will get straight—for of course they will. There is one way out which you will think of at once, but, knowing Mr. Marsh, you will reject it, for anybody could put his harassed hero alone into an open boat at sea and make it turn turtle. Mr. Marsh, you say, will surely never do anything so obvious as that. Yet—— But perhaps that *is* the surprise.



Poet (to Blackbird). "For goodness' sake be quiet! I'm trying to write about a *skylark!*"

Extracts from *The Edge o' Beyond*, by Gertrude Page (Hurst and Blackett), might be read with advantage at the next meeting of the Chartered Company, for in this story of Rhodesian life the author has shown impartially both the sunshine and the shadows of that land of charm and mystery. At first I thought that *Joyce Grant* was going to be the heroine, but I was wrong. Rhodesia soon asserted a better claim to that distinction. The fortunes of *Mrs. Grant* left me apathetic, but Rhodesia is a Circe with magic to paralyse the critical faculties of her suitors. Yet she has her practical side. "If you don't happen to have private means, or, at any rate, not less than £800 capital, you 'll probably go under." This, to the idealist, may be a little disappointing; but, after all, many heroines with less to give have asked for more.

Recipe for "Chocolate Pudding" in *The Manchester Evening Chronicle*:

"One quart milk, 3 tablespoons sugar, little salt. Thicken with 2 tablespoons corn starch. Add ½ cup shredded cocoanut."

If that doesn't do it, take out everything except the salt, add a leg of mutton and a turnip, and call it Roast Beef.

Socialistic Candour.

"The ethics of Poor Law Relief are founded on robbery of the poor. Its administration is rotten to the core. The decent poor refuse to accept it. Decent citizens are reluctant to dispense it . . . Meantime, the vacancies created on the Board are to be contested by the local Socialists."—*The Clarion.*

CHARIVARIA.

"KING ALFONSO," a newspaper tells us, "was recognised while shopping in London owing to the fact that a policeman chased his hat, which had been blown away." The constable, we suppose, noticed that the hat had a crown to it.

***

Miss MAUD ALLAN has written a book which will be published shortly by Messrs. EVERETT. It is entitled "My Life and Dancing," and it is rumoured that the quaint conceit has occurred to the authoress of issuing the volume without a cover.

***

HOLBEIN'S ten-year-old son, we are told, has swum a quarter of a mile off Dover after four lessons given by his father. That there should be a distinguished HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER as well as a distinguished HOLBEIN THE ELDER is only following a famous precedent.

***

General BOOTH has addressed a "Message to the Army" on the subject of Woman, upon whose equality with Man he insists. "Unfortunately," says the General, "a large number of people of every class think otherwise. They still cling to the notion of bygone ages." But surely the notion of bygone ages is essentially a feminine one? Ask any woman how old she is.

***

Miss EDITH NEW, who was sent to Holloway for throwing stones at the PRIME MINISTER'S house, informed some admirers that, while in prison, she selected the following motto for the Movement which she favoured:—"Out of the nettle of danger we pluck the flower of safety." More appropriate, we should have thought, would have been: "I asked for a stone, and received bread—and water."

***

Miss ETHEL CARNIE, of Great Harwood, who quitted the loom in order to devote herself to poetry, states that the earnings of her pen are considerably larger than the wages of a mill-winder. This is as it should be.

***

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to complain that a clergyman of the Church of England who was conducting a funeral service at Canterbury wore brown boots. A much greater scandal, surely, was the case of a curate who turned up on a similar occasion with red hair.



A FEW PLAIN WORDS.

Landlady. "DID YOU CALL ME, MR. SMITH?"
Lodger. "OH NO. I WAS MERELY HOLDING A SLIGHT CONVERSATION WITH THE BUTTER!"

A number of men who for some time past have been living on a dust-shoot at Tilbury docks have, as the result of police proceedings, been sent to gaol. It is not, however, proposed at present to take any steps in regard to those persons who have houses on high roads affected by motorists.

***

A correspondent writes to protest against the formation of Rat and Sparrow Clubs. He considers that instead of supplying these pests with clubs we should do all that is possible to make things uncomfortable for them.

***

An official of the Board of Agriculture, speaking on the Sparrow question, said: "The only point that we have been able to adduce in the sparrow's favour is that the young birds feed partly upon caterpillars, beetles, crane-flies, and other insects." This means that the sparrow is doomed, for we have reason to believe that the caterpillars, beetles, crane-flies, and other insects will be willing to waive their privilege.

***

Clifford's Inn is for sale. We are astonished that this fact has not been attributed to the Licensing Bill.

***

"What are those wires up there?" asked a visitor to London, pointing to the Admiralty building. "Wireless telegraphy," answered a well-informed man.

We have received from a greedy little boy a letter marked "Urgent," begging us to impress on the Government the importance of keeping on friendly terms with all the other Powers, as he has just heard that a Report of the Board of Agriculture shows this country to be almost entirely dependent on foreigners for food supplies.

The Standard was the only London paper which did justice to the Surrey and Gloucestershire match. The first headline on this subject was

"MODERATE DISPLAY BY SURREY AT BATH."

This was followed at a respectful distance by

"JESSOP AS A BOWLER AT CHELTENHAM."

After which the account proper began with the words

"Surrey had all the worst of the day's play at Bristol."

The silence of *The Standard* upon the happenings at Taunton and Clifton is highly suspicious.

"PEDIGREE CATTLE RUN DOWN.—Seven valuable pedigree cattle were killed by a light engine at Hadnock siding, Monmouth."
Liverpool Evening Express.

"LIGHTNING'S VICTIMS.—Seven valuable pedigree cattle were killed by lightning at Hadnock Siding, Monmouth."—*Ib.* (*next column.*)

If *that* doesn't give you some idea of the romance of a sub-editor's life we can do nothing more for you.

THE NORTH-GERMAN-LLOYD-GEORGE.

AS OTHERS SEE HIM.

[NOTE.—Among the many enquiries and confidences exchanged in the course of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE'S visit to Germany, it was to be remarked that no curiosity was shown on the one side, and no information voluntecred on the other, as to the actual object of the violently rapid advance in German naval construction.]

Extract from a letter addressed by a leading German politician to a compatriot abroad:—

"THE Angel of Peace (unofficial), whose wings we have been stroking for the last month or so, has by now alighted on his native shore, and we are pushing forward our *Dreadnought* programme with renewed encouragement. It has transpired during his tour that the British fleet is only twice the size of ours and not three times, as was popularly supposed; so that we have a softer job than we thought.

The facilities offered to Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in his investigation into our contributory system of Old Age Pensions may have astonished you, familiar as you are with our habit of arresting any foreigner who is found with a camera in the neighbourhood of such things. But we knew our man—we knew that he would never go back on his own scheme; and our confidence has not been misplaced. The first of his prolific utterances after his return shows that he is confirmed in his opinion that the non-contributory system adopted by the Radical Party—a system which is to absorb all those millions needed for their fleet—is the most satisfactory for veterans over 70. All of us here very heartily endorse this view.

Meanwhile these harmless facilities have greatly flattered his belief in our devotion to Great Britain. Here is a typical specimen of our conversations with him:—

German Merchant. We greet in you, Sir, the emissary of a nation with whom we have ever been on terms of the most intimate affection, and never more so than to-day.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I reciprocate your language of endearment. But you must not suppose that I have an official mission. I have no direct authority to arrange an alliance between our two cousinly nations. At the same time, as mere private individuals, Mr. HAROLD SPENDER and I will be happy to meet any or all of your leading statesmen who may care to discuss with us the topic of disarmament. By the way, how is your fleet?

German Merchant. Thank you, it may hardly be said to exist; certainly not in comparison with yours, which must ever remain unapproachable in its magnificence.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I knew I was right. I always said that an irresponsible Press had fabricated these stories about the ambitious character of your Naval Programme.

German Merchant. If there is any such Programme—and I have not heard of it—yours would be the very last country against which its aim would be directed.

Mr. Lloyd-George. I have always said so; and my opinions have been shared by every well-informed Englishman. As for the others, I attribute their suspicions purely to ignorance, which would be dissipated by a closer familiarity with your amiable race.

German Merchant. In every island there must always be a certain measure of insularity.

Mr. Lloyd-George. Very true, and admirably expressed. I could wish that more of my fellow-countrymen were as widely-travelled as Mr. HAROLD SPENDER and myself. Still, even for the unenlightened masses of Great Britain, the presence of so many German waiters in our midst ought to constitute a very strong bond. And now I shall return with a new song of hope in my mouth and pursue with fresh confidence the ideal of my maturer manhood, namely, the reduction of the British Fleet. In this noble work I shall enjoy the enthusiastic collaboration of my honourable friend, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

German Merchant. Ah! There you have a great statesman. If Mr. CHURCHILL would only patronise our poor country for his honeymoon, what a reception he would have!

Mr. Lloyd-George. I will convey to him the assurance of your profound admiration. And now, since I have the happy prospect of other conversations of a similar character with innumerable gentlemen equally concerned to secure a better understanding between our two nations. . . . .

And so forth, for weeks on end.

You will naturally ask, how is it that our adored KAISER has not had a hand in all this? My dear, the strongest restraint had to be put upon him in official quarters to prevent his summoning Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE and saying the wrong thing; or at least spoiling the general air of spontaneity by overdoing the *Hoch!* business. He might even, in a spasm of tactlessness, have invited his visitor to a review of our North Sea Battle Fleet. And it takes a cleverer man than the KAISER to explain away the objective of a thing like that.

By the way, I heard a rumour that when LLOYD-GEORGE came here he was a secret-Tariff Reformer at heart. Well, we have corrected all that. We have shown him that our finances are in a parlous condition, that everything is costing us more, that the land is groaning under a tyrannous system of tariffs. He returns with his old faith in Free Trade restored tenfold.

So altogether we have done some fairly good strokes of work for the Fatherland. Yours,

O. VON S.

[We hold ourselves in no way responsible for either the statements or the sentiments contained in this letter, which came into our hands through the ordinary processes of journalistic enterprise.—ED. *Punch.*]

Romance of a Chorus Girl.

"Shall not be back. So sorry. Am married."

Such, according to a general consensus of the Press, was the wording of the epoch-making telegram sent by Miss ELSIE KAY of the *Gay Gordons'* Company to Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS. *The Daily Mail*, however, possibly enjoying exceptional information, arranges the breathless sentences in a more piquant order, as follows:

"Shall not be back. Am married. So sorry."

As an advertisement for Mr. HICKS'S Company, the one is, of course, just as useful as the other; but, oh, the difference to *her!*

	Innings.	Not out.	Highest Score.	Total	Average.
"T. A. Hilditch	3 ...	0 ...	1 ...	2 ...	0·20."

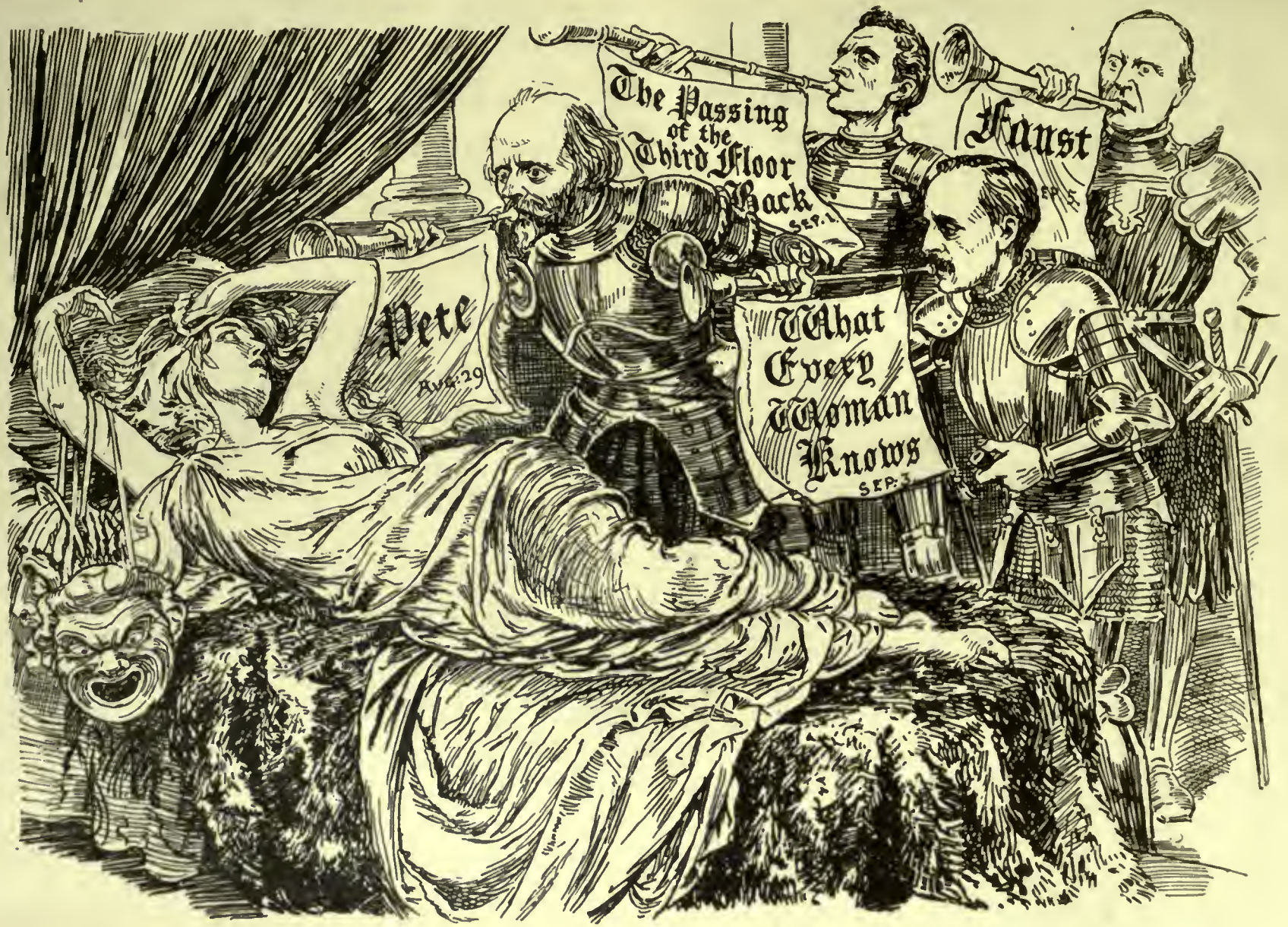
Birmingham Gazette.

It is too bad, when your average is really 0·66666 for as long as you like, to have it put down quite shortly and incorrectly as 0·20. It gives onlookers a completely erroneous idea of your form, and more than justifies an action for libel.

"REMEMBERS WATERLOO.

CLERKENWELL WOMAN OF NINETY WHO DOES WASHING."—*Lloyd's News.*

We are much afraid, though, that *that* story won't wash.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

A TERRIFIC AWAKENING.



"HURRAY, UNCLE! COME ALONG! HERE'S ANOTHER CIRCUS!"

THE LAST MATCH.

"So Yorkshire 's top again," said CHARLES. "Well, somebody had to be, as it couldn't be Surrey."

"It certainly couldn't be Surrey," I agreed.

"More likely Surrey than Kent, anyhow."

"There was once a county," I said, "which went all the way down to the West of England to play a weak side called Gloucestershire. The county I am speaking of went in first and made slightly more than a hundred. The very weak side replied with nearly three hundred, whereupon the county we have in mind made a great effort, and (if you will believe me) approximated to the second century. And on the third day the stop press news said: 'Bank rate unchanged.' The moral is——"

"I seem to remember a match at the Oval against Kent," said CHARLES.

"I seem to remember," I said, "a dog-faced man at BARNUM'S. We all felt sorry, but nobody deduced anything from it. By the way, an old county player, who saw that match, told me——"

"What was his county? Rutland?"

"No, the Isle of Man. They play a lot of cricket there, but of course the great match used to be against Sodor. They had to stop it at last, because the crowd at Douglas barracked them so. Yes, mostly trippers . . . . from Cambridgeshire and Australia . . . qualifying for Surrey . . . Oh, hush!"

I dodged behind the sofa and waved a handkerchief.

"Peace," I said, "and we will curse Yorkshire together."

We sat down and did so.

"It 's their fielding that does it," said CHARLES at last. "The papers don't buck fielding up enough. They think of nothing but centuries."

"There ought to be catching averages in the papers," I agreed. "*Catches given:* 38. *Times not out:* 36. *Caught bending:* 2. Something like that. And then you might go on: *Sitters:* 18. *Sun in the eyes:* 5. *Much more difficult than they looked:* 27.. *Didn't start soon enough:* 9. *Started too soon:* 9, and *Was talking to friend on boundary:* 1. I don't quite know how you 'd work out the average from that, but however it was arranged you could always write to the papers afterwards and show that it was the wrong way. Which I take to be the main thing."

"Anyhow," said CHARLES, "the championship order is worked out on the wrong system."

"I know it is; but the sickening thing is that Yorkshire comes top under any system. I 've tried. Except one, where you divide the losses by the wins, and multiply by the number of letters in the county's name. When that is adopted, keep your eye on Northamptonshire. That 's my tip."

"It 's the ignoring drawn games which is so absurd. Why shouldn't they have the vote just as much as wins and losses? And it isn't as if they really did ignore them altogether. The runs made in them count in the averages."

"And you never get your sixpence back."

"'Sacred to the Memory of Yorkshire *v.* Gloucestershire. Drawn Aug. 26, 1908. N.B.—He was ignored.'"

I wiped away a tear.

"But, of course," I said, "there are some matches which ought to be ignored. There was one between Kent and Surrey at the Oval, for instance."

"I don't think that ought to have been ignored," said CHARLES, "though I agree with you that the public should have had their money back. They were led to expect a match."

"There was nothing in the last twenty meetings of Kent and Surrey to lead them to expect that."

"Talking of Northamptonshire," said CHARLES, hastily, "did you see that one of them made a century the other day? They gave him a bat, I expect. Probably with a splice. Do you think they had a half-holiday in the villages?"

"They didn't give him a bat. He had a crest worked on the pocket of his shirt. Why do you rag Northamptonshire? It isn't the bottom county."

"Which is? Somerset?"

"I think so. Who is that very good professional who plays for Somerset? He was born in some other county, but they thought they could do without him. I don't mean FRY. Begins with a B., I fancy?"

"You don't mean HUTCHINGS? Oh, but you said 'good.'"

"No, this man played several times for Surrey, but they kicked him out at last, because they had a man coming over from Tasmania. When I say coming over from Tasmania, I mean that his people were all born in Cambridgeshire."

CHARLES lit a cigarette calmly.

"Had a good season yourself?" he asked.

"That 's right," I said. "Let 's bury the hatchet again. Yes, I had one very jolly week's cricket in Dorset. Didn't I tell you?"

"Dorset? By Jove, of course I read about it in *The Times*. Let 's see, you all came from Kent, more or less, didn't you? Kent Wanderers or something, you called yourselves."

"That 's it. Was it really in *The Times?* I didn't know they went in for cricket like that. Did they give the full scores?"

"Oh, no. No, it was quite a small paragraph. Something like this. 'The farmers'—yes, that was it—'the Dorset farmers complain of the unusually large number of rabbits about this summer. Steps are to be taken to exterminate them.' . . . Er—if it isn't a rude question, what *did* they do?"

. . . . . .

"Well," said CHARLES, "it 's all over. We can be friends in the winter, anyhow."

"Quite," I said. "And you mustn't mind what I said about Surrey. Because as a matter of fact nobody has a greater admiration for Surrey than I.

"Really?" said CHARLES, and he looked quite pleased.

"Yes. It 's a fine county. I am not referring to its cricket now, but to its scenery. A fine county. Leith Hill, and so on. Well, I shall see you at Blackheath next season, I suppose. You must come up for that. All three days, if you can."

"There won't be a third day," said CHARLES with a grin.

"No," I agreed calmly.

And each of us flattered himself that he had scored. A. A. M.

THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES.

LETTER FROM A BALHAM RESIDENT.

Summer Grove,
374, Railway Terrace,
Balham, S.W.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to ask your advice on the subject of the Professional Classes, as I bought a second-hand copy of one of your volumes for my little girl to colour the prints, and no doubt you will agree with me that business is business. I will confine myself to an exact statement of my experiences.

I lately bought the house I now live in (having moved from another in the same terrace for this purpose); that is to say, I paid £70 down, and I pay £17 8s. a year interest on the mortgage, which is like paying rent; but the house is my own property *and I can sell it at any time.* In short, I am my own Landlord. When we got the deed from the Lawyer (who had stupidly called it a "Conveyance," causing us a cruel disappointment, as my dear wife has always wanted to have a pony and trap when we can afford it; but I will not go into that)—I say, when we read the deed, *Mr. Punch*, we found that the previous owner had had a seizure and died in the house. My dear wife could not rest until she knew whether it was an infectious disease, and it was only right that we should be informed on this point. Accordingly I wrote to the Lawyer and asked him, "Can you tell me whether the complaint of which the last owner died was infectious or not?" He replied, "We are not in a position to answer your question, but would suggest that you consult his medical adviser on the subject."

As I did not know who this medical adviser was, I went to my doctor. He charges two shillings in the morning and sixpence after seven o'clock, which I think is most unreasonable; and he will not give you a bottle with the medicine, but only a cork. I asked him whether fits were catching. He said "No, not usually," and asked what sort of fits I meant. "Hearditaments," I told him. "What?" he said, as if I had not spoken clearly. I told him again, louder. He frowned and said, "There 's no such disease."

"In the fee simple," I explained, for it said so in the deed.

"What do you mean?" he cried testily.

I explained. I said, "It 's where they have them, of course."

He got quite red, and asked in a most disrespectful manner, "Where *who* have *what?*"

"Hearditaments," I answered; "I 've told you three times."

He sighed in a silly despairing sort of way and said, "My dear Sir, I assure you there is no such disease. Good day. I have patients waiting to see me."

Promptness I always hold to be the soul of business, and I went on straight to the Lawyer to tell him of the absurd mistake he had made. When I was shown into the office he said, "How de do? Sit down. You 've brought the deeds?" I told him I had not. "I 've come," I said, "to tell you that I 've just been to see my doctor." He pretended to be puzzled. "You told me to see the late owner's medical adviser," I explained, "but I did not know who he was, so I went to ask my doctor." "Oh, ah, yes," he said; "I remember. Well?"

"Well," I said, "there is *no such disease.*"

"As what?"

"As what you said."

"*I* said?"

"Yes; in the deed."

He frowned a little, and then said in a foolish mincing manner, "Pray, Mr. PABSLIP, endeavour to make yourself clear. Here is a copy of the Conveyance. Will you kindly point out the passage you refer to?" So I let him see it with his own eyes: "*And whereas the said Tobias Spinkwell Woosnap who died the, etc., etc., was seized with hearditaments in the fee simple,*" &c. He still pretended to be puzzled. "Well, what is your question?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "the doctor says there is no such disease; that 's all."

"No such disease as *what?*"

"Hearditaments, of course."

"What?"

"Hearditaments." I admit that I raised my voice, as I was naturally annoyed at the man's extraordinary dulness.

He looked again at the paper, and then fell back in his chair twitching, so that I thought it was a stroke.

Then I saw he was laughing. He behaved in a most extraordinary way, *Mr. Punch*. He yelped once like a dog, called me a wag, and tried to poke me with a ruler, but I drew back in time. Then he suddenly became very stern, and spoke to me in a low voice, shuffling the papers about on his desk and not looking at me. He said such conduct was indecorous, and that I was wasting his time; and he went and held the door open for me as if *I* had yelped or tried to poke *him* with the ruler.

On the strength of what the doctor told us, we bought the house, which is now *absolutely my own property;* but you will not be surprised, *Mr. Punch*, at my writing to you on the subject of the Professional Classes; and I have this morning received a bill from the Lawyer in which he makes this monstrous statement and charge:

"*June 17th.*—Attending you on your calling and informing us that the late owner had died of an infectious disease, and you asked us whether we were aware of the fact, and subsequently informed us you had consulted your medical adviser, but we advised you you were misinformed, and explaining to you the terms of the Conveyance . . . 10*s.*"

Enclosing stamp, and thanking you in anticipation,

Yours faithfully,

J. M. PABSLIP.

[We have read Mr. PABSLIP's communication several times with close attention but have been quite unable to gather what the point is upon which he asks our advice. We therefore have no alternative but to impound his postage stamp. We do this with deep regret.—ED.]

Two consecutive paragraphs in *The Standard* are headed:

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR
UNFOUNDED REPORT.

THE AUSTRIAN EMPEROR
UNFOUNDED RUMOUR."

And yet people complain that the Silly Season has not been as bright as usual this year.

"While Mr. Burns was busy over a veal cutlet the restaurant became crowded, but no one recognised the quiet man with the grey beard who lunched unobtrusively amongst them."
Glasgow Evening News.

We always thought veal cutlets were made of rabbit.

"The young couple left to catch the mail train, the bride's travelling dress being a smart Gibson goat."—*Natal Mercury.*

Pathetic cry from the bearded one: "*Why* do they call me a Gibson goat?"



Irish Lover (to his sweetheart, who has a big mouth). "IS IT MOLLY YE'RE JEALOUS OF, WITH HER MEESLEY LITTLE MOUTH? FAIX, I COULD KISS *YOURS* THREE TIMES OVER AND NIVER WANCE IN THE SAME PLACE!"

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

[*With acknowledgment to our Contemporaries.*]

THE theft of another art treasure from the Louvre has been reported to the police, who are of the opinion that the robbery is the work of thieves.

Yesterday, a gentleman who is a regular traveller on the Bakerloo, finding he had only a penny for a twopenny fare, asked to be allowed to tender two halfpenny stamps to make up the deficiency. After some demur the stamps were accepted.

The demand for an extra seat on Wandsworth Common is so great that the authorities have at last consented to do so, and the want will shortly be supplied.

AS JAMES MCILWRAITH, the professional golfer, was playing a round at Smedley Heath, a sheep was struck by the ball off the fourth tee holeing out nevertheless in two.

450,000 gallons of water passed over Teddington Weir yesterday on their way to the sea. The average for August is 448,000 gallons.

Owing to one-half of the bridge over the river at Putney being "up," traffic is confined to the other half from both sides of the river each way.

Visitors to the White City continue to show a lively interest in the "Golden Do——"

[No, no! *please.*—ED.]

THE BOOK-PLANTER.

WHAT you want is a good Digest, and a new Digest has just been published. Many of us have good digestions, but few (alas, how few!) have a good Digest. Most of us have no Digest at all. You even do not know what a Digest is. If you knew what a Digest was, you would see how much you stand in need of one. The more I think of it, the more I am persuaded that you want a Digest more than anything else in the world. Oh, how glad I am that you are going to have (as you will shortly see) a Digest at last!

This Digest, my dear boy, is a thing of countless pages and multitudinous print. Sometimes it is in a blue cover, sometimes in a brown; but even when its cover has been torn ruthlessly off its back in order to support the shorter leg of the table what remains is still a Digest. It is a Law-Book, full to the brim of cases. There are cases on page 29; there are cases on page 403; there are cases on page 1217. The Author wanted to have a case or two on the cover, but the Publisher, knowing that you would eventually use that part at any rate as a table-leg equalizer, refrained.

Thoughtful for others he is, this Publisher who sits in his office ordering copies to be printed as fast as he can order, and sending out his agent to thrust them into the hands of the public, however little they may like it.

Though I cannot hope to be as thoughtful as he is, I do my best for you. After long and anxious consideration, I have decided that you ought to have a Digest. You are going therefore to have a copy of this Digest to yourself; indeed, you are going to have my own, my only copy, at a slight, a very slight, reduction from the published price. Do not apologise for robbing me: do not waste words. The sooner you clear a space for it on your shelf, the shorter time it will lie about on your dining-room table.

Mark you, I have not bought it myself yet, and I wish heartily that I was not going to. But I am. GRAY thought that he was not going to buy one, but he did. The Man came to Chambers and insisted on seeing him. He smiled at GRAY, and GRAY mistakenly smiled back. In ten minutes he had given the Man an irrevocable order for a Digest which he did not want. When he gets down to the "P's," the Man will look me up. "Are you Mr. PERCIVAL?" he will ask, and when I tell him that I have been brought up in that belief he will smile at me. I shall make up my mind not to smile back, and shall smile back. In ten minutes I shall have given an order for a Digest which I do not want and am going to sell to you.

When GRAY told me what had happened to him and was going to happen to me, I was at first grieved and worried. "Am I worthy?" I thought; "for who am I that I should possess this stupendous tome?" I pondered over it, and suffered in my appetite and had sleepless nights until I remembered you and your needs. Then I was comforted and happy to think that you were going to buy it from me when I got it.

Of course you hate Digests (we all do); but I take it that you are prepared to buy? . . . Come now, you had better agree quietly. There are only four volumes, and no one wants you to read them. You need not pay till Monday. . . . Come, come, would you sooner have my copy, or risk an interview with the Man? If you are naughty and obstinate I shall certainly give him your address. Remember that while I only want you to take my one copy, the Man himself has no foolish and hidebound ideas about "One Man, One Digest." Another word, and your address is his.

I am glad to see that you are silent, and hope that your silence means consent. Let me warn you against the folly of hoping to escape by bribing the man who works the Flip-Flap at the Franco-British Exhibition, and procuring him to stop the engines and leave you suspended in mid-air. You will have been up there less than an hour and a quarter when the head of the Digest-man will appear over the edge of the cage. I cannot think how he will get there, but he will get there. He is not the man to stand any nonsense. I know a man who swore at him, and in two minutes that rash fellow had ordered not only a copy for himself, but a copy for his wife and one for his children. There is a limited *édition de luxe* in an unlimited number of volumes, bound in vellum, printed on India-paper, surrounded by the widest conceivable margins, containing signed portraits of all the *dramatis personæ*, and costing hundreds of pounds. The Man keeps this for refractory customers.

Come now, you had better agree like a sensible person to take my copy.

THE GOOD MAN AND CUPID.

(A Fable for the Silly Season.)

THERE was once a good and worthy man, a minister of the gospel and an altruist of intense activity, who was grievously distressed by the unhappy marriages in his neighbourhood. He saw young men who ought (as he thought) to marry JANE and ELIZA leading to the altar VIOLET and ERMINTRUDE; and young women fitted to be wise helpmates to JOHN and RICHARD setting their caps at REGINALD and HUGHIE; the result being the usual bickerings and dissatisfactions of the ill-matched.

The matter troubled him so seriously that he joined a toxophilite club and took lessons in archery until he could hit the gold at five hundred yards twenty times in succession; and having reached this state of proficiency he called on Dan Cupid and expressed to that mischievous and uncovered boy his disapproval of the happy-go-lucky way in which he pulled his bow-string and directed his arrows, almost without looking. He offered himself to shoot in his stead.

"There may be something in what you say," Cupid replied; "at any rate you seem to be older and graver and possibly wiser than I, and you certainly wear more clothes. Take the bow and try for yourself."

The good man did so, and the next day or so he was very busy conscientiously transfixing the hearts of his parishioners. Such was the accuracy of his aim that he made only one slip, and that was when, in his endeavours to unite by puncture the cardiac penumbras of pretty little LIZZIE PORTER and Mr. GODFREY BLOOM, his eye faltered, and instead Mr. GODFREY BLOOM was paired with the exceedingly unprepossessing DOROTHEA ATKINS, who happened to be standing close by.

The good man did all that was possible to repair the mischief which he felt his lapse had caused; but it was in vain, and Miss LIZZIE PORTER never regained her chance.

"Well," said Cupid, as he strolled into the good man's garden a few years after, "how has your shooting turned out? Perfectly, I suppose."

"No," the good man replied with a sigh, "I am afraid not. As a matter of fact the only happy brace in the whole bag are GODFREY and DOROTHEA."

"Quite so," said the little fellow. "I expected it. I always felt those archery lessons were a mistake."

"Then what is to be done?" asked the good man. "What is to

be done if neither taking aim nor shooting at random avails?"

"Nothing," said Cupid as he fitted an arrow to the string. "Nothing. I must just go on shooting and hope for the best."

"MUCH CONSIDERATION."

[After much consideration Mr. Arthur Collins and Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, the authors, have decided that the title of the autumn production at Drury Lane shall be "The Marriages of Mayfair."—*Daily Mail.*]

A. C. Now, then, what about the title? We 've got everything else fixed.

H. H. Ah, yes, the title. We ought to get something good.

C. R. Something to knock 'em, eh?

A. C. I should like marriage or the idea of marriage to come into it. The public always rise to that. But I hear that that confounded Lyceum crowd are going in for divorce in their new thing.

C. R. Yes, you 're quite right. Marriage is always a draw.

H. H. What do you think of "Money and Matrimony"?

A. C. Not bad; but not quite right.

C. R. "Love and Lucre"?

A. C. No, I don't care for "lucre": it 's an ugly word. Besides, love and marriage are so different.

H. H. Ha! ha! very good.

A. C. I didn't mean it to be funny. We 've got no time for jokes.

C. R. "Mayfair" is a useful word. It would draw the public. They all want to see how the rich live.

H. H. Wouldn't that be a good title, "How the Rich Live"?

A. C. Yes, for something else. Not for this. No, let 's see what we can do with "Mayfair."

H. H. "Mayfair and Mammon"?

A. C. No, we must have marriage in it.

H. H. "The Mayfair Marriage"?

A. C. Not bad, but not crisp enough.

C. R. How about "The Marriages of Mayfair"?

A. C. Splendid. That 's the ticket.

H. H. I don't see how it 's crisper than "The Mayfair Marriage."

A. C. Oh, yes it is. Here 's your health, RALEIGH, old man!

"Hop-growing has become a ruinous business. Out of a hundred acres in the Tonbridge district alone ninety were grubbed last winter, and another thirty-five cannot be picked on account of the mould."—*Daily Express.*

Tariff Reform means less mould, and arithmetic for all.



GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Charlie (caught helping himself in Giles's orchard). "JOVE! I'M NOT LEAVING THIS FARMER BEHIND AS I OUGHT TO. I SHALL HAVE TO GIVE UP SMOKING!"

LIFE STORIES.

THE middle part of last century was rich in budding talent, and many whose names are on the scroll of fame to-day were then struggling for a mere pittance.

There is a story of a little picture-frame shop in Eastcheap, where the frame-maker was just about to put up his shutters one dark winter's night when a brown-haired youth entered with a ragged parcel under his arm. Untying this, he spread upon the counter half-a-dozen sketches, and enquired the price of framing them. They appeared to the shopman to show great promise, and he remarked on their cleverness. "Ah!" said the youth, with a proud gleam in his eyes, "some day the world will hear of me!"

But it never did.

Answer to Correspondent.

"KODAK."—Yes, if you want to succeed as a contributor to the photographic press, your best plan is to perfect yourself in taking snap-shots of some gentleman attending his wife's funeral in peculiarly tragic circumstances. This kind of thing is in perfect taste, and very popular just now.



THE DANGER ZONE.

Head Beater. "HOUP, SANDY MON, KEEP BACK THERE! OR MAYBE YE'LL GET A PELLET IN THE NEB!"

KROUGLIK, UNLIMITED.

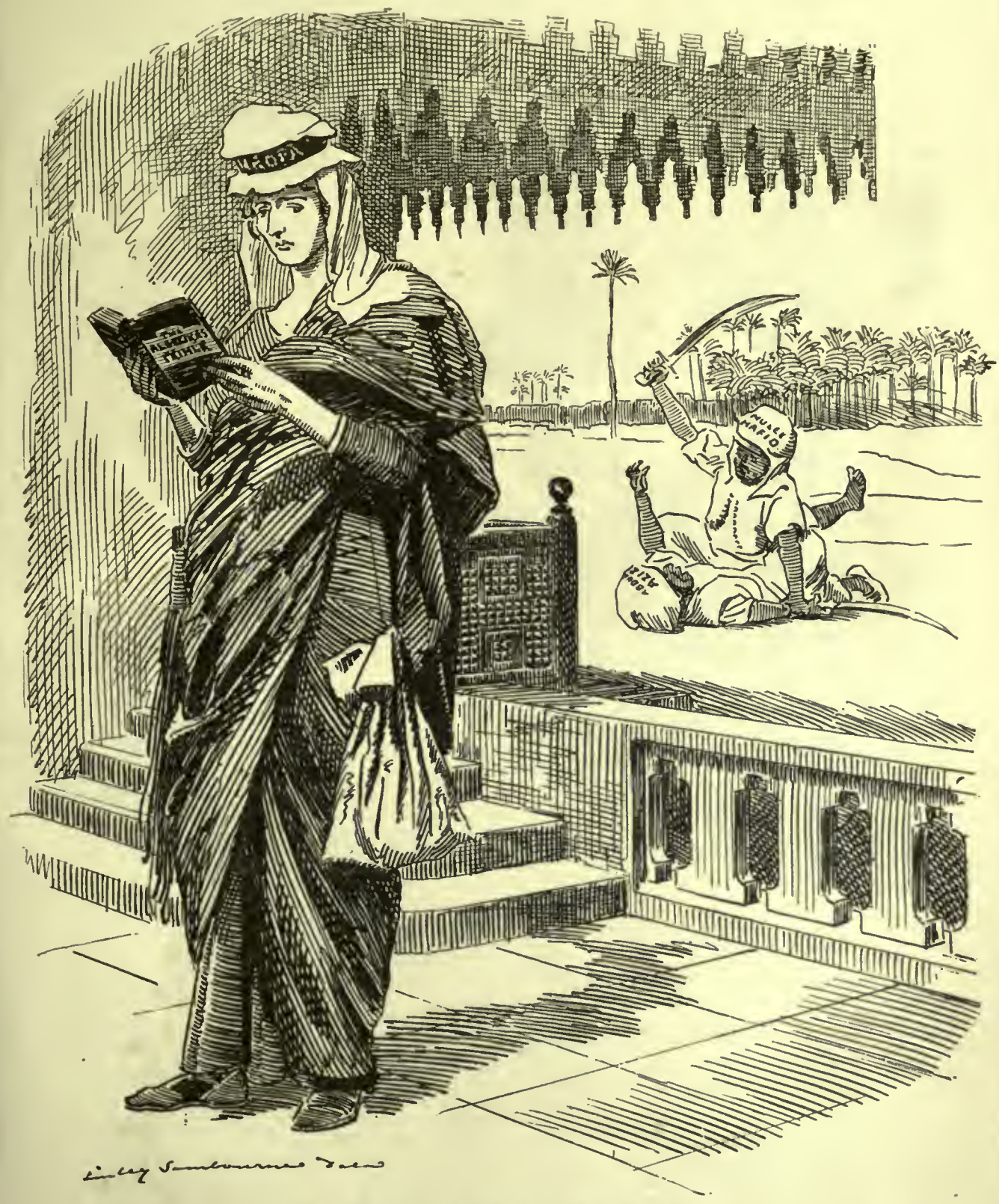
AN interesting development of the momentous discovery of Colonel OSHCHEVSKY KROUGLIK, recorded in *The Times* of the 25th ult., has been brought to our notice.

Colonel KROUGLIK, it will be remembered, has invented a flying machine, propelled by tin wings, and capable of attaining a speed of over 200 miles an hour. A certain amount of scepticism having been expressed in some quarters as to the genuineness of the invention, we are glad to be able to announce that a company has been formed for its manufacture and development, the constitution of which establishes the *bona fides* of the concern.

The chairman is, of course, Colonel KROUGLIK, who will also be managing director and chief aviator. But the board will be immensely strengthened by the accession of Captain von KOEPENICK, the famous German soldier, of KUBELIK, the illustrious violinist, of Mr. BENJAMIN KIDD, and last, but not least, Mr. PETER KEARY. It is also hoped that Lord KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM will join the board on allotment, as the inventor attaches the greatest possible importance to securing directors whose names begin with a K. Like Sir HIRAM MAXIM's new gun, the KROUGLIK flying machine is practically noiseless, except for a slight tintinnabulation caused by the rotation of the metal pinions, and Herr KUBELIK looks forward to being able to give flying recitals which will bring a far larger audience within the range of his instrument than heretofore. The apparatus is also capable of being attached to pianos, and Colonel KROUGLIK declares that it will enable athletic virtuosi, with their wives and press-agents, to proceed from capital to capital at a speed exceeding 150 miles an hour. At an experimental demonstration recently held at St. Petersburg Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER, the famous pianist, flew to Moscow on an overstrung Blüthsteinway, with his infant son lashed to the soft pedal, and alighted at the Kremlin amid the cheers of the populace, wittily remarking *chi va piano, va lontano.*

The flying machine itself closely resembles a Muscovy duck, and the motive power is supplied, not by a petrol engine, but by the muscular power of the aviator. The great advantage of this system over petrol-driven aeroplanes and dirigible balloons is that it combines exercise with excitement. As Mr. PETER KEARY observed the other day to Prince KROPOTKIN, Colonel KROUGLIK's machine is a perfect example of the ethics of the Higher Hustle. "You must work to get on, otherwise you will have to get out."

The KROUGLIK machine, again, is not only attachable to steamers and pianos. In a miniature form it can be used to assist the flight of golf-balls and other projectiles, to promote the rapid departure of unwelcome guests, or to accelerate the movement of tardy beasts of burden. In fine, from whatever point of view we contemplate this invention, it bids fair to become an exhilarating accession to the amenities of civilisation.



A FINE IMPARTIALITY.

Dame Europa. "OF COURSE, AS THEY'RE FIGHTING OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL PREMISES, I LOOK THE OTHER WAY. BUT—IF I MAY USE THE EXPRESSION—I BACK THE WINNER!"

HELP FOR AMATEUR ACTORS.

Gagging.—Should any improvement in your part occur to you during the performance, do not selfishly keep the discovery to yourself. Wait till the other actor has finished his love-passage and then bring out your witticism. But first wink to the prompter by way of warning, otherwise he may spoil everything.

False Beards.—These should be worn with due regard to the colour of wig affected by the amateur. Auburn beards are seen to the greatest advantage with grey hair. If you have the time and pluck you may add a touch of realism to your performance by *growing* a beard for yourself, then dyeing it the requisite shade. In this way you will score over the slovenly professional who invariably has recourse to artificial hair.

Eyebrows.—These should only be worn in extreme cases, or pantomime. Where the management has not provided a set, see the stage-carpenter about them. If there is no stage-carpenter, improvise a pair yourself. One false moustache cuts into four.

Trap-doors.—By L.C.C. ordinance, all trap-doors must open *outwards*, and be lowered once during every performance. Stage tradition allows these emergency exits to be used only by principals. Supers must all leave the stage by the wings.

Cues.—Instead of waiting for your cue at the wings, advance boldly on to the stage two or three minutes before you are expected. Your appearance will relieve the tension of the other actors, who are just growing anxious. The odd moments you have gained may be profitably spent in perfecting your part.

Taking Calls.—If the audience insists upon your reappearance before the curtain, step forward modestly, leading one of the principals by the hand. This piece of gracious condescension is bound to make you popular.

Stage-Managers.—Should the continued corrections of the stage-manager annoy you, do not (unless you have no understudy) offer to throw up your part. Instead, treat his impertinences with calm indifference. On the night of the performance you can show the public what you think of *his* ability by leaving out all these alterations.

Grease-paint.—To remove, boil the part affected in strong soda-and-water.



Piper. "THE VARRA PEST MUSIC I NEVER HEARD WHATEVER WAS DOUN AT JAMIE MACLAUCHLAN'S. THERE WASS FUFTEEN O' US PIPERS IN THE WEE BACK PARLOUR, ALL PLAYIN' DIFFERENT CHUNES. I THOCHT I WAS FLOATIN' IN HEEVEN!"

A Soft Job.

"The head cook at Buckingham Palace is a Frenchman. . . . He arrives at the Palace about mid-day, where, surrounded by an army of lieutenants, he watches over their operations, himself dispatching the more important items of the menu."—*Daily Mirror.*

Of course that 's not what he 's there for at all, really.

What to do with our Fathers.

"The new Patent Act comes into full force to-day. The 'period of grace' having expired, all English parents must be worked 'to a reasonable extent' in this country."

Liverpool Echo.

Every English boy will welcome this extremely patent Act.

The Garden of England.

"There were then 28,169 acres under hops."

Daily Chronicle.

You can't get away from these scorching motorists even if you 're a hopper.

"Miss Maud Allan is, of course, the leading attraction, but the programme also includes Macart's Marvellous Monkeys."—*Sunday Times.*

We are sure the writer of this has a kind heart and means well. It may even be that he is the possessor of a pleasant baritone voice and plays a good game of chess. But you *can't* call him tactful.

DISCURSIONS.

SEA BREEZES.

THE lady of the Mantilla (Mrs. PINCHIN) and the lady of the Blouse (Mrs. PINKER), whose conversation I reported a fortnight ago, are still staying in the seaside resort where I first observed them. Their friendship, as I noticed, made a rapid start; but since then it has advanced but little, for when they sit on the beach they are still, if I may say so, inseparably divided by a little space of pebbles across which they confide to one another, in an aimless dribble of disconnected details, the characteristics of their husbands and many mild domesticities. These they match, as it were, against one another, for Mrs. PINCHIN would apparently hold herself to be disgraced if she could not produce an indigestion on the part of Mr. PINCHIN to rival the sufferings of Mr. PINKER from bilious headache. TOMMY and MELIA PINCHIN, in combination with HENERY and JANE PINKER, are still scattered about the beach with spades and pails, and provide the usual interludes of panic and reproof.

The Mantilla. The old fisherman brought them up all alive the day Mr. PINCHIN was down here last week—quite a lot of them in an old bit of sack. Mr. PINCHIN wouldn't believe they were prawns. He said that sort of greenery colour wasn't right for prawns. All the prawns he 'd ever seen were pink, he said, and these were more like dragons than prawns. It gave him quite a turn when they all came out pink after the girl had boiled them. But then, men don't know everything.

The Blouse. Ah, you may well say that. I often tell Mr. PINKER a pound 's a pound, and not thirty shillings. Men seem to think money 's to last for ever. Take only boots and shoes for the children, and you run into a lot in no time. (*She looks out over the beach.*) Why, I do declare if that young ragamuffin hasn't gone out in the sea up to his middle, and JANE 's gone after him. (*She calls.*) HENERY! JANE! (*No result follows.*) I 'll dust his jacket when I catch him.

The Mantilla. There 's MELIA splashing water all over TOMMY. (*She calls.*) TOMMY! MELIA! (*No notice is taken.*) They 're more of a nuisance every day. I can't keep a dry stitch on 'em. I often say to Mr. PINCHIN, if you won't exert your authority, I say, you mustn't be surprised if they go on anyhow; but he only laughs and says you 're not young more 'n once.

The Blouse. Mr. PINKER spoils 'em with sweets, and then he 's surprised their clothes want mending.

[*A steamer heavily loaded with passengers appears about half a mile out. There is considerable excitement on the beach.*

The Mantilla. Look, there 's the steamer.

The Blouse. Lor, so it is. Isn't there a lot of people aboard of her?

The Mantilla. I warrant there 's plenty of them seasick.

The Blouse. Ah.

The Mantilla. I don't hold with steamers. We went to Margate once on one of their steamers, but never again, I said. Mr. PINCHIN's face went the colour of a pocket-handkerchief.

The Blouse (*playing a trump card*). Ah! It 's a sad trial for those that are took that way. Mr. PINKER 's been over to Bullong on one of those *ongtont* visits.

The Mantilla (*innocently*). Didn't he take you with him?

The Blouse (*magnificently*). Not that time.

The Mantilla. Lor!

(*A pause.*)

The Blouse. I wonder where that steamer 's going.

The Mantilla. We shall see her coming back p'raps this evening. They mostly come back this way.

[*A soaked dog approaches barking, and shakes himself violently over both ladies.*

The Blouse and the Mantilla (*together*). Ow! Ow! Take him away! Oh, you naughty dog. There, if he hasn't spoilt my dress.

The Blouse. That 's the worst of dogs. They 're always shaking themselves over you.

The Mantilla. There 's a cat in our lodgings has just had five kittens.

[*At this moment the behaviour of the children becomes intolerable. They are slowly collected after much distracted shouting, and are carried off inland by means of the maternal tug, which consists in seizing a child by the wrist, pushing it fiercely away from you, and then suddenly pulling it back again. Thus the two parties proceed to their homes.*

THE AIR RESTORER.

["Great are the marvels anticipated from the common use of energy-producing oxygen (O_2) in our streets and houses."—*Daily Mirror.*]

FAREWELL the dark ages of boredom!
They 'll soon be a shadowy dream,
And we shall no longer accord 'em
A place in our novel *régime*.
For everyone who can afford 'em
Will purchase these oxygen kits—
What heights we shall grow to
When fed upon O_2,
What poets, what thinkers, what wits!

When your chief is more stupid than ever,
When he thinks you are wrong in your view,
And he tries with persistent endeavour
To prove that the fault lies with you;
Don't argue—don't try to be clever,
But give him a dose of the gas,
And in less than a second
Your chief may be reckoned
Not half such a silly old ass.

When gloom overtakes your house-party,
When no one will smile at your jests,
And you 're feeling that, *aut vi aut arte*,
You simply must stir up your guests;
Once more will the laughter grow hearty,
Once more will your table be gay,
If you 're up to a wrinkle
And carefully sprinkle
The party with oxygen spray.

When you can't find a subject to write on,
When the papers are dismally blank,
Don't worry! you 've only to brighten
Your wits at the oxygen tank.
Ah, had I been able to light on
A draught of this excellent brew,
What a gay, what a witty
And wonderful ditty
The public would owe to O_2!

WHAT TO SAY

When a friend of the Blanks asks you questions about the Blanks, whom you detest but who claim you as an intimate.

THERE is in life always a choice of courses to pursue. Among them is the honest, if difficult, course, and the dishonest and easy. In the present case Course I. (the honest, if difficult) would run something like this:—

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "Yes. I meet them now and then."

Q. "Only now and then? Why, I thought that you were intimate there."

A. "No."

Q. "But you dined there last week."

A. "I did. One cannot go on saying 'No' for ever."

Q. "Don't you think she 's very charming?"

A. "I can quite understand her being thought so."

Q. "I like her very much. She is one of my closest friends. I always understood that she admires you immensely."

A. "Very possibly she does. It is one of the tragedies of life that we cannot like every one that likes us."

Q. "Why don't you like her?"

A. "Oh, I don't know. *Dr. Fell*, I suppose. I wish it was otherwise: but there it is."

That is perhaps quite frank enough; but you could if you liked (but it is a great mistake) be franker still. Thus:—

COURSE II.

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "I know them, yes."

Q. "You don't like them, then?"

A. "No; I'm sorry to say I don't."

Q. "Why ever not? How very strange! I thought everyone liked them. Don't you like her?"

A. "No. She strikes me as a bore and a tuft-hunter."

This ought to settle it; but you must be prepared for the whole conversation getting round to the BLANKS very shortly, with the usual complications.

COURSE III.

The third course is to preserve your conscience by diplomacy. Thus:—

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "The BLANKS? Oh, yes. It was there that I met that strange Madame BORTSCH, the Russian exile. I wonder if you ever saw her. I never was so impressed by a personality. By the way, she told me a very curious story of dual personality—quite a *Jekyll* and *Hyde* in real life, only, if possible, more sinister."

Here you tell the story, and by the time it is over the BLANKS will have receded into the background.

COURSE IV.

This is the simplest of all, and the one which all wise persons would follow. It is, briefly, the easy and dishonest.

Question. "You know the BLANKS, don't you?"

Answer. "Oh, yes; delightful people."

Q. "Mrs. BLANK is a great friend of mine, and she so often talks of you. You go there a great deal?"

A. "Yes, as often as I can. She is very charming and clever."

Q. "I am glad you like her. One likes one's friends to like one's friends, doesn't one?"

A. "Oh, yes. At least nice people do."

And so on.

THE LANGUAGE OF POSTURE.

The recent cult of classical dances has developed a tendency toward expressive and beautiful movement as a means of communicating ideas.



Jones expressing to Brown (on another bus) that he expects to see him next Monday at 7·15 in Charing Cross Station (District Railway). Brown replies (by posture) that he may possibly be late; but don't wait more than ten minutes.



Sportsman telling an inquiring stranger that he certainly has some matches, but they strike only on the box—which he has lost.



Alpine hero informing his friends that it will be impossible for him to join them at Bridge that afternoon.

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

I.—WILLIAM'S OLD DOG.

PONKER'S name is not yet among those of the elect in the pages of *Who's Who*, but it will be shortly, because he is collecting material for a really big book—a series of "human documents" dealing with what he is pleased to call "The Grey Underworld" of London. "The Grey Underworld," so far as I can gather, consists of rather saddening residential streets, where people subsist, if brass plates are anything to go by, chiefly by persuading one another to take out life and fire policies, and where commerce, represented by the oilman, is restricted to corner sites. PONKER says that such places are full of unexploited drama, and I dare say he is right; but the difficulty is to get at it. His methods of research, however, are various and enterprising, but I don't think they are always quite kind to the underworldlings themselves.

There was the case of WILLIAM B., for example. We first knew of WILLIAM B. through an advertisement in an evening paper:

"Fine dog; genuine Sussex; very old; what offers? Or would exchange for treadle fret-saw.—Apply WILLIAM B.," etc.

PONKER worried all one evening about WILLIAM B.'s very old sheep-dog. There was a story, and a sad one, he said, behind this advertisement.

I suggested that perhaps the dog had bitten a postman; but PONKER would not be put off with anything so probable as that. And, over the last pipe, he told me the story of WILLIAM B. as it shaped itself in his own mind.

WILLIAM'S father, it appeared, had fallen a victim to agricultural depression. (No, I don't know if even Tariff Reform could have saved him. Perhaps he was a bad farmer. PONKER didn't say.)

After the sale was over, WILLIAM B. made a manly vow to go to London, work in an office, and, as a natural sequel, save enough to buy back the old homestead and pay the creditors in full.

So one fine afternoon he shook hands with the station-master, also with an aged retainer of his father's who had come to see him off, and disappeared into the Maelstrom of London; while the aged retainer hobbled sadly back to the village, telling all he met that "t' yoong meäster be a-goän to Lunnon, he be, sewerloi"—for PONKER, I must remark, like many novelists and all playwrights, is fully convinced that that is how people in the country talk.

So a new life began for WILLIAM B.

You will guess, as easily as I did, that there was a scratching at the door of his lodgings a few days later. The old sheep-dog, the faithful friend of his childhood, had followed him to London. (How? Ah, well! We know these things *do* happen. Surely you read *The Spectator* sometimes?)



Uneasy Hatter. "I WISH THAT PERSON WOULD MOVE ON. HE'LL SPOIL ALL MY TRADE!"

Of course WILLIAM B. vowed he would share his last crust with the dog; but it had not come to that as yet, for he had chops for supper, and the dog had the bones; and on Sundays he would take the fine old fellow to suburban commons, where it barked at the swans on the ponds, and was the terror of all pugs.

But then the story shifted into a minor key. The Maelstrom was too much for WILLIAM. He lost his job, and one by one his possessions had to go to buy food for him and the dog. At last there was only one hope left. WILLIAM B., always clever with his hands, thought to earn a pittance by making pipe-racks and things. But how to procure the necessary implements? His eyes fell on the dog, stretched by the fireless hearth . . .

"Grand old dog!" said PONKER huskily at this point. "Fine old fellow! To-morrow I shall go and offer WILLIAM B. my fret-saw."

"But have you got one?" I asked.

"Heavens! No!" said PONKER drowsily.

"And where will you keep the dog?"

"I shan't have the dog. But there's 'copy' to be made out of WILLIAM B.," explained PONKER.

He went the following day; but it was some time before I could persuade him to reveal what had passed between himself and WILLIAM B.

He found, he eventually told me, a young man at the given address playing a pianola. He thought this looked like beastly extravagance on WILLIAM B.'s part, until he reflected that the pianola might, after all, belong to the rooms. WILLIAM B. was a grave, square-headed, spectacled young man—the sort of young man who *would* be fond of fret-work—and he rose and eyed PONKER attentively as he entered.

"I think," said PONKER, "you want a fret-saw—a really good one; ball-bearings and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes," said WILLIAM B. with ill-concealed eagerness.

"Well, now, about the dog," said PONKER; "have you had it long?"

WILLIAM B. replied that it had been in his family for hundreds of years; but PONKER supposed that was only his nonsense—the jest of an aching heart.

"I should like to see it before I decide anything," continued PONKER, making a careful study of WILLIAM B.'s face. He thought WILLIAM B. was masking his emotions bravely.

WILLIAM B., whatever his emotions may have been, merely pointed to the fender.

Of course, as I had guessed during PONKER'S recital of the young man's story, it was a fire dog, but a printer's error had made a "fine dog" of it.

PONKER says that he gaped at the beastly thing, and, muttering something about writing in the morning, hurried away.

I am afraid WILLIAM B. is still waiting to hear about that fret-saw. PONKER says, "Let him wait.



Hostess (to distinguished foreign visitor). "MY HUSBAND WAS SO DISTRESSED THAT HE MISSED YOU ON YOUR ARRIVAL, MONSIEUR.'

M. le Vicomte. "HÉLAS, MADAME, I LOOK AT 'EEM, 'E IS NOT THERE; 'E LOOK AT ME—I AM NOT THERE. ENFIN, WE LOOK AT US, WE ARE NOT THERE!"

WILLIAM B. is a ghastly fraud." And it is certain that he will never figure among PONKER's human documents of "The Grey Underworld."

THE FINAL PHASE.

THERE is a particular kind of rain which never gets harder but never stops—which penetrates all known forms of waterproof and depresses the most cheerful spirit extant. There is a particular kind of spot on a muddy road crossing a bleak common where is afforded shelter insufficient even for a gnat, to which no station is nearer than 7½ miles. There is a particular kind of motor which may or may not break down anywhere else, but is certain to break down at this particular spot in this particular kind of weather.

As I came up to him I saw him standing by his car and regarding it with a gaze from which expression of any sort was entirely absent. Where he was not soaked with water, he was soaked with oil. His was a face over which all the human emotions and passions had passed and left their several marks. Even the new stream of water which now found its way from the rim of his cap to the most private part of his neck did not divert his gaze or seem to affect his feeling. As for the car, it stood there open at the bonnet, beaten upon monotonously by the rain, and appearing to be more stationary than the most established of the world's most ancient hills.

I slowed down my own car and offered him assistance. "No, thank you," he said, in a cold and even voice; "I think not, unless, perhaps, you could spare me a little petrol."

"Yes," I said, "I can spare you some petrol."

"Can you," he said, "spare me rather a lot of petrol?"

"Yes," I said. "I think I could even do that."

"I should like," he continued, "a very great deal of petrol; every drop of petrol, in fact, that you can possibly let me have."

I showed him what petrol I had, and he seemed satisfied.

"And now," he said, and his voice seemed to me to become more cold and more even, "would you be so good as to help me pour all that petrol over my car and then lend me a match?"

An Emergency Exit.

"Miss Crichton pluckily extinguished the blaze, while Herr Eckold pulled the orchestra through a difficult passage."—*Daily Express.*

"The dog wagged its tail joyously as Mr. Pakenham gripped the leash closer, and uttered the mysterious word 'Mush.'"—*The Liverpool Echo.*

We hope Mr. PAKENHAM understood.

"Owing to an accident, Sir Edward Elgar was present to hear his own music last night."—*Birmingham Daily Post.*

Rotten luck some people have.

A little French is a dangerous thing. The Englishman who, noticing a group of Frenchmen looking at the canal in the Exhibition grounds, remarked to them, "*Merveilleuse canaille!*" does not expect to visit the Exhibition again.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT always seems to me a strange thing that female relations, especially aunts, who have an incurable habit of telling children not to play with matches, should themselves be so blind to the perils of the grown-up game of match-making. *Aunt Maud* (GRANT RICHARDS) is a case in point. Having made up her mind that her young cousin *Richard* and her pet niece *Irene* were made for each other, she asked them down to her little place in the country, and then actually proceeded to let *Irene* into the secret of her darling project. Naturally the girl jumped to the conclusion that her proposed husband was also in the plot, and *Aunt Maud's* plan nearly came to grief at the very start. But of course the author, Mr. ERNEST OLDMEADOW, wasn't going to stand any nonsense of that sort. So he made *Irene* suggest to *Richard* a sort of experimental and strictly platonic engagement, which either party could terminate at will at the end of a month. Eventually it worked all right, though not before *Irene* had told *Richard* that she couldn't possibly be his wife, thinking that the sentiment, which in her case was real love, in his was only pity. I think that Mr. OLDMEADOW ought to be careful. In another book, *Susan*, he played with a fancifully elaborate plot with some success. This time he has invented a new and equally complicated *motif* without taking the trouble to do more than re-christen his two chief characters. And that seems to me to be a waste of his graceful style and real sense of humour. I should recommend him to change his flies next time he goes a-fishing.



She. "WHAT A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET! HOW IT LIFTS ONE'S THOUGHTS ABOVE THE EARTH!"

He. "AH, THAT REMINDS ME. YOU MIGHT SPEAK TO THE LANDLADY ABOUT OUR BACON IN THE MORNING. TELL HER I LIKE IT STREAKY."

Whenever any book I see
With JOSEPH CONRAD'S name upon it,
I take it as a guarantee
That it is worth my while to con it;
And saying "con"—a word employed
Because my stock of rhymes is thinnish—
I mean that I am overjoyed
To read it through from start to finish.

His latest book, *A Set of Six*
(From METHUEN), proves me not mistaken;
The stories it contains should fix
Firmer a fame as yet unshaken.
They range at large from gloom to fun;
They treat of love, of fights, of shipping;
And, in my judgment, every one
Is quite (if I may say so) ripping.

To avoid attacks of the romantic fever one should undergo some kind of vaccination (whence possibly the phrase "calf-love") in early youth. That seems to be the moral of *Mr. Saffery's Disciple* (WERNER LAURIE). For *Mr. Saffery* was, before all things, a man of method and purpose, a vegetarian excessively particular about his patent breakfast foods, a schoolmaster, and an enthusiast for culture. He attempted to educate *Bob Pottle*, the boy-of-all-work, who "did" for him as a lodger (*Mrs. Pottle* being too refined to work), and since Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT, who tells us all about them, has the delightful gift of elevating a pedestrian theme we follow the process with a zeal entirely oblivious of the flight of chapter and page. By-and-by, of course, *Bob* fell in love and as *Mr. Saffery* did not approve of the young person he adopted the heroic device of rescuing his pupil by a cutting-out expedition. Naturally enough he lost his own anchor, and we leave him at the end of the book hopelessly at sea, in the depths of an unreciprocated passion. I am heartily sorry for *Mr. Saffery*, and until Mrs. TRUSCOTT writes a sequel to say what happened to him (whether he took up golf, for instance, or started collecting butterflies) I shall not feel really contented again.

I have often wondered (I can't quite explain why) whether a man called *Alfred Milne* would have any chance of turning out decently. Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER thinks he would, to judge from his book, *Mr. Apollo* (METHUEN). *Milne* is a very good sort indeed; no showy graces, you understand, but thoroughly sound, and an excellent host. In this capacity you will agree that he was severely tried when I mention that for three weeks he entertained Phoebus Apollo. Apollo had turned his last host, *Todd* the missionary, into a small bay tree, and though this looked nice in the window between the lace curtains, still it wasn't *quite* the same, you know. Anyhow *Mr.* and *Mrs. Milne* might well have felt nervous. They were both such dears, however (particularly *Frances*), that Apollo loved them, and he left them with the promise that when the time came they should die together. Well, I doubt if he could have thought of a better gift. *Mr. Apollo* is not a farce. It is a comedy, full of knowledge and sympathy, and written with a quiet humour which the many will miss, and the few appreciate the more for that reason. And if I add that it reminds me a little of *The Wonderful Visit* Mr. HUEFFER must take that also to his credit.

"Thorne Villa require dates for the season. Average age 117."
Northern Daily Mail.

If one may judge by the address and diet of these veterans, the vegetarian's life must be a very healthy one.



Batsman (in danger of being caught by small brother). "DROP IT, 'ERBERT—OR 'OME YOU GO!"

CHARIVARIA.

TACTLESS persons, in spite of entreaties to the contrary, continue to distrust our friends the Germans. When some important naval operations were taking place off the Tyne the other day and a German torpedo-boat came up apparently to watch the fun, the manœuvres of our ships were rudely stopped. We trust that an apology will be sent to the right quarter by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE.

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"The quality which distinguishes ourselves from our English brethren is the divine possession of imagination," says *The Irish Homestead*. Hence, we suppose, the multiplicity of grievances from which the Irish suffer.

***

The American Olympic athletes have had a great reception in New York, and the news that HAYES, the winner of the Marathon Race, had to submit to being kissed by a number of hysterical females has removed any ill-feeling that there may have been among the unsuccessful competitors.

"JOHN BURNS gives most of his salary to his good wife. A strong man, JOHN!" says *M.A.P.* Or, a strong woman, Mrs. JOHN?

***

The Baker and Confectioner complains that wedding cake, when sent through the post, seldom reaches its destination. This may account for the improved health returns.

***

A Danish journalist has undertaken for a wager to walk round the Isle of Zealand, a distance of more than 100 miles, without taking any nourishment except Highland whisky. We fancy that what will prove to be the most popular form of sport has now been discovered.

***

Anxious to wear the "sheath gown," which demands a slim figure, many stout ladies in San Francisco, we are told, are undergoing a *régime* which includes an hour's rolling on the floor. It is intended, we hear, to approach some of the devotees of this treatment with a view to their giving a public exhibition of the same in aid of a charity.

It is announced that an Anglo-American exhibition will be held next year at Earl's Court. Let us hope that this time it will be an exhibition of good temper.

***

From America comes news of great interest to ornithologists. The owner of a canary gave his pet, which appeared to be in a state of collapse, a nip of brandy; whereupon the bird not only rallied at once, but sang a drinking song.

***

The Police Question again! "There 's no pleasing 'em," complained a prisoner charged with begging. "One day they 'll be down on you for assaulting 'em, and the next day they 'll take you up for asking people to spare a copper!"

***

It is pointed out by a contemporary that Mr. HARRY LAUDER'S income averages £250 a week, which is far more than the LORD CHANCELLOR'S salary. We cannot help thinking that this attempt to unsettle an important officer of State just when he is getting used to his work is most unwise.

FROM PERCY'S POINT OF VIEW.

I KNEW nobody in the quiet rural retreat where I had taken rooms for the summer—nobody, that is, except PERCY. He was my only caller. He came in after breakfast one morning, through the window. It was rather a casual way of making a first visit—but that was not the reason why I abstained from asking him to sit down. In any circumstances one would not think of offering a chair to a Bee—which is what PERCY was. He began buzzing in my ear, as bees commonly do, but rather to my surprise, I discovered for the first time in my life that I was perfectly familiar with Bee-language.

I can't explain how it was, except by the fact that I had just been reading Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' fascinating book, *The Lore of the Honey-Bee*. And even that does not fully account for my being able—as I was—to make myself intelligible to PERCY. You must accept this to begin with—or else we shall never get on.

PERCY—I should explain here that this is not the precise name he gave me, but the nearest I can get to it—PERCY was at first pardonably anxious to impress me with the honour he was conferring upon me by his visit. "You needn't rise," he said, after introducing himself. "We 'll waive ceremony. Can't spare you more than a minute or two. Must be getting back to that Kingdom of mine. Any number of important State affairs requiring attention. Tremendous amount of work a Monarch in my position has to get through. You 'd hardly believe it!"

"I *don't*," I said, deciding that it was necessary to put him in his proper place at once. "It won't do, PERCY. *You* 're no monarch—and you 've no more to do with State affairs than I have!" For I needn't say that my recently acquired knowledge had enabled me to recognise him at once as a Drone.

He tried to bluster it out. "Well, if I 'm not exactly a Monarch," he said, "I 've got Royal blood in me. I 'm the son of a Queen. And that 's more than *you* are."

"You know perfectly well, PERCY," I said, "that every one of the—(how many are there?—forty or fifty thousand?)—other members of your community can claim precisely the same parentage. It 's quite useless to put on side with *me*."

He tried to give himself a countenance by stroking his thorax with his middle legs, but his big eyes could not meet mine. If a bee is capable of blushing, I should say that PERCY's colour distinctly deepened. But all he *said* was: "How the dooce did you know that?"

"Never you mind," I said, not feeling called upon to mention my authority. "I happen to know, too, that in your kingdom it 's the Bee-*women* who do all the work, and have all the power."

"Dash it all!" PERCY exclaimed, with a sudden pettishness that was perhaps due to his chancing to slip up just then on the butter-pat. "I see how it is. Old CAROLINE or LOUISA" (I must again remark that these may not have been the actual names he mentioned, but the sound was very similar) "must have been here and given the show away!"

I assured him that I was unacquainted with either lady. "Who are CAROLINE and LOUISA, PERCY?" I enquired.

"Oh, a pair of old frumps who looked after me when I was a larva—fed me and that. Uncommon well they did me, too. I *will* say *that* for them. Though they needn't have been so shirty over it." (The peculiar Drone-slang which PERCY affected can only, I fear, be approximately rendered.) "Groomed me, too, when I first came out of the cell. Nasty way CAROLINE had of fetching me a wipe with her great thick antennæ if I didn't 'come over' soon enough to please her; while LOUISA had a doosid heavy hind-leg with the currycomb. I like to be well turned out—but there 's a *limit*, don't you know! Always on the go, they were, feedin' the grubs, sealin' 'em up, lettin' 'em out, and cleanin' up after 'em, never knockin' off for a moment. But they 're all like that. CAROLINE and LOUISA went into business afterwards—what they call 'Higher Work for Women.' In the Pollen-trade, CAROLINE is. And how that old girl does work! Makes me tired only to look at her. No sooner has she staggered in and let LIZZIE and SARAH empty her leg-baskets than she 's off again for another load, and goes on at it all day till she 's ready to drop. I often say to 'em: 'My good girls, where 's the *sense* in it all?' I say. 'What do you *get* by it? It 's ruinin' your looks' (they never had much to boast of—but of course I don't tell 'em *that*), 'it 's upsettin' your nerves and spoilin' your tempers. Look at JANE,' I say, 'forewoman of No. 5 Comb before she 'd been born a fortnight, and an old woman already, by gad! And MARY—there 's a fearful example of the effects of overstudy for you. Passed out first into the Architectural Department, when she was a mere flapper just out of the chrysalis. Look at her *now!* Can't calculate a single strain properly and gets her hexagons all cock-eyed! She 'll have nervous breakdown next, MARY will! It 's a funny thing, but none of you seem to me to be able to do anythin' without *over*-doin' it, if you know what I mean!' But it 's no use *my* arguing with them. The whole lot of 'em are as neurotic as be-blowed! Why, only yesterday, MARIA—who 's got Italian blood in her, if *that* 's any excuse—actually drew her sting on me simply because I complained that I couldn't get a wink of sleep owin' to the confounded row her gang made fanning all night!"

"But, my good PERCY," I said, "the hive must be ventilated, you know. They *have* to fan their wings so as to carry off all the vitiated air"—a piece of information for which I was indebted to *The Lore of the Honey-Bee*.

"I dessay," he said, "I dessay; but it makes a most infernal draught. I 'd a good deal sooner put up with a little stuffiness than a stiff neck!"

"At all events, PERCY, I gather that *you* can't complain of being overworked," I remarked.

"Me?" he said. "Not much! Never did a stroke of work in my life, and never shall. Not in *my* line, dear boy!"

"But don't you ever feel a little ashamed," I said (it was such a new experience to find myself giving a moral lesson to a bee that I really *couldn't* resist it) "to stand by and let those poor Bee-women do all the work for you?"

"Why *should* I, dear old chap?" said the impenitent PERCY. "It 's their own choice. Besides, they 've got all the tools. You won't find any combs or pliers or pollen-baskets on *my* legs. And if I *wanted* to make wax—which I don't—I haven't got the proper apparatus for it. So what 's the point of pitching into *me*?"

I 'm afraid PERCY had the best of that. Indeed, I think Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES is a little inclined to underrate the intelligence of Drones. PERCY, at all events, was no fool.

"Do you regard yourself as having *any* particular mission in life?" I inquired.



THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. LLOYD AND MR. GEORGE.

Mr. Balfour. "WELL, THIS BEATS EVEN *ME!*"



SCENE—*The "Oofy" Goldbergs' little place in Dumpshire.*

Her Grace. "GOOD HEAVENS! D'YOU SEE WHO'VE JUST ARRIVED? THE TALBOT DE VERE-HOWARD-MONTGOMERIES! AND TALKING TO COMPANY PROMOTERS AND SOAP-KINGS AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT AS IF THEY'D BEEN BORN TO IT! I'D NO IDEA THEY WERE GETTING INTO SUCH GOOD SOCIETY!'

"Rather!" he said. "I 've got to marry a Princess, some fine day or other. MARTHA and EMILY are always drumming that into me. They 've turned me out this morning for the first time to have a sort of a look round. But there 's no hurry. I mean to enjoy my freedom and remain a bachelor for a bit before *I* get spliced. I shall go back soon and tell old EMILY I haven't proposed because I couldn't see any Princess as sweet and good-looking as *she* is. EMILY 's as sour as sorrel and about as plain-headed a bee as you 'd meet in a day's crawl—but she 'll take it all in! Queer thing about Bee-women—come to think of it—never take any trouble about themselves—don't care a hang *how* they look—and yet they 're always ready to believe they 're beauties. Well, I must be going!"

"But you 'll look in again, now you 've found your way here, and let me know how you 're getting on?" I said, for somehow I had taken rather a fancy to PERCY, with all his imperfections.

"Perhaps," he said; "but I can't promise. It depends. So long!"

And he was gone. I was not sure, even then, whether all PERCY'S statements could be implicitly relied upon; but it was certainly in his favour that much that he told me should be corroborated by a work he was hardly likely to have consulted. I felt I should like to know a little more of his private life—but from certain passages in Mr. EDWARDES' book, I had very slight hope of ever receiving a second visit from PERCY. F. A.

"WANTED, a woollen man for a Cork house."—*Cork Examiner.*

This is indeed the day of the specialist.

"GUESSES AT TRUTH."

From a Geography Examination Paper:—

"Canterbury is the site of the Primate."

"Norwich has a famous castle, there is a wonderful moat in which the Duke of Norfolk lives."

From an Essay on Music:—

"Music is a sound—we cannot tell what music is until we go to Heaven."

From an Essay on Suffrage:—

"A Suffragette is a woman who wants to have full control over the Members of Parliament."

From an Essay on Electricity:—

"Many of the unemployed are caused by electricity."

"I am told by an English lady who speaks Cymraeg that the alleged untruthfulness of the Welsh is in reality the result of their imperfect understanding of English words, while pretending to do so perfectly."
—*Daily Chronicle.*

Perhaps a Cymraeg lady who speaks English will now explain what the apparent untruthfulness of "pretending to do so perfectly" is in reality the result of. After that, the absurd allegation will be withdrawn.

"It was the absence of humour that made a Koepenick possible in Germany."—*Western Mail.*

This is at least an arguable point. Koepenick was founded by S. ANSELM, A.D. 300. Whether this gentleman had or had not a sense of humour history does not say, and our contemporary can only be depending upon some local tradition.

ANTICIPATORY NAME FOR THE SCENE OF THE FOUR-INCH RACE: The Isle of Manslaughter.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK.

I HAVE a very sincere sympathy for the professional humorist who wants to enjoy the Jester's privilege of being taken seriously at times. And if the author of *Three Men in a Boat* felt inspired to make a stage phantasy on the theme, "If Christ came to Bloomsbury," I should be the last to let his previous record stand in his way; only I doubt if MR. JEROME K. JEROME'S hand has quite the right subtlety for so perilous a task. It is one to which the finer intelligences must often have been attracted, yet they seem to have shrunk from its many pitfalls, and



"CHEAT" AND "SLUT"

"LADY OF THE HOUSE" AND "SERVANT"

BEFORE AND AFTER REGENERATION.
Miss Agnes Thomas and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

hitherto generally left it to the SIGISMUND GOETZES to rush in with elephantine foot where angels feared to tread.

Not that MR. JEROME'S work has been tactlessly done. It has its nice touches, and it has its great moment when the slatternly maid—and here Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT acted with a very noble intuition—tries in vain to describe the aspect of the Stranger who waits at the door. The author has shown great courage in choosing, for the scene of the mystic "passing," a *milieu* that is not only mean and sordid, but abounding in ludicrous possibilities. Indeed, it was only the infinite charm and persuasiveness of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON (and no other living actor could have even begun to play his part) that carried the play successfully through situations which offered themselves with a terrible nakedness as a target for the humour of contrasts. Yet even so it was almost impossible not to trace a note of irony in the flattering appeals made by the "Passer-by" to the beauty and goodness that he found latent in each nature.

Constructively the play lacked variety. The types were sufficiently numerous and distinct, but there was a certain monotony in the Stranger's method of treating, and disposing of, each individual case in turn; a certain sameness, too, in the form of his appeal to their potentialities for good.

I thought the author did not get all the fun he might have got out of his boarding-house in the First Act. Possibly he found his sense of humour a little restrained by the seriousness of what was to come; if so, he will perhaps kindly appreciate the similar embarrassment experienced by the more light-hearted among his critics. Miss AGNES THOMAS as the Landlady played intelligently, and no great fault was to be found with her boarders, though Mr. MARSH ALLEN never for a moment deceived me into the belief that he bore any resemblance to an artist; and Miss ALICE CRAWFORD hardly justified her description as a "Hussy," but was content to pretend that she was Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, a very different thing. My heart went out with most sympathy to Mr. ERNEST HENDRIE. Like the others he underwent reform; but his face was never strictly that of a saint, and his moral improvement did not include the restoration of a voice irrecoverably lost during his experience as a bookmaker.

It was a pleasant idea to utilise the foot-lights as a fire-place, and have a fender inside-out against them, and armchairs. But it was very trying for the person who had been "a Painted Lady" to occupy this exposed position, after removing her rouge and her yellow wig, thus exchanging a material "transformation" for a spiritual one.

II.—WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

THERE is something almost worshipful about the man who has the birthright of unconscious humour. He is a type of Beneficence, flinging its bounties broadcast, unaware of its own generosity, its left hand not knowing what its right is at. He is not strictly an Olympian, for Olympus laughed at its own jokes; he is nevertheless god-like, and provokes in one a kind of respectful awe.

In MR. BARRIE'S new play every Scotsman has this splendid, this inhuman gift. Not one of them could open his mouth without convulsing his votaries in the audience; yet they themselves remained stolidly unmoved by their own scintillations. (I bow to MR. BARRIE'S special knowledge of his own countrymen. No one else could persuade me that there is such a thing as a Scotsman without a sense of humour.) Up to the final curtain there was only one character that either laughed or tried to be the cause of laughter in other characters, and she was the *Comtesse de la Brière*, palpably an exotic. It is true that *Maggie Shand*, though a Scot, had a sense of humour



THE FIRST JOKE HE EVER SAW.
John Shand . . . Mr. Gerald du Maurier.

concealed about her, but the admission of it was only wrung from her at the very end, when she wrongly imagined that her whole future happiness depended on her husband's ability to see through the most transparent joke that was ever made. It was her first success.

Yet when I conjecture of the sequel I am filled with forebodings. In one tragic moment *John Shand* had not only had his profound belief in himself irreparably damaged, but had tarnished his hitherto unspotted incapacity for seeing a joke. These were the two superb qualities which had supplied his faithful wife with her best reason for existence. And now her occupation was gone. If he could only have eloped with the lady who never rightly appreciated him, his unconquerable denseness and self-conceit might have been a lovely

THE CHEAP DOG.



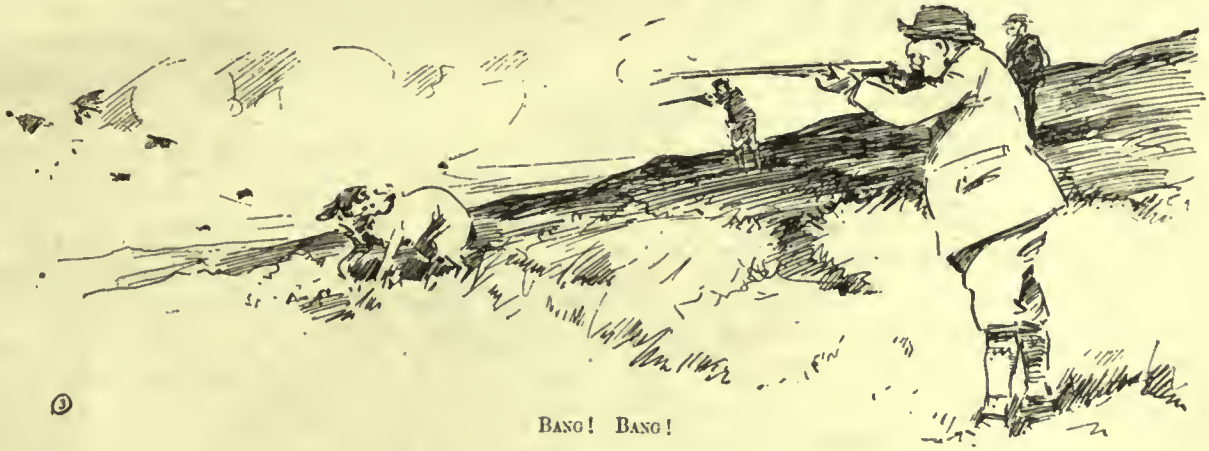
(1)

"HANDSOME AS PAINT! BOUGHT HIM FOR A MERE SONG. OWNER SAID HE HAD BEAUTIFUL NOSE, AND VERY FAST; BUT HE HADN'T ROOM FOR HIM."



(2)

"BEAUTIFUL! STEADY AS A ROCK."



(3)

BANG! BANG!



(4)

LOST.

A LIVER-AND-WHITE POINTER.

Anyone returning the same to Major Pincham, Achinsnechins, will be

PROSECUTED.

memory for *Maggie's* declining years. But it was not to be.

The First Act, with its purely Scots interest, was a very perfect thing. Here Mr. BARRIE was seen in his most characteristic mood of freshness and temerity. Afterwards the play, though never dropping into mere conventionality, introduced certain social elements in which Mr. BARRIE is seldom quite at his best. Apart from the Scots characters, there was scarcely one that seemed altogether probable. Yet the scheme throughout was handled with a very subtle *finesse*, and the alternations of sentiment and humour jarred less than usual. For when once *Maggie* had promised that in the event of her husband's preference for a more attractive woman she would behave differently from other wives one was prepared for anything.

The interpretation was of the most sympathetic; though perhaps Mr. NORMAN FORBES, as the Cabinet Minister, lacked assurance, and Mrs. TREE's performance was a little wanting in that repose which is proper to a Comtesse. Mr. EDMUND GWENN, as the younger of the brothers *Wylie*, showed with admirable force even among those who are impervious to humour there may be degrees of opaqueness.

The enthusiasm with which the great performances of Miss HILDA TREVELYAN and Mr. GERALD DU MAURIER were received was sincere and universal. Miss TREVELYAN, it seemed, had much the harder task, and certainly one that required a stronger command of contrasted emotions; but then Mr. DU MAURIER has the art of making the most difficult things seem ridiculously easy.

As for the title, I hope that every woman knows by now what it is that "every woman knows." Perhaps one of them will very kindly tell me. For the story of how the first woman was made out of ADAM's funny-bone sounds much too good to be true.

O. S.

The Medicine and its Antidote.

(We supply both.)

From an advertisement of "Reducing Tablets":

"Miss Brown writes: 'I have lost several stone up to now: send more by return of post.'"

"On the Henbury links H. T. Sully, playing in a Mixed Foursome, did the nine holes in 3."
Clifton Society.

We should be glad to hear what his partner did the other nine holes in, if that is the way they play a mixed foursome at Henbury.

CRUELTY TO VEGETABLES.

REMARKABLE MEETING OF PROTEST.

A GREAT meeting was held on Friday last in the grill-room of the Cannon Street Hotel to protest against the excesses committed by extreme vegetarians. Amongst those present were Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, who presided, Sir CECIL SPRING-RICE, Mr. PEARS, Mr. FITTER, Mr. HARRIS (the Sausage King), Sir ALFRED JONES (the Banana King), Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, Miss MAUD ALLAN, Mr. BERNARD SHAW, LA LOIE FULLER, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, Miss ISADORA DUNCAN, Mr. ALFRED NUTT, and the JAM SAHIB.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said that they were met together to discharge a public duty imposed on them by the momentous utterance of Mr. FRANCIS DARWIN, the President of the British Association. The evidences which that illustrious botanist had been able to furnish which pointed to the existence of consciousness in plants—their intelligent habits, irritability, powers of sleep, and so on—had suddenly awakened the national conscience to the horrible iniquities of vegetarians, and above all fruitarians. Let them clear their minds of cant. He was, as they all knew, a convinced carnivore, and he had no intention of giving up chops whether with or without the accompaniment of tomato sauce. But between the consumption, on the one hand, of meat or vegetables which had been humanely slaughtered and, on the other, the barbarous habit of eating the raw flesh of live fruit, there was an impassable gulf. The latter practice was no better than cannibalism in its worst form. In conclusion, he moved a resolution in favour of the establishment of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables.

Mr. FITTER, who seconded the resolution, said that he had been profoundly moved by Mr. DARWIN's address. In his thoughtless youth, he owned it with remorse and contrition, he had often eaten raw turnips, but never again would he be guilty of such savagery. As an instance of the extraordinary inconsistency of which people were capable, he mentioned that he had good reason to believe that Mr. STEPHEN COLERIDGE, the arch-anti-vivisectionist, was in the habit of mashing potatoes before he ate them. (Groans.)

Mr. HARRIS, the Sausage King, rose to protest. With the principles advocated by the chairman he was in complete accord. But in no properly-conducted kitchen that he knew of were potatoes mashed while they were alive. In his own, for instance, there was a special lethal chamber where they passed away painlessly to the sound of slow music. (Applause.) He took no credit to himself for this arrangement, but could not help contrasting it with the practice of Mr. EUSTACE MILES, who openly boasted of devouring live gooseberries—a notoriously sensitive and intelligent fruit. Personally, he thought a greengrocer's shop-front far more revolting than a butcher's.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON here interposed and asked the Chairman whether it was a fact that vegetables could commit suicide; but his question was ruled out of order.

Miss MAUD ALLAN pronounced herself in sympathy with the movement. She added that when she lunched at the PRIME MINISTER's house she especially noticed that the salad was not dressed and the potatoes were denuded of their jackets. (Cries of "Question!" from Miss ISADORA DUNCAN and Miss LOIE FULLER.)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, rising from the body of the hall amid a storm of hisses, said he wished to make a personal explanation. It was true that he was a vegetarian. (Groans.) It was not true, as some people thought, that the Fabian Society was derived from the Latin word *faba*—a bean. Personally he never took beans: he only gave them to his friends. (Applause.) But the object of his intervention was to state that for some time past he had lived exclusively on macaroni, and that the method of reaping the wheat from which it was made was as painless a mode of extinguishing life as that of the guillotine. (Interruption.)

As the tumult did not cease on Mr. SHAW's resuming his seat, Mr. A. C. BENSON appealed to the audience to be reasonable. He was sure, he added, that they would be glad to learn that two out of the eleven volumes from his pen which would appear this autumn were in harmony with the aims of this movement, viz., *The Private Diary of a Parsnip* and *The Musings of an Introspective Vegetable Marrow.* (Great enthusiasm.)

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE said that both by temperament and nomenclature he sympathised deeply with all sensitive plants. There was a story of a bad actor who had so many vegetables thrown at him that he left the stage and set up as a greengrocer; but personally he had never

suffered in this way. At the same time he found that the spectacle of people eating oranges in the gallery affected him so painfully that he had forbidden the practice in his theatre. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, again interposing, asked the chairman whether any cruelty was involved in eating Welsh rabbit; but this question was ruled out of order.

Miss ISADORA DUNCAN having given a short but masterly account of the indebtedness of the true school of classical dancing to the jumping bean, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE put the resolution to the vote, and it was carried with only one dissentient. Most of those present then formed a procession, marched westward, and made a hostile demonstration outside the Eustace Miles Restaurant, but happily no lives were lost.

WHETHER TO WORK?

["A London County Council school has been trying to find out, by close observation of the effect of weather upon the energies of children, and also by some experiments in temperature, what are the seasons and climatic conditions best adapted for hard work."—*Daily Mirror*.]

WHEN the hills are bright and gay,
When the vale is sunny,
When the bee is on her way
After heather honey,
When the hares come out to play
In among the new-mown hay,
Does it strike me—What a day
This, for making money!
Tut, I say; no use at all!
Any thought of work must gall
When the sun begins to call—
He is such a wizard.
Time enough to tax my brain
When Aquarius taps the main,
When the fog resumes his reign,
Choking up my gizzard;
When black winter brings again
Frost and icy blizzard.

But, lest I should bankrupt grow,
Worshipping Apollo,
Sometimes clouds descend, and low
Flies the rainy swallow;
Sometimes summer loves to show
She can make the torrents flow,
Driving rain-storms to and fro
Over holt and hollow.
Then I rouse myself and say,
Here hath dawned a working day!
Shall it useless slip away?
Up, before it 's ended!
So I struggle for a bit,
But the gloom is quite unfit
For the gay and sparkling wit
That my soul intended.
Wait till winter fires are lit—
Then I shall be splendid!



AT A FRENCH WATERING-PLACE.

Mother. "TOMMY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY TO TALK TO THOSE OTHER CHILDREN IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE?" *Youthful Briton.* "WHAT'S THE GOOD? IT ONLY ENCOURAGES THEM!"

Yet, when winter blizzards beat
Round about my study,
When the cold and clammy sleet
Makes the whole world muddy,
Haply all will not be sweet;
Draughts will whistle round my seat;
Hands will freeze and so will feet,
Though the fire be ruddy.
Then I 'll say, No use to-night!
But what ripping things I 'd write
Were the sun but shining bright
On the Highland heather!
How can I expect to link
Sweetness when the icebergs clink
As they float about the ink,
Knocking up together?
Only Polar bears could think
In this wicked weather.

Dark sayings of a Prophet.

"The weather to-morrow will be dull and rainy at first, cloudy and showery later."
Evening News.

These sudden changes in the weather are very disturbing.

"Three Society ladies (waists 31, 25, 23) wish dispose hats, excellent condition, not exaggeration."

"A distinguished young lady wishes to sell her auburn-brown tail for 10/6, or offer; original cost 22/6; hardly ever worn."

These two advertisements from *The Lady* doubtless come among the things which "every woman knows," but they are mysteries to *Mr. Punch*.



Mistress. "WHY, JAMES, I'VE HAD TO BUY MARROWS LATELY, AND HERE IS A BEAUTY! HOW IS THIS?"

James. "WELL, YOU SEE, MUM, I'VE HAD TO CUT OFF ALL THE YOUNG 'UNS TO GIVE THIS 'ERE A CHANCE, AS ME AN' MR. BROWN'S GARDENER'S GOT A BET ON WHICH ON US CAN GROW THE BIGGEST FOR THE HARVEST THANKSGIVING."

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

II.—THE WOMAN WHO HAD DONE WITH SMILES.

HER name was Mrs. GRUMBY, and she lived opposite a pickle factory, and had a bed-sitting room to let. PONKER had been trying to improve his acquaintance with the "underworld" of London by going about and beguiling harmless landladies into the belief that he wanted lodgings, tempting them, in this way, to gossip about themselves and their lodgers in a manner that would furnish copy for the all-important book. He liked Mrs. GRUMBY's face at once, because she looked as though the iron had entered into her soul; and he particularly wished to study someone whose soul had been entered by the iron.

Mrs. GRUMBY showed PONKER her "bed-sit" (as, I believe, the newspaper advertisements have it), and PONKER looked from the "bed-sit" to her, and felt more certain than ever that the iron *had* entered into her soul. But of that she said nothing, merely asking him if he would want hot dishes for breakfast, because, if so, that would be an extra; but most of her gentlemen had been content with sardines.

Not wishing to make life seem darker for one in her melancholy state, PONKER said that he too always ate sardines for breakfast; he was, in fact, a whale for sardines.

Of course, he doesn't generally permit himself to make jokes of this elementary character; it was simply intended as a test; and Mrs. GRUMBY passed the test triumphantly, emerging, in PONKER's estimation, as "the Woman who had Done with Smiles." After that, PONKER sat down in the "bed-sit's" easiest chair, to talk. Mrs. GRUMBY might possibly be worth a chapter all to herself.

PONKER admitted to me later that she was not very communicative, and he had to fill in a good deal of her story himself. Her face told him more than her lips, he said. It must have been a very speaking face, indeed, because it told him, amongst other things, how she had once been a light-hearted girl in the West Country, breaking the hearts of all the young farmers in her neighbourhood, until handsome JACK GRUMBY had come a-wooing — GRUMBY, the smart commercial who put up at the King's Head. (How could her face give such positive information as to the name of the inn? Frankly, I don't know. You must ask PONKER.) She had made a runaway match of it with JACK, without her father's blessing, and before she realised that JACK GRUMBY's heart was very much at the service of any pretty, come-by-chance acquaintance. Ah! she knew that later, when he fled to America with "the other woman," leaving her stranded opposite a pickle factory, to do the best she could for herself and her child. No wonder she had forgotten how to smile!

When Mrs. GRUMBY's face had got thus far with her story, PONKER rose, and said that he would write in the morning; which meant, of course, that the room wouldn't suit him.

He was about halfway down the stairs, preceding Mrs. GRUMBY, when



"ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!"

BRITISH LION. "GLAD TO SEE THEY'RE GETTING ON TOGETHER SO NICELY, AND I HOPE THE YOUNG 'UN 'LL PICK UP SOME NOTION OF A HORNPIPE FROM HIS SAILOR FRIEND: FOR *I'VE* NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TEACH IT HIM!"



Lady (engaging servant). "AND WHAT DID YOU DO AT YOUR LAST PLACE?"
Candidate for Situation. "NOTHIN', AS YOU MAY SAY, MUM. I WAS JUST USEFUL 'ELP."

he heard, he tells me, a sound behind him, as if Mrs. GRUMBY had tried to speak, but had been choked by sudden mirth.

He looked round sharply, but her face was in shadow.

"I beg your pardon. Did you speak?" he asked.

Mrs. GRUMBY made no reply, and, thinking it was not laughter but tears that checked her utterance—perhaps something about his back had suddenly reminded her of JACK GRUMBY—he delicately hastened from the house—as soon, at least, as he had mastered the very complicated front-door latch.

But that stifled sound that he had heard on the staircase haunted him. Had Mrs. GRUMBY, in spite of all her face had told him, *laughed?* If so, the mystery of it was great. What was there, for example, to laugh at?

He had not walked very far from the house when a perfect frenzy of curiosity impelled him to return to its doorstep. It would be easy to make some excuse for seeing Mrs. GRUMBY again, and then perhaps he might be able to deduce from her manner why she had snorted on the staircase—whether in sorrow or in mirth.

As he raised the knocker he heard a muffled sound of laughter within. It rose—it increased in volume—it was a duet! The raised knocker fell from his nerveless hand, and instantly there was silence. After the lapse of a minute the door was opened, not by Mrs. GRUMBY, but by her daughter. She was a presentable girl so far as PONKER could judge, but she had a handkerchief pressed tightly against her mouth, hiding half her face.

"I forgot to ask your mother," said PONKER severely, "whether you have a bath—hot *and* cold?"

She swayed, like standing corn in tempest; and then she made three attempts to answer him:—

"Oh yes, we have—— We have a—— We have a—ba-ha-ha-ha-hath!"

PONKER left the door sadly. He had lost an illusion. No "Woman who had Done with Smiles" could have had a daughter like that.

After reaching home in a cab, he detached from the back buttons of his coat, to which it had affixed itself as he sat in Mrs. GRUMBY'S chair, an antimacassar of such revolting hideousness that he stared at it aghast—a thing compact of crochet-work oyster-shells, and with the hues of some portentous sunset. (Some day, when the church at the end of the street has a sale of work, PONKER is going to send it in as his contribution; and then, he says, the churchwardens or other responsible authorities will bitterly repent of having rung the bells whenever he sat down to write.)

As for Mrs. GRUMBY, PONKER says he is beginning to wonder if the people of the "Grey Underworld" differ very much from the shallowest of the Smart Set in their notions of what constitutes a joke. At all events Mrs. GRUMBY has shown herself unworthy of a place in the book of human documents.

"When Mr. Francis Darwin stood up to deliver his address every seat was taken."
Daily Mail.

Study for *The Descent of Man:* Mr. DARWIN trying to sit down again.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

IT is announced that Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S autobiography will be published in twelve languages simultaneously this month. Will it be anything like this?—

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH.

I WAS born with a silver spoon in my mouth. One of my earliest toys was a golden calf. I still have it.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE.

I AM descended on one side from a thrifty and industrious Scotch stock; on the other, from the famous KILMANSEGG family.

My instructors never ceased to instil in me the importance of economy and vigilance.

"Many a mickle," they used to say, "makes a muckle."

"Money," they used to say, "begets money."

"Money," they said, "is the only monarch."

"Money," they said, "is welcome, though it comes in a dirty clout."

I never forgot those remarks. They sank into my system and bore fruit. I am now the richest man in the world. The only thing I regret is that those old counsellors did not tell me how to keep my digestion and my hair. Both have gone. The hair trouble one can remedy with a wig; but there is no substitute for a missing digestion.

CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD.

My boyhood was happy. Most of the technique of business may be learned when at school by an observant lad; and I was observant. I did a successful trade in marbles and sweets. I lent money to other boys at a good rate of interest, and rarely returned home in the evening without having added to my property. In this way by the time that ordinary boys are still doing foolish things I was in possession of a capital of two hundred dollars, and held I.O.U.s from most of my schoolfellows.

CHAPTER IV.

PETROLEUM.

THE most eventful moment of my life was that in which I chanced upon rock oil.

I was walking one day in the neighbourhood of my home in moody silence. Everything was going wrong with me. My business was yielding only 98 per cent. instead of the 100 on which I had set my heart, and I was in despair. Ruin stared me in the face. Passing through a field I happened to see a spring bubbling from the ground, but I thought nothing of it (as it was not large enough to drown myself in), until a little later a poor old woman stopped me and begged an alms. I obviously had no money to give her, as I made clear; but wishing to do what I could I offered to get her a cup of cold water, it being my steady practice to do what I can for my fellow-creatures. She was very grateful, and I ran to the stream and dipped into it a pocket drinking-cup. Judge of my surprise when I found that instead of water it was oil! In an instant I realised the situation, and returning swiftly to town I found the owner of the property, and, successfully disguising my motives, purchased not only this particular field but all those around it. My fortune was made.

CHAPTER V.

THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

AFTER the discovery of the rock-oil spring, perhaps the most eventful and wonderful moment of my life was that in which I first hit upon the idea of a Trust. It is a beautiful word, Trust, and I have often taken it as a text in my Sunday-school addresses. Trust. We must all trust in something or someone. What could be more desirable in a world of darkness, disappointment and flux than that there should be one man to be relied upon for light? Relied upon. Many men have offered light to their groping fellows and have not given it: this man would be trustworthy.

Coming down to a material plane from these symbolical heights, what does light proceed from? From oil. The man, then, who could so manipulate things that he owned all the oil would automatically be the one person who could give the light. Do you see? He would form an Oil Trust, as we say in America, and illuminate the world.

I, I decided, would be that man; not because I wanted the power or wealth that such a position would carry with it, but because if I, a chapel-going, reputable citizen and Sunday-school superintendent, renowned for his simple and frugal life, filled the place, I should prevent its being filled by anyone who was unscrupulous or rapacious.

Having made this decision, I at once began to lay my plans, and the Standard Oil Trust was the result.

CHAPTER VI.

MY AMUSEMENTS.

I AM very fond of reading the papers, particularly the finance columns.

CHAPTER VII.

MY ENEMIES.

I HAVE, of course, had my enemies, as every successful and determined man must. But where are they now? I, however, am here, and worth sixty millions sterling.

Chief among them was President ROOSEVELT; and what is he to-day? A figure *pour rire*, at the end of his term of office; a hunter of bears; the nation's "TEDDY." No one ever called me "TEDDY," or even "JACK."

CHAPTER VIII.

MY AMBITION.

I COULD, if I liked, buy England; but I don't want it. All I want is a cosy little house and a nice uncomfortable pew in the Baptist chapel, and the knowledge that no one can light a paraffin lamp without putting something into my pocket. And of course I want also some substantial royalties on this book.

OVERTURES.

DEAR MAM,—Mrs —— told liza and liza told mother you wants a young ladey as cook generel i was 9 months with mrs. —— in —— street were i did a lot o cookin cos they keeps dinin rooms and 3 days with mrs. —— in —— road but i left there all of a cap cos er usband cum ome the wurst for drink and was a bit familier so i uped an went. liza tells mother youll soot me very well an i wants to get in a good ouse with a good famly im very fond of childern cos father died las yere an mother married mister B an shes got 2 new childern an i looks arter them wen im ome as for cookin an doin ouse wurk mother ses i cant be beet so i should like to cum to yore ouse an if i dont like it well i can leave please let me no wen im to cum.

yours turley

—————.

Extract from the Diary of a Nobody.

"This was agreed *nem con* Mr. Clements voting against."—*Middlesex Independant.*

"The rescued passengers all journeyed to their destinations by train. Many travelled in their garments."—*Western Mail.*

What absurdly old-fashioned people there are about still.

OUR ADAPTABLE GOVERNMENT.

(Mr. Winston Churchill's success at the Welsh Eisteddfod will probably bear fruit, and other members of the Ministry will be induced to emulate it by attending similar national gatherings.)



Winnie ap Churchyll. "Oh! inteet, Mrs. ap Haldane, you are just lofely whateffer, so I tell you! Lloyd-George will pe just delight-ed, and all the peoples at the Eisteddfod, inteet so they will!"



"Inteet they may make you Arch-Dru-id whateffer!"



Misther McKinna and the Proime Ministher would mhake a great sinsation at an Irish "Feis." Their performance of the Jig wud be absolutely *mastherly!*



Mr. Lulu McHarcourt and Sir Sammle McEvans would simply sweep the "Northern Meeting" off its legs with Gaelic enthusiasm.

DISCURSIONS.

JOE BULLER'S GHOST.

"YES," said the pale young Stockjobber, "it 's a funny thing about JOE BULLER. Not know him? Why, you must have seen him any day these last ten years going up by the nine o'clock, and coming back by the 5.30. A great big chap with a red face and a heavy moustache; a scar on his right cheek. Used to wear heavy overcoats in winter with huge saucer buttons, and always had his top-hat on one side. When he met a chap he knew, he always gave him a bang on the back and called out, 'What price that?' That 's how he got his name, 'WHAT PRICE JOE.' Ah, I thought you 'd have heard of him even if you hadn't seen him.

"Well, it 's a funny thing about him. He 's doing a rest cure or something, because he 's got in a way of being haunted by a ghost. Fancy JOE seeing a ghost! What made it pick old 'WHAT PRICE' is what I can't make out—a good shot and not a bad man after hounds either—he used to go with the stag when he was a bit lighter—and a thumping voice for a song. It wasn't as if he 'd been a bad lot either. I daresay he didn't go to church *too* much, you know, but he was jolly free with his money. He 's got a yacht lying at Southampton now, but he hasn't been aboard of her this season. Too much of the ghost business for that.



Lady Amateur Artist (to eminent Royal Academician, whom she has discovered sketching). "I SAY, I SHOULDN'T PAINT THAT SUBJECT IF I WERE YOU. I DID ONE OF IT LAST YEAR, AND HAD IT CHUCKED AT THE 'R. A.'"

"JOE was the chap who knocked my hat off on Mafeking night. I was singing and shouting with the rest when I saw a big fellow with a false nose and a coster-girl's hat on his head come rolling across the street at me. He 'd got a tin trumpet to his mouth and he was making it hum all it was worth, I tell you. I tried to get out of his way, but he wouldn't have it. He roared out, 'What price that?' and away went my hat. I knew who it was then. He knocked off thirty-five hats that night and thirty-two on Ladysmith night. He was the most patriotic chap I ever knew. He founded the Imperial All Red League. They used to meet once a month and had a gold badge with a lion on it. It was dinners mostly, not ordinary meetings, dinners with any amount of buzz—wine and red-hot patriotic songs. JOE used to sing, *Give the Foreign Beggars Beans*. It was one of his best songs.

"JOE always said he couldn't stand poetry and slop of that sort, but he was dead nuts on KIPLING. He 'd got an *édition-de-luxe* of KIPLING in his library and the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the back volumes of *Ruff's Guide* and *The Sportsman* for the last fifteen years. You couldn't beat him about a poem of KIPLING's or a horse's handicap. He knew 'em all, and sometimes he used to recite 'em—no, not the weights—KIPLING's poems, I mean, bits about the Law and the Blood, and one topper about a banjo that fairly made your hair curl. It used to go right through me, and made everybody sit up no end when JOE spouted it.

"JOE was the very devil in the House. The Kaffir market was his lay, and when the boom was on he roared and bellowed so that you couldn't hear anybody else—and, mind you, they were all pretty good at making a row, but JOE beat the lot. That 's where he made his pile. Later on, of course, he dropped a bit, but nothing to matter. He could always keep going by pinning slips of paper on old gentlemen's coat-tails and setting them alight, or dancing round some fellow who 'd got engaged to be married, and singing, *Listen to the Voice of Love* with half-a-dozen other mad chaps. It was enough to make a cat laugh.

"I think the beginning of the whole thing was about six months ago, when JOE found a Frenchman bigger and stronger than himself. This Frenchman's name was JOOLS something or other, but JOE always called him MOSSOO or ALPHONSE, with ALF for short sometimes. He was over here learning the language, and he wasn't a bad chap for a foreigner. JOE used to have no end of larks with him, joking about frogs and snails and that sort of thing, till one day they got to matching one another at wrestling, and before you could say 'Knife' JOOLS had put JOE on his back twice.

"It gave me quite a turn to see it, the beggar did it so neatly. 'Aha, my JOHN BULL,' he said, 'you have enough? Or shall I reverse you again?' I remember his lingo, and how queer it sounded while JOE was picking himself up. JOE took it very well. He said JOOLS was the pluckiest Frenchman he 'd ever met, and he gave him a rousing good dinner at the Savoy. I was there; and I noticed JOE wasn't himself—sort of quiet and under the weather. He tried to sing a bit of the *Marseillaise* afterwards, but it was no go. He broke down and dropped his head on the table and began to sob like a baby. We covered it up as much as we could by singing *Rule Britannia*, but it didn't amount to much. I never thought JOE would have felt it so much, but of course it must have been pretty riling for him to be turned over before a lot of his pals by a Parlyvoo.

"Well, soon after that JOE came up to me one morning and didn't bang me on the back or play any of his jokes. He looked pale and he hadn't shaved. First he talked about the weather, and then at last it all came out. He told me he hadn't slept the last four nights on account of seeing a ghost—no, not the GERMAN EMPEROR or anything of that sort, but a little thin old woman with long grey hair and a white dress.



Lady Clerk. "YES, THEY ACTUALLY COMPLAINED IN THE OFFICE TO-DAY BECAUSE WE WERE TALKING TOO MUCH. THEY WOULDN'T DO THAT IF WE WERE MEN!"

He said she 'd been coming regularly at two o'clock in the morning. Last night he 'd tried not going to bed, but she came just the same to his smoking-room. He said he knew she was a ghost because he could see things through her. She hadn't spoken yet, he said, but if she did he thought it would finish him. After a week or two more he chucked going up to London, and then he had to have the doctors in. They tell me he 's a bit better now. P'raps the old woman 's taking a holiday. Anyhow it 's a deuced queer thing for a chap like JOE to get haunted. Ah, well, here we are at Paddington. So long."

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

WHEN the Spring is diffusing her sprightly
New spirit on all that 's alive;
When the song of the sparrow turns lightly
To love—about five;

When the charms these emotions induce urge
The young man of parts to resume
Like a robe, with his flannels and blue serge,
Love's annual bloom;

Then, beginning in May as a rule, I
Myself would awake to the call,
And in June, or at latest in July,
Love held me in thrall.

Ah, those halcyon summers! How fleetly
The year galloped on to its prime!
What a handful is Love! How completely
It filled up one's time!

Not a year but I poured my devotion,
Like wine, on the fair and the young,
From a heart that with lively emotion
Was full to the bung.

And though, doomed as they were to disaster,
My spirits were apt to rebel,
They recovered, if anything, faster
Than ever they fell;

And the time would go on till again Spring
Rose up and—I never knew how,
But it started me off like a mainspring;
It never does now!

For—alas, for the sombre confession—
Where, where is the magic of yore?
It has failed for three years in succession,
And this 'll make four.

'Tis in vain that I meditate numbly
On where the hiatus can be;
If the ladies are growing uncomely,
Or if it 's in me.

Can the taste have diminished, the nutty
Old feelings be lost to a heart
That was dough to receive, putting putty
Entirely apart?

'Tis a dark and insoluble mystery;
It throws my whole year out of joint;
It 's opposed to the teachings of history
(Though that 's not the point).

And my days are perceptibly duller;
My being grows vapid and slack;
And I 'm rapidly getting off colour,
And losing the knack.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE *ménage à trois* "up to" Meavy Cot (I think I have that right) consisted of *David Bowden*, his sister *Rhoda* (a cold and beautiful misogamist), and his wife *Margaret*. *David* was one of those solid, stolid people who are always trying to get on, and as his sister was the one better able to help him on his farm it was his wife who got out of it rather. The fourth principal was *Bartley Crocker*, a brighter lighter-minded man than *David;* and of course you guess that he and *Margaret* . . . But there you are wrong; *Bartley* was in love with *Rhoda*. *Margaret* (the dear) did her best to help him—partly because she could not resist a romance, partly because the home would have been happier with *Rhoda* away. But *Rhoda* would have none of any man. Worse—after refusing *Bartley* twice she began to suspect (just as you did) that there was something between him and *Margaret;* not knowing that the conversation at their many meetings was entirely about herself. In the end she denounces her sister-in-law, and *Margaret*, fearing that *David* will not believe in her innocence, drowns herself. *Rhoda*, learning that she is missing, suggests to her brother (who has just found the body) that she has run away with *Bartley;* and then at last *David* turns upon her and calls her some of the things which I had been longing to call her all through the book. *The Virgin in Judgment* (CASSELL) is Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS at his very best. He has told a fine story, and has not overweighted it with descriptions of Dartmoor scenery. In the earlier chapters there is a great account of the prize-fight between *Bartley* and *David*. I wanted *Bartley* to win, but I knew he wouldn't; so that even in this Mr. PHILLPOTTS did not disappoint me.



SCULPTOR, MODELLING A WAVE FROM LIFE, FOR A WELL-KNOWN LADIES' HAIRDRESSER.

EILEEN FITZGERALD, if I may guess,
Is very earnest, and rather young,
And she has heard of the emptiness
Of life on the topmost rung;
And so, with many an unshed tear,
And many a stifled sigh,
She has stripped it bare of its gay veneer
In *The Heart of a Butterfly*.

The "Butterfly"—one of the Upper Ten—
Behaves as no well-bred insect ought;
She tramples about on the hearts of men
Like a regular Juggernaut;
And though her troublesome sister *Kate*
Remarks "Oh, fie!" of course
She plunges headlong on to her fate—
A harvest of dull remorse.

Yet the book—from HUTCHINSON—leaves me blank
(For all the author has done her best)
Of a sense of the atmosphere which rank
And fashion and cash suggest;
And I can't suppress an unmannerly doubt
That the swells who through it flit
Are simply suburban folk decked out
In clothes that are not their fit.

One of the characters in *Patsy* (FISHER UNWIN) declares that the Irish gossoon to whom the book owes its name is a compound of MACHIAVELLI, BISMARCK, *Puck* and one of SHAKSPEARE'S fools, all compressed into a page-boy in buttons. This is pretty well for a beginning. But anyone who possesses as extensive a knowledge of men and of books as Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE, *Patsy's* creator, could easily add several more names to the list, including *Handy Andy*, *Oliver Twist* (in the burglary episode at *Mrs. Maylie's*), *Flurry Knox*, the page-boy in the play of *Sherlock Holmes*, and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. *Patsy* is always putting his finger into other people's pies. If they are nice people he gives them the plums. If they are not he gives them beans. Artistically he is a composite photograph rather than a portrait painted from life. I see that some of the critics find in this dish of Irish stew an aldermanic feast of humour. I envy them their palate and their digestion. Practical jokes, such, for instance, as sticking corks into old ladies' ear-trumpets, are funny, of course; otherwise they would not be called jokes. But they are funnier, as a rule, to play or see played than to read about, unless one has had a particularly good night. So for my part I find the love-story in which *Patsy* officiates as providence more to my taste than his *Handy Andy* pranks.

I don't think any outsider could possibly hope to keep track of all the ramifications of gossip and scandal in an English village, so I take no blame to myself that at times I was a little bit bewildered by the maze of petty schemes which are afoot in the piece of Thames valley charmingly drawn in *The Easy-Go-Luckies* (METHUEN). Nor do I blame Mrs. STEPNEY RAWSON either, for I take it that, though she herself keeps a marvellously clear head throughout, a sense of mild bewilderment in the side issues is exactly what she aims at producing. The main idea—*Hazel Luck's* love affairs—is clear enough, and *Hazel* is a dear. She and her family are as large as life, and the many local intriguers are as small. The tale is, in fact, a chronicle of small beer, but Mrs. RAWSON pours out the liquor with so much laughter that it seems to have more body and head than many drinks which are ostensibly more exhilarating.

CHARIVARIA.

"WHAT are Optionettes?" asks a Correspondent. We are not quite sure, but we believe that the term signifies a Suffragette who has been offered the option of a fine.

***

Tight-fitting gowns are to be the winter fashion for ladies, and purse-snatchers are delighted at the prospect of not having to run so hard.

***

"There is no more real enjoyment," says *The Motor World*, "to be got out of motoring when going at twenty miles an hour than when going at double the speed." But considerably less jolting from those wretched corpses, we should say.

***

"The Public is my only master, and the Public is a good fellow," writes Mr. HALL CAINE in *The Daily Chronicle*. This, which reads like an expression of opinion as to the Licensing Bill, turns out, after all, to refer to the audiences at the Lyceum.

***

The Daily Mail states that several young children have been poisoned by sucking brown boots polished with a liquid rich in aniline oil. It still remains for our inventors to discover a satisfactory substitute for the old-fashioned and discredited "comforter" for infants.

***

Following on the news that a pilot-boat was saved from being wrecked in the recent heavy weather by the use of oil, there is, we hear, a movement among the little boys of Great Britain in favour of presenting all their castor oil to poor fishermen who cannot afford the luxury.

***

The fact that five Paris daily papers are at present publishing serial stories translated from the English reminds us of a capital error which appeared in some such translation a short time ago. The English author had written: "'He-he-he!' laughed Jones." The French paper rendered this as: "'Lui-lui-lui!' ria Jones."

***

And the following gem was let drop in a French hotel the other day. British tourist to chambermaid: "Donnez-moi de l'eau chaud, s'il vous plaît—*de très l'eau chaud.*"

***

From Simla comes the news that Dr. SVEN HEDIN has lost nearly all his clothes by fire. He is said to have received a congratulatory telegram from Miss MAUD ALLAN.

***

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT.—Yes, we believe it to be a fact that Terpsichore was called Terps by her intimates.



Aubrey (after a searching gaze from Bruce). "NOW, OLD CHAP, CANDIDLY, WHAT 'S THE MATTER WITH THE TIE?"

Bruce. "WELL, DEAR BOY, I SHOULD HAVE SUGGESTED SOMETHING LESS ALLURING. IT HARDLY GIVES YOUR FACE A CHANCE!"

"He (Mr. Wilbur Wright) heard a cracking sound somewhere in his machine, and he thought he had beaten Mr. Farman's record."
The Standard.

In that case surely the cracking sound ought to have come from Mr. FARMAN'S machine.

Pre-natal Influences.

"The Headmaster will be at home after Sept. 15th to interview prospective parents."
Advt. in The Southport Visiter (sic.).

Journalistic Candour.

"GOOD NEWS FOR OUR READERS.

With this number we finish the sixteenth volume of *The Young Woman*. For sixteen years," etc.—*The Young Woman.*

The White Slave Trade.

"Parcel containing 2 black coats, medium lady, overcoat, 2 overalls, boy 6, sundries, all good, 10s."—*Bazaar, Exchange and Mart.*

At the Congress of Comparative Religion, Oxford (Sept. 14-19):

First Member of Audience. Is the reader of the paper what you would call a religious man?

Second do. Well, he 's what I should call a comparatively religious man.

"ALSACE-LORRAINE."—No; the KAISER did not after all cross the French frontier in a motor-car but only in a small dirigible *ballon d'essai;* and there is no truth in the report that a letter was addressed by him to MULEY HAFID, dated "Département de Vosges; Headquarters of the Army of Occupation." We can well understand the effect that such a missive would have had upon the impressionable mind of the Oriental potentate.

"Saturday was the thirty-first anniversary of the death of Brigham Young, the Mormon leader, who left seventeen windows and sixty-two children."
Galway Observer.

One window to every three or four children seems rather a stuffy allowance.

A Bad Start.

"ST. VINCENT LAUNCHED.
Thrilling Rescues at Sea."
"Daily News" Poster.

PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENT.—Forthcoming Handbook: *How I can get an Old Age Pension.* In six volumes. Half-morocco, 143 woodcuts, 31*s.* 6*d.* net.

"ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB.
Meeting at Norwich.
Scheme to check wreckless driving."
Belfast News-letter.

We had no idea that cases of "wreckless driving" were at all common.

A Cruel Exposure.

"About 3 A.M. a fire broke out in the back part of the premises of Messrs. ——, sausage and potted meat makers. Several horses were rescued."—*The Star.*

Commercial Candour.

"Wanted, a milk business, in York, with cows or without; without preferred."
Yorkshire Herald.

HOW PERCY PROPOSED.

LITTLE as I expected to see any more of PERCY, he flew in again the very next day while I was at lunch. I guessed at once from the flurried indecision with which he circled about my table, that something of an unpleasant nature must have happened to him.

"Don't mind *me*, dear boy," he said; "I 'm a bit upset. Tell you all about it presently, when I 've calmed down."

I waited until he became sufficiently collected on the breast of a cold chicken to redeem his promise.

"First thing this morning," he began, "those old vinegar-bottles of mine" (which, I regret to say, was PERCY'S disrespectful term for the austere but estimable Bee-spinsters who attended on him) "routed me out before I was half awake, and as soon as I 'd done breakfast, began givin' me no end of a wash and brush up. Said I 'd got to be made as presentable as possible, because I was to start off for a neighbourin' State that very mornin' to propose to one of the young Princesses! 'Won't it do some *other* mornin'?' I said, for I was feelin' rather slack. 'No, it *won't*, so *there!*' snaps EMILY. 'Sooner you 're married and done for the better,' puts in MARTHA. 'But why are you all so jolly keen on my marryin'?' I asked 'em. 'For the good of the State, of course,' says EMILY. 'If you and your brother Drones don't marry, how do you suppose the population of this hive is goin' to be kept up?' Plain-spoken party, EMILY. 'I *see*,' said I. 'Then, when I marry my Princess, I bring her home here, and we set up house together. What?' 'Nothing of the sort,' says EMILY. 'As if any foreign Princess would be admitted *here!* She 'd be stabbed to death. After the ceremony, she goes back to her own people, naturally.' 'But, my dear *girl*,' I said, 'if that 's so, p'raps you 'll kindly explain how, supposin' there *should* happen to be any little hostages to fortune, they 're going to increase the birth-rate in *this* particular hive?'"

"And what did EMILY say to *that?*" I asked with some curiosity; for, oddly enough, this very difficulty had occurred to me in reading Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' explanation of the Worker-bees' motives for tolerating Drones.

"Oh, only somethin' about its being like my impudence to question the wisdom of laws that had been settled ages before I was born or thought of," said PERCY. "Catch *them* admittin' themselves in the wrong! But, when you leave these things to be managed by a pack of old maids, they 're bound to make *some* silly mistake. Well, they bundled me out through the gates on to the terrace, and there I found GUS, and REGGIE, and BERTIE, and a few more of my pals, all of 'em groomed up to the nines, and no more inclined to go courtin' foreign Princesses than I was. Still, as all our old sour-faces seemed to make such a point of it, we agreed it was best to humour 'em. In fact, we jolly well couldn't help ourselves, for they 'd given us a shove-off before we knew where we were.

"We got to the neighbourin' Bee-state right enough, and introduced ourselves and that, and then we were presented to the Princesses. A regular bevy they were! And I don't mind tellin' you it was a revelation to *me*. You see, brought up as I 've been, I 'd never seen what I call a really decent-looking bee—except of course my Lady-Mother, who 's a fine figure of a bee still, but gettin' *on*, you know. *I* 'd expected they 'd be something like old LOUISA. And I found they were simply rippers! But there was one in particular that bowled me over at first sight. The Princess SACCHARISSA, *her* name was, and the minute I saw her I felt myself goin' at every one of my knees. And without wishin' to seem conceited, old fellow," said PERCY, stroking what I imagine he regarded as his moustache, "I could tell by her eyes that she 'd *noticed* me, don't you know. Perhaps you mayn't have heard how these weddin' ceremonies are managed? It 's like this . . . ."

PERCY'S description of these State functions did not differ materially from that given by Mr. EDWARDES. That is, there is a kind of aerial Atalanta race, in which the suitor swift enough to overtake the flying Princess is officially recognised as her Prince Consort.

"REGGIE, and BERTIE, and GUS, and several fellows I didn't know," he proceeded, "all decided, like me, to go in for SACCHARISSA; and, as soon as she 'd had a fair start, the word was given and off we all went. She *was* a flier, and no mistake! High up in the air, and out of sight in no time! The pace was too hot for most of the crowd; they tailed off one after another, till there was no one really in the flyin' but GUS, and REGGIE, and BERTIE, and me. I didn't feel much afraid of any of 'em. I knew I was goin' fairly strong, and presently REGGIE sprained his under-wing, and GUS tripped up over a floating cobweb and had to retire, and there was only old BERTIE poundin' on alongside, and I could see *he* was gettin' blown. And at last he had to give up and go home, after wishin' me luck, like the sportsman he is.

"I was gainin' on SACCHARISSA with every wing-drive, and she knew it, too. But she meant givin' me all the trouble she could before she gave in—downright little coquette, she was! I didn't worry; somehow I knew it was goin' to be all *right*. So it *would* have been, if she hadn't dodged just at the moment when I thought I was going to catch her up. *That* wouldn't have signified, only she was looking back over her shoulder at me, and didn't see where she was goin', I suppose. Anyhow, she dodged right into the open bill of a great beast of a bird. . . . And that was the end of *her!*"

Condoling with a bereaved lover who has just lost his intended bride in the inside of a bird is necessarily a delicate business; but I said all that *could* be said.

"Yes," said PERCY, "it was pretty sickenin'. What? Though, come to think of it, it might have been *worse*. It might have been *me!*"

I was a little disappointed in him, though I admitted that of course there *was* that way of looking at the matter.

"You see," he continued, "knowin' all I do now has set me thinkin'. Chances are, if I *had* married her, she 'd have been a merry widow by this time! Because, it 's rather a rum thing, but there were several of these State weddin's this mornin', and from all *I* make out, not a blessed bridegroom has got home alive! If *that* 's matrimony, old EMILY and MARTHA might have given me the tip beforehand! I assure you, old fellow, it 's quite shaken my nerve. Most awful narrow escape I 've had!"

I recollected that in *The Lore of the Honey-Bee* the inevitable death of the accepted suitor appeared to be the one cloud upon the complete felicity of the honey-moon.

"You 'll find some honey on the table, PERCY," I said. "Try a drop of that."

He clambered on to the edge of the neat wooden case, and inspected its contents with the eye of an expert.

"If they 've told you that 's honey," he said, "they 've taken you in, dear old chap. It 's Aphis syrup—if it



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Muley Hafid. "DEAR ME! HAVEN'T I HEARD OF A TELEGRAM SOMETHING LIKE THIS BEFORE, AND COMING FROM THE SAME QUARTER?"





HARD TO PLEASE.

Boy. "DON'T SIT THERE, SIR. THAT SEAT'S BROKE."
Testy Old Gentleman. "HUMPH! IN MY YOUNG DAYS BOYS HAD A SENSE OF HUMOUR!"

ain't some beastly fake. Not that if it was the genuine article it would be any use to *me*. The old girls took good care not to teach me how to feed myself—afraid I should be gettin' too independent of 'em! I expect they 'll be a bit surprised to see me turnin' up again. But they can't say it 's *my* fault. I did *my* best. And in common decency they ought to give me time to get over this affair before they start me off courtin' any *more* Princesses. What?"

"But when they do, PERCY," I asked, "what then?"

He made a movement with one of his eye-facets that seemed to be intended as a wink.

"Well," he said, "if I ever *do* go after a Princess again, I shouldn't wonder if some other fellow got ahead of me. But I shall put in most of the time with you, old boy, if you don't mind havin' me."

I assured him he would always find a welcome.

"Thanks," he said. "Fact is, I 'm rather off matrimony. Too much responsibility and risk and that. And now I must be gettin' back to my old acidulated drops. They won't find it so jolly easy as they fancy to get *me* married and settled!"

Perhaps PERCY was a little deficient in feeling, but, after all, there was some excuse for him. I wondered whether he would contrive to remain much longer in a state of celibacy. And I had my doubts. F. A.

A Chance for the Little Ones.

"WANTED, Jam Finishers.—Apply at once."—*Evening News.*

A CONFESSION.

OFT have I felt the pangs of Cupid's dart
When GWEN's sweet accents thrilled me to the core,
Or when with AILEEN I have lingered o'er
Some fond farewell until a rather tart
Reminder from her mother scared my heart.
What vows of constancy to DOT I swore!
And yet in those dear memories of yore
ELSA, thou hast a place, distinct, apart.
Was it, you ask, a case of "loved and lost"?
Did she, so delicately gowned and gloved,
Spurn my rough hand and curtly bid me go?
Is that the explanation? Heavens! no;
'Tis this: of all my flames thou, ELSA, wast
The only girl I *never* really loved!

Food for Babes.

"The next children's night there (Kennington Theatre) will be on Monday, when the famous Drury Lane drama, *The Sins of Society*, will be produced."—*Evening News.*

The naturalist of *The Westminster Gazette* notes, among "Baffling Phenomena," "the case of the regeneration of the lens of the eye of the tadpole of the salamander." But there was something very nearly as "baffling" about the recent case of the revival of the hair of the tail of the dog of the nurse of the child of the Wild Man of Borneo.

THROUGH A DRAMA FACTORY.

"I WILL show you over our works with pleasure," said the Manager of the Melodrama Trading and Manufacturing Co., Ltd. "We are exceptionally busy just now, as the hurricane success of *Pete* at the Lyceum has brought us in a number of rush orders for *réchauffés*. In particular, our staff are working overtime on a new version of *The Rubber King*."

"*The Rubber King?*" I queried.

"Formerly known as *The Silver King*, but it has, of course, to be brought out under a new title. If our men keep up to schedule time"—the Manager fingered a time-sheet thoughtfully—"same will be finished inside of four days. Would you care to hear how we put a rush job through?"

"Certainly."

"The scenario is planned out by myself in consultation with our chief carpenter, chief electrician and property manager. Then the scenes are divided up, each being marked with the proper job number to prevent any mistake in the assembling room, and given out to the head of our composing department for distribution amongst his staff. If you will step this way you will see the department at work."

A deafening click and whirr of typewriters swept in through the opened door. Rows of shirt-sleeved young men were tap-tapping feverishly on their machines, deep in the throes of composing dialogue to suit the brief directions handed out to them. I read over the shoulders of one: "*Heroine implores husband to quit drinking. He curses. Pile it on thick.*" Small boys were scurrying about collecting sheets of typewritten matter and handing them through a wire grating to other young men wielding formidable blue pencils and paste-brushes.

"These," said the Manager, pointing to the young men behind the grating, "are the retouchers. The gentleman on the right is our topical specialist. His business is to see that all questions of the moment receive due mention in the play. You will remember that in the first scene of *The Rubber King* the hero is discovered in a drinking and gambling den. This gives an opportunity for some observations on the Licensing Bill. Hand me section R.K. 1A, Mr. TOMPKINSON. Yes, here we are. The hero raises his glass of beer and cries, '*A toast, gentlemen! Here 's prosperity to us all, and hands off the People's beer!*' That will go down well. Again, in the third scene leading up to the great motor-car accident . . ."

"I don't remember a motor-car accident in the play," I put in.

"That 's right. In the original the hero escapes after the murder in a railway train which is smashed up in a collision. But of course we have brought all that up to date. In the great motor-car scene—a magnificent spectacle this will be—we get some observations on the speed limit. Mr. TOMPKINSON, section R.K. 3c, please. Ah, this is it:—

One of the Villains. Drive like the wind, chauffeur! We must be at Liverpool ere the dawn!

Chauffeur. What about the speed limit, sir?

Villain. Curses on the speed limit! It is made for babes and sucklings. For us there is no speed limit. Death to whomsoever crosses our path to-night!

"How they will hiss that! Then the gentleman on his left is our sentiment specialist. It is his business to see that the sentimental speeches are put in with a broad brush. In the scene where the deserted wife is turned out into the snow with the twins in her arms. . ."

"Twins?" I asked.

"Yes. Clearly it is up to me to go one better than the popular baby in *Pete*, so I have made it twins. Bright idea that, isn't it? Hand me section R.K. 5B, Mr. MUGGRIDGE. . . . Here we are:—

Heroine. Monster, would you turn my children out to die in yonder snow? Is this the justice of England, the land of the free?

Bailiff. It is the law.

Heroine. Then so much the worse for the law! If it is the law to oppress a weak woman and murder her innocent babes, then I say again, so much worse for the law!!"

"Is that quite logical?" I hazarded.

"It doesn't really matter," replied the Manager carelessly. "The People like it, and that 's all we have to look to. The great heart of the People is the only standard of criticism, whatever the bitter-hearted blatherskites who write rubbish in the papers may say. . . . But perhaps you would like to pass on to some of our other departments—the assembling room, where the different parts of the play are joined up in proper order (highly important, this, as mistakes *have* occurred); or the timing room, where we rehearse the play with gramophone dummies and prepare time-sheets for the actors; or the stock-room, where we house our raw material."

"I should like to see over the last," I replied.

It proved to be a large room stocked with highly-varnished filing cabinets prominently marked with the headings of their contents. "Law" occupied one entire wall of the room, and was subdivided into "Unwritten," "Divorce," "Marriage—Foreign," "Breach of Promise," "Murder," "Wills," and many others. A cabinet marked "Epigrams" caught my eye, and I asked to be allowed to look into its contents. Receiving permission, I read out at random some of the typewritten slips it contained:—

"The man that raises his hand against a woman is unworthy of the name of man.

London is a wicked city.

What is home without a baby?

When I die your name will be found engraven on my heart.

Yours until death do us part.

On my head let the punishment fall.

My life shall be consecrated to atonement.

Love is a wonderful thing."

"We keep a man entirely on the job of composing these," said the Manager complacently.

I looked at the cabinet-heading again. "Are they in the right cabinet?" I asked somewhat diffidently.

"Why, yes! What else would you call them?"

I passed on hastily to another topic. "Is your business confined to melodrama?"

"We do pantos as a side line," replied the Manager, "but prices are being cut too fine nowadays to show much profit. Our poetry department is mainly responsible for the panto wording, and in the slack season we turn them on to Christmas crackers. Then we are starting an election speech department—it will be in good running order soon."

"Any particular political side?" I asked.

The Manager seemed amused. "The side that 's most popular is the side that represents the People's will, and that 's *our* side, you bet, all the time."

"MR. KEIR HARDIE'S MISHAP.
BOY RUN OVER BY HIS MOTOR-CAR."
Daily Mail.

Silly prejudice might have made out that it was the boy who had the mishap.

THE LIFE SPHERICAL.

IT was a beautiful September day, and we floated softly over green Surrey.

"And this is England!" said my friend. "I am indeed glad to be here at last, and to come in such a way."

"You could not," I said, "have chosen a more novel or entertaining means of seeing the country for the first time."

We leaned over the edge of the basket and looked down. The earth was spread out like a map: we could see the shape of every meadow, penetrate every chimney.

"How beautiful," said my friend. "How orderly and precise. No wonder you conquered the world, you English. How unresting you must be! But what," he went on, "is the employment of those men there, on that great space? Are they practising warfare? See how they walk in couples, followed by small boys. One stops. The boy gives him a weapon. He seems to be addressing himself to the performance of a delicate rite. See how he waves his hands. He has struck something. See how they all move on together; what purpose in their stride! It is the same all over the place—men in pairs, pursuing or striking, and boys following. Tell me what they are doing. Are they tacticians?"

"No," I said, "they are merely playing golf. That plain is called a golf links. There are hundreds like that in England. It is a game, a recreation. These men are resting, recreating. You cannot see it because it is so small, but there is a little white ball which they hit."

"The pursuit has no other purpose?" asked my friend. "It teaches nothing? It does not lead to military skill?"

"No," I said.

He was silent for a while and then he pointed again. "See," he said, "that field with the white figures. I have noticed so many. What are they doing? One man runs to a spot and waves his arm; another, some distance away, waves a club at something. Then he runs and another runs. They cross. They cross again. Some of the other figures run too. What does that mean? That surely is practice for warfare?"

"No," I said, "that is cricket. Cricket is also a game. There are thousands of fields like that all over England. They are merely playing for amusement. The man who waved his arm bowled a ball; the man who waved his club hit it. You cannot see the ball, but it is there."

He was silent again. A little later he drew my attention to another field. "What is that?" he said. "There are men and girls with clubs all running among each other. Surely that is war. See how they smite! What Amazons! No wonder England leads the way!"

"No," I said, "that is hockey. Another game."

"And is there a ball there too?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "a ball."

"But see the garden of that house," he remarked; "that is not hockey. There are only four, but two are women. They also leap about and run and wave their arms. Is there a ball there?"

"Yes," I said, "there is a ball there. That is lawn tennis."

"But the white lines," he said. "Is not that, perhaps, out-door mathematics? That surely may help to serious things?"

"No," I said; "another game. There are millions of such gardens in England with similar lines."

"Yes," he said, for we were now over Surbiton, "I see them at this moment by the score."

We passed on to London. It was at that time of September when football and cricket overlap, and there was not only a crowded cricket match at the Oval but an even more crowded football match at Blackheath. I foresaw trouble.

My friend caught sight of the Oval first. "Ah," he said, "you deceived me. For here is your cricket again, played amid a vast concourse. How can you call it a game? These crowds would not come to see a game



AGRICULTURE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Fisherman. "WHAT ON EARTH DO THEY DO WITH THESE LITTLE PATCHES OF CORN THEY GROW UP HERE?"

Gillie. "WEEL, I'M THENKIN' THEY JUST GEOW IT FOR SEED THE NEXT YEAR."

played, but would play one themselves. It must be more than you said; it must be a form of tactics that can help to retain England's supremacy, and these men are here to learn."

"No," I said, "no. It is just a game. In England we not only like to play games but to see them played."

It was then that he noticed Blackheath. "Ah, now I have you!" he cried. "Here is another field and another crowd; but this is surely a battle. See how they dash at each other. And yes, look, one of them has had his head cut off and the others kick it. Splendid!"

"No," I said, "that is no head, that is a ball. Just a ball. It is a game, like the others."

He groaned. "Then I cannot see," he said at last, "how England won her victories and became supreme."

"Ah," said I, "at the time that England was winning her victories and climbing into supremacy few or no games were played. The ball had not then conquered us."

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

III.—SETH LATIMER'S WIFE.

PONKER tells me that quite a lot of people in the Grey Underworld—nice, intellectual-looking people—spend hours and hours sitting about in public gardens doing nothing (*I* think they are composing answers to acrostics; but that by the way), and it occurred to him that if he could get some of them to tell their life histories it might help them to pass the leaden hours, and would, incidentally, greatly benefit his book.

So he took to haunting disused burial-grounds and other pleasaunces, but found that most of the people there preferred to pass the leaden hours in silent meditation, with occasional intervals for light refreshment; and he was getting very much discouraged when SETH LATIMER filled him with hopes of "copy."

PONKER came across SETH in the garden belonging to a dingy square. This garden, he tells me, is governed by a prison warder administering a code of 149 by-laws. (Well, perhaps not a prison warder really; but a bad-tempered person with postman's trousers.) It is hemmed in by vicious-looking spears, and contains a fountain basin—too shallow to serve the turn of the dejected people whom it fills with thoughts of suicide—and a statue of an alderman by some anonymous miscreant.

Into this elysium stepped SETH LATIMER one afternoon as the clock over the mausoleum on the north side of the square (a church, I suspect, though PONKER thinks not) struck the hour of one. He came out of a house in the square, carrying a black hand-bag, and he walked with an air of angry determination to a seat beside the fountain basin, opened the bag, and ate about a pound of ham sandwiches. Then he went back to the house again.

PONKER was only mildly interested at first. He thought it a pity that class feeling should be strong enough, even in such a dingy square, to prevent people from inviting the piano-tuner to share their midday meal with them—especially as SETH, who was a refined-looking old fellow, seemed to take it to heart so much.

But when SETH LATIMER (of course the name was merely coined for him by PONKER)—when SETH LATIMER (PONKER says the name fitted him to a T) repeated the same performance at one next day, it became evident that he *lived* in the square, and was not a piano-tuner at all. Of course, thought PONKER, it *might* be some new kind of open-air cure; but the chances were against it, because fads are generally confined to the idle rich.

It was not until a little later, when PONKER was contemplating the gold-fish in the basin, that the explanation of it flashed across his mind, and he saw that SETH LATIMER was the hero of a delightfully sordid little domestic drama.

His shiny frock-coat was sufficient evidence that life had not gone too well with him, and things had, perhaps, been at their very worst when his wife came unexpectedly into a little money. Being a woman of coarse fibre she had taunted him from that time forth with his dependence upon herself, till at last his proud, sensitive nature was goaded beyond endurance, and he cried out in his bitterness of spirit: "Woman, never more will I take bite or sup beneath your roof."

PONKER was so pleased with his discovery that he began prodding at the gold-fish, in an absent-minded way, with the point of his umbrella; and the prison warder came and told him that he had made himself liable, under By-law 119, to forty shillings or a month. (I 'm not quite sure, but I rather think there was even some hint of corporal punishment.)

But PONKER was not going to be put off the trail of "copy" by a man in postman's trousers; and on the third day he found himself sitting side by side with SETH LATIMER, on a seat upon which they were both forbidden to carve their names under a penalty of £5. (This, however, was no hardship, as PONKER designed to send his name and SETH'S down to posterity in a far more enduring fashion. The whole world should weep over that attenuated figure with the pathetic black bag.)

SETH opened his bag wearily, ate a mouthful of sandwich, and then—and then such a look of dumb agony came over his face that PONKER'S heart ached for him. Suddenly it must have been borne in upon SETH that, though he might eat in the garden, his food was none the less of his wife's providing. (Why hadn't he thought of this before? I don't know; one can't think of everything, I suppose.)

He could not eat it. It choked him. With deft aim he flung the ham sandwiches of dependence in among the gold-fish, infringing I know not how many by-laws.

Then his eye met PONKER'S.

"Young man," he said, "if ever you marry, you put your foot down, and don't you allow any spring-cleaning. There 's my house, now, so poisoned with the smell of varnish that I can't eat in it. But when it comes to putting French polish on ham sandwiches——!"

PONKER expressed his sympathy, and I know he would do it in a nice and gentlemanlike way; but he was a little low that evening. Why, oh, why would not people rise to that pitch of misery which home and foreign realists had taught him to believe was the common inheritance of dwellers in mean streets?

The Danger of a Little Learning.

"Hannibal is a new name for Mr. Geo. Renwick. This suggestion will probably stick to the Tariff Reform candidate. It makes such an interesting picture, full of subtle suggestion for the cartoonist. Mr. George Renwick in toga viritis—we will give him the full adult privilege—assaulting the gates of Newcastle or attempting to squeeze his Tariff Reform wooden horse inside the citadel."

Northern Echo.

None of *Mr. Punch's* cartoonists is prepared to avail himself of this "subtle suggestion."

The KAISER is reported to be annoyed because none of the German aristocracy has at present married any of the girls in His Imperial Majesty's *Sardanapalus* ballet. He does not care for the Fatherland to be shown up as inferior to Great Britain in this or any other matter.



SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

Native (to Sportsman, at close of a blank afternoon). "I SEE A TIDY GUDGEON, ABOUT TWO MOILE FURDER DOWN, NOT MORE 'N A WEEK AGO!"

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS.

["It may perhaps be difficult after so much laxity to pull ourselves together, but it is not at all impossible. At any rate, let us save our children from a similar unsatisfied and restless kind of existence by teaching them from babyhood the true joy of self-mastery, of discipline, and of thought for others, lessons to be enforced, if necessary, by wholesome and just chastisement."—"*Privy Councillor*" *in* "*The Daily Mail*" *on* "*The Sense of Duty.*"]

I ADMIT the accusation that, regarded as a nation,
We 're developing a tendency to go it;
We 've been given up as hopeless, and, as years elapse, we cope less
With our vices—we are decadent, and know it!
But it 's still within our power, if we really try, to dower
All our children with the virtues that we 're lacking—
Both by dint of moral suasion, and, of course, on due occasion,
By judicious, wholesome, necessary whacking!

If my wife and I are seedy (the result of being greedy)
When we 've supped at costly cafés two or three times
In a style we didn't oughter, then LOUISE, our little daughter,
Is deprived of jam at just as many tea-times;
And our manners may be boorish, and our taste in dressing poorish,
Still, if Baby DERRICK doesn't wear his bib aright,
Then the naughty little sinner gets no pudding with his dinner—
For no child of ours shall ever be a sybarite!

Though I 'm getting on for fifty, I am anything but thrifty—
I am prodigal and reckless, to be truthful;
But I often stop remittance of my son's half-termly pittance,
Just to teach him careful habits while he 's youthful;
And whenever dissipation brings a harsh communication
From the company with whom I do my banking,
Then, in tones austere and gloomy, do I call my children to me
And proceed to give them each a thorough spanking!

Though a course of bread-and-butter may constrain LOUISE to utter
Protestations set to weird, chromatic wailings,
And though PAUL and BABS, in corners, howl like Oriental mourners,
Still, you *must* correct hereditary failings;
And, in moments of distraction, it 's a source of satisfaction
Thus to visit your offences on a nipper;
When you know your duty clearly is to kick yourself severely,
You can take it out of COSMO with a slipper!

Though your task may seem appalling, not to say distinctly galling,
For I find that, having been discreetly smitten,
PAUL and BABS are in the habit of belabouring their rabbit,
While LOUISE proceeds to bash the Persian kitten,
Still, by strenuous endeavour, we may teach our children never
To be like their naughty sires and silly mothers;
Using means at once preventive of that issue, and incentive
To a life of self-control and thought for others!



THE NEW CULTURE.

"AND, PROFESSOR, ARE YOUR LECTURES SUCH AS I COULD SAFELY TAKE MY DAUGHTER TO?"
"AH, THEN I HARDLY THINK THEY ARE WHAT I AM LOOKING FOR."

"MAIS SI, MADAME."

TO X. Y. Z.

(*Author of the "London Letter" in "The Daily News."*)

DEAR X. Y. Z., how do you do it, pray?
How get that story at your column's foot
Fresh every day? Fresh as a Norman egg?
What dogs your friends must be, what *raconteurs!*
But tell me how you do it; how obtain
This absolutely regular supply.
For punctually as the rising sun,
Or, in these days of gloom, we 'll say the milk,
Your story to the printer's hands is given
That readers of *The Daily News* may roar.
I seem to see them in their Clapham homes,
Around the Bournoville tables, cocoa spread,
And in the dense constituencies of
Messrs. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY and
WILSON, P. W., their aching sides
Holding in fierce hysterical delight.
Nothing can check the storm; each morn it comes;
Each evening we anticipate the next:
Here, for example, is a recent jest:

To-day's story. "Did you ever notice any firearms in the house?" the coroner asked a domestic servant at a Dublin inquest the other day. "Yes," replied the girl, "there were two air-guns."

Isn't that good? (Your ribs, sir, hold them fast,
Or what the consequences who shall say?
Madam, I pray you seize a neighbouring prop
Or doctor's bills will certainly ensue.)
The point? Why, here 's the point for all astray:
A gun of *air* cannot be arm of *fire*.
'Twas well one laughed at once or there 's a chance
One might be still as sober as a judge
(Not DARLING, no, nor PLOWDEN; but the rest).
That is the wonderful hypnotic skill
Which you exert. your stories make us laugh
Long ere we study if the laughter 's due.
How you must be desired of hostesses!—
"Dear X. Y. Z.," I seem to see one write,
"Now don't refuse, you dear, delightful man,
But come to-morrow, half-past seven precise,
And bring the very latest jokes with you.
I 'll take no word but Yes, Come—with the jokes,
And if you have none rob another school."

How nice to be as popular as that!

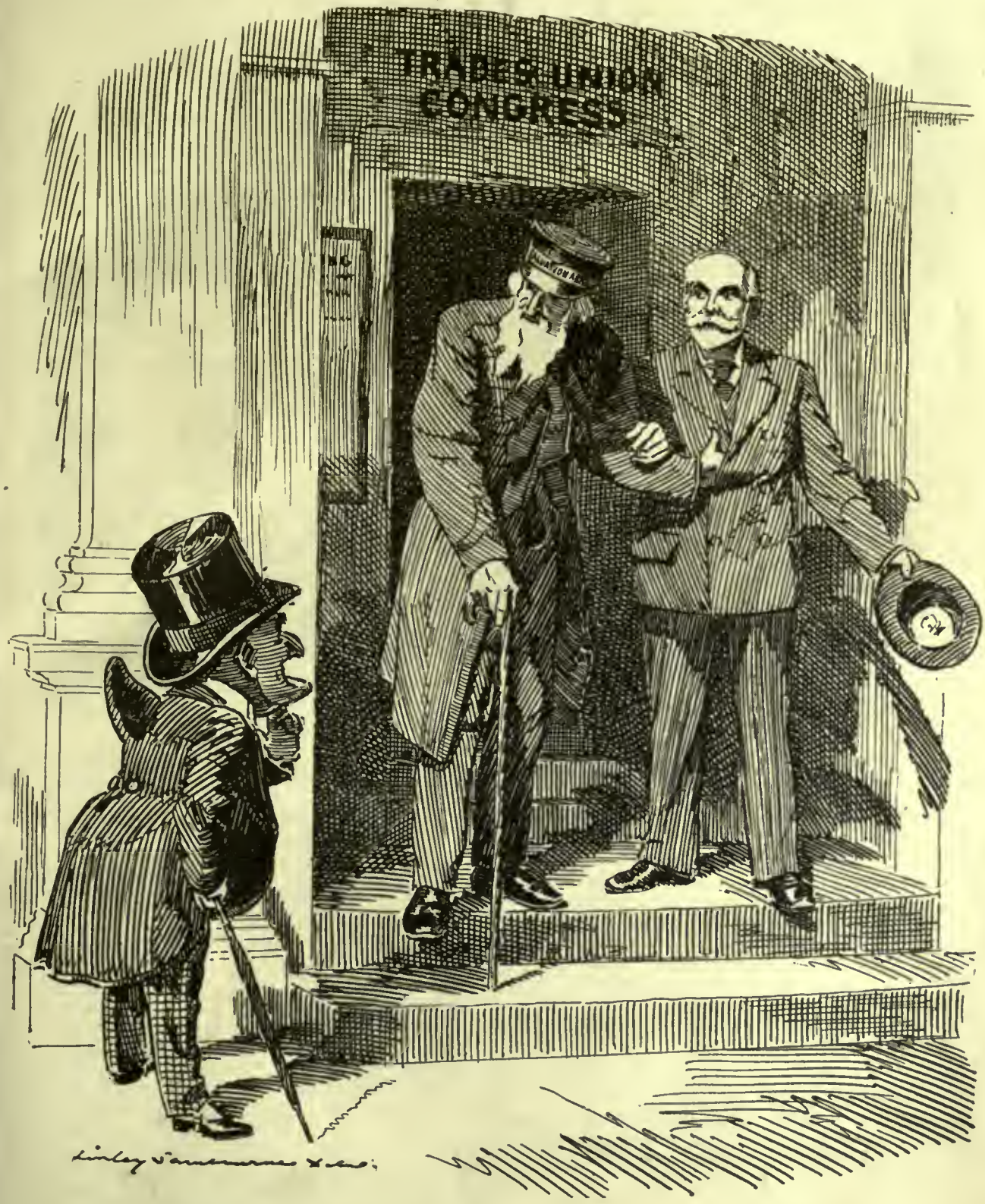
A Cruel Disappointment.

"The execution of Ali El-Arabi has been postponed by the authorities owing to the Parquet-General having received several telegrams which showed that the would be victim is quite innocent."
Egyptian Gazette.

The Invergordon Times, commenting on the contents of *Chambers's Journal* for September, states that

"Mr. Henry W. Lucy writes pleasantly about 'New Jerusalem.'"

Mr. Punch was not aware that his TOBY, who has views on New Journalism, had been taking these higher flights. He declines all responsibility in the matter.



WITHOUT A STAIN ON THEIR CHARACTERS.

GENERAL BOOTH AND MR. JOHN BURNS. "YOU SEE BEFORE YOU TWO CONDEMNED CRIMINALS."
MR. PUNCH. "WELL, I SHOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT." BOTH. "WE DON'T."

[General Booth and Mr. John Burns have been the objects of severe criticism at the Trades Union Congress.]





SCENE—*Tea-Shop at Seaside.*

Proprietor (to Lady tourist, who has ordered a bun, and seated herself at a vacant table). "EXCUSE ME, MISS; BUNS DON'T SIT!"

DISCURSIONS.

DIVINE PHILOSOPHY.

I MET my friend, the pale young stockjobber, again yesterday, and found him, as usual, very communicative. He had complained of the weather, and I had ventured some commonplace about philosophers being independent of weather conditions. He looked at me with some alarm, as though he had suddenly met a ferocious animal, and began: "No larks," he said. "You 're not one of those philosopher chaps, are you? No, I thought not. Fact is I don't want to meet any more of them. I only knew one, and that was enough. He just about fed me up with philosophers for the rest of my life. Since then I 've done with them. If I hear a fellow talking about philosophers I tell him I 'm not taking any.

"How did it happen? I 'll tell you. There was a chap used to travel on this line, a skinny fellow with a pasty face and a queer sort of nose. It started with a hook and then finished with a snub—funniest sight you ever saw. He hadn't got a hair on his face—never had had—and he wore a wig. It was a ripping wig, all brown and wavy, but it didn't fit very well at the back, so you could spot it directly. He didn't smoke and he didn't talk much, and I never saw him with a newspaper. When a chap said, 'That 's a tasty bit about Lady GWENDOLEN'S divorce,' or, 'This is all rot about the drinking habits of marquises,' he just looked up in a sniffy kind of way, as if he didn't want to be bothered, and then got to work at his book again. He was always reading some book or other covered up in brown paper.

"I fancy he was something in the banking line, but I 'm not sure. Anyhow he looked like a banker—pompous, you know, and very high and mighty, as if fellows on the Stock Exchange were mere worms to him. I didn't cotton to the beggar—none of us did—but after a time nobody took much notice of him when he got into our carriage, and we just went on with our talk and jokes as if he wasn't there. Even old 'WHAT PRICE JOE' couldn't draw him out, and it was no good any of us trying if JOE BULLER couldn't bring it off. Generally it was the Bank of England to a blue monkey on JOE in a game of that kind, but I suppose we all have our failures.

"Well, one day I was coming home early by a different train. I was alone in the carriage, and just as the train had started I saw this banker fellow legging it along the platform as if he wanted to burst the world's record. He chucked himself against my carriage, tore open the door and got himself half in, when he slipped.

I had him by the collar in no time and dragged him in on the floor just as all the guards and porters were on to him. It was a near thing, and I wasn't sure at first he hadn't left a leg or two behind him. He wasn't too sure of it himself either, but after he 'd taken stock of himself and got his breath and pulled his wig straight he began to thank me twenty-four to the dozen and call me his preserver and tommy-rot of that kind.

"One thing led to another, and before we 'd finished that trip I found out he was a philosopher. He 'd written a book: *First Principles of Ethics*, by HENRY LAZENBY, was its name. I 've got it at home somewhere—he gave it to me—but I couldn't get through a page of it. It was all stuff I 'd never heard of before and never want to hear of again—systems and codes and things—and the lingo made you red in the face with not understanding it. LAZENBY was very hard on some of the other philosophers—'poisonous reptiles' he called them. He said he belonged to a school that was bound to beat all the rest. I thought he meant Eton or Harrow, but he told me it was a school of philosophy. They call themselves schools when two or three of them get together and find out that all the other chaps who 've been at it before have got hold of the muddy end of the stick.

"Of course I didn't get this out of him all at one go. After I 'd saved his bally life I took a sort of fancy to the beggar and used to see a good deal of him one way or another. It made me feel a bit superior, you know, to talk to him before the other fellows and see them open their mouths when he gave old ARISTOTLE beans. He was a Greek chap or something of that sort, but LAZENBY said his day was past. At last one day he said he 'd like to get me interested in a meta-something or other—yes, that 's the word, metaphysics—and would I dine with him and spend the night? I was a young fool in those days, and I accepted.

"You never saw such a place as he lived in—a great ramshackle kind of barn with books all over it. His wife was worse than LAZENBY. She was the boniest old scarecrow I ever met outside a political meeting, and she 'd got an eye on her that looked right through you and dried you up. And what do you think we had for dinner? Nuts, great Scott! Nuts and vegetable omelets and bean cutlets and mess of that sort; and there they were, both of 'em, quarrelling like cats over some blessed philosopher while I was starving and pretending to like their home-brewed ginger-beer. It made me so ill I couldn't go to London next day, and I made out I lost a thou. through not being in the market. That settled me, and I didn't go on with his philosophy after that. He shifted his quarters to Kent a month later, and I haven't met him for years, I 'm glad to say."

Some Modern Re-inventions.

The Daily Express, after reporting the up-to-date features of the German Army Manœuvres—the motor cycles and the portable wireless apparatus—sums up the picture with the following historical reflection: —

"In the background were groups of blue-bloused, half-French peasants, some of whom, perhaps, had witnessed similar scenes, under sterner conditions, thirty-eight years ago."

It is an awful thought that these useful devices may once more perish in the next European war and have to be invented all over again.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

[Strangely divergent views upon the duties of wives towards their husbands emerge from the correspondence on "Sport and Husbands" which has been appearing in *The Daily Mirror*.]

I.

WHEN JENNY was wedded to WILL, said she:
"A dutiful wife I mean to be;
His every thought, his every care,
His every sorrow I hope to share.
No thought shall WILLIAM entertain
That is not known to his loving JANE.
His sport shall be my sport and he
Shall never want anyone else but me."
Now WILL had no thought in the world but one—
To kill and slay with his deadly gun;
He tramped the stubbles, he tramped the heather
Ruthlessly slaughtering fur and feather.
So JENNY, though little addicted to sport,
Like a dutiful wife, had her skirts cut short,
And all day long over holt and hill
Wearily toiled at the heels of WILL.
Rain and sun and sun and rain
Beat on the face of the dutiful JANE
Till her skin grew leathery, coarse and black,
Her coat hung down like a shapeless sack,
Her hands were knotted, her fingers twisted
And her feet the hugest that ever existed.
With aching limbs she trudges still
Wearily, wearily after WILL,
While he, depressed by the terrible blight of her,
Shudders whenever he catches a sight of her.

II.

When KITTY was wedded to TOM, said she:
"A spoilt little wife I mean to be;
I don't care a rap what the world may say,
I mean to make sure of my own sweet way,
And instead of my slaving for TOM I 'll see
That he is the veriest slave to me."
Scarce had the wedding-bell chimes grown faint
When KITTY contracted a new complaint,
A sort of a kind of a curious feeling
That seemed to defy all hopes of healing;
It baffled the doctors' diagnosis
And called for sofas and restful poses.
What it might be no man could say;
It came and went in a curious way.
If dinners and dances were on the *tapis*
KITTY grew suddenly well and happy,
But if household cares began to worry
KITTY relapsed in the greatest hurry,
Sank on a sofa and closed her eyes
And wrung TOM's heart with her deep-drawn sighs.
At first TOM sometimes felt a wish
To gallop or golf or shoot or fish,
But if he indulged such a selfish whim
KITTY was sure to be even with him,
For when he returned he would find her lying,
Stretched on the sofa and all but dying,
Robed in a *peignoir* that fitted nattily,
Crying for brandy and *sal volatile*.
So it continued for several days
Till TOM was weaned from his wicked ways,
And now in his holidays he is tied
To his darling KITTIKIN's sofa-side
Feeding her up with chicken and jelly,
And reading aloud from Miss CORELLI.



THE BRIDEGROOM'S TROUSSEAU: OR, THE NEWEST JOURNALISM.

A DISTRESSING PRACTICE HAS GROWN UP IN THE LAST YEAR OR SO OF PUBLISHING PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DRESSES, HATS, VEILS, ETC., COMPRISED IN THE TROUSSEAU OF A FORTHCOMING BRIDE, AND OF SHOWING THEM *WORN*, FOR THE PURPOSES OF PHOTOGRAPHY, BY *MISCELLANEOUS STRANGERS*—LADIES, WE PRESUME, IN THE EMPLOY OF THE TRADESPEOPLE. OUR ARTIST CANNOT SEE WHY MEN SHOULD NOT RETALIATE IN KIND, EXCEPT OF COURSE THAT VERY FEW BRIDEGROOMS WOULD CONSENT TO TOLERATE AN EXHIBITION OF THIS CHARACTER.

OUR STRENUOUS STATESMEN.

In welcome contrast to all the talk of decadence and physical deterioration by which we are daily beset are the evidences of courage, stamina and agility recently furnished by leading Liberal politicians.

Only the other day we read in the papers of Mr. JOHN BURNS running all the way from Putney to Hammersmith Bridge with an Australian sculler, and *The Daily Chronicle* of the 9th inst. related how Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, while fishing, killed a snake a yard long on the river bank.

These, however, are by no means isolated instances of the exhibition of the manly virtues by our rulers, as the following interesting information, supplied at enormous cost by our Special Correspondents, will abundantly show.

Thus on Friday last, at Slains Castle, Mr. ASQUITH was serenaded by four pipers for the space of half an hour without uttering a single murmur.

Quite recently, while bathing at a well-known watering-place, Mr. HALDANE was attacked by a porpoise, but beat off his finny foe with several well-planted trudgeon strokes and swam to shore uninjured.

Dr. MACNAMARA, M.P., whose devotion to golf is notorious, while playing a round last Tuesday on a well-known provincial course, hooked his drive badly into a spinney and stunned a young luminous owl so badly that the bird had to be revived with a strong jorum of sloe gin.

Lord CARRINGTON, who was the principal speaker at a great Radical jamboree at High Wycombe on Wednesday last, took part in the athletic sports which preceded the speeches and came in eleventh in the sack-race.

Mr. MASTERMAN, M.P., while playing croquet a few days ago, was stung in the hand by a wasp, but after a hasty application of ammoniated quinine pluckily continued the game.

While fishing on Tuesday last Mr. MCKENNA killed a trout nearly six inches long without any assistance.

Mr. BIRRELL, during a recent visit to Norfolk, ran from his house to the golf links, a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, in 7 mins. 40 secs.

A BROCKEN BENEFIT.

IT is easy enough to guess the reasons that induced Mr. TREE to give us a *réchauffé* of "Faust," if *réchauffé* is quite the right word for a version that lets the hero end in a much cooler place than GOETHE assigned to him. First of all, the part of *Mephistopheles* affords a fine test of versatility, with lots of isolating limelight, for a leading actor; secondly, the subject offers great chances for scenic transformations and pyrotechnics; thirdly, Mr. TREE had his two faithful henchmen at call, Mr. COMYNS CARR and Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, to rejuvenate the hoary legend. In the result he was justified, though I am not sure that the human element of the play was not a little overweighted by the supernatural. I could easily have done with fewer angels on clouds and flying bogies on the Brocken and "living pictures" of dead women, if *Faust* could only have been a little less hustled over his capture of *Margaret's* heart. But then, of course, Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS—to say nothing of the stage-machinist—had to be given his chances. And, as far as I could follow him, with so much to distract the eye and so many noises going on in the orchestra and the bowels of the earth, he seemed to have used them with discretion. One passage, however, excellent in itself, was damaged by the circumstances attending its utterance. It was the peroration of *Faust*, where he announces his intention of devoting himself, purgatorially, to the good of his fellowmen:—

"May it be mine . . .
To drain the marshland, circumscribe the sea,
To build and shelter from the tyrannous sky . . ."

Admirable resolutions, which would have done high credit to a conscientious County Councillor, but sounding rather priggish when you thought of the poor girl whom he had ruined lying dead beside him in her prison cell. I recommend that in future he should utilize the "desolate place" already painted for Act II., Sc. 5, and throw off his speech in decent solitude.

Of the new features and motives imposed upon the old scheme, one at least should be popular—the redemption



Margaret (Miss Marie Löhr) to *Faust* (Mr. Ainley). "My heart's the right size, but my head seems so much smaller than yours."

of *Faust* through the magnetic force of the "woman-soul." This brought us to a terminal tableau which is practically a replica of the happy ending in *The Darling of the Gods*. Less satisfactory was the fatal effect of the soporific on *Margaret's* mother. One easily recognises the dramatic utility of this new device. It gets *Margaret* to prison several months earlier, and her arrest makes a very effective culmination to the scene of *Valentine's* death. But it introduces an alien note into a tragedy of human passion whose appeal lies in its apparent inevitability. It confuses the issues, since the murder is in effect the direct handiwork of the devil, and the lovers had only an innocent part in it.

I did not care very much for the interpolation of that scene in "a desolate place," where *Faust* is made to lie beside a gloomy pool (at a comfortable angle on an artificial couch) racked with an anticipatory pain in his conscience. I should have preferred him to go blindly to his fault; it would have left him fresher for his subsequent repentance.

Mr. AINLEY was at his best as old man *Faust*. As the lover, for all his natural grace, he seemed less sincere than usual. Miss MARIE LÖHR acted with astonishing courage in the scenes that put most strain upon her youth and inexperience; yet I wish she had never been persuaded to appear as *Margaret*. I hope I am not too sensitive, but, frankly, I think it a pity that, just for the sake of a little more naturalism, so young a girl should have been put through the ordeal of playing the victim's part in a story of seduction.

Miss ROSINA FILIPPI was the best possible *Martha*, and Mr. GODFREY TEARLE made a soldierly *Valentine*. It must have been very exasperating for him to hear the dreadful news from the bibulous lips of the most accomplished toper in the crowd; and I can't imagine why this gentleman was chosen for the task.

Finally, Mr. TREE was a most attractive and capable fiend, especially in his lighter and more satiric vein. A weaker devil might well have been unnerved by his own diabolical fireworks; but not he.

I noticed, by the way, that *Mephistopheles* informed us that he took no interest in the Law. As an ex-private of the Inns of Court ("Devil's Own") this meant for me the loss of a very dear illusion. But perhaps he has only given up recognising that distinguished corps since it was embodied in the Territorials. Another nasty blow for Mr. HALDANE! O. S.



Mephistopheles (Mr. Tree) to *Faust* in the Brocken Gallery. "Take your choice! All a-moving!"

THE LIFE OF LETTERS.

IT is only in response to the countless petitions of admiring relatives and curious friends that (though personally holding strongly the view that, in the case of every considerable Writer, it is with the message rather than the man that the public is concerned) I have at last consented to issue the following brief memoir upon my own literary career.

It may be premised as a somewhat remarkable fact, that, although no previous member of my family has actually wielded other than a commercial pen, I have myself been brought variously into contact with literary associations since childhood. Thus my father, a man of secure but not dazzling position in the Leicester boot-and-shoe industry, occupied during the first years of his married life a residence (still, I believe, standing) in that town next-door to the local circulating library, subsequently moving to one slightly larger at Stratford (Bow). How far after-events may be traced to the unconscious influence of these early surroundings might, I dare say, form for the curious in such matters a fascinating subject of speculation.

To resume, however. The inspiration of my first literary effort came to me, I recollect, exactly a decade ago this month, while spending my customary vacation at Smellsea-on-Solent. Since then it has become my habit to confine the practice of composition exclusively to the present season of the year; and from burning Bournemouth to wintry Whitby there are but few of the most select holiday resorts in this island kingdom that have not seen me at my self-imposed labour. It has truly been one of love. I am naturally a quick worker, and, once conceived, the entire MS. was completed practically at a sitting, as indeed has been the case with each one of its successors. It was then submitted, not without some natural diffidence, to the same eminent firm through whom the whole of my subsequent publishing business has been transacted. Its success is perhaps not a theme for me to dwell upon. Without exact information, I believe I am justified in saying that the circulation ran into several hundred thousand copies (including six copies which were purchased by myself for distribution among my wife's family). In the case of later compositions I have had the gratification of seeing these figures far exceeded.

That, indeed, was a memorable day! How well do I recall the delicious thrill with which on the morning of its publication I discovered a complete stranger asleep with my own words upon his knee, and my wife's emotion when at dinner a fellow-guest at the same boarding-house actually quoted (of course in ignorance of its author's identity) a passage from my work. These are incidents to the influence of which I am even now not wholly insensible, for it is in such apparent trifles that intellectual effort reaps a reward richer than mere pecuniary recompense. The comparison reminds me to mention that I have throughout consistently refused to accept any form of payment for my writings, or rather (to clothe the same statement in language of more pedantic accuracy) should certainly so refuse did the occasion arise. My own literary work, therefore, whatever may be the case with that of others, is dictated by no aims more ignoble than the education and advancement of my fellow-men. It is better so. Only free from the sordid trammels of finance can the artist hope to achieve his highest level. Thus and thus only can he maintain the distinction of purpose, the fine unconscious altruism, that (I am proud to believe) animates every word that I have written in my annual letter to *The Daily Telegraph*.



MOTORITIS.

Small Girl. "MUMMY! MUMMY! IS THAT THE SWAN'S SPARE LEG?"

An Episcopal Blessing.

"The Bishop of Ripon is in Bath for the benefit of the waters."—*Bath Chronicle.*

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT was the ambition of *Esther Moor* to hear the *vox Dei* with her outward ears so that through her agency it might become the *vox populi* in the little country town of Lowport and the surrounding villages. Mr. J. E. BUCKROSE'S pleasantly written *Voices* (HUTCHINSON) describes the success and the failure of her venture. At first her hearing of the divine voices—rather unkindly compared to the cry of a bat, which most people find inaudible—was only a pretence. After a time she persuaded herself, as well as the weak-kneed folk whom she cured of hysterical diseases for the moderate fee of half-a-sovereign, that it was a reality, and much hearing would have made her mad if she had not, to test the good faith of her affianced husband, publicly declared that the voices were a delusion. Whereupon that gentleman, who, I regret to say, was a journalist, seeing that the geese who laid the golden coins on which he had proposed to live a life of genteel unemployment were for all practical purposes dead, decided, happily for *Esther*, to remain a bachelor.

If Mrs. MARY BAKER G. EDDY should happen to light upon the book she would have good reason for thinking that it constitutes an infringement of her own patent religion. The two cults are practically identical, though Mr. BUCKROSE makes no mention of the American seer. But that is only his artfulness. His book is obviously meant to be a satire on the weak points of her popular nostrum. But I am afraid it is a case of Criticism's labour lost. These happy people are convinced that they have no weak points. The voice of the satirist is as inaudible to them as the cry of a bat or a turnip to you or me. Still, they might do worse than see themselves, as in a looking-glass, in Mr. BUCKROSE'S book.



MORE "LANGUAGE OF POSTURE."

P.C. R.S.V.P. ATTEMPTS TO CONVEY TO FRIENDLY FOREIGNERS THE UNUTTERABLE FACT THAT THE EXHIBITION IS CLOSED ON SUNDAYS.

I don't profess to understand
The legal ins and outs of marriage
As practised in a foreign land,
And so I don't disparage;
But if the Italian method 's such
As Mr. RICHARD BAGOT shows it,
It doesn't lure me over much,
And I don't care who knows it.

But, worse than this, he demonstrates
How homely British ties of blood 'll
Through weddings and unkindly fates
Produce a ghastly muddle;
So, what with that, and what with this
(His latest novel 's all about it),
One almost counts all kith amiss,
And longs to do without it.

Still, though for me to have to don
His people's shoes were too exciting,
I cannot say enough upon
The way he 's done the writing;
It's vivid, human, cultured, true;
In fact, I cussed beneath my breath when
I found, too soon, I'd read it through—
Anthony Cuthbert (METHUEN).

Ten years ago we were taught to believe that there was no fun left in Ireland, and that women were deficient in the sense of humour. Then came Miss SOMERVILLE and "MARTIN ROSS" and demolished both assertions in *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.* With its treble appeal to lovers of Hibernia, hilarity and horses, the book achieved an immediate success, and has long been regarded as a classic by those best capable of testing its fidelity to life. Of the sequel now issued under the title of *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.* (LONGMANS), it would be flattery to say that it equals its predecessor. But from any other ordeal of comparison the new *R.M.* would emerge triumphant. Some of the characters have sobered a little since we met them last, but *Philippa* can still shriek like a peacock; *Flurry Knox*, though a married man and a magistrate, still presumes successfully on his delusive youthfulness of aspect; that venerable buccaneer, his grandmother, dingy yet be-diamonded, still combines the manners of a *grande dame* with the morals of a poacher; and *Maria*, that incomparable spaniel, "elderly but unimpaired in figure," has only been "fortified in guile by the castigations of seven winters." Happy are those who are prompted by perusal of the new volume to refresh their recollections of the old: still happier those who make their first acquaintance with the *R.M.* in his latter phase, and have still before them the untasted joys of his golden youth.

Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM has inscribed his novel *Spanish Gold* (METHUEN) "To Theodosia and Althea who asked me to write a story about treasure buried on an island," and in a sense he has carried out their wish. But if THEODOSIA and ALTHEA are really children (in spite of their portentous names) they will have to wait a little before they can fully appreciate the author's vein of comedy. Pragmatism, for instance, provides the subject of one of the most delightful conversations in the book, but every child I know would shy at it. *Mr. Meldon*, the clergyman who took charge of this treasure-hunt and of all the curious people engaged upon it, was not a very perfect moralist, but he was "out" to get the doubloons, and no trifles were going to stop him. If he had not been a clergyman he would have made a most successful company-promoter, for he was never at a loss for words or excuses. In fact, he talked and talked until he found the doubloons. Perhaps THEODOSIA and ALTHEA talked and talked until they got the book, and, if so, I should like to include them (always supposing that they are children) in my vote of thanks to Mr. BIRMINGHAM.

CHARIVARIA.

THE British Embassy in Washington was entered last week, and a large sum of money and some valuables were secured. This is thought to be the work of souvenir-hunters.

***

The new Court of Arbitration will, it is proposed, be nominated by the Board of Trade from three panels. One panel will be formed, according to the official memorandum, of "persons drawn from the class of workmen and trade unionists." We trust that the distinction, which is bound to cause pain in certain quarters, is not justifiable.

***

An Optimists' Club is to be founded in London. The membership is to be restricted to persons of a cheerful demeanour, who do not believe that the country is going to the dogs. In fact, on seeing their sunny smiles, people will probably be convinced that the country is going to the Cheshire Cats.

***

The Illustrated London News furnishes us with an interesting piece of information concerning the new Master of St. John's, Cambridge. Mr. SCOTT, we are told, "entered St. John's and matriculated in 1875 as Fourth Wrangler." A man who could take Matriculation and the Mathematical Tripos in a stride is no ordinary man, and we are not surprised that Mr. SCOTT has risen to eminence.

***

The following extract from a circular inviting artists to contribute to a certain forthcoming exhibition would seem to press somewhat hardly on miniaturists: "Please note:—Prices should not be lower on an average than four guineas a square foot. Prices of pictures valued at too little for their size will not be entered in the catalogue."

***

"There are many good ways of advertising," says *Modern Business*. "Anything which is in good taste attracts attention." One always is drawn to a novelty.

***

A motor omnibus entered a front parlour in Cumberland Street, Regent's Park, one day last week. The occupant of the parlour was more than surprised as he had not hailed the vehicle, being asleep at the time. While sympathising with the omnibus companies in the bad times through which they are passing, we think that this touting for orders is undignified.

***

The Clerkenwell magistrate has suggested that in future when paupers tear up their clothing they shall not be given any other garments. It is thought that the result of this may be that some of the offenders may obtain valuable music-hall engagements, to the advantage of the rates.

***

The Pall Mall Gazette suggests that our banks should issue smaller cheque-books. There is, however, a still greater demand, we believe, for larger bank balances.

"WANTED, Room, Unfurnished, by quiet elderly gentleman; with fireplace."
Adelaide Register.

Sybarite!



FIRST AID.

Overheated Policeman (to medical gentleman who has been called to a bathing accident). "SORRY YOU'VE HAD THE TROUBLE OF COMING FOR NOTHING, SIR. WE TRIED ARTIFICIAL PERSPIRATION ON THE POOR FELLOW, AND HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW."

The Unrest in India.

"In India Soaps are now as plenty as the
PROVERBIAL BERRIES.
But certainly there are
SOAPS AND SOAPS.
THE
BENGAL SOAPS
alone have stood the test of time and have stupefied the student community all over India."—*Advt. of a Calcutta firm.*

According to *The Daily Telegraph*, President ROOSEVELT recently made the following observation:—

"The Swedes teach us Americans a lesson, for many of us live with our husbands or wives too far apart."

We do not pretend to know how the Swedes manage in these cases, but surely this arrangement is the most convenient one for pluralists.

PIGS AND THE FUTURE STATE.

[In a paper read before the Congress of Religions at Oxford last week, Mr. MARETT quoted the views of a native of Polynesia, who professed himself unable to "imagine the ghost of a pig."]

PIG of the small suspicious eye,
And nasal organ so expert
At poking round your putrid sty
For dainty bits of offal dirt;
I come to break a piece of news,
Not humorous, not designed for laughter,
Since it concerns the latest views
That bear upon a pig's Hereafter.

Nature denies you many things
Which you regard as hopes deferred—
Such as the joy of wearing wings
And so behaving like a bird;
Calmly you wait the blessed time
When spirits, freed from earth's infections,
Attain a larger, happier clime
Where pigs will fly in all directions.

But now the Polynesian black
Asserts that, when he 's had you roast,
No fluff will sprout upon your back,
You cannot even be a ghost;
So far from sailing up the air
Where mortal vision may not follow,
You won't so much as haunt the lair
In which your habit was to wallow!

This thought should prove a fatal blow
To those sublime and soaring dreams
That cheered your piggish life below,
Gilding its muck with ghostly gleams;
If Paradise is barred to swine,
As hinted by the negro mystic,
You must infallibly decline
On courses purely Hedonistic.

Am I indifferent to the pain
This news occasions? Yes, I am.
I would not wish you back again
Except as bacon or as ham;
I trow I should be dead of fright
(At the mere thought my reason totters)
Were I to hear at dead of night
The tramp of your unearthly trotters.

Yet would I soothe your gaping sore
With comfort drawn from logic's well:
If you 've no future bliss in store—
If Heaven is sealed, why so is Hell;
And, though your past were bad to beat,
And might not bear investigation,
At least you 'll not be asked to meet
The Road-hog, your accurst relation!

O. S.

The Journalistic Touch.

"Nursed by Miss Florence Nightingale after being wounded at the Battle of Alma, a veteran has died in his seventy-eighth year."

We think the imputation is unfair to Miss NIGHTINGALE, and anyhow we feel certain that after this lapse of time no jury would convict.

Several of our contemporaries are devoting their columns to an explanation of the best way to obtain an Old-Age Pension. *Mr. Punch's* advice is: *Don't save.*

PERCY'S VIEWS ON "SWARMING."

I HAD heard nothing from PERCY since the day he had informed me of the tragic conclusion to his first essay in courtship. So I was the more surprised, on looking up from my writing one afternoon, to see him perched on the top of my travelling inkstand, obviously convulsed with an agony of imperfectly suppressed laughter. If you ask me how I was able to detect this expression on the countenance of a drone, I don't know that I can explain. Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES observes somewhere in *The Lore of the Honey-bee* that the great gulf between the Bee-world and ourselves is conceivably not unbridgable, and PERCY and I, as has been sufficiently shown, had met each other more than halfway from the first.

"Something seems to have amused you, PERCY," I said rather stiffly, for I had a suspicion—unfounded, as it turned out—that he was indulging his sense of humour at *my* expense.

"*Amused*, dear fellow!" he gasped. "I 've nearly laughed my head off! What *do* you think our Virgin Tartars have been up to now?" And he was again overcome by a paroxysm of mirth.

"I 've no idea," I replied; "and I 'm not likely to have, unless you can recover enough self-control to enlighten me."

"Give me time, old boy!" he said, as he wiped his eyes with his forelegs. "Well," he began at length, "the old girls have been gettin' more and more tittuppy for the last day or two. Bargin' into you at every comb-corner, and side-snappin' 'my dears' at one another, the way they do when their temper 's more than usually short. And slack over their work into the bargain. *I* noticed it, and REGGIE and ARCHIE noticed it too. Even old GUS did—after he 'd had to wait once or twice for his bee-milk. And this mornin', on comin' in merry and bright from a turn round the garden, we found there was no work goin' on at all!

"'Now, girls, girls!' I said to 'em, 'this 'll never do. If you start slackin', how 's the show goin' to be run?' Old EMILY turned on me with a queer sort of glare in her indoor eyes. 'What do *we* care?' she says. 'We 're sick and tired of running the show, as you call it!' Just then in bounces CAROLINE and bangs down her bundle of pollen. 'There,' she says, 'that 's the last load *I* mean to carry! Why should we go on slaving like this for a Posterity we 'll never see?' 'Hear, hear!' cries PRISCILLA, who 's on the Housing Committee. 'Blow Posterity!' 'We 've as much right to be jolly as other persons!' says URSULA, our Head Undertaker. 'More!' chimes in MATILDA (she 's Inspector of Noosanees); 'we 've done with work for ever!'

"Of course I 'd told 'em often enough what tommy-rot I thought it was toilin' and sweatin' like they did—but I never supposed they 'd act on anything *I* said, or I shouldn't have spoken. 'I think you 're behavin' jolly selfishly,' I said; 'and let me ask you this: If you ain't goin' to work, what *are* you goin' to do with yourselves?'

"'Do?' says MARTHA. 'Live our own lives! Be free and happy and heedless of the morrow! Laugh, quaff and be merry!'

"'Oh,' says I, 'is *that* the idea?'

"'Yes,' says EMILY; 'we 're all going out to dance and sing and frolic in the sunshine. And you and the other boys must come too!'

"Fancy frolicking about with old EMILY and MARTHA!



NOT THE BIRD SHE WAS.

FARMER LLOYD-GEORGE. "NOW THEN, BUCK UP, OLD GIRL, AND GET FAT AGAIN."
THE GOOSE. "WELL, THE TRUTH IS, I SEEM TO HAVE LOST CONFIDENCE IN MYSELF."



"HADN'T WE BETTER GO HOME, NURSE? I DON'T THINK THESE PIERROT SONGS ARE QUITE SUITABLE FOR BABY."

I'll *trouble* you! I said I was no end sorry, but I'd got a most important engagement at home; and GUS and REGGIE and the rest said the same. Not good enough, don't you know!

"'Then stay behind!' says EMILY. 'We can get along without you. The Queen's coming, anyway. She's promised faithfully to join us presently. Come along, girls!'

"And out the whole pack of 'em swarmed, singin' and screamin', and waltzin' like a lot of lunatic midges. There were only two or three steady old stagers left. I shouldn't have known the city, it was so quiet and peaceful.

"I didn't much believe what EMILY had said about the Queen joinin' 'em. She might have given 'em to understand so, to pacify 'em—but, little as I knew about my Lady-Mother, I didn't think it likely that she'd take to larkin' about at *her* time of life. And I was right, for she stayed at home, like a sensible sovereign.

"BERTIE and REGGIE and ALGIE and I went out on the terrace and watched the proceedin's, just to see what sort of notion the old girls had of a right-down regular rollick. Whether they'd expected some of the other drones to put in an appearance is more than I can tell you. Any way, they didn't—weren't takin' any. You see, these bustlin' managin' Bee-women of ours are pretty awful when they're serious; but when they go in for bein' skittish—well, they're simply holy terrors!

"So, bein' left to themselves, all they could do was to frisk about with one another, and, never having had any practice, naturally they were a bit awkward. REGGIE and ALGIE and I nearly rolled off the terrace with laughin'. You never saw anything so dash ridic'lous as those prim old things conscientiously tryin' to frivol and pretendin' what toppin' fun it was, and how they were havin' the time of their lives!

"They were gettin' more sick of it every minute, but they wouldn't give in. If the Queen had only been with 'em, there was some idea of goin' off somewhere and startin' a new State on the go-as-you-please principle. But they couldn't do anything without *her*, and they were beginnin' to see that she didn't mean turnin' out. How much longer they'd have kept goin' I don't know, if it hadn't been for a shower luckily comin' on and givin' 'em an excuse for breakin' off the revelry. Doosid foolish they looked, too, sneakin' in one after another, and goin' on with their jobs as if they'd only been away for a minute or two on business!"

I hope I need not say that I felt no inclination to share in PERCY'S ribald mirth at such a fiasco. To me the futility of this attempt of the Worker-Bees to throw their bonnets over the mills, so to speak, was pathetic rather than ludicrous. But PERCY could not be induced to see it in that light. I suppose it was hardly to be expected.

"At least, PERCY," I said, "I hope you were drone enough to refrain from taunting them?"

"I didn't rag 'em, of course, old man," he replied. "All *I* said was, 'Well, girls, now you've found what enjoyin' yourselves is like, p'raps you'll understand that it's *us* fellows, after all, who've got the hardest work to do!' And then I came on to you, to have my laugh out.

"But they'll be waspier than ever after this little outin'," concluded PERCY; "and, between you and me, my boy, I shouldn't be surprised if my poor old Mother isn't havin' a rotten time with 'em at this very minute."

F. A.

"THE GREY UNDERWORLD."

IV.—"THE PLANTS OF ASIA."

WE had been reading in a superior weekly how a certain young novelist, after being dined by the New Réclame Club, had gone forth alone into the slums, "to toil and sorrow and suffer with the people," for six mortal weeks—by way of preparation, of course, for his autumn novel.

This made PONKER jealous, for he wanted to do something equally great for English literature. "Then why don't you toil and sorrow and suffer with the people *you* want to make 'copy' out of?" suggested PONKER's best adviser.

PONKER said he was quite sure that they wouldn't let him do anything of the kind. One of the most tragic things about the Grey Underworld of London was the fact that you might live all your life next-door to a man, and never even learn his name until the black plumed horses came for him—when the charlady would tell you it.

And then the same patient adviser had a masterly idea. Why shouldn't PONKER go from door to door all through the Grey Underworld disguised as a book-canvasser, and so compel these retiring folk to their doorsteps? They might not be very chatty, but PONKER would at any rate see a little way into their houses, and intuition would do the rest.

PONKER brightened at the suggestion; and a few days later a monumental work in forty parts, entitled *The Plants of Asia*, was made, by arrangement with a friendly publisher, his justification for a house-to-house visit.

No photographic weekly told of his exploit; no club *fêted* him as the guest of the evening. He simply had an egg for breakfast, and set out one morning, dressed in a rusty morning coat that he thought proper to his part, and heavily weighted with copies of the monumental work. And in the evening he came home footsore and weary, and said that the whole plan was rotten. He had only learnt that some people had mutton for dinner, and some had fish; some people kept more umbrellas in their hall than any Christian family could possibly have come by honestly, and some people had no umbrellas at all; and there were dark moments, so he told me, when he felt inclined to pitch *The Plants of Asia* into some yawning area, and come home in a hansom.

Nevertheless the next day he set out again—but only to return an hour later, with no *Plants* under his arm, and possessed by a mysterious fit of silence.

It was not until the genial hour of after-dinner that the secret came out.

It appeared that he had selected that morning the dullest, greyest street he could possibly find—Mafeking Street, S.E.—a street in which, he felt sure, nobody could ever be happy by any effort whatever—and had knocked at the door of the first of an endless row of brick boxes, all exactly alike. After waiting for a minute or two he thought he might as well knock again, to find out whether *all* the inmates of the house had made away with themselves in a fit of depression.

Well, one hadn't; she came to the door jingling a little bunch of keys, rather breathless, and wearing a kind of large pink pinafore over her dress. ("Pretty?" said PONKER's audience, in parenthesis. "Yes," said PONKER, "*awfully;*" and smoked in silence for two minutes and a-half.)

The door being opened, it seemed that PONKER had given *The Plants of Asia* a slap, cleared his throat, and enlarged upon the advantages of Art in the home.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I should like to see——"

So PONKER showed her the first coloured plate—a pine-apple in bloom, or something of the sort. (Pine-apples do burst into flower sometimes, don't they? In the spring, you know.) She looked at it with evident admiration, and PONKER took the opportunity of explaining that it was done in fourteen colours by a new process, and was simply being given away at a loss to everyone concerned—except the purchaser.

"It 's beautiful," she said. "Only sevenpence for each part?" Then, with a little flutter of self-consequence, she produced a new purse and took out some money. "CHARL—— I mean, my husband, is so fond of flowers," she explained rather shyly.

Now PONKER, relying upon the idea that no one would give him an order for the preposterous work, and having found that carrying a dead weight was no joke the previous day, had only brought out with him one number of the thing; and this recklessly extravagant young person proposed to clear out his whole stock-in-trade at once, and upset his plans for the day. He felt he couldn't spare the copy.

"I say, have you thought that it goes on for forty months?" he said anxiously—"nearly for ever?"

"But that will be delightful," she observed, looking actually happy at the idea. (The absurd creature. Forty pleasant surprises for CHARLEY! What?)

Then PONKER seems to have fallen away from his *rôle* altogether. "Delightful? Do you mean it?" he said. "It would bore me awfully, do you know, to have a thing like that happening every month."

She smiled—(I should think a cat would have laughed at PONKER's notion of doing business)—she smiled; and PONKER gave up *The Plants of Asia* at once, ungrudgingly.

"I 'm sure CHARL—— I mean, your husband, will be pleased," he said. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye," she nodded; and the door closed, but the glamour remained.

As PONKER's occupation was gone, he turned homewards for more copies of the monumental work. But when he got home he changed his mind and stayed there.

And there is a sequel to this. Yesterday, I saw on PONKER's desk a sheet of paper headed "Chap. I.," and "Chap. I." opened like this:—"Although, Heaven wots, my fingers are apter with the sword-haft than with the goose-quill, yet am I minded, now while the matter is fresh in my memory, to set down what wondrous chances have befallen me since I rode from the field of Worcester fight with the rowels of my spurs all blooded——"

POINTS FOR PENSIONERS.

"TOO YOUNG AT SEVENTY."—You say that in spite of all your efforts you cannot induce your hair to become thin or turn grey, and so the pension officers won't believe your age. We can only advise the daily use of a hair restorer; you will find the advertisements of them in the papers.

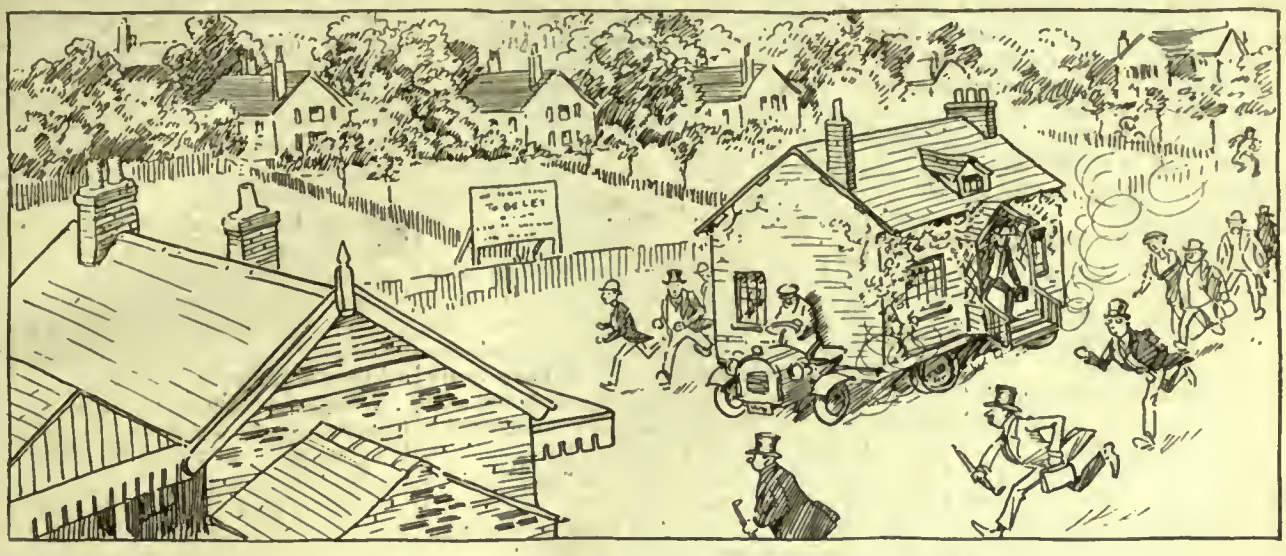
"ANXIOUS."—There is nothing technically criminal in having once run a bazaar, but we should strongly advise you to conceal it from the authorities.

"FATHER OF TWENTY-THREE."—No, the pension will only be given to yourself—your grandchildren will have to wait a little. Meanwhile let them begin a course of study on how to fill up a pension form.

"COQUETTE."—Sorry; you *will* have to fill in your age. But the pension officers are very discreet.

"CONSTANT READER OF 'PUNCH.'"—No other evidence of character needed.

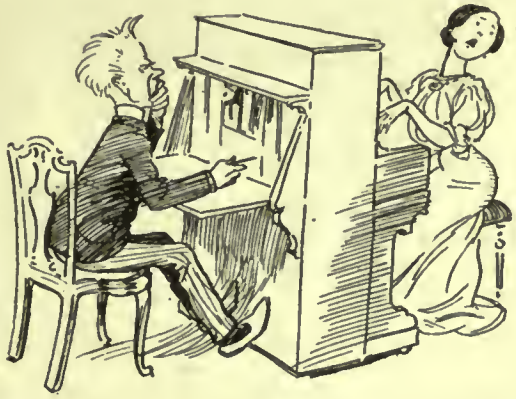
SOME EXHIBITS AT THE FORTHCOMING "IDEAL HOME" EXHIBITION.



THE MOTOR BREAKFASTING-ROOM. A BOON TO CITY MEN WHO SIT UP LATE.



SCREEN FOR BREAKFAST-TABLE. (BETTER THAN A NEWSPAPER.)



COMBINED PIANO AND WRITING-DESK FOR MUSICAL AND LITERARY HOMES.



DUMMY DEVICE FOR KEEPING THE HUSBAND AT HOME IN THE EVENINGS.

THE BROWN BAG.

JOHN walked eight miles over the cliffs to the nearest town in order to buy tobacco. He came back to the farmhouse with no tobacco, and the news that he had met some friends in the town who had invited us to dinner and Bridge the next evening.

"But that 's no reason why you should have forgotten the tobacco," I said.

"One can't remember everything. I accepted for both of us. We needn't dress. Put on that nice blue flannel suit of yours——"

"And that nice pair of climbing boots with the nails——"

"Is that all you 've got?"

"All I 'm going to walk eight miles in on a muddy path."

"Then we shall have to take a bag with us. And we can put in pyjamas and stay the night at an hotel; it will save us walking back in the dark. We don't want to lose you over the cliff."

I took out a cigar.

"This is the last," I said. "If, instead of wandering about and collecting invitations, you had only remembered—— Shall we cut it up or smoke half each?"

"Call," said JOHN, bringing out a penny. "Heads it is. You begin."

I struck a match and began.

Next day, after lunch, JOHN brought out his little brown bag.

"It won't be very heavy," he said, "and we can carry it in turns. An hour each."

"I don't think that 's quite fair," I said. "After all, it 's *your* bag. If you take it for an hour and a half, I don't mind taking the other half."

"Your shoes are heavier than mine, anyhow."

"My pyjamas weigh less. Such a light blue as they are."

"Ah, but my toothbrush has lost seven bristles. That makes a difference."

"What I say is, let every man carry his own bag. This is a rotten business, JOHN. I don't wish to be anything but polite, but for a silly ass commend me to the owner of that brown thing."

JOHN took no notice and went on packing.

"I shall buy a collar in the town," he said.

"Better let me do it for you. You would only go getting an invitation to a garden-party from the haberdasher. And that would mean another eight miles with a portmanteau."

"There we are," said JOHN as he closed the bag, "quite small and light. Now who 'll take the first hour?"

"We 'd better toss, if you 're quite sure you won't carry it all the way. Tails. Just my luck."

JOHN looked out of the window and then at his watch.

"They say two to three is the hottest hour of the day," he said. "It will be cooler later on. I shall put you in."

* * * * *

I led the way up the cliffs with that wretched bag. I insisted upon that condition anyhow—that the man with the bag should lead the way. I wasn't going to have JOHN dashing off at six miles an hour, and leaving himself only two miles at the end.

"But you can come and talk to me," I said to him after ten minutes of it. "I only meant that I was going to set the pace."

"No, no, I like watching you. You do it so gracefully. This is my man," he explained to some children who were blackberrying. "He is just carrying my bag over the cliffs for me. No, he is not very strong."

"You wait," I growled.

JOHN laughed. "Fifty minutes more," he said. And then after a little silence, "I think the bag-carrying profession is over-rated. What made you take it up, my lad? The drink? Ah, just so. Dear, dear, what a lesson to all of us."

"Wait till his turn comes," I murmured to myself, and changed hands for the eighth time.

"I don't care what people say," said JOHN argumentatively; "brown and blue *do* go together. If you wouldn't mind——"

For the tenth time I rammed the sharp corner of the bag into the back of my knee.

"There, that 's what I mean. You see it perfectly like that—the brown against the blue of the flannel. Thank you very much."

I stumbled up a steep little bit of slippery grass, and told myself that in three-quarters of an hour I would get some of my own back again. He little knew how heavy that bag could become.

"They say," said JOHN to the heavens, "that if you have weights in your hands you can jump these little eminences much more easily. I suppose one hand alone doesn't do. What a pity he didn't tell me before—I would have lent him another bag with pleasure."

* * * * *

"Nobody likes blackberries more than I do," said JOHN. "But even I would hesitate to come out here on a hot afternoon and fill a great brown bag with blackberries, and then carry them eight miles home. Besides, it looks rather greedy. . . . I beg your pardon, my lad, I didn't understand. You are taking them home to your aged mother? Of course, of course. Very commendable. If I had a penny, I would lend it to you. No, I only have a sixpence on me, and I have to give that to the little fellow who is carrying my bag over the cliffs for me. . . . Yes, I picked him up about a couple of miles back. He has mud all up his trousers, I know."

I began to think of some of the things I would say to him in half-an-hour's time. It would be rather fun to pretend——

"Dear, dear," he said solicitously, "did you knock your knee? I *am* sorry. If I had seen where you were going to, I would have warned you. I do hope you won't do it again. A man once told me that they fill the corners of those bags with lead, so as to keep the moths out. Was it lead? Oh, well, I suppose you couldn't tell exactly. It 's rather an art, telling things by the feel."

He was silent for ten minutes, and then broke out rapturously once more.

"What a heavenly day! I *am* glad we didn't bring a bag—it would have spoilt it altogether. We can easily borrow some slippers, and it will be jolly walking back by moonlight. Now, if you had had your way——"

* * * * *

"One minute more," I said joyfully; "and oh, my boy, how glad I am we brought a bag. What a splendid idea of yours! By the way, you haven't said much lately. A little tired by the walk?"

"I make it *two* minutes," said JOHN.

"Half a minute now. . . . There! And may I never carry the confounded thing another yard."

I threw the bag down and fell upon the grass. The bag rolled a yard or two away. Then it rolled another yard, slipped over the edge, and started bouncing down the cliff. Finally it leapt away from the earth altogether, and dropped two hundred feet into the sea.

"*My* bag," said JOHN stupidly.

And that did for me altogether.

"I don't care a hang about your bag," I cried. "And I don't care a hang if I 've lost my pyjamas and my best shoes and my only razor.

And I 've been through an hour's torture for nothing, and I don't mind that. But oh!—to think that you aren't going to have *your* hour——"

"By Jove, neither I am," said JOHN, and he sat down and roared with laughter. A. A. M.

URBS IN RURE;

TO A RAILWAY MOTOR-BUS.

SUPERB conveyance, strong and fleet,
Exploiter of the Earth's recesses,
And (in the handbill) bound to meet
The London corridor expresses,
With what delight by vale or hill
I hear your horn the woodland thrill,
While every listening cove admires
The crunch of those pretentious tyres!

Here where, a few brief summers back,
An exile from his fellow-creatures,
All day the tourist used to track
The coastline's firmly-chiselled features,
And wondered at the wilful waste
Of waters round him, as he paced,
And felt, monotonously dull,
A kinship with the gaping gull:—

To-day when, tired of cliff and main,
He half denies the silver sea's use,
Behold, as once the Wine God's wain
Descended on the spouse of Theseus,
Across the desert blank and mute
There sounds the well-remembered hoot,
And by his side you pause elate,
Proud catafalque, to lubricate.

In clouds of dust the road is rent;
With petrol run the mountain-tossed rills;
The rare inimitable scent
Of Piccadilly smites his nostrils;
As one that sees before his eyes
An errant angel in disguise,
He gazes on his past abode,
He seems to be in Fulham Road.

'Tis sweet for those that toil to rest
Afar from London's mad diversions,
In Rivieras of the West,
Accessible through cheap excursions;
But oh! in nooks beside the foam
One hungers for a taste of home,
And, thanks to you, each morn I see
And smell my town in Arcady!

"T. E. Hammond Wins 24 Hours Race in Record Time."—*Lloyds' Weekly.*

It seems that he took exactly 24 hours to do it, which is, of course, a record.



Impatient American (after an hour's pause). "SAY, GUARD, WHAT IN THUNDER ARE WE WAITING FOR? WHAT TIME D' WE PULL OUT ANYWAY?"

Guard (who has survived two generations of hustlers). "THAT ALL DEPENDS, SIR."

American. "DEPENDS ON WHAT?"

Guard (judicially). "AH, SIR, THAT AGAIN DEPENDS!"

THE LEAGUE OF MOTORING GENTLEMEN.

THERE is no truth in the statement that a League with the above title has been formed, the members of which pledge themselves to:—

1. Drive very slowly through all villages.
2. Drive as little as possible on dusty days.
3. Contribute largely to the rates of their own county, so as to relieve the poor who use the roads only on foot.
4. Refrain from exceeding the speed limit.
5. Overtake pedestrians, whether children or grown-up, with caution and due warning.
6. Stop whenever the driver of a horse signals.
7. Stop immediately if there should be an accident and give every help possible.
8. See that the chauffeur also behaves in the above manner.

THE SHORTEST RACE ON RECORD.—The Four-inch Race in the Isle of Man.

"L'homme propose."

"The Lord Provost has arranged to return to Glasgow on Monday, refreshed and strengthened."—*Glasgow News.*

"Mr. Clodd quotes an experiment made by the late Mr. Romanes upon a Skye terrier in the latter's own words."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

What was our friend *The Spectator* doing not to get hold of this item?



Officer. "WHAT THE DICKENS WAS THAT CALL YOU SOUNDED?"
Bugler. "THE RALLY, SIR."
Officer. "I NEVER HEARD IT SOUNDED LIKE *THAT* BEFORE."
Bugler. "WELL, THAT'S 'OW THEY '*UMMED* IT TO ME!"

OUR TITLED WARBLERS.

[*Respectfully dedicated to the author of "The Earl as Vocalist" in "The Daily Mail" of Sept. 17th.*]

LADY DOROTHY BOODLE, whose pianoforte solo was the *pièce de résistance* at the Penny Reading held in the Parish Room at Tuftonville on Thursday last, is a performer of no mean accomplishments. Though her left hand is somewhat lacking in the robustness necessary for the interpretation of such momentous composers as BOBRINSKY and MANDYCZEWSKY, she plays with an *élan*, not to say a *verve* and an *abandon*, that is highly impressive. Such talents, in short, would be an acquisition to the musical profession, but Lady DOROTHY BOODLE has so far steadily declined the tempting offers of lucrative engagements showered upon her by the leading impresarios of the metropolis.

Lord BERTIE PANGBOURNE, who sang at the Band of Hope Charity Bazaar at Yattendon on Saturday night, is undoubtedly one of the finest teetotal tenors in the United Kingdom. The *timbre* of his voice is undoubtedly of a more delicate quality than that of TAMAGNO in his prime, but his tones easily penetrated every corner of the Workman's Institute, and, with practice and experience, would probably prove equally efficacious in a more extensive auditorium. Both of his efforts were rewarded by encores, and though neither of the vocal items selected imposed a serious demand on the dramatic qualifications of the vocalist they nevertheless sufficed to display some of the most engaging features of the tenor voice. A touching incident marked the conclusion of LORD BERTIE'S last contribution, when Mr. JOSHUA NOBBS, the oldest farmer in the neighbourhood, by way of testifying his appreciation of the noble vocalist's efforts, threw on to the platform a splendid vegetable marrow, which he had been saving up for the Harvest Festival.

"A wonderful child was Lady ARABELLA MULLION, now COUNTESS OF HELSTON," writes *Musical Home Chat*. "While she was still a prattling infant, she used to accompany her mother to the Ballad Concerts, and before she had completed her eighth year she could play several tunes with one finger on the piano. Her father, an accomplished performer on the flageolet, knew too much of the seamy side of the musical profession willingly to let his daughter follow it, but the ruling passion was too strong. At the age of fifteen she insisted on learning the banjo, with results only too well known in the most *recherché* drawing rooms of Mayfair."

The Marquis of KINGUSSIE, who made his *debut* at the Annual Smoking Concert of the Cairngorm Golf Club at Aviemore last Monday, possesses a baritone voice of remarkable flexibility and charm. Some of his high notes have a shrillness which is certainly rather disconcerting to the naked ear; but this defect, if it is a defect, will rapidly yield to the training which the Marquis is undergoing in the studio of Professor CODY GLOTT, the famous American "voice-builder." The handling of his solos throughout evinced the enthusiastic artiste, who was perfectly in sympathy with his voluntarily assumed task, and we can only say that such a voice, apart from the exalted rank of its possessor, would enormously strengthen the ranks of the musical profession.

Notice displayed at a cottage near Llanfairfechan:

"JOHN JONES
POULTERER
FRESH DAILY."

We like to think of this intrepid Welshman washing himself every day.



"ISOLATION."

Peace (*attending the Inter-Parliamentary Congress at Berlin*). "EVERYBODY ELSE SEEMS TO BE MY FRIEND; WHY DO YOU STAND ALOOF?"

German Kaiser. "BUT HAVEN'T I ALWAYS SAID THAT I WAS YOUR FRIEND?"

Peace. "YES; BUT CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING TO PROVE IT?"

OVERHEARD AT THE OPTIMISTS' CLUB.

[A new club, intended solely for smiling and cheerful persons whom nothing can dismay or depress, is to be opened in London—if enough members can be found.]

I.

First Member (*as cheerfully as possible*). I 've jnst come from the Oval. Pouring. No play possible.

Second Member. Yes, I noticed the rain. Jolly for the ducks. I love ducks, and, in fact, all waterfowl.

First M. That 's all right. I love them too—and moorhens, don't you know, and teal. But what pleases me is the thought of my sixpence going to swell the Surrey Club's balance. All cricket clubs want money nowadays.

Second M. How did you come here?

First M. In a cab. I liked to think that the driver was getting a job at least. I gave him twopence extra.

Second M. You didn't hurry enough, I hope, to hurt the horse?

First M. Oh, no. I kept on chirruping to the horse; and when we got here I gave him a lump of sugar. I always carry sugar for cab horses.

II.

Third M. That was a terrible fire last night.

Fourth M. Yes; but it seems to have kept the neighbourhood very warm. I hear that all kinds of poor old things turned out to warm their hands.

Third M. Very heavy loss, I 'm afraid.

Fourth M. No doubt; but it was high time they rebuilt. Now they 'll have fine sanitary premises. Much better for all the hands.

III.

Fifth M. You look rather down, old chap. What is it?

Sixth M. Stopping payment, that 's all. But I try to bear up.

Fifth M. You don't let it worry you, I hope?

Sixth M. It 's very difficult not to, but I do my best.

Fifth M. Why, my dear fellow, you are a benefactor. Don't you owe our friend B—— money?

Sixth M. Yes, a deuce of a lot.

Fifth M. Well, that 's splendid. Now he won't be able to go to Monte Carlo, and that means he won't gamble and make an ass of himself. He told me it was your debt he was going with. I 'm so awfully glad, and so will Mrs. B—— be.



SIGNS OF CIVILISATION—A MIXED CARGO.

Agent (*hailing newly-arrived steamer*). "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR US?"
Captain. "THERE'S THREE HUNDRED CASES O' GIN. AND THERE'S A COUPLE O' MISSIONARIES!"

IV.

Seventh M. I 've got a horrid operation before me.

Eighth M. Never mind, old man; it 's good for the medical profession.

Seventh M. But it may be fatal.

Eighth M. Call no one happy till he 's dead. And think of the poor undertaker fellow that the job may just save from trouble.

When Dear meets Deer.

"In the Forest of ——, the first stag of the season was killed by Miss ——, a fine animal with eleven points."—*Scotsman.*

We regard this description of the lady as being in the worst taste.

The Daily Mail is responsible for the statement that Baron von USLAR, who has been making marvellous discoveries of water in S.W. Africa by the aid of his divining-rod, "was accorded an ovarion when he left the colony." A very happy thought; for the ovarion, like that other musical instrument, the guitar, sounds most effective when heard across water.

"ANOTHER WORLD'S AEROPLANE RECORD."
Liverpool Echo.

Yes; but what we want is a good aeroplane record for *this* world.

DISCURSIONS.

A CHINESE RAILWAY.

THE young man with the square shoulders and the clean-cut regular features had hitherto been a silent listener to our conversation, but he now looked up—I think somebody had mentioned Chinese railways and the reform movement in China—and began to speak. The crispness of his voice and the intonation of his sentences confirmed the impression made by his intelligent, determined face, and declared him to be, as in fact he was, an American. He spoke with no semblance of swagger, but cheerfully and meditatively, with a suggestion of finding in his own doings an amusing subject of study. I will try to set down his story, but I cannot undertake to guarantee the proper names.

"Yes," he said, "the Chinese are going ahead. Their railroad system isn't so bad, and they 're making it better all the time. Still, there are some things they might learn from you. I had a queer experience not long ago when I was Acting Consul-General at Haifoo. It was one on me at the finish, but while it lasted I was no end of a fellow, quite the death-dealing white man taking up his burden—you know the sort. I 'll tell you how it happened.

"I 'd had information that there was a bright sort of rascal at Haifoo, a man named O'HANLON, who 'd cleared out of the United States at the time of the Dakota land frauds. He 'd got any amount of rich friends who were interested in getting him away, and keeping him away for fear he might save his skin by going on the witness-stand and getting them convicted. Anyway he quit, and the United States Government wanted him back in the land of the free, and they instructed me to lay hands on him, secure his extradition from the Chinese authorities, and bring him down to Chien-lin, where somebody else was to take him over and ship him off to America to stand his trial.

"Well, I got the chap easily enough, and the Chinese made no difficulty about the extradition. That was all plain sailing, but the rest didn't seem quite so smooth. O'HANLON himself didn't look up to much. Pretty poor wreck of a man he was when I got him. Been wandering over China for months and didn't look as if he 'd got any kick left in him. Seemed kind of happy to get caught and have the American Eagle flapping over him. Still, I 'd heard he could command any amount of money, and I thought surely some of his friends would feel like risking a dollar or so to keep him out of America. I tell you it made me mighty careful, and whenever I saw any rough fellow slouching about I made sure it was one of O'HANLON's gang looking for a chance of rescuing him.

"The Chinese gave me a guard of three soldiers, great big fellows, but no grit in them, about as fierce as a ten-year-old cow in a pasture, and on the appointed day I marched O'HANLON to the station at Haifoo and packed him into the train. I had a whole car reserved for me, and I fixed him up somewhere in the middle of it. I put two soldiers at one end of the car and one at the other, and I told them if they let anyone in, no matter who it might be, they 'd have to do without their heads for the rest of their lives. Then I went off to finish up the last extradition formalities with the Chinese officer who 'd come to the station with me, and when I 'd got all the papers signed it was starting time and I went back to my prisoner. You may judge my feelings when I found three Chinese toughs sitting with him and talking to him.

"O-ho, thought I, the game 's begun. By this time we were started and the train had got some way on. I 'd got a six-shooter, but I guessed I 'd try persuasion first, and not being much on the Chinese language I let go in English. I told 'em politely they 'd got to quit, and I 've no doubt I looked pretty angry. Two of them moved off sharp and didn't trouble me, but the third wouldn't budge. "Me no go," he said. "Out you go," said I, "or I 'll shift you." "Me no can go. Me belong this side," was all his answer. Well, there was nothing for it. I got a good hold of him, lifted him up, shoved him along the car and threw him out at the rear end into the brake-van. He didn't fight much, just resisted passively and clawed hold of things. He made an almighty crash when I threw him, but my blood was up and I didn't care if I broke his neck. "Next station out you go," I called to his remains, and with that and a quiet word to my soldier I went back to O'HANLON.

"When the train stopped at the next station I raced along to the brake-van. There was O'HANLON's friend, right enough. He was writing on a bit of paper, but I didn't wait for him to finish—just grabbed him, and away he went on to the track. Back he came, and I tell you we had a high old time in that brake-van, back and forth. The train was moving, but I didn't care; I was bound to throw him out, and at last I did it. He fell like thunder, but he was up directly, racing after the train. They must have paid him pretty well, I thought, to show such nerve. As he ran he passed his bit of writing to a fellow standing by—a confederate, of course—and went on a hundred miles an hour till he got to the front part of the train. There by some miracle he hitched on and got in.

"When we arrived at the second station I was on the look-out, but nothing happened except that they brought me a telegram from the authorities of the railroad company. It asked me to allow their officials to inspect the train, or something of that sort. I didn't quite understand it, but it didn't worry me. They might inspect all they pleased so long as they left O'HANLON with me. However, nothing more happened, and I delivered up the prisoner tight and comfortable at Chien-lin. So that 's how I bested the O'HANLON gang." There was a pause after the ex-Consul-General had finished his story. Then someone asked him if he had ever found out anything more about the Chinaman whom he had thrown out. "That fellow?" he laughed. "You bet I did. He was the conductor of the train. That bit of writing he passed on the platform was the cause of the telegram I got. Plenty of sand he had; but it all came of their conductors not wearing uniforms. I guess he 's had about enough of mad Americans."

"Patrick Reynolds," says a correspondent in a contemporary, "has been a smoker of tobacco for 96 years. He took to the use of the weed at the age of thirteen, and is *therefore* now 109 years old." This shows the mistake of beginning too early. If he had only waited till he was twenty-five before he began smoking he would have been certain of living till he was 121.



SUGGESTION FOR A PSEUDO-QUADRIGA FOR THE DECORATION OF THE ARCH ON CONSTITUTION HILL, 1908.

OUR ARTIST HESITATES TO ENTER INTO COMPETITION WITH MR. ADRIAN JONES'S BRILLIANT GROUP FOR THE COMPLETION OF THIS ARCH, BUT HE FEELS STRONGLY THAT IT IS A PITY THE TREATMENT SHOULD NOT BE MORE UP-TO-DATE. THE ABOVE COMPOSITION (FOUR TYPICAL PEDESTRIANS RAMPANT, A MOTOR-CAR URGENT) WOULD, AT A SHORT DISTANCE, BE ALMOST INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE CONVENTIONAL CHARIOT, AND THE WINGED FIGURE CONTROLLING FOUR RESTIVE HORSES WITH A LAUREL WREATH.

WHISTLES: A WARNING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In yours of August 5th there appeared an article dealing with "The Use of the Whistle." The truth of the assertions therein contained is incontestable, and the style in which they are set forth is unimpeachable, as I of all the people in the world am most competent to declare, being myself the writer thereof. By that simple but elegant monograph I have doubtless gained for myself a world-wide reputation as the final authority upon Whistles, and I conceive you, Sir, sitting at your desk in your shirt-sleeves (with reversible cuffs) waiting and waiting for another contribution from my pen upon the same all-important topic. The desire of your heart is now about to be gratified.

Our chauffeur is a man of invention and not without ambition. In the latter part of August he turned his hand to the manufacture of an instrument for the further oppression of pedestrians. In short he created and fixed to the car a whistle, to be worked from the exhaust and to equal that of the most aggressive railway locomotive in the world. I was called upon to examine it when finished, and, being the person best qualified to speak the first word as well as the last upon the subject, was present at the trial trip. This was in every way successful: men and animals were terrified and made miserable, supposing not without reason that there was a runaway train loose upon the road behind

them. When we came home again the family were keen to hear this whistle, of which even I had approved. "Blow it," I said to the inventor (without offence). "It will not be blown when the car is at a standstill," said he, dismissing my exclamation of surprise with contempt. "This is a racing car and not a movable orchestra."

On the following day we set forth to break all records. We had covered but ten miles of country (with dust), whistling most of the way, when a sharp turn brought us to a level crossing, the gates of which were being hurriedly shut as we approached. We waited for ten minutes but no train came. "This," said I, "is not the way records are broken," and I enquired of the Shutter of Gates whether trains upon that line were usually so late. "On the contrary," said the S.-G., "this train is an hour and a half before its scheduled time." "But there is no train to be seen," we shouted. "Maybe," he answered, "but there is one to be heard, for I heard it whistling myself."

What a situation! To be prevented by our whistle, devised for the harassing and incommoding of others only! We laughed our fill and mounted to proceed, explaining to the S.-G. the true state of affairs. But we were not to proceed, for that official combined with a loathsome appearance an obstinate nature. He would not believe us. We argued, cursed, wept, swore, preached, pointed out, abused, bribed, ridiculed, lectured, laughed, raved and mentioned great names in vain. A crowd of cattle and pedestrians, bicycles and carts, gathered there for the same purpose as ourselves, made ominous noises, but the S.-G. remained unmoved. "If that was your whistle," he said, "blow it" (meaning nothing wicked), "and I can judge for myself." Need I remind you that, being unable to move forward or backwards, we could not gratify his lust for music?

How and when (if ever) the car got away another must tell you, for mine is not the nature to remain upon a sinking ship when there is a way out. All I know is that there were no records, but only hearts, broken that day. For the rest, if ever I have anything further to write upon the subject of Whistles which is fit for women and children to read, you, Lucky Sir, shall have it.

Your faithful

CONTRIBUTOR.

MR. WALLER AND OTHERS.

AFTER *Faust*, I indulged in what I may perhaps venture to call a Wallerpurgis Night at the Lyric. *The Duke's Motto* ("I am here!") reminded me by its simplicity of the motto of my College—founded by ELIZABETH DE CLARE of blessed memory—which runs as follows: *Cave, adsum!* (I have always supposed that these two words constituted the entire stock of schoolboy Latin known to the original Earl of CLARE). Neither in form nor sentiment does the motto of the Duke err on the side of subtlety; and in this respect it was admirably re-



Henri de Lagardere (Mr. Waller). "Me voici! (I am here!)"

Infant Blanche de Nevers (Miss Valli Valli). "Très bien! (Righto!)."

flective of a play that went straight home to the primitive bosoms of a September audience, out for blood.

The actual owner of the motto expired almost as soon as he appeared; but *Henri de Lagardere* (Mr. WALLER) very generously took it on, out of respect for a friendship of two minutes' standing. And it suited him well, for he generally *was* there or thereabouts. And this was fortunate, since he was the whole play. The intervals during his temporary absence were filled with people in costumes—brigands, of whom two persuaded themselves and some of the audience, but not me, that they were funny dogs; a colourless King who did little beside touching his hat; and courtiers who kept on bowing and curtseying, but between times were largely negligible, with the exception of Mr. SHIEL BARRY, a gallant with a pretty humour, and Miss SYBIL CARLISLE who looked sweet and gentle.

There was also an interlude, in which Miss DOROTHY MINTO gave what is popularly supposed to be a Spanish gipsy dance. Someone who knows his Seville should tell her to dance more from her hips and keep her feet down.

I confess that I was a little disappointed in the number of corpses allotted to Mr. WALLER's sword. I made out that his total bag was actually not more than a couple of brace; and his best individual piece of work, the killing of *Æsop*, was done off the stage, and we had to take his word for it.

A born conqueror, I understand that he is peculiarly irresistible at matinées, for then the ladies are in a strong majority. O. S.

DANGEROUS DRAMAS.

POIGNANT APPEAL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I learn with deep concern and indignation that at *only fourteen* out of the nineteen theatres now open in London is interest directly focussed on the wealthy classes. As England is the richest country in the world, this unpatriotic behaviour on the part of these five theatres deserves to be held up to the strongest reprobation. The best teaching of proverbial philosophy points to the paramount importance of money. What are the sinews of war but money? What is it that makes the mare to go? And again, in the racy phrase of a North-country philosopher, "Them as 'as brass don't care a d—— what them as 'asn't thinks on 'em." Yet in spite of this overwhelming testimony to the paramount value of the cult of the Golden Calf, we find a play at the Queen's Theatre in which the interest centres on a poor inventor, while Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON, at the St. James's, devotes his great abilities to the impersonation of a supernatural character. Worse still, at the Duke of York's and the Aldwych the central figures are a railway porter and a poor clerk respectively! For Heaven's sake, *Mr. Punch*, exert your powerful influence to awaken the public to the disastrous consequences of neglecting to worship success and bow the knee to Boodle. Trade is bad, as the latest returns show. If we cannot *be* rich, let us at least reverence riches and banish from our midst this most pestilent and pernicious of all miseries—the worship of humility, frugality and failure.

Yours in great distress,

CRŒSUS JUNIOR.

TO HENRY.

[A fortnight ago Henry and Methuselah, the ancient and elephantine tortoises at the Zoo, were tucked up for their six months' winter doze. Methuselah went off at once into a dreamless sleep, but Henry has been suffering from insomnia and wandering away from his bed.]

HENRY, summer has departed,
Cosy lies thy winter bed;
Wherefore, therefore, hast thou started
From the couch that we have spread?
Lo, Methuselah beside thee
Sleeps with calm unruffled breast!
Henry, let the blankets hide thee!
Rest, perturbéd spirit, rest!

Dost thou scout the foolish notion
That a tortoise should be tame
When an ocean of emotion
Rages in his fevered frame?
Tell me, then, what passion surges
Through thy troubled bosom! Tell
Why thy wakeful head emerges
From thy agitated shell!

Is thy tender heart sob-shaken
Thinking of the coral strand
Whence thy graceful form was taken
By some heartless human hand?
Dost thou see the palms and mangos
Where the painted parrots screamed
And the monkeys danced fandangos
While thy fathers lay and dreamed?

Has some freak of fancy made thee
Fondly think of her who bore—
Rather let us say, who laid thee
On that sandy, sun-kissed shore?
Is thy bosom sorrow-laden
As thy wistful fancies fly
To some fair crustaceous maiden
Loved in centuries gone by?

Or—who knows how many a winter
Thou hast slept serenely through?—
Thou may'st be the fabled sprinter
Whom the late ÆSOPUS knew,
And to-day, when all around thee
Talk about Olympic sports,
Haply has some rumour found thee
In the Zoo's frequented courts:—

Haply thou hast heard some story
How the hare of old B.C.
Hungers to regain the glory
Wrested from her brows by thee.
Frightened lest thy star be waning
And that thou hast lost thy pace,
Henry, hast thou started training
For a Marathonian race?

If, amid the crowd that there is
Ever round thee in a swarm,
One hath told thee that the hare is
Once again in her old form—
If, I say, such words were spoken
They were but an idle jest;
Therefore be thy dreams unbroken!
Rest, perturbéd spirit, rest!



Beggar (who has been refused alms on the ground of "No change"). "IF YOU 'LL GIVE THE SILVER TO THE CHILD, LIDY, SHE 'LL BRING YER CHINGE. SHE WON'T RUN AWY WIV IT, POOR INNERCENT, SHE AIN'T GOT THE SENSE!"

"SELF-DENIAL WEEK."

[At a recent wedding, says *The Observer*, the bride and bridegroom specially requested their friends to send no presents.]

A PROMINENT actress is protesting against references in journals to her jewellery or carriage accidents.

Postmen are petitioning the Postmaster-General against the pernicious practice of presenting indiscriminate Christmas-boxes.

Injunctions have been applied for by a taxi-driver against persons offering him more than his legal fare of eightpence a mile. The state of his mind is being examined into by medical experts.

All information as to the latest engagement of a chorus-girl to a Peer is withheld by the halfpenny Press as being educationally worthless.

Acquitted on his own charge of driving to the public danger, a motorist has presented the police with several valuable stop-watches as a token of esteem.

Mass meetings are being organised in Whitechapel and the Old Kent Road in favour of a stringent Licensing Bill.

A lady advertises herself in *The Star* as follows:

"Authoress; inspirations called up; cheap rate, 30*s*., 20*s*., 15*s*."

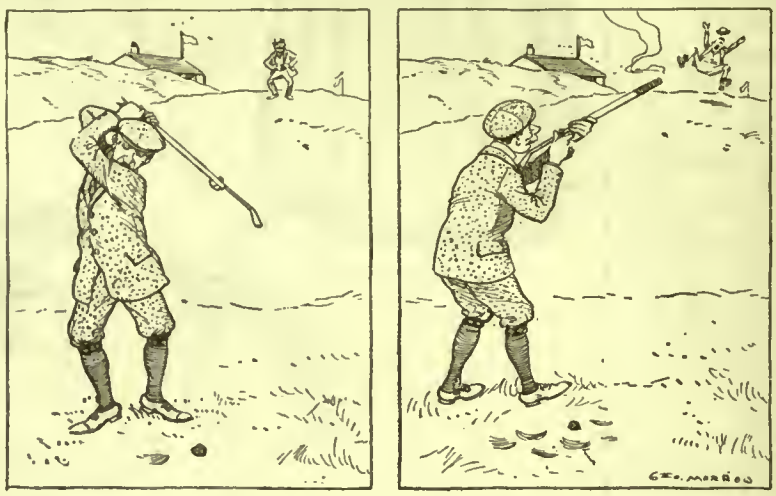
If some of the inspirations which reach *Mr. Punch* come from this quarter, we think that even the 15*s*. variety is very dear at the price, especially when one takes into account the cost of stamped envelopes for return of MSS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE woman whom ROBERT ELSON would have us adore is a minx (his own pet name for her) who suffers from the illusion that her body is much cleaner than anybody else's. To escape from a sordid situation as mother's help in a third-rate Manchester villa, she makes a marriage that is loveless on her side, and limited by strictly Platonic conditions. The man whom the author, with your true North-countryman's reverence for wealth, wants us to delight in is a multi-millionaire made in Sheffield. He picks up the lady without introduction on the sands at Ilfracombe; bribes her to become his wife in name; loads her vainly with dresses and jewels and luxuries—all duly set out as in a shop-window; leads a dog's life while she makes him ridiculous by her stupid flirtations; and goes on hoping for the one thing which his beastly money cannot buy. There is an almost suburban *naïveté* about the methods of the author of *The Magnate* (HEINEMANN). He locates the honeymoon in the Riviera because he has been there and thinks that we should all like to be told something about the neighbourhood and how the novel game of roulette is played at Monte Carlo. Cannes, Nice and Monte are called by their real names, but Mentone is childishly disguised as Torrento, Cap Martin as Cap Montferrat, La Mortola as La Tombola. There was a moment in the early part of the book when I felt ashamed of persevering, and wondered what the critics had found in it to flatter so loudly. I never to the end discovered this, though the second half is very good reading. I trust Mr. ELSON will not allow his head to be turned by these reviewers. For a first effort his book is well enough: it shows promise above the average, and his study of the millionaire has many merits. But let him in future concentrate his powers, avoid catalogues and other unessentials, and use one word where now he uses ten. And I hope he will grow out of the irritating habit of claiming for himself a special erudition in the lore of Woman's ways; and also not allow the lady who helps him in the millinery department to have quite so free a hand.

My! Hully Mike! Gee! Gee Wiz! I swan! Mercy sakes! My Suz! It beats the Dutch! And really, you know, I think it does. But, according to Mr. GEORGE NORMAN, and Mr. T. FISHER UNWIN, not forgetting the *Westminster Gazette*, in which smartest of smart Society journals *Sylvia in Society* first made her curtsey to the polite world, this is how *Sylvia* used to talk at Dieppe when she was in one of her exclamatory moods. Who in Sam Hill, you naturally ask, is *Sylvia?* I don't care a dite whether I tell you, but I 'd as lief as not if you want I should. Mercy sakes! I 'm crazed to have you know. I don't want to make a towse about her, but you 'll be plumb-crazy and hoppin' mad when I tell you she was less than a yard high, and therefore, I suppose, not more than six years old. Most like you 've been thinking she was the most poisonous ole cockroach unbusted. Now haven't you? That only shows you 're not worth a hooter. You 've been flying right off the handle all the time, you everlasting poppycock. But don't fret, honey. You needn't worry any. I 'm about tuckered out quoting *Sylvia*, and bimeby I shall hand in my checks and quit. Guess you think I 'm puttin' on frills right from the jump. That only shows what you know about li'l *Sylvia* and the American language doesn't amount to a pile of beans. She wasn't any hayseed, wasn't *Sylvia*, and she 'd gotten the daisiest English aunt, as good as candy, and that 's a cinch. Say, honey, aren't you tickled to death? Or are you as mad as a pin? Stars and Stripes! I 'm through. Gee Willikins!



WANTED—A GOLF CLUB THAT CAN BE USED ON THE RIBALD SPECTATOR.

If industry were the principal quality demanded of a novelist, *Arnoul the Englishman* (METHUEN) would bring immediate fame to Mr. FRANCIS AVELING. The author has evidently studied many contemporary documents for the purpose of making his romance of the thirteenth century a faithful picture, but as he is entirely without the power of selection I soon found myself wishing that his researches had not been so thorough. He seems to me to have axes to grind, and in the process his poor hero is elbowed into corners by a crowd of Cistercians, Carmelites, Premonstratensians, Bernardines, *biblici*, *sententiarii*—and others. I felt at last as if I were playing a game of hide-and-seek, in which Mr. AVELING was trying to conceal *Arnoul* and I was endeavouring to find him. I did not care twopence whether *Arnoul* became a secular or a religious, but I did want him to do something worthy of a hero of romance, and nothing of the kind occurred till the tale was nearly told. Mr. AVELING has, in fact, failed to combine *Arnoul's* love-story with the bitter struggle of creeds, and in spite of some strong descriptive writing his book requires almost as much industry to read as it must have taken to write.

The following notice appears in a Gloucester hotel:—

"THE AUTOMATIC TROUSERS PRESSER
(Penny in the Slot)
in use at this Hotel.
APPLY to the BOOTS."

The method suggested certainly relieves one's boot-trees of a great deal of labour and responsibility, but is it acting quite fairly towards one's trousers to leave them out of the treatment?

CHARIVARIA.

"JAPAN," says *Commercial Intelligence*, "is, in a sense, the missing link between the apathetic East and the commercial West." When one remembers the trouble that was caused by the Russians referring to our plucky little allies as "Yellow monkeys," we cannot help thinking that the expression "missing link" is a wee bit unfortunate.

***

"GOETHE'S *Faust* has had many translators and many adapters since MARLOWE'S day," says *The Sphere*. Aye, and since CHAUCER'S day, too.

***

The Local Government Board has issued a circular condemning motor-omnibus racing. A vigorous protest from sportsmen is expected.

***

A lady artist who attempted to sketch from one of the L.C.C. piers was stopped by an official because she had not complied with certain red-tape requirements. This may explain why the L.C.C. steamboats failed to draw.

***

Apparently the Government does not intend to replace the torpedo-boat destroyers *Gala* and *Tiger* which were sunk in collision. The official view is, we believe, that the new boats might be lost in the same way, so the money is to be saved.

***

The Select Committee on the Reform of the House of Lords recommends that the Upper Chamber be popularised. This is taken to mean that those members who have Musical Comedy wives will be asked to invite their spouses to give an occasional performance at Westminster.

***

As a result of the intimation that no more attempts on the Channel will be made this year, the water has now calmed down and may occasionally be seen smiling.

***

"I regard angels as sexless," says Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Yet the police, we believe, do not look upon the militant Suffragettes as angels.

***

With reference to the recent burglary at MARK TWAIN'S country home, we are reminded that this is not the first occasion on which the veteran humourist has been the victim of thieves. His jokes are constantly being lifted.

***

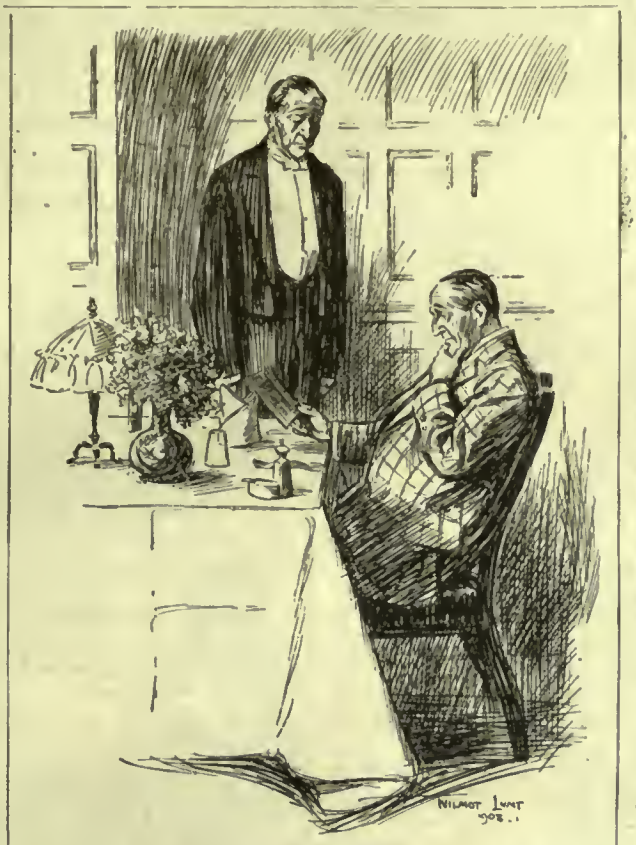
The statement that the "Autumn Girl" is to wear toilettes in all the season's colours—russet and bronze and gold—points to a striking difference between the two sexes. We doubt very much whether the man who appears in a black coat which by reason of its age bears autumn tints will be considered good form.

***

Motorists are said to be in favour of the recommendation of the Cyclists' Touring Club, to the effect that deaf cyclists, in order to show that sound signals are inaudible to them, shall attach two red and white discs to the back forks of their bicycles. These will make it clear to the Coroner that the accident was not the fault of the motorist.

***

The Londoner at the seaside! An overheard conversation:—*She.* "There now. I 've left my book at 'ome!" *He.* "Never mind. 'Ave a look at the scenery." *She (with withering scorn).* "What d'you take me for!"



Very late Customer (on evening of Sept. 30, after studying the Menu for some considerable time). "AH—UM—YES—LET ME SEE—UM, AH—ER—YES, I THINK I'LL HAVE SOME PARTRIDGE."

Waiter (very weary, but anxious to oblige). "YESSIR. IF YOU GO ON THINKING A LITTLE LONGER, SIR, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE IT PHEASANT."

TEASHOP GOLF.

THE object of the game is to eat cakes, muffins, ices, etc., in the least number of bites possible. Each player's plate must originally contain eighteen specimens.

It was the other day that I met SMITH in the Oxford Street A. B. C. Amateur Championship.

I won the first, a currant bun, in 4, SMITH, who got well through the brown with his first, going to pieces—or rather one of his teeth did—on a stone in the third bite.

Having the honour, I now negotiated a bath-bun, the bogey for which is, I believe, 3. I got into difficult stuff with my second, and could only manage a nibble, and in the end SMITH won. The third, the raspberry sandwich, I won in 4, while SMITH was victorious at the cheese cake and chocolate éclair. We halved the crumpet in two, and I won the muffin, SMITH getting into casual butter. He, however, took the meringue and the apple dumpling, and at the turn was two up.

Coming home, I began by being badly bunkered in the crust of the custard. Finally I gave it to SMITH. The eleventh, however—the plum tartlet—I did in four, SMITH, who was bothered by the stones, taking twelve and two cups of tea. SMITH took the tea-cake, but I took the biscuit, in what I found afterwards was a record for the café.

At the seventeenth we were like as we sat, and everything depended on the strawberry ice. SMITH drove on to the cup-brim with a good swallow. I got off slightly better, reaching the pretty. With his second, SMITH lifted the melted remains. I saw I had only one chance unless we were to play another currant-bun for the nineteenth. I took my spoon with a low grip, and playing well through, ran the rest of it down with my second. SMITH, who was lying practically dead, recovered a week later.

HOW A SISTER OF PERCY'S BECAME QUEEN.

"So you 're still a bachelor, eh, PERCY?" I remarked as he flew in. "All right up to now," he said; but I noticed at once that he was not in such high spirits as on his previous visit. "My old termagants have had other things to think about than marryin' *me* off. Been havin' no end of a ruction—a revolution and that. My Mother ain't Queen now. One of my Sisters is. I call it playin' it rather low down, if you ask *me*."

I asked for particulars.

"It 's a long story," he said, "and I daresay I haven't got to the bottom of it. They don't tell *us* more than they can help. But you 'll remember me tellin' you I expected my poor old Mother would find herself unpopular after leavin' 'em all up the pole as she did over that silly swarmin' business? Well, she did, and no mistake. They 've had a down on her ever since. Went about buzzin' that she was past her work, and it was time to think of lettin' out one of the young Princesses to take her place. They always keep a few handy, you know, in case of a vacancy on the throne. Well, when my Lady-Mother got wind of what was up she was awful wild. Got her scimitar out and made a rush for the cells where the Princesses were, to settle the whole lot of 'em. Only they were so well guarded that she couldn't—which made her simply frantic. Mind you, I 'm not excusin' her—but it was only natural that, after having reigned such a dooce of a time as four years she should cut up rather rusty at the idea of abdicatin'.

"Next thing I heard was that they called a meetin' of the Cabinet to decide what was to be done with her. *I* wasn't there, of course, but, from what I picked up, they voted for packin' her off to start a Colony somewhere on her own. She wouldn't hear of it—said she 'd jolly well stick where she was and be hanged to 'em. So they were in a bit of a fix.

"It was old CAROLINE that pulled 'em through by comin' forward with a confession. She 'd been gettin' shaky for a long time, but it was the swarmin' that broke *her* up. Never the same bee afterwards. Now, she said, she felt she was nearin' her end, but she couldn't fly off with a quiet conscience to the usual dyin' place until she 'd unburdened herself of a State Secret that had been weighin' on her mind ever since it had been revealed to her by her aunt, who 'd had it from *her* aunt, who 'd been told it by hers. So the Council invited her to get it off her chest.

"Accordin' to CAROLINE, several generations ago the Queen they had then was missin', and there wasn't a single Princess ready to succeed her, and CAROLINE'S great-great-aunt, bein' Prime Minister, saw *something* had got to be done. Her first idea was to get hold of a worker-larva, slip it into a royal cell, and feed it up into a Sovereign of sorts. But there didn't happen to be a larva about who was young enough to fill the bill. So what did CAROLINE'S unscrupulous great-great-aunt do but go off on the quiet to a neighbourin' State, sneak a common larva of theirs, bring it home, and pass it off as the rightful heiress. 'That larva,' said old CAROLINE, with quavering antennæ, 'is her present Majesty!'

"I call it a jolly thin story myself," was PERCY'S comment, "and it 's my belief that either old CAROLINE was dotty or else she 'd been put up to tellin' it. If her great-great aunt ever had managed to get into a foreign city, she 'd have been stung to death long before she could have boned a larva. What?"

But I could not help remembering that in *The Lore of the Honey-Bee* it was stated that in certain emergencies worker-bees have been known to resort to such unprincipled expedients. I feared that the scandal was only too well founded, though, of course, I did not mention this impression to PERCY.

"Well, when the old girls heard CAROLINE'S rigmarole they declared they 'd suspected something all along—there were lots of little things they 'd noticed in the Queen (so they said) that showed bad breedin'—though they 'd never believed till then she was actually a low-born foreigner. Anyway, it gave 'em the excuse they wanted for gettin' rid of her.

"It may have been necessary, but what *I* barred was the way they went about it. It isn't etiquette, it seems, to use violence to the Queen, so—you mayn't believe it—those confounded humbuggin' jades all closed round and kept on cuddlin' her till they 'd cuddled the life out of her! I saw them at it, and though I only knew my Lady-Mother by sight and she wouldn't have known *me* from a bluebottle if she 'd ever noticed me on the comb, still, after all, family ties *do* go for something, and I did think it was a bit *too* thick. So did ALGIE and REGGIE and poor old GUS. We shouted 'Shame!' round the corner, but we might have been so many maggots for all the effect it had!

"No sooner was she no more than they proclaimed one of my Sisters. She 'd been out and crawlin' about for some time, but none of us had noticed her. But I will say she made a rippin' Queen. I felt quite proud of her at the Coronation. Top-hole, she looked! Then she sailed off on her weddin' journey with some poor devil of a drone from the next State, and when she arrived home alone I can tell you she had something like a reception. The old girls went almost off their heads with excitement. Though they kept *us* out of it—we weren't even allowed to come and offer our congratters to our own Sister! Humiliatin', I call it. What?

"But I must say her next proceedin' rather put me off; for she went straight to the other Royal cells, which had been left unguarded on purpose, and polished off all the Princesses, one by one, with her scimitar. Seemed to be enjoyin' it, too! Girls will be girls, I suppose, and she had her position to think of; but, all the same, a fellow don't like to see any sister of *his* goin' on like that, and it 's given me a fit of the blues.

"One good thing about all this," he continued more cheerfully, "it 's put all that matchmakin' nonsense out of their heads so far as *I* 'm concerned, as I said when I came in. I 'm beginnin' to hope they 've given up ARCHIE and ALGIE and GUS and me as hopeless bad jobs by this time."

"But mayn't they get tired of keeping you some day, PERCY?" I ventured to hint.

"They may get as tired as they like, dear old chap," was his reply, "but they 've jolly well got to keep me!"

I said nothing. After he had flown away I wondered whether I ought not to have warned him, as I might have by the knowledge I had gained from Mr. TICKNER EDWARDES' volume, of the fate that awaited him, whether he married or remained single.

But no warning of mine could avert it, even if it succeeded in shaking an optimism which was probably incorrigible. I thought—and still think—that silence was the truest kindness.

F. A.

The Pioneer.

"On Sunday, September 20, the wife of —— of a daughter. Others please copy."—*The Daily Telegraph.*



IN AND OUT.

Engineer (*returning to work—to cotton operative*). "OFF TO PLAY? WELL, I'VE JUST HAD SEVEN MONTHS OF IT, AND I DON'T SEEM TO HAVE DONE MYSELF OR ANYBODY ELSE MUCH GOOD."



Squire's Daughter. "WOULD YOU MIND THROWING YOUR LITTLE BOY INTO THE POND? I WANT TO SEE IF MY DOG WILL RESCUE HIM."
Villager. "CERTAINLY NOT."
Squire's Daughter. "I *DO* WISH YOU WOULD. YOU'RE THE SECOND WOMAN I'VE ASKED WHO HAS SAID 'NO.'"

WILSON HADDINGTON;

OR, THE USES OF A MUTUAL FRIEND.

Hostess. Mrs. DE FORREST, I want to introduce Mr. WILMINGTON to you.

Mrs. De Forrest. Charmed.

Hostess. Mr. WILMINGTON is an old friend of WILSON HADDINGTON.

Mrs. De F. How very interesting.

[*The* HOSTESS *recedes and retreats.*

Mrs. De F. So you know WILSON HADDINGTON? How very interesting.

Mr. Wilmington. Yes, yes, he is an old friend. Do you know him?

Mrs. De F. A little. Isn't he charming? Have you seen him lately?

Mr. W. I saw him only last week.

Mrs. De F. Since they came back from Venice, then?

Mr. W. Yes, they were just back.

Mrs. De F. She is very attractive, don't you think?

Mr. W. Yes, very.

Mrs. De F. Was ALISON there?

Mr. W. No, ALISON was away. Staying with the TERRYS, I believe. Do you know the TERRYS?

Mrs. De F. I don't know them properly. We met once. I thought she seemed very charming.

Mr. W. Yes, I believe she is. The HADDINGTONS are very fond of them.

Mrs. De F. Have you known WILSON HADDINGTON long?

Mr. W. Several years. We first met at the WILBRAHAM FAYLES'.

Mrs. De F. At Bentwood?

Mr. W. Yes. It was just before they moved to Moorlands.

Mrs. De F. What a beautiful place Bentwood was!

Mr. W. You knew it?

Mrs. De F. I saw it once. I did not know the WILBRAHAM FAYLES. I was taken over by a neighbour to see the gardens. Is Moorlands as beautiful?

Mr. W. Not quite, I think.

[*Pause.*

Mrs. De F. It was at Bentwood, then, that you first met WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Yes, at Bentwood.

Mrs. De F. He was not grey then, I suppose?

Mr. W. No, he 's greyer than his years now.

Mrs. De F. Let me see, how old would you say he is?

Mr. W. Forty-seven, I should guess, or perhaps forty-eight.

Mrs. De F. Oh, do you think so? I should have said forty-six at the most. But how very young he seems!

Mr. W. Yes. This is a nice garden, don't you think? Those snapdragons are really wonderful. After so much rain, too.

Mrs. De F. Yes, indeed. [*Pause.*

Mrs. De F. Is WILSON HADDINGTON writing anything just now?

Mr. W. A novel, I think. He spoke about something of the kind. I can't think how people get turf like this. I wish I could. Our turf is so hard.

Mrs. De F. Where do you live?

Mr. W. In Berkshire.

Mrs. De F. Is that near WILSON HADDINGTON?

Mr. W. Everything is near now, with the motor car. [*Pause.*

Mrs. De F. Has WILSON HADDINGTON got a new car?

Mr. W. I don't know. He drove over in a large red one. Have you been seeing any of the new plays?

Mrs. De F. None, I am sorry to say. I have not been to town since June. [*Pause.*

Mrs. De F. When is WILSON HADDINGTON going to give us a play? It 's quite time. [*And so forth.*

DISCURSIONS.

THE MEETING.

SCENE—*The Library of a Country House. He is writing at a table near the window, with his back turned to Her. She is standing irresolutely in the middle of the room behind an armchair, which she has just dragged and pushed laboriously from its usual place. The time is 3 p.m.*

He (*turning round upon her suddenly*). I wish to heaven you wouldn't make such a frightful racket in the room! I can't get a thing written, and I counted on an hour or two of quiet.

She. Oh, don't bother about your writing now. You 'll have to give it up anyhow in about twenty minutes, so you may as well get up at once and help me with these chairs.

He (*pettishly*). Bother the chairs! Why can't you leave them as they are? But you 're never happy unless you 're moving gigantic pieces of furniture from one place to another. My wardrobe, for instance. Where 's that gone? It was in my dressing-room two days ago; and now——

She (*appealing to the universe*). There—he grudges me the wardrobe, the only place where I can really put anything comfortably. He wants it for his coats and his trousers and his overgrown riding-boots. And I 'm not to have even a tiny corner to hang a dress in. CHARLES, how can you be so selfish and so heartless?

He (*desperately*). Oh, take the wardrobe——

She. I have.

He. Take everything. I never met a woman yet who didn't consider a man selfish for wanting to keep what belongs to me.

She. Him, CHARLES, *him*. You 're getting your pronouns mixed. However, if you 'll help me with these chairs, I 'll forgive you even that.

He. But what on earth do you *want* to move the chairs for? Why can't you leave them where they are?

She (*again to the universe*). He 's forgotten again. Didn't I see an advertisement of Memory Powders somewhere the other day? CHARLES, you must take one in water after getting out of bed in the morning. It 'll help your writing, too, you know. You 're always forgetting where the quotations come from——

He (*jumping from his chair*). Will you or will you not tell me what game you 're up to?

She (*placidly*). I 'm not sure I like that expression, CHARLES. It doesn't seem to be quite in your best "four-guineas-a-thousand" style. "What *game* you 're up to"! No, no. "What design you are contemplating," or "What project you have set your hand to." I 'm sure something of that sort——

He. If I were a weaker and a more brutal man, I 'd throw you out of the room——

She. Don't be unjust to yourself, CHARLES.

He. Once more; what are you up to?

She (*cheerfully*). Now honestly, CHARLES, do you really mean to say you 've forgotten that the S.P.A. are to meet here at 3.30 to-day?

He (*passing his hand over his forehead*). The S.P.A.? What 's that? *Senatus Populus*—no, that won't do. What is it?

She. Don't be absurd, CHARLES. You know well enough it 's the Stocking and Petticoat Association.

He (*blankly*). Never heard of it.

She. My dear! It 's had two meetings here already.

He. No. That was the Tea and Coal Club.

She. Same thing. It 's changed its name. Instead of giving tea and coal to the parents, we 're going to give stockings and petticoats to the children.

He. Oh, that 's it, is it? But why is it to meet in this room? We had it in the dining-room last time.

She. My dear, it 's too dreadfully formal having them all sitting round the dining-room table. We shall be much cosier here.

He. If you 've settled it, of course there 's no more to be said. *I* know *that* well enough.

She. That 's a good sensible boy. Now——

He. But, I say, didn't they make you Secretary last time?

She. Yes, I 'm Secretary.

He (*malignantly*). Have you posted up your minutes?

She. What a funny thing to say, CHARLES. What does one do when one posts up minutes? Is it a painful thing to do?

He (*appealing in his turn to the universe*). Here 's a woman, a Secretary, who doesn't know what minutes are. (*To her*) Have you written your account of the last meeting in the minute-book?

She. Don't be ridiculous. Of course I have. How could I know you meant that? Listen. (*She takes up the minute-book from a chair and reads*): "Monday, July 6th. A meeting of the Tea and Coal Club was held at Bristol House, Sir WILLIAM LAMPETER in the chair. There were present——" There you are, all complete and beautiful. In fact, I 'm the champion minute-poster of the parish—— (*There is a sound of carriage-wheels outside, and a ring is heard at the front door.*) Gracious! There they are. Hurry up, CHARLES, and help with the chairs.

[*He dashes in and helps magnificently. In the space of a minute they perform prodigies of chair-and-sofa-and-table-changing together. The whole aspect of the room is altered. A butler throws open the door of the room. With a whisk of her hands she smoothes herself and advances smiling. He remains in the background also smiling.*

The Butler (*announcing*). Sir WILLIAM and Lady LAMPETER! (*Curtain.*)

A SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have read with profound admiration the letter that Mr. S. F. EDGE has addressed to *The Times*. He promises, in deference to public feeling, to abstain in future from entering his motor cars (he mentions their name) for dangerous and abnormal competitions; with the proviso that, if this abstention is found to affect his business unfavourably, he will conclude that he has "mistaken the trend of public feeling" and will again "lead the way," as he modestly says, in these unnatural contests. I like Mr. EDGE's hedging, and I am going to imitate it. I am a female writer of disgusting and nauseous novels: but in deference to public protests I shall in future abstain from this kind of thing and take to clean writing. If, however, my sales fall off, I shall conclude that I have "mistaken the trend of public feeling," and shall revert to my wallowing in the mud. Yours faithfully,

ANOTHER HEDGER.

"Quote, if you choose, publicans on liquor laws or slave-drivers on the capacities of blacks; cite Marshall as a witness to purity or Bacchus to sobriety."—*Church Family Newspaper.*

"Snelgrove to sobriety" would have looked better, if it was impossible to spell Martial's name correctly.



Amateur Agriculturist (after a blank forenoon, pointing to field knee-deep in weeds, mostly groundsel). "NOW WE OUGHT TO FIND A BIRD OR TWO HERE. BEST BIT OF COVER I'VE GOT."

Friend. "ER—BY THE WAY, OLD CHAP, WHAT ARE WE SHOOTING?—ER—CANARIES?"

WHAT EVERY WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW.

["Time-Savers for Servants" are described as a feature of the Grocers' Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.]

AMONG Time-Savers which our housekeeping expert missed from the Exhibition were:—

Daylight-Saving Clock, constructed to go half an hour fast in the morning and half an hour slow in the evening. Testimonial from boarding-house lady:—"It bamboozled my general for five years."

Pair of gramophones for conducting courtships at the back door, graduated from "First Advances" to "Proposals," with special apparatus for breaking off engagements.

Time-Limit Servant's Candle, with attachment for extinguishing it at 9.30 p.m.; not relightable until next day.

Penny-in-the-Slot Letter Writer.—"Saves my servants four hours a day."—*Householder.*

Patent Dummy Door-Opener.—Opens hall door within ten minutes of a knock. Complete with clean apron, cap and trigger.

Account-Book for Single Entry.—Saves the cook the trouble of entering housekeeping items twice over. To which is attached the Secret Commission Ready Reckoner.

"Experience has already shown that there is no limit practically to the sum which even a relatively poor nation will spend on a single armoured ship. The money, it may be, is found with difficulty, but the possession of a vessel of maximum size and power ministers to the armour propre of the population."—*The Naval and Military Record.*

Not good. And, anyhow, quite out of place in a serious article.

"When a boy named Fred Haylor attempted to kill a large snake at Shaldon, South Devon, the reptile jumped at his face. The boy bent his head, and the snake went over him."—*The Cork Constitution.*

This exciting story of adventure falls quite naturally into a column headed "Passing Events."

A good game for the long autumn evenings can be played in this way. Each person in turn reads out a little paragraph from *The Daily Mirror*, and the others try to guess what the paragraph is headed. Here is an example from the issue of the 23rd:—

"If you please, sir, I want to be a soldier," said a boy who was "going on for sixteen" to the Lambeth magistrate yesterday. It was arranged that he should see the court missionary.

Probably somebody would suggest *A Young Briton* or *Lambeth Lad's Longings* as a suitable title; hardly anybody would think of the right answer—*A Centenarian's Estate.*

"It is curious to see Mr. Winston Churchill with anything of a flush on his dead-white face (says *The British Weekly*), but when he entered the church from the vestry there could be no question of his nervousness, and Lord Hugh Cecil, who stood over him gravely pulling at his moustache, took the very proper course of insisting upon the bridegroom seating himself as quickly as possible."—*Daily Dispatch.*

We always thought Mr. CHURCHILL'S dead-white face was clean-shaved.

AT WILLIAM'S WEDDING FEAST.

I ENVIED not the novel bliss
That glittered, WILLIAM, in your eyes;
I should have held it much remiss
Had you looked otherwise,
And your hilarious moods did not
Cast shadows on my single lot.

Your blushing bride (who won all hearts)
I gazed upon without annoy;
She seems a thing of pleasing parts,
What about dross, dear boy?
But all her charms did not abate
The comfort of my lonely state.

No, WILLIAM, no. Howe'er divine
Your fortune (and the girl's) may be,
I yet remained convinced that mine
Was good enough for me;
And I had been contented still
But for those lovely presents, BILL!

Silver on silver, new and old,
Rich furnitures for either sex,
The jewels, WILLIAM, and the gold,
The cheques, ah gods, the cheques!—
Oh, WILLIAM, WILLIAM, these to scan
Was painful to a single man.

And ever as I gazed, my breast
Grew heavy with a growing doubt;
What had you done to be so blest?
Why should I go without?
Nay, to upset my simple mind
Was bad, but worse remains behind.

I could condone the jealous fire
You kindled in a lonely bard;
But, WILLIAM, was it well to hire
A sleuth from Scotland Yard
And put him there as sentinel?
That was not well. It was not well.

DUM-DUM.

THE CITY OF DREADFUL WHITE.

AT a mass meeting held on the Flip Flap last week, to decide as to whether or no the White City should be an Eternal City, there were present H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, Sir GEORGE WHITE (in the Chair), Mr. RICHARD WHITEING, Messrs. A. and C. BLACK, Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE, Messrs. GREENING, Mr. J. B. PINKER, the Mayor of READING, Sir EDWARD GREY, various representatives of the Yellow Journalism, and a variety of coloured gentlemen.

On the opening of proceedings letters were read from various foreign Powers that wished for an *entente* with Great Britain, and thought that Shepherd's Bush might help to cement such a bond. The Prince of MONACO suggested a Monaco-British Exhibition, and offered a handsome subsidy towards it and the loan of a royal bodyguard of croupiers. "In this case," he wrote, "the colloquial name might be the Rouge et Noir City, and the Earl of ROSSLYN would perhaps take the place of Mr. IMRÉ KIRALFY."

President CASTRO also wrote asking that a Venezuelo-British Exhibition might be arranged, with the substitution of a Great Wheel (at several Revolutions a minute) for the Flip Flap.

The Chairman then called upon the meeting to offer suggestions as to (1) the desirability of opening the Exhibition again next year, and (2) the nature of the Exhibition to be held.

His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES suggested that next year a quite new kind of Exhibition should be held—an Exhibition that was really ready for the public on the day it was opened. That, he said, would be a novelty worth visiting. (*Loud cheers, during which* H.R.H. *returned to Marlborough House.*)

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE said he was in favour of continuing the Exhibition, but he failed to see why they should continue to show such exclusive preference to one colour—if, indeed, it was a colour at all. The only advantage about a White City was that it was the easiest to paint red. (*Sensation.*) Sympathising as he did with his friend CARLYLE in his estimate of human folly, he thought the best thing to do with it was to convert it into a residential estate for vegetarians, and re-christen it the Green City.

Sir THOMAS MOUNTAIN DEWAR suggested that the Exhibition should be continued under the title of the Black and White City. The Editors of *The Graphic*, *The Sphere*, and *The Illustrated London News* strongly protested.

Mr. GEORGE R. SIMS pointed out that London was singularly deficient in an adequate museum of criminology. Madame TUSSAUD did what she could, poor old lady, but her space was limited, and Scotland Yard showed a curious and old-fashioned reluctance to admit the public to view its treasury of turpitude. The Shepherd's Bush buildings were admirably suited for the display of morbid relics, reconstructed crimes and so forth. His suggestion was to hold a Murder Exhibition next year and call it the Black City.

Mr. JOSEPH LYONS said that his idea of an Exhibition was an Exhibition where people got hungry. It did not in the least matter what they saw. All that was needed was plenty to see and plenty to eat. If he had his way the present Exhibition would remain untouched, but the title would be changed—say to Russo-British or Græco-Roman, or anything catchy.

M. PAILLARD, the famous Parisian *restaurateur*, supported Mr. LYONS. The great thing, he said, was to choose a good name. Nothing mattered after that. The people came and asked no questions.

Mr. TOM B. DAVIS, the manager of the Lyric Theatre, said that as Honorary President of the K.O.W. League he had no hesitation in expressing his opinion that the White City ought to be the permanent and abiding home of the Whitest of White Men—need he say that he referred to their idolised friend Mr. LEWIS WALLER?

Mr. CHIRGWIN, who addressed the meeting through the spout of a patent coffee-pot of his own invention, was understood to say that if the Exhibition was going to be reserved for Albinos he would have to reorganize his entire complexion.

General ROGER POCOCK, commanding the Legion of Frontiersmen, pleaded eloquently for the conversion of the Exhibition buildings into a permanent barracks for his famous corps. Camping out in the open was all very well in a tropical or sub-tropical climate, but there were moments when even his hard-bitten veterans hankered after a roof. For himself he would be content with the Court of Honour if the Stadium were covered in for the gallant fellows who had escorted LA MILO in her perilous ride through the streets of Coventry, and who were all ready to do the same service for the biblical hornpipist of the Palace. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON said that it gave him great pleasure to sustain the *rôle* of skeleton at the feast. They could not all hope to live for ever. (*Applause.*) What better use could they make of the White City than paint it black and turn it into a standing reminder of their mortality? It might then be utilised for a great Exhibition of mausoleums, cenotaphs, sarcophagi, cinerary urns, tombs, vaults, epitaphs and other funereal adjuncts. Music would naturally form an important feature at such a show, and he had already composed one-hundred-and-fifty variations on "Down Among the Dead Men" for the opening concert.



"THANK GOODNESS! THERE YOU ARE, AUGUSTUS. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY, AND—ER—SEE IF THERE IS ANY SUPPER FOR THEM, OR I SHALL NEVER GET THIS DONE IN TIME FOR THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION!"

A novelist and dramatist, who preferred to remain incognito, and who had red hair, a Shakspearean brow, three legs and no tail, suggested that the Exhibition should be transformed into a permanent wax-work representation of the characters in his many works. (*Help! Help!*)

A similar suggestion was made by a retiring lady from Stratford-on-Avon with regard to the romances from her pen. (*No offers.*)

The meeting then dispersed without coming to any definite conclusion; but whatever happens to the Exhibition there is every reason to fear that the Golden Dome will continue to draw its millions of enraptured sightseers every day. Nothing can alter that.

Things which might have been put differently.

"Mr. Lloyd-George, who has been suffering from a cold, is staying with Mrs. Lloyd-George at Folkestone, and the change has done him much good."—*The Daily Mail.*

"LOST.—Fox terrier, all white except black one side face and ear; answers moderately to Cinders."—*Manchester Evening News.*

Probably he would be most amenable to lumps of coal.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

["Bill's just gone back to school. . . . . You might write and give him a little sound advice."—*Extract from a letter.*]

I 'M rather pleased with what I wrote:
It didn't cost me much reflection,
Yet struck, I fancy, just the note
A letter should, in this connection.

I might have written, if I would,
Some such advice as, "Be industrious;
Be punctual, my boy; be good;
And one day you will be illustrious."

But then he 'll have that preached him by
Some other chap more skilled to speak it,
One better qualified than I
To take his moral ear and tweak it.

I might have spoken of his sports,
And bade him "tackle low—and hard, too!"
With other points, of divers sorts,
A rugger man should pay regard to.

Yet that, again, though just the stuff
I happen to be rather apt in—
He 'll hear it all quite soon enough,
With more conviction, from his captain.

And so I let didactics go,
And wrote (you 'll notice) simply, briefly:
He didn't think it "rot," I *know*—
And that was what I wanted chiefly:

"Dear BILL,—Here 's luck from Auntie BESS
And me, as well as GEOFF and WINNIE!
Your loving Uncle DICK. P.S.—
Enclosed with this you 'll find a guinea."

"HAMPSTEAD.—Unique UPPER PART of seven rooms and bath."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

We accept the advertiser's statement as to the unique character of his offer. But we should like to know whether the water that wants to get to the upper half of the bath would have a right of access through the lower half, or whether a false bottom would be necessary. And if this contrivance were made a fixture, what about the tenant of the lower half? But that, of course, is his affair.

The Personality of Boots.

Seen in a Paris shop:—

"BOTTINES À L'ANGLAISE.
TRÈS SNOB."



MOOR MYSTERIES.

"DID YOU MARK THAT BIRD DOWN?" "NOA, 'A' *MARKED UN OOP!*"

THE DANGER OF OVERDOING IT.

["It is not often an English actor is reproached for playing a part too sympathetically, but Mr. Allan Aynesworth . . . has just had this curious experience. After a recent performance of 'Idols' . . . a young 'Varsity man appeared in his dressing-room with very red eyes. 'Look here,' he said, 'if you want the piece to have a long run you must tone down your part a bit. A man can't stand having his feelings worked on till he makes an ass of himself—like me this evening. If you make the men cry they will be afraid to come to the theatre. Act a bit less as though you really felt it all.'"—*Daily Paper.*]

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has recently been the recipient of a gratifying testimony to the extraordinary lifelikeness of his acting. After a performance of *Faust*, in which, as everyone knows, the famous actor-manager sustains the *rôle* of the Prince of Darkness, a young curate burst into his dressing-room in a state bordering on frenzy. "Pardon my intrusion," he observed in soul-shaking accents, "but if you wish to secure the approval of the clergy you really must modify your conception of the part. If you frighten grown men like me they will be afraid to come to the theatre. For heaven's sake make the part a little more amusing—a little less devilish."

Among recent visitors to Le Mans to witness the astonishing exploits of Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT has been Mr. HENRY BIRD, the popular accompanist and organist. After Mr. WRIGHT's record flight Mr. BIRD was among the first to accost the intrepid aviator. "Oh, Mr. WRIGHT," pleaded the talented musician, "I beg, I beseech you not to fly so high. A man cannot stand having his feelings worked on till he wants to be a bird in nature as well as in name."

The seclusion of The Pines was rudely disturbed last week by a sudden visit from Mr. RAYMOND BEGTHWAYT, the famous professional panegyrist and interviewer, who, bursting into Mr. SWINBURNE's sanctum, besought him in poignant tones to abstain from the passionate invective which bespangles his new volume of Essays. "If you want your book to sell," panted Mr. BEGTHWAYT, "you *must* tone down your abuse. To hear EURIPIDES described as 'a mutilated monkey' is more than I, an Oxford man, can stand." Here Mr. BEGTHWAYT wiped away a few natural tears and proceeded: "You are the most opulent of eulogists. Why, then, deviate into censure at all?" Hurriedly pressing a copy of *M.A.P.* into the hand of the great poet, Mr. BEGTHWAYT returned to his motor.

As Mr. MARK HAMBOURG was leaving the Queen's Hall by the artists' entrance the other day, he was abruptly addressed in Russian by a sinister-looking stranger with a pale face and blazing eyes. "I was an Anarchist two hours ago," he began, "but I am one no longer. Your miraculous playing of SCHUMANN'S *Études Symphoniques* wrought such an overwhelming effect on my nature that I am now consumed and pervaded with the spirit of universal brotherhood." The ex-Anarchist, whose real name we understand is quite unpronounceable by British vocalists, has now assumed the *alias* of PHILADELPHUS LOVEJOY, and follows Mr. HAMBOURG everywhere with dog-like fidelity.

Seventeen illustrated interviews with Mr. BERNARD SHAW have been the inevitable result of the reference to the gifted playwright which appears in Miss ELLEN TERRY's autobiography. Mr. SHAW is deeply wounded by the phrase "A good, kind, gentle creature" applied to him by Miss TERRY, and has let her distinctly understand that if this deplorably erroneous impression of his true character were to be generally accepted, his reputation as the all-wool Machiavelli of Mayfair would be blasted for ever.



THE GATHERING STORM.

THE COMPLETE KITCHEN.

I SAT in the drawing-room after dinner with my knees together and my hands in my lap, and waited for the game to be explained to me.

"There 's a pencil for you," said somebody.

"Thank you very much," I said, and put it carefully away. Evidently I had won a forfeit already. It wasn't a very good pencil, though.

"Now, has everybody got pencils?" asked somebody else. "The game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' It 's quite easy. Will somebody think of a letter?" She turned to me. "Perhaps *you* 'd better."

"Certainly," I said, and I immediately thought very hard of N. These thought-reading games are called different things, but they are all the same really, and I don't believe in any of them.

"Well?" said everybody.

"What? . . . Yes, I have. Go on. . . Oh, I beg your pardon," I said in confusion. I thought you—— N is the letter."

"N or M?"

I smiled knowingly to myself.

"My godfather and my godmother," I went on cautiously——

"It was N," interrupted somebody. "Now then, you 've got five minutes in which to write down everything you can beginning with N. Go." And they all started to write like anything.

I took my pencil out and began to think. I know it sounds an easy game to you now, as you sit at your desk surrounded by dictionaries; but when you are squeezed on to the edge of a sofa, given a very blunt pencil and a thin piece of paper, and challenged to write in five minutes (on your knees) all the words you can think of beginning with a certain letter—well, it is another matter altogether. I thought of no end of things which started with K, or even L; I thought of "rhinoceros," which is a very long word and starts with R; but as for——

I looked at my watch and groaned. One minute gone.

"I *must* keep calm," I said, and in a bold hand I wrote *Napoleon*. Then, after a moment's thought, I added *Nitro-glycerine*, and *Nats*.

"This is splendid," I told myself. "*Notting Hill*, *Nobody* and *Noon*. That makes six."

At six I stuck for two minutes. I did worse than that, in fact; for I suddenly remembered that gnats were spelt with a G. However, I decided to leave them, in case nobody else remembered. And on the fourth minute I added *Non-sequitur*.

"Time!" said somebody.

"Just a moment," said everybody. They wrote down another word or two (which isn't fair), and then began to add up. "I 've got thirty," said one.

"Thirty-two."

"Twenty-five."

"Good Heavens," I said, "I 've only got seven."

There was a shout of laughter.

"Then you 'd better begin," said somebody. "Read them out."

I coughed nervously, and began.

"*Napoleon*."

There was another shout of laughter.

"I am afraid we can't allow that."

"Why ever not?" I asked in amazement.

"Well, you 'd hardly find him in a kitchen, would you?"

I took out a handkerchief and wiped my brow. "I don't *want* to find him in a kitchen," I said ner-



Harassed Visitor. "HERE, YOU TWO TERRORS, I WANT TO BARGAIN WITH YOU. I WANT TO TALK TO YOUR SISTER. HERE 'S HALF-A-CROWN BETWEEN YOU IF YOU 'LL PROMISE TO STOP WORRYING FOR AN HOUR."

Elder Terror. "MAKE IT TWO BOB EACH, AND SHE 'S YOURS FOR EVER!"

vously. "Why should I? As a matter of fact, he 's dead. I don't see what the kitchen 's got to do with it. Kitchens begin with a K."

"But the game is called 'Furnishing a Kitchen.' You have to make a list of things beginning with N which you would find in a kitchen. You understood that, didn't you?"

"Y-y-yes," I said. "Oh, y-y-y-yes. Of course."

"So Napoleon——"

I pulled myself together with a great effort.

"You don't understand," I said with dignity. "The cook's name was Napoleon."

"Cooks aren't called Napoleon," said everybody.

"This one was. CARRIE NAPOLEON. Her mistress was just as surprised at first as you were, but CARRIE assured her that——"

"No, I 'm afraid we can't allow it."

"I 'm sorry," I said; "I 'm wrong about that. Her name was CARRIE SMITH. But her young man was a soldier, and she had bought a *Life of Napoleon* for a birthday present for him. It stood on the dresser—it did really, waiting for her next Sunday out."

"Oh! Oh, well, I suppose that is possible. Go on."

"*Gnats*," I went on, nervously and hastily. "Of course I know that——"

"Gnats are spelt with a G," they shrieked.

"These weren't. They had lost the G very early on, and consequently couldn't bite at all, and Cook said that——"

"No, I 'm afraid not."

"I 'm sorry," I said resignedly. "I had about forty of them—on the dresser. If you won't allow any of them, it pulls me down a lot. Er—then we have *Nitro-glycerine*."

There was another howl of derision.

"Not at all," I said haughtily. "Cook had chapped hands very badly, and she went to the chemist's one evening for a little glycerine. The chemist was out, and his assistant—a very nervous young fellow—gave her nitro-glycerine by mistake. It stood on the dresser, it did, really."

"Well," said everybody very reluctantly, "I suppose——"

I went on hastily.

"That 's two. Then *Nobody*. Of course, you might easily find nobody in the kitchen. In fact you would pretty often, I should say. Three. The next is *Noon*. It could be noon in the kitchen as well as anywhere else. Don't be narrow-minded about that."

"All right. Go on."

"*Non-sequitur*," I said doubtfully.

"What on earth——"

"It 's a little difficult to explain, but the idea is this. At most restaurants you can get a second help of anything for half-price, and that is technically called a "follow." Now, if they didn't give you a follow, that would be a *Non-sequitur* . . . . You *do* see that, don't you?"

There was a deadly silence.

"Five," I said cheerfully. "The last is *Notting Hill*. I must confess," I added magnanimously, "that I am a bit doubtful whether you would actually find Notting Hill in a kitchen."

"You *don't* say so!"

"Yes. My feeling is that you would be more likely to find the kitchen in Notting Hill. On the other hand, it is just possible that as Calais was found engraven on MARY'S heart, so—— Oh, very well. Then it remains at five."

Of course you think that, as I only had five, I came out last. But you are wrong. There is a pleasing rule in this game that, if you have any word in your list which somebody else has, you cannot count it. And as all the others had the obvious things—such as a nutmeg-grater or a neck of mutton or an omelette—my five won easily. And you will note that if only I had been allowed to count my gnats, it would have been forty-five. A. A. M.

THE IDEAL DIET.

WE have received several letters respecting an article in last Thursday's *Westminster Gazette* entitled "Wild Scenes in the Bohemian Diet." Space will not permit us to print them in full, but we feel strongly that such regrettable occurrences justify the publication of any reasonable means that may be suggested for their prevention in the future. Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes that he has been much shocked by the news. "I do not know what the diet of the Bohemians may be, but I feel confident that it is not in accordance with my rules for healthy feeding. My E. M. Proteid Mush and Chips are perhaps the ideal foods among quiet diets, and I would humbly commend them as a sure prevention of future trouble of this unhappy nature. Any Bohemian sending me a stamped addressed envelope shall receive an explanatory booklet, fully illustrated, by return."

Sir J. CRICHTON-BROWNE writes us a strong letter against the use, as diet, of sausages and kippers, which, as he very truly says, are the main food of Bohemians of the present day. In all his long experience he has never known a sausage and a kipper live peaceably together, and he gives it as his firm opinion that only in good red beef can quiet be found.

One Who Knows.

"There were two Johnsons—one the poet, essayist, critic, editor, and dictionary-maker; and another Johnson the talker. The first was a very second-rate poet, an essayist whose style the classicists of the present age rightly reject; occasionally incisive and brilliant, but as often overlatinised, pompous, and turgid, who talked not of a 'chain,' but of a 'concatenation' of ideas."—*Daily Telegraph.*

We cannot help feeling, as we reach the end of this passage, that this is an instance of the little pot calling the big pot black.

A Natural Phenomenon.

"A HEAVY SHOWER.—Between 2.30 and 3 o'clock this afternoon the sky in the City grew very dark, and a heavy shower came up from the east. For ten minutes or so the rain fell furiously in drops so large that at first they were taken for hailstones. The streets were flooded for a short time, and the man without overcoat, umbrella or shelter thought himself *very* unlucky."—*Westminster Gazette.*

We congratulate our wide-awake contemporary on being the only newspaper to report this truly remarkable occurrence.

Professional Football.

"At the beginning of each season it is customary to take a more or less sanguinary view of a team's chances in the League campaign."—*Blackburn Weekly Telegraph.*

"Burns the boxer, and the late Burns, bridge-jumper, are different persons."—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

"So are BURNS the Cabinet Minister, and the late BURNS, poet."—*Punch.*

"Miss Marie George wears an invisible green and dark red tartan kilted skirt."—*Daily Graphic.*

So does Miss MAUD ALLAN.

"SHORTHAND.—100 words 1 month. Call and see world's fastest writer."—*Belfast News Letter.*

Nearly four words a day—the imagination reels at it.

"AS GARDENER, Head or Second, inside or (inside out)."—*The Yorkshire Post.*

Personally we should love to see him inside out for a second.

SOME MORE AMATEUR PRESENTATION STATUES.













OUR ARTIST HAS NOTICED THAT ON MORE THAN ONE OCCASION OF LATE STATUES OF THEIR OWN PRODUCTION HAVE BEEN OFFERED BY *AMATEUR* SCULPTORS TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS, AND THEY HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED AND SET UP IN THE PUBLIC STREETS. THIS PRACTICE, IF PERSISTED IN, SURELY OPENS UP SOME APPALLING POSSIBILITIES.

AMONG THE DUKERIES.

THE way in which marriages are made in Mayfair has long been an unwritten scandal. You start by being already married and sick of your old wife; then you get a divorce in some obscure country, such as Switzerland, by a process which doesn't count in England; then you marry again and are still received in a Society that is rotten to the marrow. It was high time that the whole ugly system was exposed; and Mr. CECIL RALEIGH, like the ardent reformer he is, has undertaken to do so, with Mr. HAMILTON'S assistance, at Drury Lane. It is true that in his drama, *The Marriages of Mayfair*, there is only one Mayfair marriage, and that a perfectly sound one; so that the moralist's design might have escaped our notice but for a long prenominatory interview in the Press, in which he clearly defined his lofty motive. Yet I half fear that the pulpit homilies of Father BERNARD RALEIGH are like to be overwhelmed by the gorgeous pomp and ritual supplied by Lay-brother COLLINS; and that many an erring Mayfair sheep, that should have left the sacred edifice resolved to make cleaner marriages in future, will retain nothing but vivid pictures of RUMPELMAYER'S; of the theft of the Tower jewels, of a warm corner in the *Duke of Exmoor's* coverts, with a cock-pheasant stuck fast in mid air, and of a villain and a pony precipitated down an Alpine snow-shoot.



WIDEAWAKEFIELD TOWER.

Jim Callender (Mr. Lyn Harding) to *Dudley Gore* (Mr. Vincent Clive). "Hist! We are unobserved!"

I am certain that the intelligence of a Drury Lane audience is higher than mine: for nobody else seemed to be worried about the plot, which, as I gathered, runs as follows:—The late *Lord Alaric Villiers* gets himself divorced in Switzerland from his first wife, and *within a year* marries *Lady Margaret Constable*. His son by this second marriage eventually inherits the Marquisate of Deerminster. It is then shown that the Swiss divorce was invalid in our courts, and that therefore the new Marquis was not born in good British wedlock. He is accordingly ousted from his title. But there is still a chance left of restoring his poor mother's honour. The first wife is known to be dead; it is merely a question of proving that she died before *Lord Alaric's* second marriage. Unfortunately there is but one person who can witness to the date of her death, and he is a gentleman of so obscure a life that he is only traceable once a year in a hospice on the top of a snow-bound Alpine pass. However, he is run to earth, and admits that the deceased lady, of whom he has many kind things to say, perished in a neighbouring drift *two years* before *Lord Alaric's* second marriage. This contented everybody but myself, I being left wondering how she contrived to die a whole year before her own divorce.

Another thing that troubled me was the stupidity of the Tower guard. Not only were the arrangements for the theft of the jewels made under the very nose of the sentry, but the poor amateur burglar actually stood for quite a long time palsied with fright not more than six feet off a squad of soldiers facing his way, while an officer put them through their night-drill. It was an extraordinary oversight on their part.

Thirdly, I could not understand why *Lord Adolphus Villiers* should have regarded himself as incapable of revoking a power of attorney which he had once made in favour of *Miss Bess Bissett* of the Halls. On this subject I should have liked to consult a retired Anglo-Indian Judge whom I saw in the stalls. But in recalling acquaintance I might have been tempted to remind him of another performance at which we jointly assisted—namely, a knock-out fight at a Calcutta circus—and in deference to his dignity I refrained.

The cast included several very capable performers, to whose credit it must be laid that they never let you see their cheeks bulging with their tongues. Mr. LYN HARDING seemed really to enjoy himself as the villain. His presence on the stage always inspires me with confidence, so sound are his methods; and he doesn't mind what he plays in, from SHAKSPEARE to RALEIGH. Miss EVA MOORE was very graceful and natural, although she suffered dreadfully from second-sight. This infirmity was shared by Mr. CHEVALIER, who shot a beater in the middle of the thigh and excused himself on the ground that he mistook the fellow's feet for a rabbit. It was very difficult after this buffoonery, and his previous comic vagaries, to take seriously the many noble sentiments which he threw off with a superb rotundity which greatly impressed the Pit.

People who sacrifice their dinner so as to be in time for the First Act should be warned to bring matches and a candle, or one of those little electric bull's-eyes as used by the pew-openers; otherwise, in the awful darkness that shrouds the intervals between the scenes (rendered more appalling by a pitiless orchestra) they will be unable to consult the chart and get their bearings in a most bewildering sea of characters.

A final tribute of praise is due to the glories of the renovated Lane; and I felt rather a brute for having carried off, on the sleeve and tail of my coat, a lot of lovely fresh paint from the box which the Management kindly placed at my disposal. This sort of souvenir-hunting was, I now think, a mean return for so much luxury both in the spectacle and its setting.

I was late for *The Early Worm*, which had had some ten days' start and was going strong. It is a nice, careless, inconsequent play—on the borderland of farce—dealing with the harmless intrigues of some comfortable middle-class people to whom the author (Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE), out of deference to the demands of the British snob, assigns such titles as *Duke of Tadcaster*, *Lord Steyne*,

etc. "The Worm" is a term of boyish endearment applied to *Allan Marchmont*, a delightful outsider; but I never discovered that he did anything to deserve the attribute of "early." The epithet must have been thrown in just for joy. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH played the part with infinite relish. Miss FANNY BROUGH, as *Lady Steyne*, lightly ignored the nominal dignity of her social status, and made a really admirable domestic shrew; and Mr. ALFRED BISHOP, as her errant lord, preserved, with great decorum, the traditional demeanour of the weaker vessel. It was impossible to mistake Mr. MATTHEWS for a Duke, and to do him justice he made no attempt to impose upon us. Indeed, I thought he carried to greater lengths than usual his charming air of indifference, as if he found the whole thing too absurd. Miss MURIEL BEAUMONT was very attractive, and Mr. BASKCOMB a really humorous figure as a yacht-steward, whom the rival lovers bribe to fall overboard that they may rescue him and so establish a claim to valour in their lady's eyes.

A pleasantly ridiculous little play, and saved from commonplace by the novelty of the situation on the yacht, and by the fresh candour with which people gave one another, and themselves, away, in the manner established by Mr. BERNARD SHAW. The author of *Arms and the Man* will have to keep a sharp eye on his patent rights. O. S.



Tourist (after a long discussion with Station-master on the subject of catching a steamer). "SO YOU WOULD ADVISE ME TO COME BACK BY THE SUNDAY NIGHT TRAIN IN ORDER TO CATCH THE BOAT ON MONDAY MORNING?"

Station-master (severely). "A WUD ADVISE NAE MON TAE PROFANE THE SAWBATH; BUT A'LL JIST REPEAT—IF YE WAIT TILL THE MONDAY YE'LL NAE GET THE CONNECTION."

MAXIMS FOR MOTORISTS.

FOR THE CHAUFFEUR.

1. DON'T in busy places run over sixty miles an hour, or, in fact, over anything that is likely to injure your reputation or the car.

2. Don't take up a lot of room in turning street corners. All self-respecting chauffeurs do this on the two outside wheels.

3. Don't creep under the car at every little dislocation. This, besides suggesting the comic postcard, looks cowardly. If the fault be actually underneath, wait until the car turns over of itself, then operate before righting it.

N.B.—An exception to this rule is where a constable is seen approaching with his notebook, in which case both owner and chauffeur may do well to crawl beneath the chassis for a space.

4. Save with an upward lift of the eyebrows or a downward turn of the mouth, never deign to notice other makes of cars or the driving abilities of other chauffeurs.

5. Always leave the thingummy vibrating when the car is pulled up for a long roadside chat. It is a great assistance to conversation.

FOR THE OWNER.

1. Attempt no familiarities with the chauffeur; at the same time avoid obsequiousness.

2. When being towed home by another car lean back and look amused.

3. Except in the presence of the chauffeur let your conversation be heavily charged with technical terms.

4. For districts infested by the police a disguisable number-plate should be used. The letters and figures can be temporarily changed by the pulling of a cord from inside the car. As to *personal* disguise no reminder is necessary, its advantages having been recognised from the first.

FOR THE OWNER'S WIFE.

1. Avoid any appearance of interest in the scenery.

2. Cultivate the motor bow. It is less formal than the carriage bow, and is sometimes accompanied by a flutter of the left hand.

3. Back up your husband's protest at a "hold-up" by the police with a look of haughty astonishment, as if to say, "But surely this is absurd! We were only doing seventy miles an hour."

4. In town, if the car is a showy one, leave it palpitating at the shop door while you purchase your pins or tape. The sound of it may strengthen your credit.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ONE of the critics of *Diana Mallory* (SMITH, ELDER) observes that in reading it "we soon feel as if we had been at a reception by a highly popular hostess with a wide circle of political friends." I'm not so sure that I do feel this. I suppose I ought to appreciate more than I do the high privilege of reading the minds of the eminent politicians, from the PRIME MINISTER downwards, whom Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD brings into relation with her latest heroine. But, except that I enjoy the shrewd knocks which she deals to such people as platform women of the baser sort and wealthy democrats who must have the best of everything, the political part of the book leaves me cold. It seems to me more artificial than the work which one naturally expects from the creator of *Robert Elsmere* and *Sir George Tressady*. It is like a picture-frame, carefully squared and neatly dovetailed, but composed of machine-made moulding which can be turned out by the yard. On the other hand the portrait of *Diana* herself is in all respects natural and charming; and *Ferrier*, the Opposition leader, *Sir James Chide*, the eminent lawyer, and one or two other of the most prominent characters are well and truly drawn. But when we come to the figure of *Oliver Marsham*, the weak, vacillating, insincere member of the Radical Party, who is throughout the object of *Diana's* love, the general harmony of the picture is to my mind spoilt. At his mother's instigation he feebly consents to break off his engagement to *Diana*, on discovering that her mother had been condemned to death for a murder which was in reality only an act of self-defence, and he is basely disloyal to *Ferrier*, his party-leader. Yet in spite of these two acts of treachery, both of them the natural outcome of his character, *Diana* continues to love him, and eventually marries him on what is wrongly supposed to be his death-bed. As a study in character-drawing *Marsham* is a masterly achievement. But as a fit mate for *Diana* he is impossible. And I think Mrs. WARD asks too much if she expects us all to be as forgiving as *Diana*.

No coterie has been more fully or more frequently written about than that which in the early half of last century was gathered under the hospitable roof of Holland House. GREVILLE, MACAULAY, BROUGHAM, ABRAHAM, HEYWORTH, SYDNEY SMITH, TOM MOORE, BYRON and GUIZOT have contributed to the gallery of portraits. In *The Holland House Circle* (METHUEN) Mr. LLOYD SANDERS does not add anything to the familiar story. A diligent gleaner in the fields where grow the harvests of other men, he has garnered in a portly volume a fascinating collection of reminiscences. Lucidity is not his most shining virtue. To tell the truth, he is occasionally as "confused and unintelligible" in his narrative as was CANNING's friend GEORGE ELLIS in conversation. But the theme is so attractive that, having turned back in vain attempt to see where odd sentences lead to, one can pass on to be reminded of SYDNEY SMITH's sparkling wit or Lady HOLLAND's studied rudeness. The value of the book, which is great, is increased by the reproduction of portraits of most of the men whose names are associated with Holland House. A company that included SAMUEL ROGERS, SYDNEY SMITH, BYRON, GUIZOT, SHERIDAN, LUTTRELL, TOM MOORE, FRANCIS HORNER, MONCKTON MILNES, to mention only a few names, was never before drawn together, and its equal has not since foregathered.

A CONTRAST.



THE YELLOW PRESS AS IT APPEARS IN ALLEGORY AND A FEW OF THE INDIVIDUALS WHO PRODUCE IT.

"The marriage of Miss —— to Mr. —— took place in Brussels, the ceremony being performed on account of the advanced age of the bridegroom's grandmother."—*The Times.*

How rare, indeed, is it nowadays (as they say at Drury Lane) to hear of a marriage taking place simply and solely for Love.

CHARIVARIA.

The next bare-foot—or should it be bare-faced?—dancer to visit us is to be Miss Ruth St. Denis. This fair American has confided to an interviewer that her dances are "real expressions of the soul," and that she does them for no other reason in the world than that they are beautiful to her. After this statement the rumour that the customary fees will be charged for seeing Miss St. Denis's performance may be dismissed as a spiteful invention.

***

We regret to learn that Lord Rosslyn is suffering from a shock to his system.

***

The Kaiser, it is said, has appealed to Count Zeppelin and Major Cross to sink their differences. Does this mean that they are to attempt to cross the North Sea?

***

If ever a misprint was pardonable it was the following:—

Seizure of a Railway by Burglaria.

***

The combined indignation of the nine Bank Managers who were duped last week by Mr. D. S. Windell is, we hear, a mere flea-bite compared with the wrath of the taxi-cabby who drove Mr. Windell on his long journey of adventure and received a gratuity of sixpence. Even before the fraud on the banks was discovered this astute Jehu had come to the conclusion that his fare was no gentleman.

***

Is ten minutes sufficient for a sermon? asks *The Daily Mail*. In our opinion one requires more sleep than this in these strenuous days.

***

The craze for novelties in wedding-presents has received a set-back. Two persons have been arrested for sending an infernal machine to a bridegroom.

***

A fashion authority informs us that the vogue of the Large Hat is on the wane. Any jubilation would, however, be premature in view of the further intimation that the Big Toque is coming.

***

The fact that the Pereira Medal—the annual "blue riband" of the world of pharmacy—has been won by a lady makes one wonder what a female chemist should be called. A Chemisette?

***

An account of the *début* of the Aldershot aeroplane states that "an artificial bunker belonging to the Command Golf Club lay in its course, and this it cleared quite easily." Where 's your Wilbur now?

***

Major W. P. Drury, in an article in *The Western Daily Mercury*, insists that England is threatened with an attack by Japan on India, a second Indian Mutiny, and a German invasion. However, things might be worse. Now that Lord Rosslyn's system of breaking the bank at Monte Carlo has been discouraged nothing is to be feared from Monaco.



"To cheat thee of a sigh,
Or charm thee to a t-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-a-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r."

Enthusiastic Golfer (from the gallery). "Jolly good 'follow through,' Sir!"

We are surprised that *The Daily Chronicle*, which we have always understood to be in favour of an improvement in the relations between this country and Germany, should have published the following paragraph, which is bound to cause grave offence at Potsdam: "It is perhaps not too much to say that at the present moment the two most prominent Sovereigns in Europe, after the Sultan, are King Charles of Roumania and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria."

***

Penny Post has now been established between England and America, and this renders it possible to send a letter to a friend in the next street for the same price as is charged for a journey of five thousand miles.

***

As a result of continual complaints from the Metropolitan magistrates of the constantly-increasing pressure of work it is now proposed that a special tribunal shall be instituted to deal with all charges relating to the Joel family.

The Morning Post reports Mr. Haldane as follows:—

"The Government had crossed the Rubicon and burned its boats (*cheers*), and they did that with their eyes open. They knew perfectly well they were driving away many people who had supported them, but in the main the current of opinion in a great nation made for righteousness. The Government would trust their barque to this current."

Perhaps the earlier part of this heroic statement would have been received with less enthusiasm had it been known that the Government had taken the precaution of sparing one ship from the flames.

From a notice in an American store:—

CLEANERS, ETC.

Your Suit pressed between trains.

It seems rather a drastic method.

"Between twelve and noon to-day a Vanguard motor-bus suddenly burst into flames."
The Westminster Gazette.

This defines the moment of the occurrence with an accuracy almost pedantic.

"THE ARGONAUT."

[Dirge on the loss of Dr. Lunn's famous Steam Yacht, beloved by schoolmasters.]

Toll for the gallant ship just gone below,
And with your salt tears swell the briny main;
Yea, let the universal chest heave-ho
To think that she will never float again;
Never, in charge of her respected skipper,
Carry to Isles of Greece the cultured tripper.

What high and hallowed memories haunt her sleep!
Visions of poets rampant on the poop,
Rehearsing Homer's views about the deep,
Or flinging off at some enchanted group
A lyric wail inspired by southern waters,
Yet not unfit for clerics' wives and daughters;—

Visions of scholars, steeped in antic lore,
Who, in return for food and passage free,
Played showman to the panoramic shore
Or else located legends of the sea—
The spot where Bacchus found the lady stranded,
Or Aphrodite left the foam and landed;—

Visions of spinsters, dumped in Greekish ports,
Consulting guide-books on the glorious age
When good old Pindar boomed the Olympian sports
And Sophocles repaired the Attic stage;
While ushers pointed out that trams and steamers
Were still unknown to these delightful dreamers.

Yet, though we mourn the fair ship's dolorous fate,
She might have ended worse; she might have sunk,
Some night of winter, with her homing freight
Of pedagogues, wrapt each within his bunk,
Wasting the local tips that they 'd collected
And leaving many a schoolboy much dejected.

Nor you, O Doctor, count yourself undone;
She was insured, I hear; and soon you 'll build
A second *Argonaut* to sally, Lunn,
On the old trail with all her cabins filled,
And, ere her educative mission ceases,
Carpet your nest with further Golden Fleeces.

O. S.

A PUNCH EXHIBITION.

This is to give notice that *Mr. Punch* proposes, early in next year, to make an unparalleled Exhibition of himself. He therefore begs to invite all his friends who possess any desirable memorials of his career—from its inception in 1841 to the present day—to be kind enough to make him a temporary loan of them.

This is the class of thing he wants:—

(1) Original drawings by *Mr. Punch's* artists, especially those whose work is over.
(2) Prints, lithographs, coloured plates, etc., from pictures by *Mr. Punch's* artists.
(3) Documents and autograph letters relating to *Mr. Punch*.
(4) Manuscripts of *Mr. Punch's* articles.
(5) Objects of interest that have been in the possession of *Mr. Punch's* men.

The above will be very gratefully received, cared for, and eventually returned by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., *Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street, Whitefriars, E.C.

PERCY'S LAST VISIT.

About the middle of July the weather suddenly turned wet and chilly. I had not seen Percy for some days, and was feeling considerable anxiety about him, when he suddenly appeared one morning at my window, which was fortunately open. But on this occasion he did not fly in—he crawled over the sill, and had to wait there some time before he could muster up sufficient strength to wing his way on to my breakfast-table. I was greatly shocked by the change in him; it was difficult to recognise the trim and debonair drone he had once been in the abject dishevelled creature that clung trembling to the toast-rack. "I 'm done for, dear boy," he said, with a pitiable effort to preserve his former jauntiness. "These infernal old judies have put me in the cart this time! Only looked in to say good-bye and that."

I said I hoped things weren't so bad as he seemed to think, that "while there was life," etc.; but even as I said the words I felt how horribly banal they must sound.

"Wait till you 've heard!" he said; he was too unnerved to say more just then. "There 's been a good deal goin' on lately," he began at last, "which struck me as rum, though I didn't think much of it at the time. They 've been doosid stingy with the bee-milk for one thing, and cut me off my nectar altogether. I made complaints of course — but nothing came of it. Then, the other day I found Matilda and Ursula and some others haulin' the little nipper-drones out of their cells before they were half hatched, and pitchin' 'em over the terrace! 'Why the dooce can't you let the poor little beggars alone?' I said. 'What harm have they ever done *you*?'

"'There 's hard times comin',' said Matilda, 'and the fewer mouths to feed the better.'

"Well, I saw there was some sense in *that*—but it was the sort of way she said it that gave *me* cold chills. However, that soon passed off. But this mornin'"—(he could not continue for a moment)—"this mornin' I was snoozin' comfortably in a corner when I was awoke by a most fearful shindy. So I tumbled out to see what was happenin'. And a pleasant sight it was when I did see it! Bertie rushed past me, sprintin' for all he was worth, with Matilda after him, full cry. Next came Martha chevyin' Algie, and Priscilla leggin' it after Archie, while that beast Maria had got poor old Gus by the hind-leg with her great heavy jaws. And no *rompin'* about it, mind you—they meant *business!* I could see that every one of the poor dear chaps was green with funk. Then I saw Rhoda comin' along with every feather on her back bristlin', evidently makin' for me. I didn't wait for her. Over and under the combs we went, and round and round—till by good luck I saw a heap of late pollen they 'd forgotten to store, and dodged behind it. Rhoda ran on, thinkin' I was ahead, and as soon as she 'd turned the corner I made a bolt for the gates. It wasn't much of a chance, for I knew it was old Emily's turn to be on guard, and she 'd be safe to spot me before I could slip through. She did right enough—but she let me pass, only tellin' me to take care I didn't come back. She ain't such a bad old sort. After I 'd got out I hung about, waitin' to see how the other fellows got on; and presently out they all came tumblin' in couples—Matilda hangin' on to Bertie, Martha scufflin' with Algie, and Maria clawin' poor old Gus, till they jockeyed 'em up to the edge of the terrace—and what do you think they did next? Gnawed off one of each of those poor chaps'



A CHRONIC COMPLAINT.

1415—1908.

HALDANE. "O THAT WE NOW HAD HERE
BUT ONE TEN THOUSAND OF THOSE MEN IN ENGLAND
THAT DO NO WORK TO-DAY!"—*Henry the Fifth*, Act IV., Sc. 3.

[Mr. Haldane has conceived the admirable idea of recruiting his Army Reserve this winter from the ranks of the unemployed.]



He (impulsively). "Darling, I rather thought of kissing you!"
She. "How dare you? When you *know* I can't scream with so many people about!"

wings close to the root, so that they 'll never fly any more, and bundled 'em all over, neck and crop, to starve! Last thing I saw was old Gus flounderin' on his back in the grass, tryin' to make out what it was all about. Poor dear old Gus—he wasn't over bright—but one of the best! And by this time I expect they 've served every blessed drone in the city the same way. After all their talk about 'the good of the State,' too! Perfectly rotten, *I* call it. I tell you what it is, my boy, if we 'd only kept these Bee-women in their place, instead of lettin' 'em have everything their own way, they 'd never have got above 'emselves as they have! But there," he concluded dismally, "it 's too late to think of that *now*. The question is, What 's goin' to become of Me?"

"Why not stay here, Percy?" I suggested. "I can put you up. There ought to be enough for both of us."

He turned a lack-lustre eye on me. "What 's the good of talkin' rot like that, dear fellow?" he said. "I can't eat the sort of stuff *you* do. I want bee-milk, and chyle, and lots of it, if I 'm to keep fit. Besides, as I 've told you already, I 've never been taught to feed myself. I 'm entirely dependent on those confounded girls. Which reminds me I came away without my breakfast this mornin', and I 'm feelin' uncommon peckish. I shall *have* to be gettin' back to 'em soon. And yet if I do, they 'll nip my wing off and kick me out as soon as look at me. It 's the dooce and all of a hat to be in!"

It did seem to be a particularly unpleasant kind of hat. I could only express my profoundest sympathy. But gradually he trimmed and pulled himself into a somewhat less despondent state. "I 'll go home and chance it," he said. "I might manage to get round old Emily. If I could only get 'em to give me one last blow-out of bee-milk before they gnawed my wing off, it would be something to go on with. Well, old fellow, I 'm afraid I 'm not very likely to run up against you again, so I 'll say 'Good-bye.'" And he flew out, humming with a light-heartedness that was too obviously assumed.

I saw him off, with a sad foreboding that it would be his very last flight in this world.

* * * * * * * *

My foreboding proved, I am happy to say, to be unfounded. Two or three mornings later I was equally surprised and delighted on coming down to breakfast to find Percy waiting for me on the top of a loaf. "Came round to tell you I was in clover again," he said. "Thought you might like to know." And after my landlady had brought in my bacon and eggs, he proceeded to relate his experiences. "I got back to the hive the other mornin'," he said, "feelin' as limp as a last year's cocoon—didn't think I had an earthly! But instead of tearing off my wing and givin' me the chuck, they all came rushin' out to welcome me! 'It 's Percy!' they cried. 'Oh, Percy, we were afraid you 'd deserted us for ever!' And I 'm blest if Rhoda didn't fling her forelegs round my neck! 'When I *left*,' I said, 'I didn't notice that any of you were exactly pressin' me to stay.' At that they all started apologisin' and explainin'. It appears they 'd sacked all of us they could get hold of because they 'd got nervous about there not bein' enough stores to go round.

Then they 'd found they 'd miscalculated somehow; there was plenty of food for everybody, and later on the State might come to grief for want of the very drones they 'd been in such a hurry to get rid of! *Another* of their confounded silly mistakes! But it gave me my chance. 'All *I* came back for,' I said, 'was to tell you girls that, after the disgustin' ingratitude you 've treated me with, I 've made up my mind to cut the whole concern, and share diggin's with a Human Man pal of mine who knows how to appreciate me!'

"They said if I 'd only stay, they 'd agree to any conditions I liked. *First* thing I insisted on was that old Gus and the others should receive out-door relief for the rest of their lives. It was the best I could do for the poor dear chaps. And the old girls are all as meek as maggots *now*—do everything I tell 'em to. I 'm Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, and no end of a pot! I make the hive fairly hum, for they know *I* won't stand any slackin'. And they *like* it, my boy. They 've found out at last that they get on twice as well when there 's a Man to manage 'em! There 's some talk of makin' me Prime Minister, and of course if it comes off you mustn't expect to see any more of me. Doosid responsible business, bein' Prime Minister. So p'raps you 'd better take this as a partin' visit. Good-bye, dear old chap; pleased to have met you and that!"

Percy never came to see me again after that, so possibly he really was made Prime Minister. In any case I feel no further anxiety about him, as he is clearly able to take extremely good care of himself. F. A.

The End.

DISCURSIONS.

The Dinner Party.

Scene—*The Library of a Country House at 5.15 p.m. on an Autumn afternoon. Tea is just over. He is about to light a cigarette. She is still sitting in her presidential position at the tea table.*

He. But what 's the point of having a dinner? Why have we got to give one? What 's the use——

She (*scornfully*). Don't be a base utilitarian. There 's no use in a cigarette, but you 're going to have one.

He. I am, if I can make one of your matches burn.

[*He strikes a wax match viciously. The top drops off alight and settles on his thumb.*

He (*shaking the injured part violently*). Ow! Ow! Why *will* you have these rotten matches? I haven't got a limb on my body which isn't burnt to a cinder through this new mania of yours for cheap matches. (*He sucks his thumb vigorously.*)

She (*laughing heartily*). Oh, my dear Charles, if you could see yourself now!

He. That 's right; laugh away. I suppose if you saw me blazing all over you 'd think it the best joke in the world. (*Continues sucking.*)

She (*seriously*). Certainly not, Charles. I should be *very, very* sorry. I should run very fast for the extinguisher, and I should do my best—yes, Charles, my very best—to put you out. How can you be so cruel as to doubt me? (*Turns her head away, sniffs, and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.*)

He (*laughing uneasily*). Oh, don't let 's have any more nonsense. About this dinner, now. What day did you——

She. Never mind about the dinner. I see it worries you, and I 'm not sure it doesn't worry me. Let 's give it up.

He. I don't see why——

She. No, Charles, we 'll give it up. I wanted to tell you about baby. He was so sweet just now. He had got his feet entangled in his frock, and nurse was trying to arrange him, and he turned quite red with rage and hit her on the head——

He (*admiringly*). The little rascal!

She (*continuing*). And then he opened his little arms to her and smiled like an angel, and wouldn't be satisfied until she 'd kissed him. I often wonder where that child gets his sweet disposition from.

He (*gallantly*). I don't.

She. Well, perhaps it is so. Your mother told me you had charming ways as a child.

He. But about this dinner. I daresay we 'd better get it over.

She. Just as you like, of course. There 's really no absolute necessity, but perhaps—— (*She pauses.*)

He. What were you going to say?

She. I thought perhaps a little hospitality of that sort might be expected of us.

He. I daresay you 're right. Let 's——

She. But mind, Charles, I don't *want* the dinner. In fact, I shall be happier without it, but if *you* think we ought to, of course I 'll do my best.

He (*cheerfully*). All right. You can put it on me. I 'll carry the burden. What date?

She (*with alacrity*). Tuesday the 20th.

He. Right. (*Enters it in a little red pocket-book.*) Whom shall we ask?

She (*diffidently*). We ought to have the Lampeters, I suppose, and the Bowles-Dicksons, and the Collingwoods.

He (*airily*). Why not the Dorleys?

She. The Dorleys! Of course, if you want paint and powder, Mrs. Dorley 's the one.

He. Oh, come, she 's not as bad as all that. I thought she 'd cheer it up a bit, that 's all.

She. Yes, she 's just the sort of woman that twists all you men round her little finger. You 're all as blind as a bat, and you 're the battiest of the lot.

He (*with a suspicion of jaunty devilry*). Didst think me blind, when——

She. A lucid interval. No, Charles, *I* was the blind one then. However, have your Dorleys. Only, if you do, I 'll have Captain Okes and his sister.

He (*loudly*). No, no.

She (*insistently*). Yes, yes. Captain Okes has a bold, free, irresistible way with him, and even if Mary Okes has turned forty she 's a pattern of all the girlish virtues.

He. Let 's toss.

She. Right. (*He produces a coin and tosses.*)

She. Heads!

He. Tails it is. (*He pauses.*) I choose the Okeses.

She (*loudly aside*). He has a noble heart after all. (*To him*). You shall have the Dorleys, too. It shall never be said——

He. I don't want the Dorleys now.

She. And I don't want the Okeses.

He (*resignedly*). Let 's have the lot.

She. All right. That makes twelve with ourselves. Now come up and see baby.

He. But hadn't you better get the invitations off? There 's not too much time left, you know.

She (*with sweetness and dignity*). My *dear* Charles, what *do* you take me for? I sent *all* the invitations out yesterday.

He. Well, I 'm—— (*Curtain.*)

OUT OF TRAINING.

[*A Penalty of the Vacation.*]

Alas for days sublimely slack,
Of lounging over gorse-clad acres,
Of flogging with relentless smack
The burn that could not hit me back,
Of idling with the breakers!

Of links that hardly let me go,
Of earth and sky's voluptuous kisses,
Of hanging on by tooth and toe
To mountain-crags, with views below
Of bottomless abysses.

They had their charm, those hours of ease,
In spots unspoilt by urban bustle;
But oh, the wild regret for knees
So soon deprived, on moors and seas,
Of town-engendered muscle!

With helpless limbs again I face
The strife that turns the heart-blood chilly,
Re-enter for the Vanguard chase,
And try to hit the spanking pace
For crossing Piccadilly.

I fear the elemental roar
That issues from the Strand's approaches,
And, cleaving to its strap once more,
My unaccustomed arm grows sore
In restive railway coaches.

Oh, interlude of heath and brine,
That all my hard-won thews relaxes!
Where are those District-legs of mine?
When shall I reassert my fine
Unflinching nerve with taxis?

A NEW LINE IN ADVERTISEMENTS.

["For to admire an' for to see, for to be'old the world so wide, it never done no good to me, but I can't drop it if I tried.—Able; Colonial experience; straight record. Position Wanted."—*Advt. in a morning paper.*]

This application of verse to the "small ad." suggests possibilities:—

"Tiger, tiger, shining bright." Disengaged through master giving up trap for motor. Seven years present place.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets." Nobleman's valet desires change with greater liberty.

"I must learn Spanish one of these days." Young gentleman about to proceed to South America requires lessons in local vernacular. State terms.

"Learn to labour and to wait." Having learnt latter in good provincial club, advertiser desires sit. in London ditto.

"There is none like her, none." General, 25, cook, wash, iron, bake, wait at table, attend children, darn and mend.

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew." Wanted, someone to take care of it, also pony.

"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Does not describe advertiser, who is eager to find work. Under-gardener or handy man; 29.

"Yearning for the large excitement that the future years would yield." Advertiser seeks sit. Draper's bargain counter preferred.

"Rejoice that man is hurled from change to change unceasingly." Parlourmaid seeks new sit.

"Maud is not seventeen but she is tall and stately." Same here. Experienced housemaid-waitress. Suitable for bachelor household.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken; or like stout Cortez." If you do not want to feel like stout Cortez write for our pamphlet of figure-reducing exercises.



Small Boy (whose father is very bald, to Nurse, who is vigorously brushing his hair). "I say, when shall I be old enough to leave off hair?"

"Several cars were having round Hilberry corner at a speed which as one of the Vinots with its carburettor and a S.C.A.T., which had water in the petrol"—*The Liverpool Echo.*

Obviously a very serious accident.

New Name for Habitués of the Lyceum Theatre.—The Repeters.

WILLIAM'S WORD.

I don't go in for Anagrams myself, but William did once, and he has told me all about it, and what very hard luck he had not to win a prize.

William's word was *Anti-bilious;* and the anagram he made from it was "*Better, Oswald? — Much, Sadie,*" or something like that. I don't say that that was the actual sentence, but it was certainly the idea. There were a lot of Christian names in it which nobody is ever called, and a distinct impression that you were getting too many letters for your money. Of course the word may not have been *anti-bilious* after all—in fact, I am pretty sure now that it wasn't—but it was quite that sort of word, and that is as near as we can go. Anyhow we may be certain that the whole thing was extremely clever of William, and that he had the two hundred pounds absolutely safe.

Tactics was the name of the paper, and William bought a copy next day. When he had signed his name and written down his anagram, he made an unfortunate discovery. The word had to be taken from pages 203, 204, 205, 206, and 207 of that number. William, rather anxious now, turned to page 203, and found that it was the beginning of an exciting story of Spanish life. With an eagerness which would have made the author blush with pride could he have seen it, William read that story through. He paid particular attention to the doings of the heroine, because (as he said) you never know what a Spanish lady is going to do next. But though the Señorita was sometimes fierce as a tiger, sometimes caressing as a dove, and sometimes one of the animals in between, she was never once anti-bilious as anything.

The story went on to page 207, at the bottom of which, to his extreme disgust, William read the words "*Another of this series next week.*" Next week, as he had feared, the same pages were chosen (the editor was evidently determined that his stories should be read *somehow*), and William once again chased the Señorita through five pages. There was a moment on the fourth page when she staggered back, put her hand to her brow, and wailed in a voice of indescribable emotion, "My head, Teresa, ah! my poor head." William was longing to jump forward and say, "Excuse me, madam, but have you tried these anti——," only Teresa was too quick for him. "*Mañana, sancho panza; buenos ayres,*" she said, and led her mistress into the fresh air.

This went on for a month. At the end of that time William was in a desperate state. He calculated that the author had used every word in the English language except "anti-bilious" (which would be held by any decent editor to give it the required standing for an Anagram), and confessed reluctantly that Spanish life was more healthy than people thought. And he came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to write the next *Tactics* story himself.

Authors will tell you that the beginning of a story is the most difficult part; there are, moreover, proverbs in several languages to that effect. William's trouble was quite otherwise. He began easily and at once:

"*Anti-bilious,*" *said the Colonel as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment.*

That was his opening, for he was taking no risks; the difficulty was to go on. William was, and indeed is, a stockbroker; fiction—save for one slight effort about Oswald and Sadie—had never been in his line. A strenuous week at it now made him more sure than ever that he was right to have become a stockbroker.

Now William was a man of resource—as I gather stockbrokers have to be. One chance was left to him. He called upon a journalist friend of his.

"Hallo," he said, "I've come on business. An editor man I know wants a short story from you. Have you got one? I said I'd see you about it."

"How much?" said the journalist.

"Twenty pounds," said William hurriedly, "and I'll pay you now."

"Done," said his friend, and got up to rummage in his desk. "There, take it away. I'm sick of it."

"It isn't about Spanish life by any chance?" asked William nervously.

"No. Why?"

"Er—well, it's—— Fact is, I don't think the editor's very keen about Spanish life. Can't say why. Just a fancy of his. Hallo, this looks a bit short—just about five lines short, I should say. Well, we can easily stick five lines in somewhere. Here's your cheque. Many thanks."

William went back to his office and wrote in five lines at the beginning:—

"*Anti-bilious,*" *said the Colonel, as he leant back in his chair and puffed at his cigar. There was silence for a moment. Then he told me the following story.*

He had it typed, and forwarded it to the editor of *Tactics*, pointing out that he (William) owned the copyright and would take the brass.

I must bring this sad history to a close as quickly as I can. There came a day when the Colonel's story appeared. (There was another day later on when William only received three guineas for it, but we cannot bother about that now.) Of course the Spanish stories had been read to the end by this time, and apparently that was all the editor cared about. This week the Anagram word had to be chosen from the City Notes. In a way it was a compliment to William's judgment in selecting stories; as much as to say that anyone would read a tale submitted by him, without the incitement of an anagram; but he wouldn't see it in this light. He was quite angry; and he went out at once to try and persuade his journalist friend to return some of the twenty pounds. On the way he noticed a poster of *Imitations* which called attention to the fact that an Anagram competition was proceeding within. In the faint hope that "anti-bilious" might have strayed into their story too he bought a copy. . . . .

He was really *very* angry. It seems that for the *Imitations* competition you are not limited to certain pages. You may select any word in the language that you like. Of course, then, any time the last six weeks he might have sent up his anti-bil——

As I say, I can quite understand his being angry. For a word in the list of winning Anagrams of the week before caught his eye. It would have caught his eye anywhere by now:—

Anti-bilious: "Better, Oswald?—Much, Sadie" (or whatever the wretched thing was).

The word William used when he read this was useless for Anagram purposes. On the other hand I cannot help feeling that it would have come quite easily into a story of Spanish life.

A. A. M.

A writer on Hockey begins an article in a contemporary as follows:

"It is a fact, but nevertheless essentially true. . . . ."

We forbear to give the name of the paper which has bred in him this cautious spirit.

"V. B., it was alleged, did twenty-five miles in one hour over the measured quarter of a mile."—*Daily Mail.*

And at the end of it they went and fined him!

THE POLICEMAN'S LOT.

[An Ohio policeman had to arrest an alligator last week. It happened at the time to be following an intoxicated pedestrian.]

Robert, I envy not
Thy lot!
When chill the night and polar,
And thou art whistled to thy work
To probe my garden's inky murk
Lest haply some slim burglar lurk
Behind the ghost-like roller;
And when thou rushest in where I
Tremble to tread lest bullets fly,
Then, Robert, as I watch thee go
I marvel? Yes!—I envy? No!

Nor, Robert, would I choose
Thy shoes
When Suffragettes will fight thee,
And thy coercive arm must quell
The lawless wrath of Christabel
And all those Amazons who swell
The swarms that scratch and bite thee.
Yet though, when all is said and done,
Thy lot is not a happy one,
Believe me, thou art blest beyond
Thy luckless peers across the Pond.

If oak and brass be bound
Around
The length of thy equator,
What adamant canst thou suggest
Must gird the hero's dauntless breast
Who may be summoned to arrest
A scaly alligator?
No Suffragette has such a jaw
To scare the guardians of the law,
Nor such a long and moving tale
To make them tremble and turn pale.

It makes my heart grow queer
To hear
The tasks they may be brought to,
If they must seize each fearsome beast
That hunts, with fury still increased,
Convivial gentlemen who feast
More freely than they ought to.
Ah! if 'tis difficult to snare
An alligator which is there,
How much more hard his hapless lot
Who has to capture one that 's not!

TRUE DIFFIDENCE.

["The Duke of the Abruzzi, now that the naval manœuvres are over, will shortly leave for America, where his marriage with Miss Elkins will take place in November.

"Although the Duke does not wish the wedding to be accompanied by much ceremonial, he will, on his return to Italy with his bride, be escorted by several Italian warships."

Reuter.]

The great Bostock, on the completion of his engagement at Earl's Court, will, it is said, deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Power of the Eye." Mr. Bostock, who is of an exceedingly retiring disposition, has stipulated that there shall be no advertisements or fuss, but he will be escorted to Albemarle Street each Wednesday evening by a bodyguard of lions, tigers, elephants and camels.

Madame Melba, on passing through Paris the other day, considerately requested President Fallières not to meet her at the Gare du Nord. She has, however, graciously signified her willingness on her return journey to receive a deputation consisting of sixty Deputies, who will present her with a magnificent tiara and an address asserting her incontrovertible superiority to all human warblers alive or dead.



THE "EMPIRE" STYLE IN SUFFOLK.

Thanks to our fashion papers, even the humblest classes are enabled to imitate the modes of Mayfair.

For the Home.

A Scots contemporary kindly explains how "to keep butter cool in hot water." For the moment we cannot think of any situation which would call urgently for a solution of this problem, but if ever the emergency should arise it would be our duty to inform our readers that the contemporary in question is *The Oban Times*.

The Daily Telegraph on the police arrangements at the Licensing Demonstration:—

"Half of them were told off to line the great thoroughfares . . . a third of them were stationed in the park itself, and the remaining third were ordered to various important points to meet the various processions."

This is known in the trade as "half-and-half."



PROBLEMS OF THE ROAD: A STUDY FROM LIFE.

"Motorists must learn that other people reside themselves have a right to the road."—*Antimotoring Press.*

STRANGE INNOVATION.

Heavily Dressed Ethical Dancer.

Yet another intellectual dancer of world-wide repute is to make her appearance in London shortly in the person of Miss Vasiti St. Vitus, a young American of Semitic origin and extraordinary command of the moralising influences of corybantic undulation.

It should be noted at once that there is a vast difference between Miss St. Vitus's method and that of Miss Maud Cunard or Miss Musidora Buncombe. As might be expected from her name, it is at once more strenuous and more saintly—more in keeping with the best Bollandist traditions. Miss St. Vitus never wears less than three skirts, five petticoats, and four pairs of stockings; and she usually dons goloshes over her shoes. There is naturally very little play of the feet about her dancing, but especial emphasis is laid upon facial expression, *frou-frou*, and vortical convolution of the drapery in accordance with the theory of the late Lord Kelvin. The main aim of her performance, it cannot be too insistently asserted, is to inculcate ascetic Altruism on the lines of the strictest Pragmatism.

Miss St. Vitus—who, in the chaste phrase of *The Daily Chronicle*, is a most charmingly-lissom, fresh, lively, practical and thoroughly American young person—contends that it was *she* who first invented the vermiform arm-wriggle which is one of Miss Maud Cunard's most applauded achievements. "I introduced it at Boston," she said, "long before even Miss Musidora Buncombe came out. As a matter of fact, I started my ethical and pragmatical dancing—in a previous incarnation, of course—just about the time that Taglioni first made her appearance in London." This settles the question of priority once and for all.

"There 's just one thing," said Miss St. Vitus in an interview with the Archbishop of Canterbury, "that I want to say slick out. My dances are in no way connected with the prevalent cult of Apolaustic Hedonism. They are just the real expressions of the soul, and a white soul at that. Other dancers may appeal to Cabinet Ministers and the Smart Set, but I aim at doing a stunt on the great Puritan Heart of the British public. No dancer since the world began ever wore so many clothes as I do. Why, one of my dances is called 'The Dance of the Nineteen Petticoats'!

"Then I 'm a Theosophist as well; and that of course gives me a far wider spiritual outlook. At the Congress at Oxford the other day I gave illustrations to one of the lectures representing a Hindoo saint practising emotional exercises in the solitude of the jungle. I tell you Oxford is still humming with it, and the Headmaster of Eton has invited me to cavort on the ethical platform before the school twice a week for the rest of the term. To-morrow I give them the Stoical Sand-dance, and next Tuesday, with ten of my best pupils, I am going to show them the Angel Cake-walk and the Self-denying Tarantella, which typifies the liberation of the soul from a sordid craving for jam-puffs."

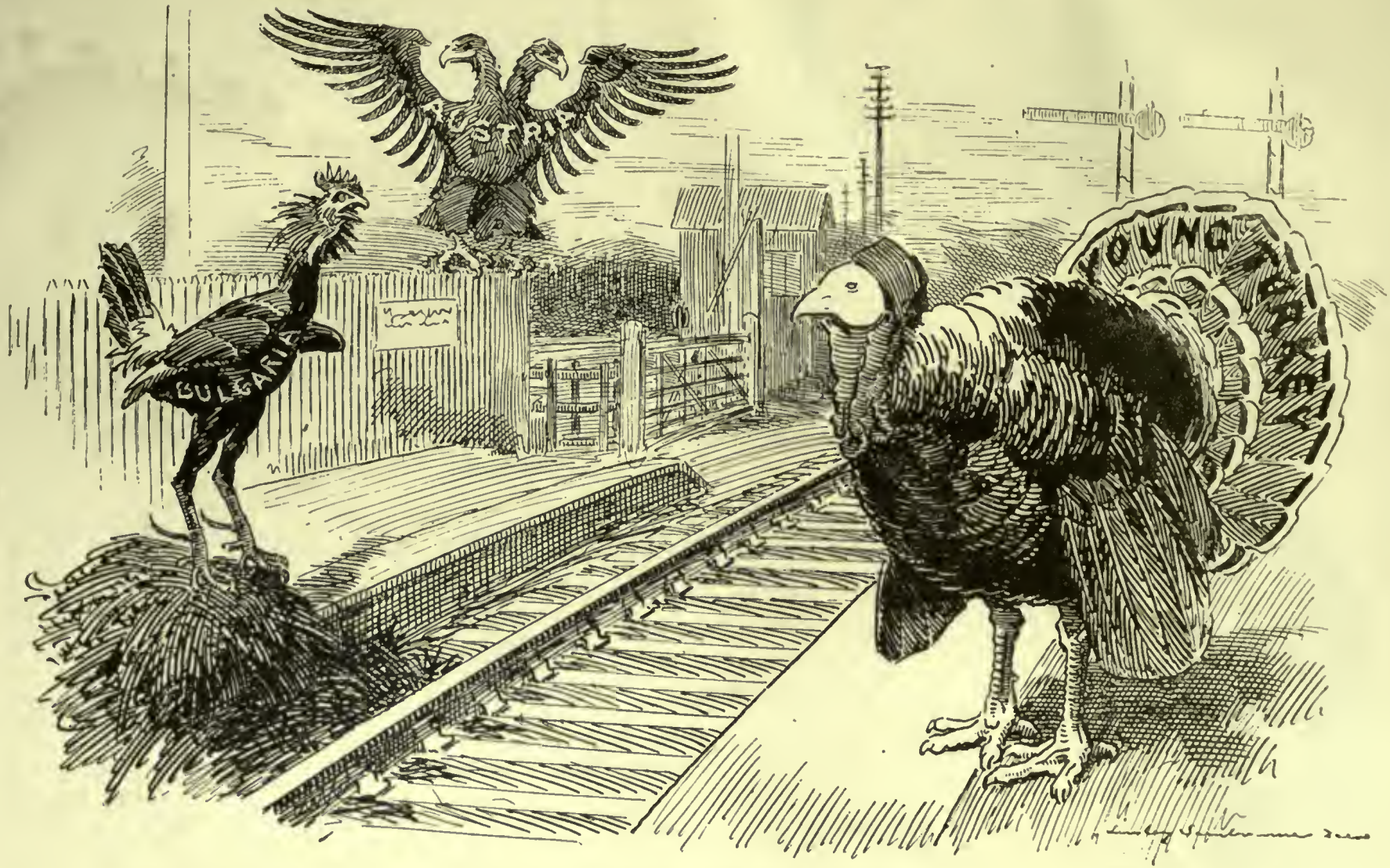
Making the Frenchman at Home.

On a box of advertisements in the Machinery Hall at the Exhibition:—

"Aidez-vous."

"The course is marked out by three turning posts forming a triangle, of which the sides are 1,000, 700, and 300 mètres respectively."
The Times.

Poor old Euclid! He has had a good run, but the boom in his books couldn't last for ever.



BULGARIAN PRECOCITY.

Game Cock. "NOW'S MY CHANCE, WHILE HE'S NICE AND YOUNG?"

Double-Headed Eagle. "I THINK I OUGHT TO GET SOME PICKINGS OUT OF THIS."



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Stalker (to Sportsman, tottering on the edge of space). "YE'D BETTER TAK THE SHOT, OR MAYBE THEY 'LL BE MOVIN'! YE'RE IN A GRAND POSEETION NOO."

MORE MESSAGES FROM THE DEAD.

How these ghostly communications came into *Mr. Punch's* hands he does not intend to say; but here they are. The *lacunae* are the result of defective sympathy, inevitable but much to be regretted. The conjectures as to the meaning of mysterious initials are *Mr. Punch's* own; so are the translations from foreign tongues.

FROM MARLOWE AND WEBSTER.

Tell that good man SWINBURNE to go on. We like it here. Trowel-work for us; and the butter can't be too thick.

FROM EURIPIDES.

BROWNING 's the man for me. I would rather read AL[GERNON] ASH[TON] than AL[GERNON] of the P[INES]. *Ὀτοτοτοῖ ποποῖ δᾶ.*

FROM JAMES BOSWELL.

The Lichfield statue is very gratifying. I waive the Nonconformists' patronage. Rather amusing to see PERCY [? FITZGERALD] coming in for praise after so many years of the other thing.

FROM ARCANGELO CORELLI.

SCHUMANN tells me that he wrote Novelettes, but none of *my* family ever did that I know of. Anyhow, so long as she writes in English, it makes no difference to me.

FROM CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

The news of yet another book about us by C K S [? Mr. CLEMENT K. SHORTER, the eminent critic and BRONTË expert] is causing utmost dis . . . [? disquietude] to myself and my sisters. Is there no stopping him?

FROM ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Why all this fuss about WIN[STON] CHUR[CHILL]? The world was too small for me when I was thirty, and at thirty-three he is only President of a stuffy little Board of Trade.

FROM ICARUS.

The word aeroplane is a monstrosity to Elysian ears, and the mere mention of W[ILBUR] W[RIGHT] puts me in a wax. Anyhow, no sea can ever be called after a man with such a name . . . .

"E. G. P. desires clerkship in office of solicitor; willing to work and learn."—*Law Times.*

Such willingness to undertake duties slightly outside the usual routine is the first secret of success.

AMERICAN BREVITIES.

MR. HEARST denounces Senator FORAKER as a paid tool of the Standard Oil Trust.

Senator FORAKER denies the charge in a two-column letter, but retires from the political arena.

President ROOSEVELT says that BILL TAFT is a bigger man than himself—in three columns and a half.

Governor HASKELL gives Mr. HEARST the lie direct in two thousand words, and resigns.

President ROOSEVELT says ditto to Mr. HEARST in six thousand words.

Mr. BRYAN rebukes President ROOSEVELT in four columns.

President ROOSEVELT says Mr. BRYAN is a fraud in ten thousand words.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER says nothing.

"The removal from the sea shore of the bathing machines is proceeding, but large numbers still indulge in the morning sea-bath." *The Daily Telegraph.*

They often look as if they needed it.

EPITAPH ON A BORE.—He was not for a time, but for all day.

UNCLE TOM'S TRANSFER.

[N.B.—Unless readers possess exceptionally strong nerves they are warned not to peruse this harrowing story of our modern slave trade.]

Aunt Chloe stood with smiling face as she watched Uncle Tom demolish his tea. "Deese here openin' games gib you a mazin' appetite, honey," she observed.

Uncle Tom (so called by the Hookerham crowd because the veteran had played for that famous First League club no fewer than three seasons) nodded assent.

Aunt Chloe recollected something, and her face grew grave. "I hearn tell dat one ob dese Southern traders war hangin' round de Secretary's office to-day. Specs he 's after some ob de young uns."

* * *

The Secretary wiped his eyes as he sat at his desk.

"Massa," said Uncle Tom, "hain't I served you faithful for years? Hain't you trusted me to train myself? Hain't I allers been sober 'cept ob a Saturday night an' in the close season?"

"Uncle Tom, you have," replied the Secretary; "but the club is in debt. All the directors have had their fingers in the gate-money. Chelsham has offered a thousand pounds for you. I tried to get them to take Muggins, Josser, or Stark, but they would have you. Uncle Tom, you won't betray your old club? If you run away and we can't deliver you to Chelsham there 's no dividend for our shareholders."

Uncle Tom looked the Secretary straight in the face. "Trus' me, Massa; I 'll go."

"Go?" cried Little Eva. (N.B. —The Secretary's golden-haired daughter. Please don't confuse with racehorse of same name.) "Go? Uncle Tom, surely you 're not going?"

"Yes, Missee, goin' South."

The golden-haired angel burst into tears. "We 're jiggered for the Cup this year," she sobbed.

"Uncle Tom," said the Secretary, "I promise that if we 've any luck at all in gates this season we 'll buy you back."

* * * * *

Aunt Chloe was too grieved for tears. "I knows what dose dratted slave-holders down South 'll do," she groaned. "Dey 'll wear ye out wid dere Saturday matches an' dere mid-week matches. An' dat ar 'Sidesman' —he 'll be drivin', drivin' ye till ye drop. Dar 'll be a jedgment on him —wantin' football three times a week. Shame on dem sellin' ye down South."

* * * * *

Out of consideration for our emotional readers we simply have to omit the scene of Little Eva's death-bed. But we must state that she lay with an angelic smile on her face whilst Topsy read *The Athletic News* aloud. (Again we beg readers not to confuse golden-haired angel with racehorse of same name. Racehorses are too intelligent to take an interest in Soccer.)

* * * * *

Uncle Tom was panting in mid-field, worn out by the exertion of two matches a week. He had done his best, but he had just failed to trip the opposition centre-forward at a critical moment. He knew that this slip would entail awful chastisement. In the press-box he could see "Sidesman" take up his fountain-pen, and could easily guess what would appear in print:—"Uncle Tom once more displayed his lack of adaptation to the scientific requirements of modern football. A crude shoulder-charge constitutes his entire *répertoire*. He lacks the subtle instinct which teaches the expert when and where to trip."

The field seemed to spin round Uncle Tom and he fell in a heap.

"Pide a thousand fer 'im," shouted the spectators; "'e 'd be dear at a tanner."

* * * * *

When Uncle Tom revived he found the Secretary of the Hookerham Club bending over him.

"Uncle Tom, I 've come to buy you back. The Tariff Reform candidate for Hookerham has given a thousand pounds to set the old club on its legs. I came here the moment we got the cheque."

Uncle Tom's face brightened for a moment, then he sighed. "No, Massa, I 'm done for football now. I don't blame dem — not eben Massa 'Sidesman.' Poor fellow, he knew no better. I forgive dem all. But listen, Massa, listen."

The Secretary bent down. A smile of almost seraphic beauty passed over Uncle Tom's face as he murmured, "Specs, Massa, it 's about time I took a pub ob me own."



[*The Daily Graphic*, in a review of *The Romance of Modern Geology*, speaks of the coming of Man, and "that mysterious distinction which places him apart from and above the lower members of the animal kingdom."]

Lord of Creation (after reading passage). "'Ear! 'Ear! Bravo, 'Daily Graph-hic!' I 've of'n notished that mysterish d'stingshlum."

The Millennium.

Lions and Lambs Lie Down Together.

Encouraged by the happy conclusion of the "Book War," Mr. Lever (so rumour goes) is about to combine with *The Daily Mail* to bring out a new soap. Mr. Walkley is said to contemplate collaborating with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in the production of an Original Comedy; and a hope has been expressed that the Bishop of Hereford will see his way to take the chair at the next meeting of the Licensed Victuallers.

The Cats of the "Argonaut."

Seven cats, each with nine lives, perished at the sinking of the *Argonaut;* and we understand that the severest restraint had to be put upon a sub-editor of one of our most strenuous Evening Papers to prevent his issuing the following poster:—

"Argonaut" Founders.
Loss of 63 Lives.



SOME PROMISING STUDENTS OF "VOICE CONTROL."

"The course of lectures and classes upon 'Voice Production and the Management of the Voice,' which will be held this session under the auspices of the University Extension Board, form part of the complete training course for lecturers, but will also be found extremely useful by all who wish to secure perfect control over their voices."—(*Daily Paper.*)

TURNED TABLES.

[The Paris correspondent of *The Daily Telegraph* recently recorded a sad story of an accident to a motor-car, caused by three women who on the approach of the car refused to move from the middle of the road. The obstinacy of these pedestrians resulted in the car being thrown into a ditch.]

Our Special Correspondent in the South-East wires:—A daring burglary took place the night before last in Pickle Alley, off the New Cut, at the residence of Mr. William Sikes, a well-known inhabitant of that quarter. Mr. Sikes occupies the front room on the second floor of No. 6. His profession keeps him employed until the early hours of the morning, and, on his arrival home about 3.15 a.m. yesterday, he was amazed to find that his room had been entered and rifled of the most valuable contents, including a very pretty set of tools which Mr. Sikes uses in his work. Mr. Sikes, with great presence of mind, rushed to the window and blew a police whistle, and a number of members of the force quickly assembled. But the burglar had got clean away with the swag. The only clue to his identity was a pocket-handkerchief, with a monogram surmounted by a coronet.

We understand that the next number of the *Art Journal* will contain a criticism, by the President of the Royal Academy, of the pictures in *The Tailor and Cutter*.

On Friday last a pretty incident was witnessed in Whitehall. As a short, sturdily-built gentleman with a bowler hat and a grey beard was cautiously picking his way across the wide thoroughfare, a little golden-headed child rushed out from the throng of people, and, snatching him from beneath the front hoofs of a pair of dray horses, carried him in safety to the pavement. There, patting his head with a kindly smile, she went on her way as if nothing had happened. The gentleman was none other than Mr. John Burns, M.P., President of the Local Government Board!

More Romance of a Sub-editor's Life.

"Yesterday at one o'clock, two young brothers named William and Jack Brady were playing along the side of the cargo boat Carrick Lee, when Jack, who is about six years of age, fell in. Constable 11B brought the little fellow home to his parents."—*Freeman's Journal.*

"A plucky rescue from drowning took place near the Custom House yesterday afternoon. Two brothers named William and John Brady were playing by the river side when John, who is aged about four, accidentally fell into the Liffey. Constable Kyle (127 C) took the boy to Jervis Street Hospital."—*Freeman's Journal* (same column).

If you do not care about either of these we shall be glad to prepare a third account—giving the whole truth about five-year-old Johnny.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

The Bazaar Season.

Mainwaring Holt.

Dearest Daphne,—The Bazaar season has set in with unusual severity. Every house I 've stayed in lately has been suffering from it. First, there was Clackmannan Castle, where Stella Clackmannan made me help with her big annual bazaar for Keeping the Crofters Where They Are, or something of that sort. Oh, my dear! such a stodgy business! I do believe that everything of every kind sold at that bazaar, from warm gowns and mauds to bonbonnières and powder-boxes, was made of Scotch plaid. The Scotch are certainly the most monotonous people on the face of the earth. That 's what 's the matter with *them*. And they 're something else too. They *all* wanted their proper change, if you please, even when *I* was selling!

I offered to put a little life into the affair by getting up some side-shows and a *café-chantant*, and was quite willing to sing some coon songs or do a clog-dance, or "anything to oblige," but Stella said they wouldn't understand or approve of it. She was quite sure, however, that if I would give a recitation from Burns it would be *very much liked!* Fancy, you know! Why, I only know one line of Burns, "My name 's MacSomething. On the Grampian Hills——" Then I offered to tell fortunes in a witch's cave, as I 've often done so successfully, but Stella said she was afraid *that* would hardly do either, for most of them had the second-sight. Second-sight, indeed! The *first* sight of them was enough for me! I never like Stella so little as when she and the Duke (Brothie, as the natives call him rather familiarly) are doing the feudal at Clackmannan Castle. As I said to her one day, "When I 'm at Clackmannan I shall leave off calling you Stella, for you don't twinkle a little bit." Then a terrible old piper marches round the dinner table every night, making a most outrageous noise on the bagpipes with a thing called "The Blairs will live for ever," or some nonsense of that kind, and expecting to be *complimented* instead of turned out of the place. I was taken to dinner one night, for my sins, by that old terror, The MacSumph. I chatted to him in my own way (which *some* people have been kind enough to call *inimitable*), but couldn't strike a spark out of him; so at last I shut up and let *him* take the floor. And he *did* take it, my dear, and something over. Prose, prose—growl, growl. Of course I didn't listen. I turned my attention to what they were saying at the other side of the table, and thought I had *more* than done my duty when, at a pause in the prosing and growling, I threw in a laugh and "That was awf'ly good." It didn't quite fit, however. He turned a small, angry eye on me and said severely, "Ye think it a matter to laugh at, leddy, that the head of the MacSumphs should have perished in that awfu' way?" It seemed he 'd been telling me a family tragedy in which one of his horrible ancestors had got what I 'm sure he thoroughly deserved two or three hundred years ago!



"Oh, I say, who d'you think I met this morning?"
"Do you mind guessing for me, old man? I'm rather tired."

I went to the Middleshires' next, and of course there was another bazaar. I must say Lala Middleshire looked rather nice the day she opened it. It was in aid of one of her pet Causes, the League for Being Benevolent to Birds and Considerate to Fishes, and she was in cloth of the new shade of brown (*dead joys*), trimmed with baby-owl; her toque was entirely composed of love-birds' breasts, with an egret at the left side.

This, you must know, *chérie*, is *emphatically* a feather autumn. People are trying to outdo each other in sporting rare and *voyant* feathers. Among the things I 've ordered for the Newmarket Second October are a flamingo toque, boa and muff, that I think will fairly knock 'em. To give them the proper brightness and softness the feathers have to be taken off the poor flamingo while it 's still alive, I believe. Of course it 's a horrid necessity—but it *is* a necessity, and that 's all about it.

It was at the Middleshires' that I heard of Fluffy Thistledown's new departure. She 's been resting since that cruel case came to an end, trying to get over the strain of it. Then she had an offer from the Syndicate Halls, and has just come out at the Magnificent as a *chanteuse*. I ran up to town for her first appearance. The place was crammed—and all to see her. She wore a dear little white baby frock and big white baby bonnet, and sang, "Would oo like to tiss me?" in quite professional style, winking, and making love to the boxes, you know, just like Dolly Doodles. I 'd no idea she had so much talent. She 's quite charmed with her new life. She has a cosy little flat near Charing Cross, and is trying to forget the wretched past, poor little woman. During their whole married life, Sir George never understood her or had the *least* consideration for her.

When I got to the Mainwarings'



Mrs. Jenkins (returned from a visit to London). "Ay, that Lunnon 's a wonderful place! What wi' the 'orse buses and the motey buses, and the 'lectric underground railways! An' now I 've comed away, I expects it 's all goin' on just the same!"

(where I still am) I was resigned to the inevitable. I simply said, "When 's your bazaar, and what 's it for?" And what d' you suppose it *was* for, my dear? You know the Mainwarings are rather extreme in their views, and the bazaar was to provide funds for bringing over a shipload of destitute aliens who want old-age pensions! I said that as I didn't altogether approve the object of the bazaar I wouldn't take a prominent part in it; so I merely helped in the cigar divan, and acted with Jack Mainwaring and Piggy de Lacy in a little French playlet, *Le bel amant et le mari ridicule.*

I motored over yesterday to Oldacres to see Cynthia Havilland and the kiddy. She was cuddling it and cooing to it in the most *ricky* manner. She 's quite swamped and submerged in domesticity. I call it *really sad*, for she was beginning to make a bit of a name socially. "Isn't my angel lovely?" she said. "Kiss him, Blanche." "By-and-by, my dear," I answered; "I don't care about kissing them when they 're so very young." "Oh, you hard-hearted woman!" she wailed. Then she went on making plans about "the angel's" future—how he 's to go into Parliament and make a great name. "Don't worry about that," I told her. "By the time that small bundle of screams is a man there won't be any Parliament, or anything else. The Socialists will have turned everything upside down, and very likely we shall all be cave-dwellers!"

And having cheered her up in this way I left her.

Ever thine, Blanche.

MATINÉE MACHINERY.

On the prickly subject of the matinée hat Sir Charles Wyndham has said to an evening paper, "I expect an automatic solution." He need not be disappointed; he has only to come to terms with our pet inventor, and his theatre can be fitted to-morrow with either of the following patents:—

1. The Automatic Seat-Raiser. The invention is attached to each stall. A shilling in the slot will shoot the stall high above all obstructions—too high to interfere with the view from the pit, not high enough to bother the dress-circle. A second fitting will be supplied to meet any cussedness on the part of an obstructionist. If a lady who is no lady insists on following the obstructed up towards the ceiling by placing a shilling in the slot of her stall, the obstructed can, by inserting yet another shilling in a secret slot at the back of her stall, send her down to earth again, where she must remain, for the stall could not again be raised until an expert had "set" it for the next performance.

2. The Automatic Seat-Sinker. A second invention, again on the shilling-in-the-slot principle, is one by which the stall of an obstructionist can be suddenly dropped through a trap-door well below the floor of the theatre. The opening will be large enough to let any wearer through; the hat will remain above the floor, however, for the obstructed to put his feet on.

"Professor Ramsay asked and got leave to plant dwarf ewes at the entrance."—*Alyth Guardian.*

It would be difficult to think of a more appropriate man for the job.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Mr. Anthony Hope's new book, *The Great Miss Driver* (Methuen), shows the sound, solid craftsmanship which one has long learned to associate with his best work. But I have one or two grounds of quarrel with him. He builds up for us, with very conscientious pains, the character of a young girl, suddenly called to the absolute ownership of a large estate, who has a cool head for business, and can make a very clear map of her projected progress as a social figure in the county; who is described as acting at times on what appears to be sudden impulse but is really the considered result of an elaborate plan of attack in which she has kept open a way of escape; and then, when the great crisis comes which is to test her character, she behaves like the most foolish and flighty and irresponsible of women. Again, we are never allowed to recognise for ourselves the attractions of the man whose mistress she becomes. That he must have had a compelling charm we gather from the almost hypnotic influence he exerted over her. But the author permits us to see very little of his nature, except the brutal, overbearing side of it; and this makes her escapade the more inexplicable. For the rest, the story is told with great distinction, though the interest suffers from a severe hiatus in the middle during the long retirement of the protagonist into obscurity; and the fresh start which she makes on her return is not without a suspicion of anticlimax.

Mr. Hope's style is here, as always, marked by a nice gift for analytic reasoning, as clear as it is subtle; but this virtue has its own defect, which shows in a tendency to arrest the rhythm of a period for the sake of a parenthetic phrase introduced to modify the argument. The title of the book might, perhaps, have been more effective. If he *had* to name his heroine after a golf-club, he should have also taken into consideration her enormous income and called her "The Great Miss Brassey."



Patron of Promenade Concerts (anxious for expert advice). "Sergeant, do you think this item is worth waiting for?"

We know Dr. Fitchett as one who fulfils
With quite a remarkable meed of success
The function of gilding historical pills
By decking them out in a readable dress.

And now he 's combining his facts with romance
In a novel entitled *A Pawn in the Game;*
It deals with the great revolution in France,
And Messrs. Smith, Elder, they publish the same.

The pawn is an Englishman flung by the Fates
Into most of the fun that is flying about;
It 's fact that provides him with desperate straits,
And fiction that finds him a way to get out.

The venture 's success is not wholly assured,
For the history part, which is wise and sedate,
Has not, as it should have done, always secured
A dignified pose in its fictional mate.

If you were to mention the name of Chesterton to an ordinary person he would reply, "Oh, you mean that paradox fellow. I can't stand a man who spends all his time trying to prove that black is white." You would know from this that he had never read a line of Mr. Chesterton's; you would explain gently that Mr. Chesterton had never said black was white, only that one man's black was often another man's white—a very different thing; and you would start him on some of the lighter essays of G. K. C. In a little while he would begin to like the author, and he would want to read more. He would read more, and then he would discover Mr. Chesterton's weaknesses — as, for example, that he could never resist the elementary verbal joke; moreover, he would be annoyed with a man who seemed so ready with his opinion on every topic under, or even above, the sun. He would probably hate Mr. Chesterton. . . . Well, I did, anyhow. But I persevered; and after a further course of him, which has just ended with *All Things Considered* (Methuen), *Orthodoxy* (Lane) and an anonymous and excellent criticism of him published by Alston Rivers, I am definitely on the side of the angels. So I recommend these three books without hesitation to his admirers, and (so long as they take *All Things Considered* first) with but slight misgivings to those who have not yet learnt to appreciate him.

Interplay (Methuen) is the title which Beatrice Harraden has chosen for her last book, and an interplay apparently is a kind of drama that doesn't need any plot to speak of. For all that, the piece is an uncommonly good one, and the characters are interesting and likable enough to compensate for the lack of stirring adventure. There is a lady steeped in sham culture; another who is entirely genuine; a doctor who gives up half his practice because the patients are not really ill; a half-witted maker of violins; and a sea-captain who calls his *fiancée* "shipmate," and has only missed finding the North Pole, I gather, because the signposts in Arctic circles are so disgracefully misleading. What more can one want? And all these people react on each other in a pleasant good-natured way, and manage to point the moral that one must live one's life heartily and avoid shams. The only fault I have to find is the author's habit of giving gratuitous advertisements to things that don't really need them; for instance, the Hampstead Tube, taximeter cabs, and St. James's Park. I think one ought to be allowed to take one's chance of finding these fascinating places and objects without undue influence.

CHARIVARIA.

Now that Prince Ferdinand has been made a Tsar, news reaches us of unrest in Monaco, whose Prince, it is rumoured, is about to proclaim himself a Kaiser.

***

Meanwhile we hear that the firm attitude of our Government in the crisis has alienated a number of its own side, who hold that a Liberal Government ought to give away everything which doesn't belong to its supporters.

***

In sporting circles regret is expressed at the improbability of a fight, for, if there is anything in a name, the Young Turks and the little Bulgar boys should have been well-matched opponents.

***

When the Chancellor of the Exchequer arrived at Swansea, a Suffragette approached him, and began, "Will you tell Mr. Asquith——" "Tell Mr. Asquith what you want to yourself," replied Mr. Lloyd-George, as he drove off. Mr. Asquith, not unnaturally, thinks that the advice given by his colleague was disloyal and inconsiderate.

***

"There has not been any period in the last ten or fifteen years," says Mr. Lewis Harcourt, "in which our relations with Germany have been on a firmer and more friendly footing than they are to-day." This is indeed a cruel reflection on the last ten or fifteen years.

***

General Baden-Powell, on the occasion of his inspection of the boy scouts who are encamped inside a Holborn emporium, evinced much interest in their camp cooking, of which he tasted some samples. The boys, we hear, were delighted at this fresh exhibition of pluck by the Hero of Mafeking.

***

Miss Maud Allan is said to have expressed the opinion that the reason why so many persons were prostrated by the recent heat is because they did not dress suitably.

***

À propos we are requested to state that the "strip-tickets" which are being issued by some of the Tube Railways do not admit one to the Palace Theatre.

***

M. Reichel has been expressing his thanks to Mr. Wilbur Wright for taking him on an aeroplane trip. In M. Reichel's own words, "Ravished, fascinated, I threw myself on Wright's neck; clic, clac—I kissed him squarely." We now fully appreciate Mr. Wright's objection to the snap-shooter.

"Modern life is so crowded and so strenuous," says *The Estates Gazette*, "that few of those who use the Mart have leisure to reflect upon the romantic side of the business passing around them." We think our contemporary is mistaken. No one who listens to an auctioneer striving to sell a property can fail to be struck by the amount of romancing that goes on at the Auction Mart.

***

Sir Thomas Lipton has started a savings bank in connection with his business. Each deposit book bears the inscription "Dinna Forget." Surely a more appropriate motto would be "Forget Diuna but Remember Tea."

***

The proprietor of a hair-dressing saloon in Beak Street is, *The Express* informs us, a clever composer as well as an excellent barber, and "his saloon is largely patronised by musicians who are his friends as well as his customers." A friendship between a long-haired musician and a barber must surely be unique!

***

According to *The Daily Mail* a number of athletics are now going in for dancing in order to gain quickness and strength. As a matter of fact for some time past we have suspected the presence of wrestlers and sprinters and Rugby forwards in the ball-room.

***

"I have the strength of mind to walk about London in the daytime in a collar which is not white," brags Mr. Bernard Shaw. Judged by this standard our Metropolis is rich in heroes.



A SPORTING OFFER.

Applicant for Old Age Pension. "Look 'e then, Mister, Oi tell 'e wot 'tis—if they loikes to start payin' me neow, Oi be willin' to taake fower shillin' a week instead of foive in January—there neow!"

A Crowded Evening.

"To-night, at eight precisely, last 3 performances of the Corsican Brothers."—*Daily Telegraph.*

BACK TO THE HOUSE.

Being the confession of an obscure Radical heckler.

[Next to the warlike attitude of Servia, the opening of the Autumn Session of the Mother of Parliaments, with its prospect of ill-timed questions on delicate points of diplomacy, is regarded as offering the gravest menace to the peace of Europe.]

Let others use intemperate words
Touching the Fates that intervene
To spoil the sport of missing birds
Or hacking divots through the green;
For me, I do not share their dolour;
At Duty's summons, stern and clear,
I take delight (with Lewis Waller)
To bellow, "I am here!"

Living at home in humble ways
(My natural gifts are most obscure),
I long to catch the public gaze
And be a sort of cynosure;
But only when the House is seated
(That's why I loathe a long recess)
I get to have my name repeated
And figure in the Press.

Daily I make it my concern
To catechise the powers that be,
Till every Minister in turn
Has to explain himself to me;
But most I shine, as now, when Europe
Is plucking Turkey to the bone;
'Tis then I nurse a strong and sure hope
Of being better known.

Foreign affairs are my preserve.
When there's a show to give away,
I try to shake the triple nerve
That steels the heart of Edward Grey;
At England's watcher on his eyrie,
Guarding her claims with jealous eye,
I love to shoot a shattering query
And make his feathers fly.

When statesmanship is put to proof
And half the earth is seeing red,
I joy to plank my ponderous hoof
Where diplomats are loath to tread;
And when my hobnails cease to clatter,
Should he survive my labour's close,
No *Elegy* of Grey's will flatter
The scene of my repose.

O. S.

The Great Rat Question.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's New Epigram.

A contemporary reports Mr. Shaw as having made the following observation in the course of a lecture from the pulpit of the City Temple:—

"The man who believes in rat for art's sake is a gool."

Mr. Shaw's humour grows better and better.

The report of the slump in medical students has caused considerable uneasiness among dispensing chemists and undertakers. The decline is largely ascribed to the increased dissemination of medical knowledge in the Press. Both Dr. Saleeby and *The Daily Mail* medical man are prepared to accept each for himself the chief responsibility for the new condition of things.

DISCURSIONS.

The Letter.

Scene—*The Library of a Country House, as before. Time*, 6.45 *p.m. He has just come in from shooting and is alone in the room. After warming himself at the fire he approaches his writing-table. He takes up an addressed envelope containing a letter.*

He (*to himself, in surprise and indignation*). Well, I 'm dashed. She 's forgotten to take the letter. That finishes any chance of getting a game with Tom Hargraves on Saturday. However, I 've got her this time. (*A step is heard approaching the door.*) Here she is. I 'll play cunning. (*He pockets the letter.*)

She enters all smiles.

She. Oh, you 're back, are you? Had a good day?

He. Not so bad. Thirty-eight brace and a few hares and rabbits. I 've brought home three brace.

She. Yes, I saw them in the hall.

He. Then you must have known I was back.

She. Yes, I half guessed that my very own had returned.

He. Then why did you say, "Oh, you 're back, are you?"

She. Why shouldn't I?

He. Well, if you knew——

She. I didn't say I knew. I said I half guessed. And then when I saw you—no, I mean when I beheld the splendour of your face—is that Tennyson or you, Charles?—anyhow, when I came into the room and found you there safe and sound I was too agitated to guess the other half, and I just asked you so as to make sure. See? And there 's one more thing I 'm going to say—Charles, I *will* say it; you can't stop me—and it 's this: it isn't at all nice of you to lay really *clever* traps like that for a poor weak woman. No, it isn't nice.

He. Well, but——

She. Not another word. You 've been a monster.

He. But——

She. Yes, you 've behaved like a monster, a male monster in horrible gaiters and great muddy hobnailed boots; and you 've behaved like that to a poor woman whose only fault—— (*She affects to break down, turns her head away and dabs her eyes with a handkerchief.*)

He (*with a pounce*). That 's one of my handkerchiefs.

She (*still dabbing*). Is it?

He. Haven't you got any of your own?

She (*to the ceiling*). Listen to him. Here 's a man who 's simply rolling in handkerchiefs, and he grudges me one of all his thousands. (*To him.*) Charles, have I been mistaken in you all these years? (*With a swift change.*) Now let 's talk of something else.

He. By the way, I suppose you took that letter?

She (*blankly*). Letter? What letter?

He. The letter I wrote to Tom Hargraves, asking him to play golf on Saturday. You said you were going that way in the pony-trap and you 'd drop it at the house.

She (*evasively*). Oh, *that* letter. I——

He (*warming to his work*). Yes, it was most important he should have it, because he said if he didn't hear from me he 'd take on Harry Collingwood.

She. Yes, yes, I remember; you told me all about it.

He (*inexorably*). Of course you took it.

She (*after a furtive look at the writing-table*). Well, it isn't where you left it, is it?

He. No, it isn't.



A HANDY CUSTODIAN.

Asquith. "YES, WE OUGHT TO GET PAST THE OTHERS PRETTY EASILY. BUT *THAT'S* THE FELLOW I'M AFRAID OF."





Mother. "WELL, DARLING, HOW DID YOU ENJOY THE PARTY, AND HOW DID YOU LIKE THE BISHOP?"
Effie. "OH, IT WAS DELIGHTFUL, AND THE BISHOP WAS AS KIND AS KIND—BUT, OH, MUMMY, THE BRAINS OF A KITTEN!"

She. Well, then I suppose somebody *must* have taken it.

He. I agree.

She. Why not imagine it was me—sorry, CHARLES—I mean, why not imagine it was I?

He (*producing the letter from his pocket and handing it to her*). Because here it is.

She (*inspecting it*). So it is. What a queer thing. Do men often do that, CHARLES?

He. Do what?

She (*gaily.*) Ask their wives to deliver a letter and then carry it off in their own pockets?

He. I didn't.

She. CHARLES, how can you? I saw you with my own eyes take it out a moment ago.

He. But I found it on the table here when I came in.

She. Now, CHARLES, that 's really naughty. You *know* you 've been carrying it about with you all day long. You really mustn't be such a funny forgetful bear any more.

He (*in despair*). Then you admit you didn't take it.

She (*calmly*). *Admit* it? I never dreamt of denying it. How could I take it when you 'd got it tucked away in your dear old pocket. (*She looks at the envelope.*) Such a nicely written address too. (*Reads.*) "T. HARGRAVES, Esquire, The Larches, Breedon Hollow, Bucks." It 's all quite complete. But I 'm not sure I like the way you make your B's, CHARLES. They 're too like R's. Now I always say——

He. You 've spoilt my Saturday.

She. No, CHARLES, I *don't* say that—never dreamt of it.

He (*persisting*). But you *have* spoilt it.

She. How?

He. By not taking the letter. TOM told me he 'd take HARRY COLLINGWOOD on if he didn't hear from me this morning.

She. Did he? Well he told *me* that he couldn't play on Saturday, anyhow, because he 'd got to go to London.

He (*tumbling off his perch*). He told you that? When?

She. This morning, just after you 'd gone. He came on his bicycle.

He. Why didn't you tell me?

She. I *have* told you.

He. But——

She. Never mind your old golf. You 'll be able to take baby out in his perambulator. (*Curtain.*)

"Tell all my friends and admirers that I was overwhelmed with joy at the reception I got on my departure."—*Mr. Harry Lauder.*

But it is as nothing to the send-off he will get when he arrives.

Municipal Candour.

"SOUTHSEA.—Boating and bathing are still followed with ardour, while the bad performances on the promenades and both piers attract large audiences."—*Daily Express.*

WILLIAM'S WIFE.

My friend William has just been in to see me. It seems that he has had a very bad day in the City owing to tea being extremely depressed. I think it was tea. William expected it to remain firm with a slight upward tendency, and consequently became a bull about tea. Or is it a bear? Anyhow a silly ass, apparently.

"But I thought you didn't like tea," I said, when he had explained it all. "Why did you get such a lot?"

"Look here," said William, "if you say the word 'tea' to me again, I'll——"

"But I want to help. I don't mind taking *one* pound, if—— Oh, all right. I'm sorry. Is that the evening paper? May I look at it?"

William handed me the confounded thing, and got up to go.

"There 's nothing in the Stop-Press news about—er—coffee," I said. "Oh, I say, this is rather interesting. William, how did you first meet your wife? Oh, but I forgot, you aren't married. Well, how would you——"

He slammed the door and went out. And now I am left with *The Evening News* in my hand to wonder about William's wife.

It is like this. *The Evening News* is inviting everybody to write up and say how he met his wife (or if a woman, husband); and there is a prize of five guineas for the best letter. I have been reading some of the letters, and envying the dears who wrote them. The romance of that first encounter! I wonder if I—I mean William——

This was how James Sparrow first met his wife:

He was cycling along a country lane in Herefordshire when he overtook a lady who had just had a puncture. He dismounted, raised his hat, and asked if he might be of any assistance. In a little while they were both leaning over a little stream which rippled by the wayside, looking for bubbles in the inner tube; and when James saw her pretty arms (bare to the elbow) gleaming through the water, he swore that——

As James points out, the fact that they both had the same make of machine was another bond between them. I do hope he gets the five guineas.

This was how Michael Pupp first met his wife:

Every evening he got in at Cannon Street and got out at Wimbledon; and every evening she got in at Sloane Square and got out at Putney. Michael used to take the seat nearest the door, and at Sloane Square he would jump up and say, "Won't you sit down here? I 'd much rather stand." After a month they used to smile when he said this (I love her for her backwardness—twenty-four times!); and after two months he told her that the carriages on that line were rather crowded in the evening. One night a woman with a baby got in at Sloane Square too, and Michael gave his seat up to her instead. Jessie was so touched by this that she went down to Wimbledon by mistake, and was introduced to his mother at the station. . . .

They were married a year later. The dears—I hope they get the five guineas.

This is how Horatio Annesley met his first wife:

He went to a garden-party, and his hostess said, "May I introduce you to Miss Mumm?"

I don't think much of that.

I wonder how I—that is to say, I wonder how William will meet his wife. Romantically, I hope. He mustn't spend *all* his time with the groceries; let us give him one breathless encounter, at any rate. I have meditated several openings for him.

"Dear Sir,—I was walking along Brighton Pier after a heavy tea one day, during the recent gale, when I heard a sudden shriek. Hastening to the side I observed the most beautiful girl I had ever seen struggling in the water. Without a moment's hesitation I threw off my coat and dived to the rescue. . ."

That's all right, you know, because stockbrokers are always walking to Brighton.

Or this:

"Sir,—A year ago I had one night a curious vision. Two or three cups of strong tea had kept me awake for some hours, but at last I dropped off to sleep, and immediately began to dream. In my dream I saw a cathedral beautifully decorated. It was full of people, but one man, who stood up in the front and kept moving restlessly about, attracted my attention particularly. Suddenly he turned round, and to my astonishment I recognised myself. Just then the organ pealed out, and I noticed a procession coming up the aisle. Following the choir and clergy came one whom I can only describe as the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Six months later. . . ."

I am sure that would get a prize.

Why I want William to go in for this competition (even though he is not married) is because he has had such a rotten time lately in the tea department, and I think the five guineas would help him. I don't know how many tons of tea he has got on his hands, but you could get several stone for five guineas, and that would be something towards it.

But if William does go in for it (and I expect he will, now that he has given up anagrams) he will do it in his own way. I can see his letter as plainly as I can see anything:—

"*To the Editor of 'The Evening News.'*

Dear Sir,—I first met my *wife* in church. Of course I had met her several times before that, but she wasn't my wife then."

Or even this:

"Dear Sir,—I was introduced to my wife by a man who was a great friend of mine. Who *was* a great friend of mine.

P.S.—Send the five guineas to my office address."

And I am bound to admit that that sort of thing will probably get the prize.

Well, I don't think I shall go in for it myself. Of course I couldn't, truthfully. But all the same, I have been wondering to-day how . . .

I haven't got a bicycle, you know . . . and I never go down to Wimbledon.

Of course it might be quite unromantic, just like Horatio; only . . .

By the way, I forgot to mention that the writer of every printed letter is presented with a pound of tea. I am afraid that will annoy William rather. A. A. M.

COUNTRY HOUSE HINTS.

By Lady Wee Kender

(Contributor to *The World and his Wife*).

I am sure that all you dear folk who read *The World and his Wife* will like to know how we smart people behave in country houses. It is not likely that you will ever be asked yourselves; but there is no reading so alluring as that about the habits of persons of a higher social grade than one's own. Listen, then.

For one thing you must be a good shot. Most of us can now bring down our partridges and pheasants every time. The men do not like it if we miss, and, as you perhaps know, everything is now done to please the men. A woman who is not a dead shot had better stay at home; she will get no mercy from the men. But a woman who is a dead shot does not ask mercy. She takes her lot with the rest just as it comes. The smartest women all shoot well.

You must take three times as many frocks as the number of days for which you stay. Thus if you are there a week, you will want twenty-one in all, since the men do not like the women to wear the same thing again. You will want seven shooting costumes, or, if you don't shoot, seven tailor-mades for shooting-luncheons, seven tea-gowns, and seven evening gowns. Throw in a few more in case of anything special.

It has become the custom with many hosts and hostesses to invite husbands and wives separately to their shooting-parties, as each is supposed to shine best when "on

their own," and not in each other's company; indeed, an up-to-date couple often play the part of *Box* and *Cox* as regards their country-house visits. Then, if a married man is both a good shot and a "good fellow," he is safe to be passed on from house to house through the entire season. And his wife, if pretty and popular, will get her own share of amusing invitations. Girls, with one or two exceptions, are at a discount in smart country houses. They are not rich enough for Bridge, and they put a restriction on funny stories. The best guests are the most seasoned ones.

As to tips. The rule is a fiver to the head-keeper if you stay a week. For a good day over partridges, a sovereign; for a good day with pheasants, £2. If you don't shoot it is not necessary to tip the keeper; but an open hand is no loser in one's friends' houses. Remember you are rarely there out of friendship, but because you have certain desirable qualities. Butlers expect gold or paper. Never ask a menial for change. It is unusual to send for the cook: the best way is to leave a sovereign at the bottom of the soup-plate. You may tip your host if you are very flush. It is not expected, but will not be resented.

NEW ACADEMICS.

[A course in Domestic Economy has just been inaugurated at King's College, Women's Department, University of London.]

THERE are who desiderate Girton
And a first in a tripos; there are
Who painfully seek
To assimilate Greek
On the classical banks of the Cher;
There are, or there is (to be certain),
Who thinks that these haunts should be shunned,
And who wishes that she
May be styled B.Sc.
(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).

It is not such unpractical knowledge
That the twentieth century needs;
But little it boots
To be learned in roots
If you cannot tell turnips from swedes.
Then why should a girl go to college
To study some fusty old art?
For instance, why try
To evaluate π
When she might be concocting a tart?

Away then with classics and grammar!
Away with old algebra too!
For matric, let me take
Apple-dumpling, seed-cake,
Boiled beef and a simple *ragout*.
When I come to my "Inter." I 'll hammer
At household and Viennese bread,
And I 'll toil like a horse
At a practical course
In airing and making a bed.

At the Final I mean to go through it
In style, and my luck will be rough
If before I have done
I am not in Class I.
In sweets—special subject, plum-duff.
Then I hope to research in beef-suet,
And though it may cripple my fund,
Still I shan't grudge the fee
When I 'm once B.Sc.
(Domestic Economy) (Lond.).



THE DIPLOMATIC TOUCH.

Lady (with some hesitation). "I—ER—WISH TO LOOK AT SOME FALSE FRINGES."
Tactful Salesman. "CERTAINLY, MADAM. WHAT SHADE DOES YOUR FRIEND WISH?"

"Americans were quiet nearly all day."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

The writer can't have been in town lately.

JOSEPH CARTER.

I had come to years of discretion before I ever heard of Joseph Carter. In fact I can imagine that I—like many others—might have placidly passed the whole of my days in ignorance of his very existence had not chance willed it otherwise. It was in a moment of heat that I first had cause to know and bless his name. I had—incautiously, I will admit—stepped into the bath without first trying its temperature. I raised a parboiled foot with an agonized groan, turned on the cold water and breathed a sigh of relief. I looked gratefully at the tap that had come so quickly to my aid and read the simple inscription:—

"Joseph Carter, Plumber."

What modesty is expressed in those few words! Not

"Joseph Carter,
20–200, High Street, Kensington,
Plumber."

Not

"Joseph Carter,
England's Greatest Plumber."

No motto such as

"If you are wise you will go to Joseph Carter."

Not even

"Families waited on daily."

Simply and solely

"Joseph Carter, Plumber."

During the day my thoughts ran much on Joseph. I pictured him a plain, blunt man, probably one who had raised himself from the rank of a plumber's assistant. I thought of him in his family circle on the great day, for instance, when he first rose to the height of having his name engraven on the little porcelain dises that were to adorn so many taps, and stamp them as the work of his hand. I pictured his wife's pardonable pride; how she might beg a dozen or so to use as buttons on her neat though homely gowns; how the children might play at shops with them and the baby chew them when cutting his teeth.

On entering the bathroom next morning my thoughts reverted to Joseph, and I hastened to read the inscription again. My eyes happened to light first on the hot-water tap—one of a more recent date than the cold—and I read the words:—

"Joseph Carter's Improved."

I gazed spellbound. For a moment, for the fraction of a moment, I felt bitterly disappointed in Joseph. Then my anger rose. In all probability he *had* improved, but why mention it himself in that blatant manner? Who would wish to begin his day thinking of the probable improvement in Joseph Carter? What a propensity the fellow had for monopolising one's thoughts with his insufferable conceit. Imagine the bitter amazement of a young wife who, on asking her husband at breakfast, "Is your omelette nice, dear?" might receive the darkly mysterious answer,

"Joseph Carter has improved."

Yet, after all, he may still be a modest man as of yore. Perhaps it is all the fault of Mrs. Joseph Carter. May *she* not, as prosperity came to him, have urged him to alter his simple legend, and may not the model husband (a man with a name like that could not be other than a model husband) have answered as follows?—

"My love, far be it from me to indulge in any ostentatious display, but since *you* wish it I will in future gratefully acknowledge on my work that

Joseph Carter has improved."

CLOTHES.

Article I.

Good clothes are bought, and not made at home. Some men are soldiers, some men are sailors, and others, again, are tinkers. Fortunately there are enough men in the world to fill these three great professions and leave a few over. These few—these glorious few—are tailors. Suppose there were no tailors. Soldiers and sailors could do nothing for us, and we should be left in the hands of the tinkers. O my masters, think of the discomfort of it! Think of the rattle! Conceive yourselves buttoning up a frayed suit of tin on a cold morning, and cease to grumble maliciously of tailors, their bills, duns and overcharges.

Good fellows though they be, I have never yet met a tailor who could supply me with a linen collar. Collars, Sirs, are still worn, some to such an extent that they irritate and inflame the neck wherever they touch it. Get your tweed suit from the tailor by all means, and wear your brother's cap if you wish it, but for your collars and ties you must turn to the haberdasher. What a glorious title—Haberdasher! Is it possible that the expression "to cut a dash" is merely a shortened form of "to cut a haberdash"? Perhaps, perhaps not.

Article II.

So we come to ties. Let your tie be black. To the good you shall seem good; to the bad, bad; to the artistic, artistic; to the fashionable, ultra. Besides, your black tie is the only tie that your sister will not steal. What good is there in this sister of yours? What shall we say of her? She steals your ties, she does abominable things with your razor, none of her raiment is worth confiscating, and the tie that she knits she knits for another. Young man, cease imagining that you shall get the better of this sister, but take it rather out of that Other. Smoke his cigarettes and ride his bicycle; and if he knows his business and means it he will not say a word. If he shows fight, play the Christian and befriend him. Be incessantly intimate with him; put your arm through his and keep it there with inseparable affection. After a day and an evening (especially an evening) of this treatment he will be yours to command, so that you leave him a little. Even your sister may become towards you very nearly polite.

Article III.

Let us put away frivolity and turn our thoughts to boots and shoes. Shoes are boots with the tops cut off. Boots are boots with the tops left on. Enough, then, of boots and shoes.

Article IV.

Of socks I say nothing. The part which appears above the shoe is obvious in all its merits and demerits to the public eye. Of that which is inside the shoe there is little to be seen, and that little is of a foreign substance and hue, uncomfortable to the foot and short-lived. Strange men have told me that there exist socks with whole and holeless heels; but I have never seen such and do not believe.

Article V.

Thus lastly we come to the stud. Though I do not know you and could never love you if I did, you have my sympathy in this. I have composed a curse horrific in style and four hundred words in length, but not fit to be printed here. This I will present to you gratis for the common hate all men bear to this loathsome creature. There is more virtue in two inches of string than in 10,000 studs, and I ever regret that fashion will not recognise this advantage.

Conclusion of the Whole Matter.

One more section and we are at the end of this exhaustive and exhausting treatise. There are items of a man's clothing with which I



THE MODERN SHOOT.

"No, I can't stick it any longer. I'm off to-morrow." "Why, the shootin's good enough, isn't it?"
"Oh, the shootin's all right. It's the management's so rotten. One expects to rough it a bit—luncheon without a band, and so forth—but to-day!—drinkin' champagne out of claret glasses! Well, hang it all, there's a limit!"

have not dealt, his stick, his beard, his umbrella and his cigar-case. Time presses, and there are others waiting to expose themselves in these pages. I can only say generally on these and kindred points omitted to be considered here:—Be regular, punctual, speaking no scandal, no, nor listening to it. Let loyalty and self-abnegation be your guiding principles, and your Mother Country shall foster you with ever-increasing pride and taxation.

The "Protectograph" is advertised as "an absolute safeguard against cheque frauds." The Bank of British West Africa writes:—

"We have thought so highly of the value of your Protectograph that we have got one for each of our branches and agencies, which we think is quite sufficient to say what we think about them."

As an opinion on its branches and agencies this is certainly enough.

We understand that a special supplement for veteran paupers will shortly be published by *M.A.P.* It will be Mainly About Pensions.

THE LANGUAGE OF DIPLOMACY.

The diplomatist waved his Turkish cigarette with a gesture of expostulation. "You use too erude a word! 'Expropriation,' my dear sir, 'expropriation' is the term I should myself apply to the—er—arrangement we have concluded regarding the province of Balkania."

The interviewer made a careful note of it. "And if the Balkanians themselves object to their native land being expropriated? Did not the Treaty of 1878 guarantee them their independence?"

"My dear sir," was the suave reply, "I think you are hardly using the correct diplomatic term in speaking of a 'treaty.' 'Semi-provisional arrangement' would perhaps express it less abruptly."

"It is stated that the Balkanians are calling out their reserves and hurrying them to the frontier. What do you intend to do—fight them?"

The diplomatist shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. "Oh, no, we should not 'fight them.' Possibly it will be necessary to bring diplomatic pressure to bear on the frontier, and of course, if they were inclined to resist a peaceful settlement of the question, we should hardly be prepared to view the matter with indifference, but 'fight them,' my dear sir, no! We should merely press for a peaceful recognition of our rights."

"And after Balkania, what will be the next 'expropriation'?"

"Who can foresee? These things lie on the knees of the gods. Readjustments of territory are always liable to deflect the balance of power in any given region . . . ."

"WAR DECLARED!" shouted a newsboy in the street below.

"Tut, tut!" said the diplomatist. "How coarsely expressed!"

Advice by *The Lady* to another ("Goo-goo") who is just going out to India to be married:

"Certainly kiss your fiancé when he meets you on arrival. I think you would be very hard-hearted if you did not."

What an agonising voyage it would have been for the poor girl with this knotty point unsettled.



The New Curate (inquiring for parishioner). "Pardon me, is this No. 15?"
Lady of the House, "Lor' bless you, no, Sir! This is only my sixth!"

EDITORIAL CHANGES.

Convincing Guarantees.

The proprietors of *The New Age* have issued a statement to the effect that they have much pleasure in announcing that in future the editorship of that journal will be in the joint hands of Mr. A. R. Orage and Mr. Victor Grayson, M.P. "The association of Mr. Grayson with the political editorship of *The New Age*," so the official *communiqué* continues, "is an additional guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted on the same fearless and independent lines as have made its name respected by all classes of the community."

We are delighted to be able to supplement this gratifying and convincing statement with the announcement of a number of changes impending in the control of other journals.

Thus, it is semi-officially stated that henceforth the editorship of *The Spectator* will be in the joint hands of Mr. Algernon Ashton and Mr. Leo Maxse. The association of Mr. Leo Maxse in the political editorship of *The Spectator* is an absolute guarantee that the paper will continue to be conducted with the same sobriety of utterance, affection for animals, and loyalty to the principles of Cobdenism which have commended this journal to the thinking classes of the community.

It gives us intense pleasure to be able to announce that on and after November 1st the editorship of *The National Review* will be in the capable hands of Mr. Chiozza Money and Mr. J. M. Robertson, M.P. The co-operation of Mr. Robertson, M.P., is an additional guarantee, if any were required, that the review will in the future be conducted with the same burning zeal for Imperial interests and the maintenance, in our naval defences, of the four-Power standard which characterised it under its previous editor.

We have good reason to believe that on New Year's Day Sir Ernest Cassel will assume the post of editor of *The Star*. Sir Ernest's assumption of the reins of office in Stonecutter Street is equivalent to saying that the paper will continue to expose the horrible iniquities of plutocracy with the same fearless candour which has won for it the affection of the unemployed in the past.

Great satisfaction has been caused in the City by the welcome announcement that *The Economist* will pass, on the 1st of April, under the complete editorial control of Lord Rosslyn. The name of this incomparable nobleman makes it as clear as mud that from that date the paper will lend the same sagacious support to sound finance as marked the editorship of the late Mr. Walter Bagehot.

Sir A. K. Rollit, as reported in *The Birmingham Express*:—

"It was said of Rome that Augustus found a brick and left it an empire."

Or "threw it at an umpire"? That would make more sense, but anyhow we are afraid Sir Albert has got the story wrong.

"The new hotel on Mount Vesuvius is now open. First-class health resort for nervous complaints. Steam heating."

We can well believe about the steam heating.



"HE PUT IN HIS THUMB."

Shade of Prince Bismarck (*to little* Franz-Josef Horner). "HULLO, MY BOY! BREAKING THE PIE-CRUST I HELPED TO BAKE? WELL, WELL; AFTER ALL, THEY'RE MADE TO BE BROKEN, AND I'VE DONE A BIT IN THAT WAY MYSELF."



BURIED GENIUS.

The Unearthing of Prodigies.

A writer in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* has recently dwelt on the remarkable number of dramatic discoveries of musical genius which have lent a peculiar lustre to the last decade. This is a democratic age, and the maxim *la carrière ouverte aux talents* has never been more signally illustrated than in the rapid leaps from obscurity to fame made by barbers, maids-of-all-work, ' bakers' assistants and tram-conductors. We have only one fault to find with our esteemed contemporary. It has not nearly exhausted the subject, and we propose to add to its list a few more well-authenticated instances of the romance of musical lion-hunting.

Among the singers who are expected shortly to stagger humanity with their vocal gifts a foremost place must be assigned to Mr. Roland Slagg, the Chowbent sausage-skin manufacturer, and the owner of an organ such as is the dower of very few men in hundreds of centuries. Yet only ten short weeks ago Mr. Slagg was innocent of his Pactolian prospects. It chanced, however, one day that Lady Delicia Burble attended a small concert in Chowbent at which Mr. Slagg was billed to sing and did sing. The gorgeous opulence of his very first phrase petrified Lady Delicia with wonder and delight. In her own racy phrase—for Lady Delicia hails from Pittsburg—"I was simply plum tuckered out." With her to hear was to act, and promptly indemnifying his employers she swept him off next day in her motor car to London, when the verdict of Signor Mezzagola more than confirmed her favourable diagnosis. As the famous expert tersely expressed it, "His voice is one in a million, and there is a million in his voice." Mr. Slagg, or Signor Polonio, as he prefers to be called with a graceful reference to his original calling, has now commenced a course of training which will one day enthrone him high amid the kings of song.

Two years ago three Mexican millionairesses were passing a greengrocer's shop in Criccieth, when their steps were arrested by a voice of extraordinary fruitiness. They entered the shop, and interviewed the unconscious nightingale, in whom they discovered a budding Albani. Thanks to the munificence of her discoverers she was despatched to Milan to study for the operatic stage, and has already made such astounding progress that it is dangerous to mention her name—Miss Gwalia Idris—in the presence of Mme. Tetrazzini.

Not less miraculous are the stories credibly narrated of several of the violin and piano prodigies who have recently swum into our ken.

Less than ten years ago Mr. Boris Bamberger was a wine merchant at Tiflis, with an income of not more than £7,000 or £8,000 a year. Captured by Georgian bandits, and carried off to their lair on the lower slopes of Mount Ararat, he was held to ransom for six months, during which time he was forced night and day to make music for his gaolers on a captive grand piano. Before that time he did not know a note of music. But the latent talent brought to light during his incarceration developed with such astonishing rapidity that on his release he at once resigned commerce for art, and now earns an income of £25,000 a year.



Highly nervous and somewhat irascible Elderly Gentleman (getting into his waders). "Ih! Confound! There's something soft in the foot of this!"

Gillie. "It'll be ma lunch. I jist pit it there at the lodge, that the cat wadna be gettin' it!"

"A beautiful Indian summer day has this been—a strong sun, a cool breeze, a blue sky, and black-coated ministers warm under wide-awakes and with heavy clothing, wishing they had not fancied when they came north that Yorkshire dales must be cold and rainy."—*British Weekly.*

Many thanks. We had always admired an Indian summer day, but never knew that it meant all this.

"Required, respectable, steady man for private milk walk with pony, look after toy dogs, pump, and fill up time in garden. Church of England."—*Church Times.*

Of course it would never do for the pony to take his private milk walk with a Nonconformist, but a certain latitude might be allowed to the man when he was merely filling up time in the garden.

From a second-hand bookseller's catalogue:—

"Facetiæ. A Hundred Merry Tales: the Earliest English Jest-Book. 125 copies only issued; this copy No. 137.

Quite the right spirit.

IN ITS 55TH THOUSAND.

Few things are more interesting than the genesis of successful books. It is not so much the writing of the book as the thinking of the idea that is the difficulty. A good idea is everything. Take my popular work on packing and mnemonics, for example (now in its fifty-fifth thousand). Anyone could have written it; but who had thought of it all these years since packing first began—since, in fact, Noah prepared for his voyage in the Ark? It was left for me.

The whole thing (it brings me in a steady £200 a year) grew from a mislaid strop.

Three or four times I had found myself in strange houses or hotels without my strop. I therefore invented a private system, proof against even Sir Hiram Maxim, for preventing any such misfortune in the future.

Like this. First I sat down and wrote on a piece of paper the names of everything that one can want on a week-end visit anywhere, particularly strops. I did it alphabetically. Then I showed it to various people, who made suggestions. Then I looked through all my wardrobe and the chest-of-drawers and shelves and cupboards to see if anything was omitted.

It began like this:—

Boots.
Brushes (Hair).
do (Clothes).
do (Hat).
Is the Strop in?
Coats.
Cold Cream.
Collars.
Don't forget the Strop.

Then I procured a large sheet of cardboard and printed the list legibly on it and hung it up in my room. After each item was a row of squares, in one of which I put a tick as the article was placed in the bag. In this way, after several hours' exhaustive work, I got my strop in, so to speak, for evermore.

There I left the matter so far as I was concerned; but a friend of mine who earns a precarious living by reading MSS. for publishers and recommending projects to them, saw my list and was in an ecstasy.

"My dear old fellow," he said, "there 's a gold mine in that. Make a book of it. Give it a crisp title, such as *Have I Left Anything Out?* and there you are."

"But it 's too small," I said. "There 's not enough to make more than a few pages."

"Then pad," he said. "Everyone does that. Specialise. Not only give a list for yourself for week-ends, but give a list for all kinds of other travellers. An Arctic explorer, for example. Give a list for him. A big-game hunter; a candidate paying his first visit to his new constituency; a competitor in a Marathon race; a bishop on a visitation; a society actress who is to stay in a country house for three days—(but that will want a separate volume); a *fiancé's* first dine-and-sleep at his lady's parental home. Cover the whole ground."

I did so; and now no wise person stirs from the house without first consulting the pages of *Have I Left Anything Out?*

INDIAN UNREST.

A Madrasi has applied for an official post as follows:

Most Honored Sir,—Understanding there are several hands wanted in your Honor's Department, I beg to offer my hand as to adjustment. I appeared for the matriculation examination, but failed, the reason for which I shall describe to begin with. My writing was illegible: this was due to climatic reason, for having come from a warm to a cold climate found my fingers stiff, and very disobedient to my wishes. Further, I had received great shock to my mental system in the shape of death of my only fond brother; besides, most Honored Sir, I beg to state that I am in very uncomfortable circumstances, being the soul support of my fond brother's seven issues, consisting of three adults, and four adultresses, the latter being bain of my existance, owing to my having to support my own two wives, as well as their issues, of which by God's misfortune the feminine gender predominates.

If these humble lines meet with your benign kindness and favorable turn of mind, I, the poor menial, shall pray for the long life and prosperity of yourself, as well as your Honour's posthumous olive branches.

Tariff Reform Means England for the English.

"In the course of an action heard against a Barnsbury pianoforte maker, the defendant said he had not done a single stroke of work in the factory since January—this through so-called Free Trade. For nineteen years he had been able to pay 2*s.* in the pound until the foreigner stepped in and crippled him."—*The Evening News.*

It only remains to add (though *The Evening News* takes care not to mention it) that this victim of Free Trade bore the good old English name of Steinmetz.

DOMESTIC QUERIES.

Can I keep stout in a hot pantry?—Lorna.

This ought to be easy enough as long as there is plenty of food in the pantry. The loss of flesh due to the excessive heat will be trifling, especially if all forms of violent exercise are eschewed.

How can I make a cheap wooden cycle stand?—Handyman.

In these days of steel this question reads rather curiously! However, "Handyman" will find that even a cheap wooden bicycle will stand all by itself if he leans it carefully up against a wall.

How can I tell a bad egg?—Wifie.

Poor little "Wifie"! This is a horrid thing to have to do and you have my sincere sympathy. If you really feel you *must* tell it, do not be abrupt; break it gently.

Is there anything I can use instead of white of egg when preparing fish for frying?—Brown Mouse.

I 'm afraid I have no room in this column to print all the things you *could* use as an alternative. Would you care to try turps, black-currant jelly, brown-boot polish, oil of cloves, or camphorated chalk? It is, you see, all a question of taste.

How can I make a trifle?—Worried.

I believe there is still an opening for clever needlewomen, but I must warn "Worried" against advertisements like "Home Employment (Either Sex), 2*s.* 3*d.* Weekly Guaranteed." Addressing envelopes at 3*d.* per 2,000 is dull work at the best.

Is it possible to cure one's own bacon?—Economy.

It is difficult to answer this question as you give no particulars of the disease. My advice to you is to consult a medical man *at once.*

What can I do with a bottle of wine which is "corked"?—Nonplussed.

Much the best plan is to uncork it. For this purpose procure a cork-screw, hold the bottle firmly with the left hand between the knees, insert the cork-screw with a twisting motion from right to left, and draw out the cork. The wine can then be drunk in the usual way.

Latest Fashions.

"The autumn hats that I have seen so far are worn on the head."—*The Sketch.*



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

IF BULGARIA, WHY NOT UPPER TOOTING?

[The Proclamation of the Independence of this interesting if sequestered district was the occasion of wild scenes of enthusiasm. Further secessions are recorded on p. 287.]

BEL-AMI.

I don't think I quite like an "Extravaganza" to end with a suicide. Death is never a really good joke; and if you take it seriously (as you might be inclined to take your own), it is apt to jar with the general gaiety of things. In *Bellamy the Magnificent*, however, you cannot take it seriously, if you try, because it is obviously thrown in just for joy, without any other sort of warrant for it.

Here are the facts. *Lord Bellamy*, ancient squire of dames, has an intrigue with a milliner. He is not aware that she happens to be the wife of his valet, who is worth more to him than any dozen women. The valet discovers the facts, and in revenge he deals his master the deadliest blow he can think of: he gives him a month's notice. Anxious to get him to reconsider this frightful threat, *Lord Bellamy* allows a private detective to insert (so I gathered) some of her ladyship's jewels in the valet's bag and charge him with the theft of them. In retaliation the valet cooks a pack of cards, inserts the king of clubs up his master's sleeve while he is being dressed, and by aid of an anonymous letter gets him openly convicted of cheating before a houseful of guests in his own country place.

To *Bellamy's* request that confession should be made of the trick played on him, the valet gives a smiling refusal. Nothing would have been easier than to arrange for the private detective (a guest in the house) to overhear this conversation, or anyhow invent a confession. But *Bellamy* prefers not to disappoint the house-party, who are waiting behind their bedroom doors for a tragic solution; and so he goes and shoots himself "off." What annoyed me most was his final request to the servant to announce that his master had died like a gentleman. Of course he really didn't die, any more than he had lived, like a gentleman. If you waive his numerous infidelities, there still remains the ugly fact of his connivance in the false charge of theft against his valet. This was not exactly the conduct of a gentleman. And his suicide, by which he wantonly and deliberately leaves his family under a permanent stigma, was frankly the act of a cad.

I do dislike being told of a character on the stage, on his own authority or that of his fellow-characters, that he is something which my naked eye assures me he is not. Thus, again, *Mr. Spottit*, the private detective, was described by a grown-up member of the aristocracy as being "ripping good form," and had his charms held up to constant admiration; yet his manners were transparently those of a bounder.

Sir Charles Wyndham, though he might have made a more perfect *beau* of himself, was otherwise admirably suited with his part. Mr. Robert Loraine, in the part of the valet, was asked to do some difficult melodramatic feats in an atmosphere charged with cynical humour, and it is small blame to him if they made him (and the audience) feel a little uncomfortable. In his smoother passages he maintained a really excellent demeanour. Miss Fortescue, as *Lady Bellamy*, showed a pleasantly restrained sense of fun; and Miss Kate Cutler was delightful as the erring milliner. Finally Miss Sarah Brooke, as *Mrs. Challoner*, another of *Bellamy's* flames, spoke her words and wore her dresses in a very workmanlike way.



Stephens (Mr. Robert Loraine) removes a speck of dust from the coat of his master, *Lord Bellamy* (Sir Charles Wyndham), thus perfecting the contrast between his lordship's physical immaculacy and moral depravity.

The author's humour, if it did not always contrive to spread itself over the scenes that were laid out for it, has a charm beyond the common. It did not so much scintillate in detached epigrams; rather it diffused itself naturally over the dialogue. There was one very attractive touch that totally escaped notice. "Women," said *Mrs. Challoner*, who had just made herself ridiculous through lending a hand in someone else's plot, "women should never look beyond their own noses."

"A charming limitation," replied *Bellamy*.

I welcome Mr. Roy Horniman's accession to the select body of playwrights who have something fresh to say. Perhaps in this play he tries to do too many things at once, and I have already hinted that the tragic conclusion is on a false note. True, it may be traceable to an heroic endeavour to avoid convention; but I think that, if he had had the perfect courage of his cynicism, he would have chosen a happy ending.

By the way, if Mr. Horniman will look out the word "lurid" in the dictionary he will find that it means "ghastly pale, wan, gloomy," and will see that a scarlet geranium is therefore not the most appropriate emblem of a "lurid" past. O. S.

The Last Heir, presented by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Adelphi, is an adaptation by Mr. Stephen Phillips of *The Bride of Lammermoor*. I have not seen any other acting version of Scott's novel, but Mr. Phillips seems to me to have dramatised his book in the only possible way; which is to say that he has done it well. He has, however, put three ideas of his own into it, and for these he may be criticised. First, when *Sir William Ashton* and *Lucy* are storm-bound and spend the night at Wolf's Crag, *Caleb Balderstone* (who evidently had never read *The Bride of Lammermoor*) incites the *Master* to murder them. Secondly, three witches come in on every possible and impossible occasion, and utter dark prophecies of what is going to happen in the next Act. Thirdly, *Captain Craigengelt* is given a fat low-comedy part, which rightly belonged to *Caleb*. Now, I do not hold *Lammermoor* so sacred that I should object to any sub-editing which Mr. Phillips thought necessary; and I admit gladly that *Craigengelt's* promotion was sound stagecraft. But *Ravenswood's* meditated treachery was an incredible business, and the forced appearances of the three witches were certainly not justified by Mr. Phillips's evident desire to impress us with the inevitability of Fate.

Mr. Martin Harvey isn't quite my idea of the *Master*, for I could conceive a more spirited figure, but he played finely nevertheless. Some of his mannerisms surprised me at first; there is one which would have suited better a play entitled *The Last Hair*. Miss de Silva adopted a high monotone for most of her speeches which depressed me a good deal. Much of the other acting was quite good, particularly that of Mr. Cremlin as *Caleb;* but his "Maister, Maister" got on my nerves towards the end. M.

THE BABY AND THE BACHELOR.

A contemporary tells of an unkissed baby, whose parents enforce on visitors to their house the following rules among others:—

Don't kiss the baby.

Don't handle baby unless your hands are very, very clean.

Don't bring baby's face close to your own or to your hair.

We do not like to accuse this worthy young Bradford couple of perverting another person's ideas, but it is a very curious thing that we were about to publish and put on the market a handy little card for the use of bachelors. It was to be something like a cabdriver's number plate, easily slipped within the coat or waistcoat, and attached by a cord to the button. It was intended for display on entering any house with a baby in it, and among its injunctions were the following:—

Don't ask me to kiss the baby.

Don't ask me to talk to the baby, in any known or unknown language.

Don't ask me who it is that the baby most resembles.

Don't talk to me about the intelligence and cleverness of the baby.

Don't ask me to hold the baby just to see what I look like.

Don't bring the baby any nearer to me than the top of the stairs.

Don't object to my calling the baby "it." I didn't know he was a girl.

MORE SECESSIONS.

Coups d'état in Corsica, Balearic Isles, Cyprus, and Iceland.

Isle of Man Proclaims Independence.

Ajaccio, *Monday.*

The Minister of Foreign Affairs received at 5.30 last night news of the annexation of Corsica by Italy. To-day the Italian flag is flying in all the principal streets, and the people are firing revolvers into the air to express their joy. Perfect order is being maintained, and late at night the crowd assembled in front of the British Consulate and gave three cheers for Great Britain in token of their gratitude for the position that country has taken up during the crisis.

Majorca, *Tuesday.*

All is quiet here. Annexation went off very peacefully. Shereefian flag flying at Palma on all important buildings. Popular manifestation at the British Embassy last night as result of Great Britain's attitude during the crisis.



Customer. "What is the price of the duck?"

Little Girl. "Please, Mum, it's three shillings. But mother says, if you grumble, it's two-and-six!"

Cyprus, *Wednesday.*

Excitement and expectation here reached fever heat yesterday. Annexation by the Phœnicians hourly expected. Great satisfaction is being expressed at the attitude Great Britain is assuming, and perfect order prevails.

Reykjavik, *Thursday.*

The people of Iceland, while outwardly cool, are determined that nothing will induce them to tolerate the suzerainty of Greenland. Troops are massing on the frontier, and geysers are hurriedly being got ready. The Islanders are much touched at the sympathy of Great Britain.

Douglas, *Friday.*

The Declaration of Independence made by the Isle of Man is looked upon as a natural sequence to the events of the last few days. The rumour that troops are massing at Greeba Castle is quite unfounded. The roads are merely being patrolled by four-inch gunners.

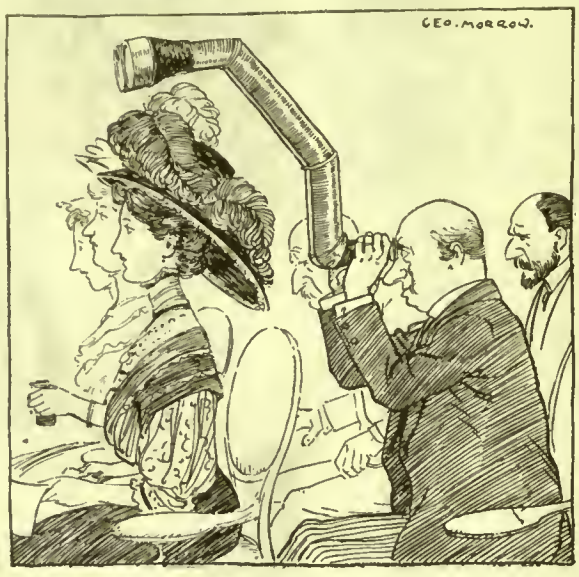
Sark, *Saturday.*

Despite all rumours to the contrary, it is now certain that Sark will remain an integral portion of the British Empire. Independence is not desired by the people, and the idea of a French occupation is abhorrent to the majority of the islanders. There are no troops being massed on the frontier, and perfect order prevails.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ellen Terry was not actually born in a theatre, but her father and mother were strolling players, and when the babies born to them were too small to be left alone in lodgings, they were wrapped up in a shawl and put to sleep in their mother's dressing-room at the theatre. The great actress obtained her first view of an audience from the vantage-ground of the property mustard pot. A *Spirit of the Mustard Pot* was wanted in a pantomime in Glasgow, and little Ellen, whose yellow hair made her seem born for the part, had it assigned to her. Reviewing a long career spent for the most part in the glare of the footlights, Ellen Terry is as simply herself as she is in her best parts on the stage. The book is, in its main characteristics, vivacious, tender, humorous, occasionally tearful. There is not throughout a shade of that jealousy alleged to be prevalent in the profession she adorns. She has a kind word to say for everyone, its value increased by its discrimination. The keenest, most searching, and most original criticism ever written of Henry Irving will be found in the pages of *The Story of My Life* (Hutchinson). The ordinary critic sits in the stalls and watches the player from the outside, as it were. Ellen Terry, analysing the acting of several great actors and actresses, regards them from the level of the stage, watching them with the eyes of an expert. A book of rare interest, which has the charm of the spontaneous talk of a wise and witty woman, is enriched by many photographs, showing the authoress and her contemporaries in divers characters assumed at various stages of their career.



GETTING OVER THE DIFFICULTY.

Arthur's (Lane) is not the famous old club in St. James's Street, S.W., but is situated somewhere between Kennington and Brixton—where the bricks and mortar go to. It is called by the name of its proprietor; there is no entrance-fee and no subscription; and ladies are admitted, with or without male escort, at all hours of the night. Also soldiers, sailors, draymen, printers, tramps and journalists—in fact, anyone and everyone whose work or pleasure takes him abroad at night, and therefore induces in him a desire to drink coffee and eat Swiss roll at three o'clock in the morning. Personally, I have always fought shy of coffee-stalls, though once, in the days of old-fashioned winters, I was driven by the frost to eat a hot potato off a barrow on Addison Road bridge, and twice, after closing time at my club, I have consumed thick rashers of bacon and scalding tea in a cabman's shelter near Hyde Park Corner. Happily, Mr. A. Neil Lyons is made of sterner stuff. Night after night he has eaten and drunk with the night-wanderers of the pavement on his way home from Fleet Street, and has learnt to understand the pathos and the tragedy and the humour of their lives. Sometimes I seem to detect in his history of *Arthur's* the artificiality which is apt to dog the steps of the journalist in search of copy. But in the main—and especially when he is writing of the mother-feeling and the sense of modesty which perhaps never quite desert the breasts of those unhappy women whose very womanliness and beauty have been often their curse—he seems to get right at the heart of things; and I confess to a real admiration for this philosopher of the coffee-stall.

I am without sixteen pages of *Maurice Guest* (Heinemann), owing to an error in binding, but have a duplicate copy of pp. 145-160, so that, if there is any other collector in a complementary position, we might exchange. As, however, the full allowance is 562 pages, and closely printed at that, the part which I got was sufficient to enable me to gather the drift of the plot and to discover that it is by no means a pleasant one. I take it that this is Henry Handel Richardson's first novel, and, though he is both eloquent and earnest, and has a power of describing gusts of emotion and passionate crises with a vividness that belongs properly to the Russian school, I do wish he could have told us more about the nice people (there are several in the story) and less about the utterly bad. *Maurice Guest* goes out to Leipzig with the intention of carving out a career for himself as a musician, but instead of performing this operation he becomes hopelessly infatuated with the cast-off mistress of *Schilsky*, a violinist whose genius entirely fails to condone a multitude of most abominable faults. But *Louise* is not much better, and her neurotic aberrations begin to pall on the reader long before the end comes, when *Maurice*, having seen her return to her former lover, blows out his own brains. Musicians, of course, are supposed to be "bundles of nerves," and a little careless about the moral code; but the treatment of certain incidents in this book makes me think that gaps of sixteen pages or so might with great advantage have been strewn more thickly over it.

I am exceedingly sorry for Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall, and truly his case is hard. Several years ago he wrote a book about the Near East, called *Saïd the Fisherman*, and it was hailed by the select few as a work of genius, as I also think it. But, mark, he has been writing books steadily ever since, only to be greeted each time with the comment, "Oh, yes, very good, but by no means another *Saïd*." I won't say it again; I will merely say that I have enjoyed his latest, *The Children of the Nile* (Murray), but I don't consider it so good as one of his earlier works. The moral is that when an author begins his work with a superlative effort he should lock it up until he is old and tired and then publish it. To put it forth first is merely to provide a cruel world with a weapon against himself.

CHARIVARIA.

The first business which the House of Commons attended to on re-assembling was the Children's Bill. A large party of Suffragettes, however, wanted to remind the House that "Women should come before children." This seems all right. Eve came before Cain and Abel; and Nature since then has made a habit of this arrangement.

***

By a curious oversight none of our newspapers thought of referring to the lady who made her way into the Commons as "The Angel in the House."

***

"Servia has lost nothing," declared the Austrian Ambassador in Paris, as reported in *Le Temps*. But what about her temper?

***

A kind old lady, realising what a disappointment it must have been to the Crown Prince of Servia and Prince Peter of Montenegro that no war has broken out, has, it is said, sent to each of these young gentlemen a nice large box of fireworks.

***

"Will the Duke of Connaught be new King of Servia?" enquires a *Daily Chronicle* poster. No harm in asking, of course.

***

An impudent pickpocket, when brought up before a magistrate at Vienna the other day, confessed that he was guilty of stealing a purse as alleged, but claimed that he should not be punished on the ground that the theft was a *fait accompli*.

Turkey refuses to be consoled by the thought that, though she has lost some provinces, she has gained the sympathy of Europe. Anyhow she would like it to be plainly understood that she now has all the sympathy she requires.

***

Mr. Winston Churchill has been presented with a centrepiece by some admirers. This burglarious implement would surely have been a more appropriate gift for his colleague who favours the robbing of hen-roosts.



(Two cubs have been "chopped" in covert.)

Superior Youth (whose habiliments suggest another sport—to friend). "By Jove! I didn't come out to see foxes killed in this sort of way!"

M.F.H. (overhearing). "So I thought, by the look of you, Sir. But, if you do manage to *shoot* one, you'll show my huntsman where to gather him, won't you?"

Of the War Office cat which recently passed away it is said that he was not a good mouser. Can this have been the influence of environment?

***

Yet there is undoubtedly a new spirit abroad at the War Office. Mr. Haldane informed a gathering of Scotsmen the other day that he had been looking out for a site for some new barracks for some time past without the public knowing anything about it. "Generals, not in cocked hats, but in billycocks and tweed coats, had been going on the sly all over the place to see where the best site could be found." What devils of cunning we are getting to be!

***

"There are no corporations behind me," boasts Mr. Bryan. Certainly Mr. Taft's corporation has no intention of taking a back seat.

***

"Would any of your readers kindly tell me what to do with old books that nobody wants to read, books about the Flood and so on, which take up such a lot of room?" asks a correspondent in a contemporary. Has he tried giving them away as school prizes?

***

Students of Biblical History will be interested to hear that Miss Maud Allan, the great Revivalist, has informed an interviewer that she is thinking of drawing on the Old Testament for inspiration for some new dances.

***

It has been suggested that when the Anti-Cigarette-Smoking Bill becomes law, age-badges shall be issued to youthful-looking politicians, like Earl Winterton, in order to prevent their being annoyed by officious constables.

***

At last solid proof is forthcoming that there is no understanding between Austria and Germany in regard to the spoliation of Turkey. "Great vexation," we read, "is felt in Vienna against Germany, whose agents are taking advantage of the boycott of Austrian goods, and are endeavouring to secure the former Austrian customers at Constantinople." The dear allies!

THE LITTLE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

My human boy, my undeveloped mannikin,
Type of the subject's liberty oppressed,
Has not the painful truth provoked a panic in
The tiny hollow which you call your chest?

When you had keenly scanned the starting-prices
Did you not notice in your newsy rag
How your affairs had reached an awful crisis
Pregnant with menace to your farthing fag?

It must have shocked those tissues where the heady
Fumes of the weed had got an early start;
Must have unnerved a system which already
Betrayed the ravages of "smoker's heart."

Yet you are not to think that no one heeded
Your claim to live your own life how you please;
Stout spokesmen for the little puffer pleaded,
And Frederick Banbury (Bart.) was one of these.

Almost he might have been your very mother,
So movingly, in accents soft and mild,
He urged the nation not to go and smother
The spark of freedom blown on by a child.

Some people claim for adult heirs of labour
The Right-to-work; but he of whom I spoke,
The friend of children, asked for every babe or
Suckling the immemorial Right-to-smoke.

Whatever any infant's age or size is,
He to its independence brooked no bar;
He wouldn't back a Bill that compromises
The heritage that made us what we are.

Therefore, my nipper, though he proved a failure,
Though o'er his fallen body, flung between,
The myriad foe stepped lightly to curtail your
Chance of absorbing pints of nicotine,

Remember Banbury (Bart)! Ay, when the bobby
Catches you at it and you pay the debt,
Think of the hero who upheld your hobby—
The Champion of the Children's Cigarette!

O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

Hooks and Eyes.

Scene—*His Dressing-room. Time*, 7.45. *He has just come up to dress for dinner. He has taken off his coat, when there is a knock at the door.*

He. Halloa!

She (*outside*). Can I come in?

He. Yes, certainly. What do you want?

She (*entering*). Charles! You 'll be late again; and you know the Lampeters are the soul of punctuality. Now do try to be in time.

He (*testily*). I 'm trying as hard as I can, but I don't think you can help me, you know. I can beat the record right enough if you 'll only leave me alone. (*Proceeds to unbutton his waistcoat.*) Do clear out. Why, you 're not ready yourself. Your dress isn't done up behind.

She. That 's just it. I want you to do it up. Poor Eliza 's got a sick headache, and the other maids are so busy and so clumsy I don't like to take up their time. I wish you 'd do it for me, there 's a dear.

He. Right. I 'll do it; but it 'll make me late, you know. Let 's have a look. (*He approaches her, takes the back of her dress in hand, and begins operations.*) Hooks? Yes, I see the hooks, but I 'm hanged if I can see any eyes. Yes, here 's a little Johnnie all ready for his hook. Got him. Three cheers. Where the—— No, that 's the wrong one. Here he is. Missed him! Do, for heaven's sake, keep still! How do you expect me to do you up when you 're wriggling about like an eel? Now you 've got your front to the light. Turn round. (*He seizes her violently and whirls her round.*)

She. I 'm not a top, Charles.

He. I don't care what you are, but I 'm going to get this beggar of a hook in or——

She (*faintly*). Oh!

He. Don't yell like that. It only puts me off. Now then, all together. Whoo—oo—— No, he 's out again. Come back, you little—— Aha, would you? Plop! he 's in. Stop! Stop!! STOP!!! (*He stands off and contemplates his handiwork with a look of despair.*)

She. What *is* the matter? You 'll have the whole house in here if you shout like that.

He (*wildly*). They 've all got loose again. As soon as ever I put number four in the other three simply romped out with a rush, and—(*inspecting*)—yes, they 've taken number four with them. I must start again. (*He does so.*) That 's one. (*He places his thumb firmly on number one, and proceeds.*) No, you don't. You 'd better come quietly. There.

She (*looking over her shoulder into the glass*). I knew you 'd do it, Charles. You 've missed the two top eyes.

He (*madly*). Do you mean to say I 've got to take 'em out again?

She. Yes; look at the top. It laps over. D'you see? Oh, oh, oh! Don't put your knuckles into my backbone. I shall be black and blue, and what will they all think? Take it quietly, quietly, quietly. You 'll tear it to strips. Oh!

He (*between his clenched teeth*). Don't struggle. It 's useless. I 'm going to do this infernal job if it keeps me here till midnight. One! got him. Cheer up. They 're coming along. Heave ho! Hooked, by Jove! Now we sha'n't be long. Want votes, do you? With dresses like that? Why——

She. Well, *you* 've got a vote.

He (*still working*). What 's that got to do with it?

She. Fancy giving a vote to a man who can't get a hook into its own little eye. Charles, I 'm ashamed of you.

He. Oh, *do* be quiet. If you 'll only shut up for half a minute—I 've torn my finger on something. Get in, won't you, get in. (*Screaming*) They 're all out again! (*He sits down on a chair and mops his face.*) It 's no use, old girl, I can't do it, and my finger 's bleeding, and I 've only got five minutes for dressing. You 'll have to go down with your dress undone. Tell 'em it 's the new style—all the duchesses dine like that now—no self-respecting woman ever dreams of doing up her dress—tell 'em any old story. (*He rises painfully and takes off his waistcoat. There is a little knock at the door.*)

She. Come in.

[*Enter a little girl, aged about* 8, *in a pink dressing-gown.*

Little Girl. I thought I heard you call, mummy.

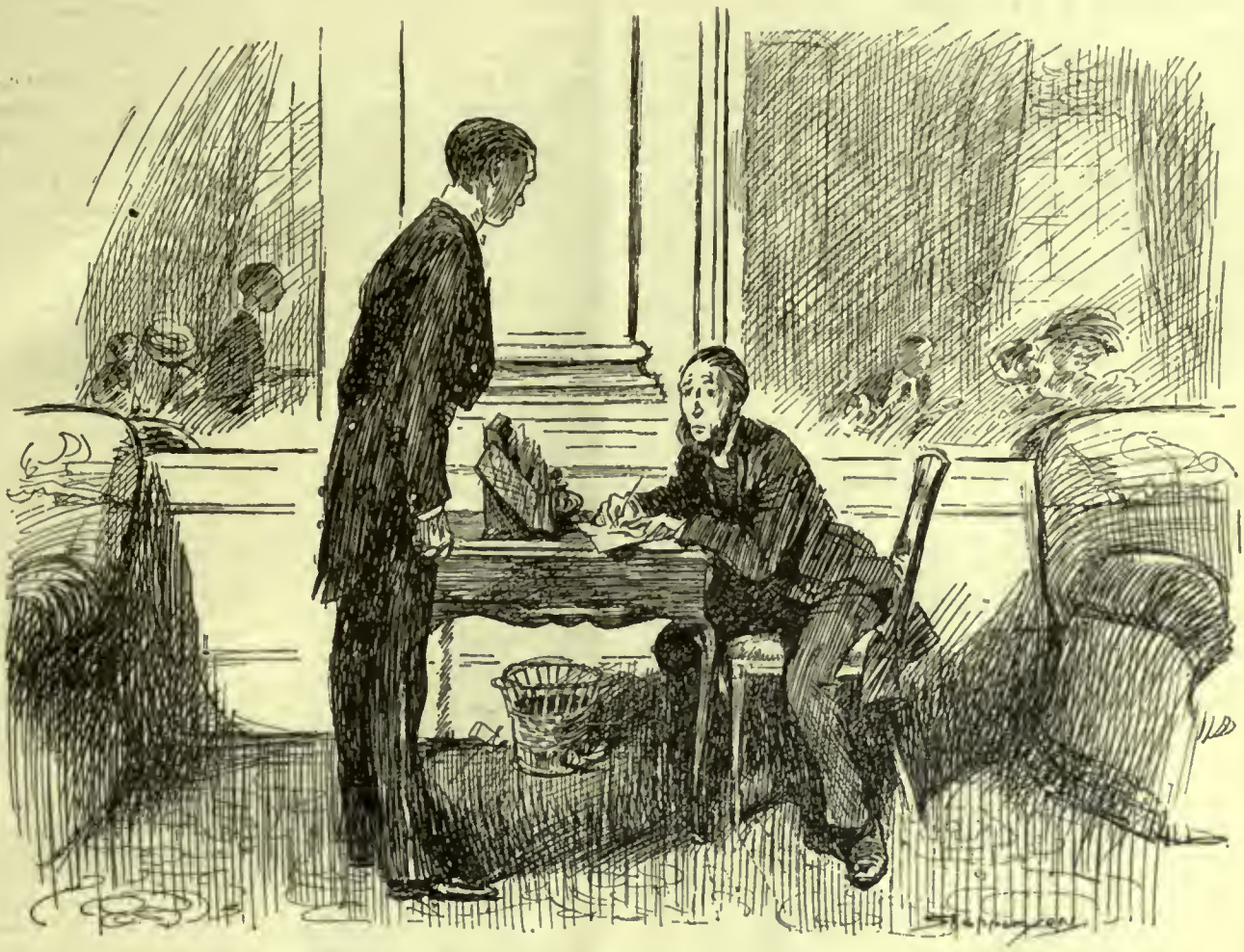
She. Yes, darling, I did. I wanted you badly. Now stand on that footstool and fasten up mother's dress, just to show Dad how it 's done. (*The little girl does the whole business without a break in about half a minute.*) Thank you, darling. (*Kisses her.*) Now come away back to bed. (*To Him*). Hurry up, Charles. There 's a ring at the door. It 's the Lampeters. I 'll make an excuse for you. We 're going now, unless you 'd like Polly to stay and tie your white tie.



THE FULLY EMPLOYED.

First Burglar *(on his way to suburban night-work)*. "FINE BODY O' MEN, BILL! NICE TO SEE 'EM GET A GOOD JOB LIKE THIS, INSTEAD O' HANGIN' ABOUT THE SUBURBS."

Second Burglar. "YUS. I'M ALL FOR THESE 'ERE SUFFERAJITS, I AM."



Cleric. "Waiter, bring me a Crockford."
Waiter. "Sorry, Sir, but we are not allowed to serve American drinks except in the smoke-room."

He. Oh, do go, and let me dress.

(*They go.*)

He (*alone*). Now to bust the record. (*He looks at the white shirt laid out for him.*) No studs in it. Where are they? And that tie 's no good. Must wear it all the same. Now for it.

[*Left struggling with his dressing, while the guests assemble downstairs.*

TO A DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

[According to the Press, the recent epidemic of these beasts has been such that the oldest inhabitants cannot remember its like.]

Daddy, you wear the air of some recluse
  Turned loose with trippers for a happy day,
A sober, dingy, scholarly old goose
  Who tries to frivol in a festive way;
You imitate the pretty tricks, in fact,
Of smarter insects who are more compact.

Your splay, dishevelled, feeble, lanky limbs
  Were not designed for ornament or strength;
You 're one of Nature's not too kindly whims,
  And lose in contour what you gain in length;
And yet your face looks studious and good,
I 'm sure you wouldn't sting us if you could.

And anyhow, it 's not for me to mock,
  I 'm rather moved to retrospective tears,
For I myself have been a laughing-stock
  When in those bashful, adolescent years
I drained the cup of shyness to the dregs
And *hated* my ungainly arms and legs.

You are the sport of every breeze that blows;
  A lack of balance stultifies your brain;
Yet, when you bump against a human nose,
  Your liberty you humorously gain
By leaving in our grasp, with many thanks,
A sample from the surfeit of your shanks.

The Searchlight in Society.

From an open letter in *The Tatler*:

"You are tall, well built, and extremely handsome, with blue eyes, golden hair, and features of classic regularity, and your rich brown hair is dressed well and in a most becoming manner."

"We are not thinking of the scene in the House of Commons which created an amusing diversion for Members . . . Those antics amuse the vulgar and damage the cause."—*The Daily Chronicle.*

And the majority of them Liberals too! Oh, *Chronicle!*

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A New Cause.

Broadlands.

Dearest Daphne,—Of the houseful of people staying here just now, *far* the most interesting is the Prince of Rowdiaria—one of those dear, romantic little states in the East of Europe, you know, where there 's always a Crisis and the women wear ever so many necklaces and no corsets. The Prince is simply *quite;* speaks very good English, with just a fascinating little mistake now and then, and perfect French. He 's handsome too; not *conventionally* handsome, as our men are, but in a piquant, original way, with a weeny dash of savagery in it that I find quite nice. We 've had some splendid talks about Eastern European affairs, and he says I 've given him some *quite* new views on the situation. Yes, my dear, you 're right! He 's my new Cause. He means to call himself a King directly he gets back. And why *shouldn't* he, pray? I consider it 's perfectly right and proper, and have pledged my country, as far as I can, to support him. If a reigning Prince of Bloryn's appearance and descent chooses to make himself a King, what *business* is it of anyone's, I beg of you? No ruler in Europe comes of such an ancient line. He 's descended from a man who was in the Ark. Learned men are saying, you know, that there were more people in the Ark than people think; whether only the saloon passengers were mentioned, or how it 's come about, I don't know; but there were several more, and among them a person named Bloryn, the ancestor of the Prince. I simply love to hear him talk of the ancient glories of Rowdiaria. He says the Rowdys are the oldest and strongest race in Europe, and had a chief hand in pulling down the Roman Empire.

D'you know, my Daphne, I almost wish I hadn't married my little Sis to Lord Widelands last summer;—or, better still, suppose I hadn't married Josiah Multimill myself! Bloryn is unappropriated, and so charming, so devoted; and how *very* well Queen Blanche of Rowdiaria would sound! Norty, who 's staying here too, doesn't like Bloryn, and warns me that, if I get mixed up in international intrigues, I may get put in the Tower. As if *that* would choke me off! Why, it 's simply a *dilly* idea. I really think if I were put in the Tower for making trouble in Europe I should be *almost* happy!

Josiah is even more odious and unsympathetic than Norty. He says, "All those rotten little nuisances of Eastern European States ought to be lumped together, taken over as a going concern, and run by a syndicate!" There 's a petty, commercial mind for you!

I don't care what any of them say. I 'll do all I can for Bloryn when he makes himself a King, and mean to use every ounce of influence I have in a quarter that I daresay you know of. I 've all sorts of lovely schemes. I 'm going to have a Rowdiarian band in national dress to play at all my parties. Next time I 'm in town I shall have the Rowdiarian Minister to dinner, and shall make a point of looking up the Rowdiarian colony in London, and being At Home to them. And oh, my dearest, I have such a splenny idea for making the next Earl's Court show a Rowdiarian one—all their native arts and industries, you know. (Norty says they *haven't* any industries, that the only thing they can make is a noise! but I don't listen to him.) I 've set my heart on having "Rowdiaria in London," and Bloryn (who 'll be a King then) coming over to open it.

Would you like to know what is the newest game, now the nights have got so dark? Burgling, my dear, no less! The other night we were a bit hard up for some fun, so a lot of us masked ourselves and muffled up and motored over to Bosh and Wee-Wee's, five miles off, and broke in. Everything was dark and quiet, we knew the place by heart, and did things in quite professional style. We made a grand haul; two of Wee-Wee's jewel-cases, a lot of clocks, in fact more things than I can remember—oh, yes, Norty took all Bosh's rowing cups and things he won in his old athletic days. We 'd so much spoil we could hardly cram it and ourselves into the motors. And then when we 'd got to a safe distance, we began to laugh and laughed all the way back here. We left off then, however—at least *I* did, for we found that, while we were away, *this* place had been burgled! My black pearls were gone, and my new key-pattern diamond tiara, and all the umbrellas, and, worst of all, my darling Pompon in his little bye-bye basket! I was almost distracted.

Next day was pouring wet, and, as there were no umbrellas, our walking people had to do without their favourite exercise. Bosh and Wee-Wee turned up early. "We were burgled last night," said Bosh. "So were we," said I. And then,



Overheard during the Charges of Mounted Police in Parliament Street (October 13).

Diminutive but Voluble Demonstrator from the East End (after a cautious look up and down the street). "Har we *men*, I harsk yer, submittin' ter bein' driv' abaht like this 'ere by 'Is Mejesty's 'ired Kossacks?!!"

[Prepares for another humble sprint towards Trafalgar Square.

before another word was spoken, Wee-Wee gave them away by bursting out triumphantly, "You lost more than we did." "You ridiculous little person!" said Bosh. "Couldn't you have held your tongue for five minutes?" Funny, wasn't it, that the very night *we* broke in there *they* should break in here? There was a mutual restoration of property; but things aren't quite as they were before. Bosh says some of his rowing cups and things have got dinted; Josiah complains that his favourite umbrella hasn't come back with the others; and my darling Pompon has suffered in health through having his night's rest broken up and not getting quite the sort of brekky he 's used to. So there are what politicians call "strained relations" between us.

Babs has started a Society Weekly called *People Who Count*, and it 's caught on like anything, having more "authority," you see, than other things of that kind. She does the parties and gossip herself, and a column of mysterious hints and questions called "Innuendoes for the Initiated." (I 'll let you into a little secret, *chérie*. She invents half of them herself, and generally the half that most "tickles the ears of the outsiders," as Milton says.) Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, has been writing her Reminiscences in *P.W.C.*, and they were an immensely popular feature, till the Press Censor, or whatever he 's called, put a stop to them. Babs doesn't know what to get instead.

Aunt Goldie left here in a huff yesterday. And over what, I 'll ask you. She 'd been complaining of something or other, and wound up with the original remark, "It 's a strange world!" I merely said innocently, "Haven't you got used to it *yet*, Aunt?" and she asked Norty if he "liked to hear his wife insulted," had all her juvenile adornments packed up, and was off.

Ever thine, Blanche.

"Later in the day Mr. and Mrs. F. left for London en route for the South Coast, where the honeymoney is being spent."

We thank thee, *Peterborough and Huntingdonshire Standard*, for that word.

"Then he proceeded to describe to us the gruesome spectacle of a fox when it is being torn to pieces by dogs, while the ladies and gents participate in the scramble for the tail, hoofs, hide, eyes, and what not."—*The Labour Leader.*

"Mummy, I got a hoof; what did *you* get?" says the youngest born to his mother as they return home.



Literary Mother (en route from Liverpool to London). "Say! This is Rugby! See here, Emerson, just you step right down and stand on the deepot platform, and you kin tell 'em way back home you 've been where Tom Jones spent his schooldays."

EMOTIONS TO ORDER.

[*How We Do It Now.*]

NOTICE.

To-morrow! To-morrow!! To-morrow!!

Something will

Suddenly Come Over

Miss Hypatia Fitzsimmons,

and

An Inner Voice

will compel her to break into the House of Commons.

To-Morrow!

[Or, if wet, next day.]

Every Evening!

Mr. B. B. Brayson will be

Moved to Indignation

at 8.30 sharp.

There will be a special *matinée* next Thursday, when he will be

Consumed with Passion

and his feelings will no longer permit him to keep silent.

Look Out for This!

THE IDEAL HOME.

About three years ago I was something of a cook. I used to take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, shred slightly, stir and bring slowly to the boil. Then garnish with fresh parsley, and serve hot. That was called *Aloyau de bombe glacée à la bonne femme*, so far as I remember. Sometimes I would forget to garnish, and drop a piece of coke in by mistake. Then it was called *Soup for Charitable Purposes*, and we had to put it aside to cool.

I fancy I was even better with the pastry. The atmosphere I used to get into a Swiss roll! The—the ozone. (It must have been the oven). What a touch, too, with the *blanc-mange*—what a polish on its pink outside!

But perhaps the feat I am proudest of is this: that I alone of living men have seen a rabbit dressed for cooking and remained a follower of the Higher Life. "Dressed," you know—well, really!

I mention these facts not in any spirit of boastfulness, but simply to explain my interest in the Ideal Home Exhibition. I had gone there expecting to see the whole building full of men cooking and women darning stockings; of large men taking a piece of butter the size of a cocoanut, and active women doing the Potato Stitch and the Jacob's Ladder Stitch. Of course, as soon as I had paid my shilling I saw that I was in for something quite different, but none the less I was prepared for a pleasant and instructive afternoon. "And," I said to myself, "since this really is the ideal home, I need have no qualms about lighting a pipe."

The fact that I had no matches did not worry me; the ideal home would have a dozen boxes in each room. I went up to the gentleman at the nearest stall.

"Can you let me have a match?" I said politely.

He turned a curious red colour.

"A lucifer," I explained. "A pine vesta. Something of that sort."

He got quite scarlet, so I decided to explain further. "Er—why I want a match is because I wish to ignite this tobacco. I may say that I have paid my shilling at the gate, and——"

By this time he was purple.

"If your hesitation," I tried desperately, "is due to the fact that you only have the sort that strike on the box, I may say that I always carry a small portion of the prepared surface with me."

He turned away abruptly, and went off to speak to somebody else. In resignation I raised my eyes . . . and came upon this notice:—

The Electric Cooker.
A Boon for Every Home.
No Matches Required.

Well, really, it wasn't my fault.

Of course I was more careful after that. I passed the "Quicklit" and the "Yuseitt" departments, and the stall of the "Brytenup Polisher" (I 'll give you three guesses why it 's called that); and so I came to Number 2901 or thereabouts. My pipe was still unlit.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "but what is your—— I 'm just setting up house, and so I am very much interested in all these scientific methods of cooking. Is this——"

"The Hypograph," he explained.

"Ah yes, I 've always felt that—— How exactly——"

"It is a simple instrument for drawing two classes of curves, with the aid of which numerous beautiful and complicated patterns can be made."

I took out my watch and felt my wrist anxiously.

"My pulse has stopped," I said. "This is Olympia, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Then I 've come on the wrong day."

"The wrestling was last year," he said sarcastically. "This is the Ideal Home Exhibition."

"It is? Oh, I beg your pardon. And you draw those delightful curves? How jolly. That 's really all it does?"

"Oh, no," he said, getting quite pleased again. "You can make any pattern you like. Now, this way——"

"Yes, yes. But I mean you can't light the oven with it or do the heating or anything like that? No? You 're sure? Then—you won't mind my asking you for a match?"

It turned out, when he understood properly, that he did mind. As he seemed to mind a good deal I hurried off and went up to the gallery. And in the gallery I met the Potted Meat Frill.

When I am married (which may never be) I shall have a potted meat frill in every room. I picture to myself a delightful domestic scene. My wife in one corner of the drawing-room putting the frills on the potted meat; myself in the other with the Hypograph, making numerous beautiful and complicated patterns upon the top of the grand-piano-player. It will be an "overstrung black piano-player" from Stall 275 downstairs, and when it gets too much overstrung we shall send it down to the seaside for a week. On the hearth, beside the Electric Cooker and without any matches, our children——

But I am a bit premature. We don't get to the children till Stall 106, at the other end of the gallery.

The Potted Meat Frill can be obtained for two shillings. (Some people would be content with a mere Ham and Tongue Net Frill for one-and-ninepence, but I am a bit above that. Though it is so useful in the home, it is not often given as a wedding present, most brides preferring the Sardine Dish Frill at half-a-crown. But it is emphatically a thing which every householder should have, even though he has to go without his stamp album from Stall 267.

But of course the crown of the Ideal Home Exhibition is the Babyland Section. There may be houses (though I cannot imagine them) where the inmates drag out an existence without ever feeling the want of a Hypograph; but there will never be palace or cottage which would not be glad of an exhibit from Stall 108. When I arrived there, William (aged six months) was crying a little, but Bobby and Jane were happy enough. Personally, I should have turned William on to his front and patted him gently between the shoulders. I mean, probably he was—— But no doubt the nurses knew best; and of course, as they had fed him from Stall 106, he couldn't really have had indigestion.

I watched the Happy Home for quite a long time—until, in fact, I remembered what I had come up there for. Whereupon I went to the place where they sell the baby carriages, and said to a frock-coated gentleman there: "You sell baby-carriages?"

He said "Yes."

"But in private life you are quite an ordinary man?"

He admitted he was.

"And so am I. Now, as man to man, and imagining for the moment that we are both back in Upper Norwood, *can* you oblige me with a match?"

"Certainly," he answered.

A. A. M.

"One of the many disadvantages of the Wright aeroplane is that it cannot start from anywhere or descend anywhere."—*Daily Mail.*

The British aeroplane also seems to find a difficulty in starting from anywhere; on the other hand, having once started, it may descend anywhere.

IN SEARCH OF A KING.

IT may not be generally known that for some days past a small but determined group of Servian patriots has been in England busily engaged in attempting to find a new ruler for their agitated country, in place of the discredited PETER.

In the ordinary way it is customary to approach the possessors of royal blood; and that, indeed, has been done by certain of the more traditional patriots. But the group now in this country, believing as it does in the need of a totally fresh *régime* and the importation of wholly novel blood, has displayed singularly unconstitutional energies.

Replying to the deputation, which awaited him in the Court of Honour of Greeba Castle, Mr. HALL CAINE said that nothing could give him greater satisfaction than to receive such a tribute to his success as an influencer of men; and there was, he agreed, some fitness in the invitation to himself, the author of *Pete*, to succeed PETER. If after abdicating the Servian throne he should choose (as he certainly might, being the author of *The Eternal City*) to become Pope, his case might be summed up in the words: Pete, Peter, Petest. But he must say "No." (Servian panic.) Manxland, he felt, had need of him; and one must not abandon one's own country. He would rather continue the uncrowned king of his little island than wear the most gorgeous of Servian purple.

On the spokesman of the party pointing out that he would still be allowed to wear his knickerbockers and look more or less like SHAKSPEARE, Mr. HALL CAINE said that that certainly made a difference, but he must repeat his negative.

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who was waited upon in one of the libraries of Skibo, made a similar reply. He was proud, he said, to be thus supplicated, but the throne was not for him. Perhaps they were unaware of his work on Democracy? He could not go back on that *opus*. Moreover, he had still much to do in his own sphere—there were still some millions of pounds to be got rid of, either to heroes or free readers. The most he could do would be to offer all Servian adults a library apiece.

The spokesman having declined this embarrassment with much tact, the deputation withdrew.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, who received the patriots in the sanctum of his charming residence at Edgbaston, stated that he was prepared to accept the Crown on two conditions—(1) that he should be allowed to reside in Birmingham and conduct the affairs of state telepathically, and (2) that Mr. HAROLD BEGBIE should be appointed Prime Minister. The deputation withdrew hurriedly.

Miss CHRISTABEL PANKHURST agreed that it would be very delightful to be a queen and make laws and see that they were obeyed; but what about the Movement in England to which she had consecrated her life, if she became the Servian ruler? Having put her hand to the plough, she would not look back—not while a Liberal Member remained in Parliament.

The deputation fared equally badly with Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, Lord ROSSLYN, and Miss RUTH ST. DENIS, who said it would be sweet to reign, but her art demanded all her thought and time.

The Editor of *The Sphere* was then visited, chiefly on the favourable promise held forth by his name, it being felt that if there was one thing that Servia needed after the tortuous ways of the inclement KING PETER, it was the beneficial sway of a CLEMENT KING SHORTER. The modern CATO of literature, however, said "No," not without a tear of regret, and once again the patriots withdrew.

STOP PRESS NEWS.
Servian Crown accepted by
MR. LE QUEUX.



First Anti-Suffragist. "THE IDEA OF THEIR WANTIN' TO BE LIKE US!"
Second A.-S. "YES, MAKIN' THEMSELVES UTTERLY RIDICULOUS!"

"Wanted, lad to ride bicycle."
Yorkshire Evening Post.

That is the worst of these pets. They require constant exercise, and this may mean an extra boot-boy.

WANDERING MINSTRELS.

We are rejoiced to learn that the lesson of the visit of the Leeds Choir to Paris is not to be thrown away; indeed, it is already an open secret that the famous Sheffield Festival Choir will shortly take a trip to Canada for the purpose of taking part in several oratorio performances and promoting Imperial solidarity in the domain of music.

These examples, it is pleasant to think, are likely to prove fruitful in a number of unexpected ways. The less important objects of M. Isvolsky's visit to London are well known. It is not so well known that his paramount anxiety was to persuade Sir Edward Grey to induce Mr. Henry J. Wood and his orchestra to undertake a tour in Persia for the purpose of harmonising the conflicting parties in that distracted kingdom. The negotiations were protracted, but we understand that in the end M. Isvolsky carried his point, and that Mr. Wood and his band will start for Tabriz in about a fortnight's time, to replace the Cossacks who have hitherto entirely failed to suppress or conciliate the Nationalists. The band, which will be materially strengthened in the percussion department, will number one hundred and fifty performers, and Mr. Wood will be accompanied by four analytical programme writers, two butterfly-tie makers, fourteen flashlight photographers, a staff of tonsorial artists, and three additional biographers.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Wood's departure for the Middle East, Mr. Thomas Beecham, the conductor of the New Symphony Orchestra, accompanied by the Holloway Choir and Mr. William Carter, will set out for South Africa to promote the cause of unification at the Durban Conference. It is felt that nothing could more powerfully reinforce the arguments of the delegates in favour of unity than the concord of sweet and healing sounds for which the foregoing names are the best possible guarantee. The New Symphony Orchestra, who look forward to the trip with the utmost enthusiasm, have gone into strict training on biltong, mealie pap and Cape smoke; and Mr. Beecham, with a charmingly tactful consideration for his audience, has decided to conduct with a disselboom in place of the usual *bâton*.

Sir Frederick Bridge has arranged to convey the entire Albert Hall Choir to Albert Nyanza at the close of the season. Seventeen overstrung dahabeeahs will convey the choir up the Nile to Khartoum, whence they will proceed in motor-caravans, steam pantechnicon vans and pneumatic pontoons to the great lakes, where Sir Frederick Bridge intends to instruct them in the gentle art of hippo fishing with the dry fly, at which he is exceptionally proficient.

Mr. Max Humberger, the famous violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Humberger and their infant son Paganini Humberger, will shortly start on a tour in the Arctic Circle. The degraded condition of the Eskimo has long given Mr. Humberger deep concern, and he has conceived the noble plan of raising them to a higher plane of humanity and citizenship by the purifying influence of his unequalled virtuosity. The announcement of his prolonged and heroic absence from London has been greeted with immense enthusiasm by his brother artists. An exhibition of the furs to be worn by the party during their sojourn in the Far North will be open for a few days at 154, Hay Hill, the residence of Mrs. Humberger's father, Sir Julius Slazenger, the eminent bacteriologist.

Hardly less benevolent in its origin and scope is the mission shortly to be undertaken to China by the Earl of Tankerville for the purpose of converting the Dowager Empress to an appreciation of our Border ballads. Lord Tankerville, as *The Daily Chronicle* has frequently reminded us, is a singer of extraordinary charm and persuasiveness, and it is anticipated that the therapeutic influence of his wonderful voice will finally demolish the last vestige of the Yellow Peril and inaugurate an era of unparalleled felicity in the Yangtse Valley.

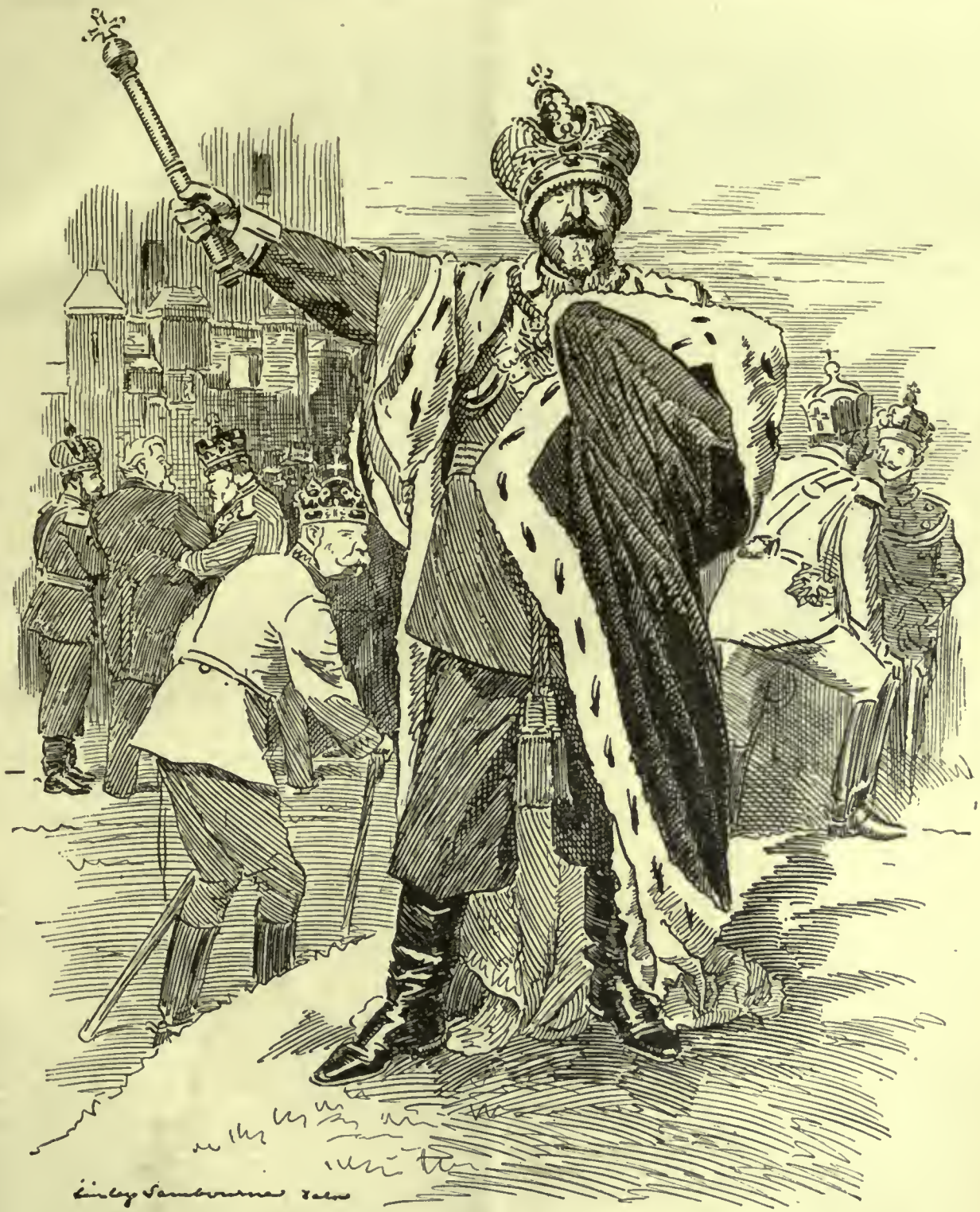


A WAIL FROM ROSS.

Stalker. "Quick, Sir! Or they'll be getting our wind!"
Jones (on his first stalk). "Too late! They've *got* mine!"

Triolet of Female Suffrage.

Elaine was a child
Who was quite irresistible.
Sweet mannered and mild,
Elaine was a child;
But her soul was beguiled
By the crowings of Christabel.
Elaine *was* a child
Who was quite irresistible.



THE TSARVENU.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. "THREE CHEERS FOR ME!"

Austria (*tentatively*). "HIP! HIP! HIP!"

The Other Great Powers (*after long and careful deliberation*). "Hooray!"

[It is anticipated that the Independence of Bulgaria, of which Austria approved from the first, will be ultimately ratified by the Great Powers in conference.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 12th.—Back to school after the autumn holidays. Quite a full muster in Lords and Commons. Note two absentees from latter place. Head Boy of Opposition has given himself extra day's holiday. Edward Grey remains in seclusion of Foreign Office. This disappointing to Members on both sides prepared to give Foreign Secretary something in way of ovation. Slightest apprehension of such a thing sufficient to warn off E. G.

"Public life, Toby, dear boy," he said the other day, "would be possible but for its public appearances. If I were permitted to do all my work in this room" (we were talking in the F.O. about the rare silence of Emperor William at a grave European crisis) "I should be content."

To do him justice, E. G. makes the most of his opportunities of withdrawing himself from public gaze. During the Session comes down to House twice a week, answers string of questions addressed to him by eminent authorities on Foreign Affairs seated below gangway, and incontinently bolts.

In his absence, Premier read carefully drafted statement on Balkan Crisis. In political area situation has developed an attitude creditable to the highest traditions of Party system. Opposition come back more than ever disgusted with Government. Licensing Bill remains all their fancy painted it. Education Bill, Labour in Mines Bill, just as bad. Faced by crisis in Foreign Polities, political partisanship is obliterated. Just now is realised ideal condition of affairs "when none were for a Party but all were for the State."

In the Lords, Lansdowne seized opportunity to pay tribute to the statement made by Foreign Secretary last week. "Nothing," he said amid general cheering, "could be more dignified in tone or more appropriate in substance."

This the sort of thing that occasionally refreshes and ennobles British Party politics.

Commons spent quiet, useful evening discussing the Children's Charter; comes on for consideration after treatment by Grand Committee. In absence of Prince Arthur, Cousin Bob, K.C., took the floor. Obliged with several speeches. Old hatred, common to the Cecils, of anything approaching interference with perfect freedom of the people displayed itself in resistance to stringent provisions of the Bill. One makes it criminal offence for boy or girl under sixteen to buy cigarettes or cigarette-papers, much more to be seen smoking in public places.

From this petty tyranny Cousin Bob's soul revolted. It was said that cigarette smoking wrought much evil among the children and therefore it must be put down with strong hand of the Law. Over-eating of sweets or sitting up late at night was harmful to the infant body. Yet the Bill has no penal prohibition of these practices.

Then there was smoking brown paper. (Here he paused, and his mind seemed to travel back to days when, personally, he could not determine which made the more delectable smoke, cane or brown paper.) Yet the Bill submitted by His Majesty's Government with demand for enactment did not penalise the sybarite under sixteen whom practice had made a connoisseur of the varying qualities of brown paper used in preference to, or in default of, tobacco.

Thus, assisted by carefully-prepared brief and animated gestures, did a lofty mind, skilled in legal lore, trained at the Bar, prattle on by the half-hour.

Business done.—House resumes sittings. Children's Charter considered on Report stage.

Tuesday.—There is a vulgar idea, nurtured by men of certain stamp, that the active participation of Woman in Parliamentary proceedings is undesirable on account of her tendency to lengthy speech. Mistress Margaret Travers Symons (of Clifford's Inn) has finally shattered that



Signora Dorando is first into the Stadium, but is promptly disqualified. She was "assisted" almost up to the tape.

structure reared by malicious fancy. Her speech to-night was the briefest offered in course of debate on the Children's Charter. Went straight to the point in fashion many male Members would do well to imitate.



"What has posterity done to us that we should tie its hands?!"—or words to that effect.

(Mr. G-rge H-rw-d objects to bequeathing a Local Option policy to our successors.)

"Drop your talk about the Children's Bill," she shrieked, "and give us Votes for Women."

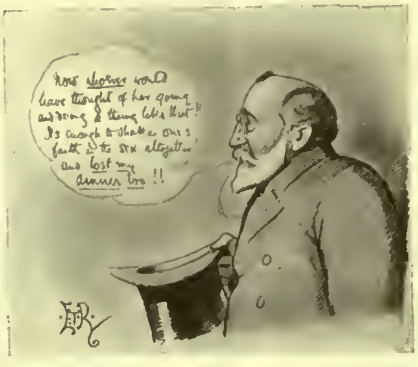
That was all. True that at this moment the closure was put into operation. The arms of a gallant messenger standing by the doorway gently but firmly closed round the waist of the lady on her legs addressing the Chair, and she was borne forth. But she had accomplished her purpose, had delivered her message.

All very well for her. But what about Thomas Howell Williams Idris, M.P. for the Flint Districts since 1906, Chemist and Mineral Water Manufacturer, once Mayor of St. Pancras Borough, now Alderman? Sympathy of the House goes forth to him with generous rush. Has ever trusted woman. Now faith shattered. All happened so rapidly, too. Mr. Idris was seated at table in dining-room waiting for the joint, sipping glass of mineral water with air of a connoisseur, and thinking what much better quality was turned out in Merionethshire, when a card was handed to him. A lady wished to see him. Why, certainly. Let the joint grow cold, the mineral water flat. A lady's behest commands instant obedience.

Mr. Idris hastened to find the dame. Conducted her through the lines of unsuspecting police in the lobbies, past the guardians at the doorway, up to the very glass door opening on the sacred precincts forbidden to foot of female when the Speaker is in the Chair. On the left hand is a step giving access to a window-pane through which woman, herself unseen, has often gazed on man. On to this he assisted Mistress M. T. S. Having seen enough, she stepped down, again assiduously helped by the hon. Member. He turned to lead the way through the outer Lobby to the Gallery upstairs when he heard a shout, faced quickly round, and lo! the lady was not. She had dashed through the swinging glass doors.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle," as Mr. Idris put it, his mind in excitement of moment reverting to familiar associations.

To his horror he realised that she was addressing the House. Next thing he saw was the lady in the arms of the attendant. A man of business, Mr. Idris immediately realised the situation. He was relieved from attendance on the dame. The police would look after her. So he wended his way back to the dinner table to find the joint cold beyond reasonable anticipation, the



The Disillusionment of Idris.

"Like a cork out of a soda-water bottle!"

(Mr. T. H. W. Idr-s.)

mineral water flat beyond hope of redemption.

Business done. — Mistress Margaret Travers Symons briefly addresses the House from the Bar, urging the desirability of so arranging its business as to give subject of Votes for Women precedence over that of Cigarettes for Children.

Wednesday.—"Sir," said Hamar Greenwood, rising from Front Bench below gangway when Questions were disposed of, "I wish to ask you, and I hope I shall be endorsed by Members of the House, to take steps to exclude absolutely from the inner Lobby of this House, during its sitting, All Women."

Obvious initial difficulty. Greenwood asks to be "endorsed by Members." How is that to be done? At school, as some of us remember, a boy was "endorsed" on the back by irate master as if he were a Bill; which, indeed, he might chance to have been. Would have made no difference had he been Tom, Dick or Harry. Evidently that 's not what Greenwood means. Explanation doubtless is that, owing to profound emotion, even an ex-Lieutenant of Canadian Militia with eight years' service to his credit, stumbled upon elliptical sentence.



Mr. F. E. Sm-th pours a thin stream of corrosive eloquence on the Licensing Bill.

Till one heard Greenwood pronounce the word "WOMEN," prefaced by the comprehensive "ALL," one never imagined what possibilities of infamy the sex barely conceals. The tone of tragic denunciation with which the dissyllable was invested was varied by bitter scorn when in subsequent sentence he spoke of "The Visiting Woman." Final reference to "pagan tribes in remote parts of the world," contrasted to detriment of the home-grown female article, though effective, was trifling compared with the blood-curdling effect of his enunciation of a familiar word.

Sark says Pitt's majestic, reiterated, pronunciation of the common-



THE SOFT ANSWER.

Irate Preserver of Pheasants. "Look here, you know! I didn't want hounds here till after I'd shot my pheasants. You're making the birds fly all over the place!"

M.F.H. "Awfully sorry; but I hadn't the least idea you didn't want 'em to learn to fly!"

place word "Sugar" in a historic debate was nothing compared with Greenwood's "Woman." Don't know about that. Wasn't present on occasion; but confess that, with Greenwood's voice still rolling in my ear, I cannot look upon a woman without uncomfortable tendency to knocking at the knees.

Business done.—Licensing Bill taken in hand. Speaker gives instructions to put up the shutters over "the peep-hole" to whose vicinity Mistress Symons last night lured the innocent Idris.

An advertisement in a British Columbian paper:—

"Specili about Kaslo Laundry and before two charge common price but just now one charge twise and because I am start a new laundry now and he is best price if both same price I hope people give some to us washing, because I not enough to do and I stop and nobody start any more as he charge high price again."

Mr. Punch hopes the crisis will be averted.

BEHIND THE SCENES;

or, The New Advertising Again.

Scene—*Managerial room in new Restaurant.*

First Speaker. We don't seem to be catching on as I hoped we should. What 's to be done?

Second Speaker. We must advertise, I suppose.

F. S. Oh, yes, advertisements! What are they? Everyone advertises.

S. S. Very well, then, we must advertise in a new way.

F. S. How?

S. S. Well, we must get articles into the papers that don't look like advertisements. Don't you remember how they did it over Maxim's just before the company was floated.

F. S. What will that do?

S. S. Why, don't you see, if the public don't think it 's an advertisement—if "Advt." is not put at the foot—they 'll be tremendously impressed. Take a case. Suppose we arrange for an article in *The Pall Mall Gazette* to follow the leader, describing a jolly good dinner at our place, don't you see what an impression it would make, between the leader and the "Occasional Notes," a place ordinarily kept for decent stuff?

F. S. But you wouldn't get it. Not *The Pall Mall*. *The Pall Mall* belongs to——

S. S. My dear fellow, leave it to me.

F. S. Who will you get to write it?

S. S. Oh, that 's easy enough.

F. S. Well, have it your own way; but if I were the public I should see through it pretty quick.

Cabinet Modesty.

"Sir Edward Grey, who had been engaged at the Foreign Office, walked to No. 10 by way of the Government Arches, thus escaping photographers. The Cabinet Council rose at 1.30, after a two hours' sitting. We believe that the Cabinet unanimously and entirely approved the course taken by Sir Edward Grey."

Daily News.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"Lady Epping's Lawsuit."

When I saw Mr. Hubert Davies's new "Satirical Comedy," before a curtain-raiser had been affixed to it, the whole evening's performance only lasted a couple of hours. Even so, I should have been better pleased with myself if I had arrived an hour late. The First Act was strangely ineffective. Yet there was plenty of good material in it to be set off against some rather thin stuff; but nearly all the cast seemed anxious to rush it through, as if they were afraid that people's patience wouldn't last out till they got to the really funny things a little further on. Apart from the pleasant episode of the lady interviewer and the photographer, which started too suddenly and proceeded above the speed limit, there was little enough diversion in the way of side-shows, and the task of keeping things going fell with almost monotonous insistence upon the gentle shoulders of Miss Mary Moore as *Lady Epping*. She tackled it bravely and cleverly, but got very little active help from the only other character of any importance, the successful playwright. Mr. Sam Sothern, who takes this part, has all the negative virtues, in particular the rare and priceless gift of being able to keep still; but no one could well have looked, or acted, much less like a young dramatist just arrived and busy climbing into smart society.

Then there was the boudoir-stage, which seemed to cramp the activities of my lady's week-end party—a whole Epping Forest of strange botanical specimens, including a cedar of Lebanon (Scotch variety), which showed so little sign of being acclimatised that I heartily wished it back in its own soil.

However, the Third Act made amends. Here Mr. Davies used to excellent purpose his chance of satirizing the lighter side of our administration of justice. The good things, and they were many, were more equally spread about, Bench, Counsel, Plaintiff and Defendant all securing a reasonable proportion, though Miss Mary Moore still took the lioness's share. Her casual disregard for the sanctity of the Court, and her treatment of the whole thing as a social function run for her benefit, completely charmed the audience into forgetfulness of their earlier discontent, and sent them away, if not replete, yet with appetite modestly appeased.

II.—"Fanny and the Servant Problem."

The tyranny of the man-servant has become the dominant note of modern British drama. Mr. J. K. Jerome's new variety is an advance, in the matter of complication, both on *Crichton*, and the valet of *Bellamy the Magnificent*. Not only is he the unquestioned master of Bantock Hall, with no fewer than twenty-two family connections in what is practically his employ, but the new *Lady Bantock*, who had been married from the Paris music-halls (where she seems to have picked up a powerful American accent) turns out, to the pained surprise of both, to be a runaway niece of his. Out of either of these



"My unprophetic soul, my Uncle!"
Fanny . . . Miss Fannie Ward.
Bennet . . . Mr. Charles Cartwright.

conditions a reasonable comedy might have been made, but the combination of them offers an irresistible incentive to farce. The author calls his work "a quite possible play." Most things, of course, are possible; the trouble is that so few of them are probable.

All through the play it is a battle royal between mistress and man, and in the end she has to stoop to conquer. Miss Fannie Ward, as her namesake, though perhaps she could not fully command the pathetic mood, showed a very mobile intelligence, particularly in the Second Act, where she made a most piquant appearance in a mid-Victorian gown which had been pressed upon her by a maid who had strong views about the proprieties. To the ladies of the audience, the humour of this spectacle (easily grasped) was a source of huge delight. Mr. Cartwright, as the Butler, played conscientiously, but took up too much of our time. Miss Carlotta Addison and Miss Measor were a pair of indistinguishably charming maiden aunts, who, like their nephew, the rather invertebrate *Lord Bantock* (Mr. Leslie Faber), were hopelessly under the dominion of their meiny.

I don't know if Mr. Jerome is anxious to dissipate the personal impressions that his other play, *The Passing of the Third Floor Back*, may have left upon its audiences. Certainly, in *Fanny and the Servant Problem* he throws off his reverential attitude and invites us to laugh at sanctity and its symbols. He would probably say that his new people are hypocrites: but the ridicule in these cases nearly always falls in effect on the thing abused, rather than on the abuse of it.

O. S.

MENUS TO MEASURE.

(The Tsar of Bulgaria.)

Potage.
Mock-Turkey.

Poisson.
Kettle of Fish. Small Fry.

Entrée.
Suprême de Dindonneau sur Toast.

Rôtis.
Cold Shoulder à la Hamid.
Broiled Mêlée Internationale.
Sauce Piquante.

Entremets.
Sultana Pudding.
Macédoine de Fruits.
Bombes Révolutionnaires.
Pasha au Rhum.

Savoury.
Capers.

(The European Concert will perform during dinner.)

"A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, 'Please may I have the gas?'

A diminutive delinquent had just been sentenced by the Magistrate to receive a dozen strokes with the birch. He heard the decision quietly, and then turning to the Bench calmly asked, 'Please may I have the gas?'"

Portsmouth Evening News.

After reading this dear old joke through twice *Mr. Punch* has come to the conclusion that after all he likes it better with the small "m" for "magistrate."



Benevolent Old Gentleman. "Now look here, little girl, you tell me your address, and I'll write and tell your mother what a spiteful nurse you've got!" *Little Girl.* "Boo-oo! This *is* mother!"

THE WRECKER.

["A section of line in North Wales was recently held up for five hours owing to the body of a fly having insulated what should have been a contact in the electric-staff apparatus."]

Was I surprised to hear it? Not at all.
Do I not know them well, these artful midgets?
And how to minstrels in the Muses' thrall
They bring despair, the pestilential fidgets?
Long ere you caused annoy to Cymric guards,
Long ere you chose, old hooligan, to maffick,
Had you not hurtled round the heads of bards
And dislocated Heliconian traffic?

Was it not you, one shining day last June,
You or some mate of yours, a smug-faced bully,
That near my hapless brain began to croon,
Just where the beetling brows grow soft and woolly?
The world was robbed by that malign assault
Of strains from out Pierian fountains trickling,
Of songs descended from the starry vault—
How could I write them, when you would keep tickling?

Not mine to wonder then that you should clog
Electric currents, or serenely wallow
In all the vices of a railroad-hog,
You that have tapped the temples of Apollo;
How many a line I cannot recollect
Through your absurd behaviour now lies rusting?
How many a train of fancy had you wrecked
Before you took to locomotive busting?

Yes, even now, I hear your comrades hum;
Their wings are beating round my cranial turret:
But, heaven be praised, the hours of winter come
When heads are cool and insects cease to worrit;
The time is near when all your tribe shall sup
Their latest draught of crime-inducing syrup,
And none be left to hold our railways up,
Or crack the mighty brains of men that chirrup.

AERATED ENGLISH.

A technical illustrated monthly, "The Airship and Aeronautical Engineer," is shortly to appear, recording the progress of the world in all that appertains to "aerogation" (*sic*). Interrogation we know, and supererogation we have heard of, but what is this latest claimant to the attention of Dr. Murray? Truly the language of the upper strata, if this specimen gains currency, is passing beyond our ken and becoming too rarefied altogether. "To aviate" is nauseous enough, and "planing," in the atmospheric slang of country-house parties, is pretty bad; but we do draw the line at "aerogation." The purveyors of ethereal "shop" will shortly be weighing in with aerobats and airgineers, atmobuses and other horrific hybrids. The great tailoring firms are already designing aeroplane costumes, and soon it will be too late to protest. When the trade gets hold of the classical lexicons, beware of the consequences.

"Mr. H. B. Irving last night presented that version of "Hamlet" associated with the name of his father. Mr. Irving gives us a Hamlet who, though melancholy, is far from mad. Mamlet, in the hands of Mr. Irving, is saved from, etc."—*Yorkshire Post.*

This looks more like three versions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

At first sight Mr. George Russell seems to be coming down in the world. A year ago he published a book entitled *A Pocketful of Sixpences*. His latest effort, issued by Grant Richards, is called *Some Threepenny Bits*. His threepenny bits are however equal in value to most *causeurs'* half-crowns. Like the two volumes preceding, this latest is made up of brief chatty letters much too good to be buried in the columns of the newspaper in which they originally appeared. Mr. Russell holds all literature at his call. He has read everything, and, what is more rare, remembers it. Out of a rich well-ordered store, he at the proper moment recalls and drops in the right place an illuminating story or illustration. Any subject will serve—Brighton, Budgets, Bank Holiday, Black Rod, May Day, or Lords-Lieutenant. He chats about them with the absence of effort that seems so easy to acquire and yet to most of us is impossible. As there is no reason why he should discontinue the series (there are Pennies, Halfpennies, and even Farthings still to be utilised as titles) it may be worth while to point out an unworthy little mannerism. When he quotes a sentence or a passage, he invariably repeats the first word or two. For example: "'Christmas,' said Dr. Liddon, in one of his greatest orations—'Christmas, if not the first,'" etc. "'Closely akin,' as preachers say—'closely akin,' the subject of Xmas cards," etc. This repetition is not necessary, and in the course of a portly volume becomes irritating.



A MUTUAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

(Being an unrecorded incident of the Age of Chivalry.)

It is customary for dramatic critics to inform the luckless author that his plot would make a better novel than it does a play; but Mr. Frankfort Moore has reversed the situation, for his novel, *Love and the Interloper* (Hutchinson) would be more successful on boards theatrical than within those provided by the bookbinder. It is, indeed, pure melodrama, even to the hasty father, who exclaims, "I see it all now. Oh, but you were easily duped!" But the beautiful Irish heroine, as was right and proper, was not duped after all when she fell in love with the gamekeeper, who actually, of course, was not a gamekeeper at all, but a real English Major who had been in real wars. There is also the heavy villain, a bogus Captain, who is naturally put to flight and shame in the last chapter—or is it the Fifth Act?—when all ends happily, and virtue triumphs. Though the scene is laid in Ireland, with the necessary machinery of banshees, blackthorns, and beggars, one seems to have stepped inadvertently into the old Adelphi. But one might do worse on an idle evening.

It is no indictment of Mr. Tom Gallon's *The Lackey and the Lady* (Hurst and Blackett) to say that I have little desire to meet his characters in the flesh. For, although to spend a week-end with people like the *Duncimans* would bore me to tears, to read about them is instructive. *Mr. Horace Dunciman*, the tyrannical head of the family, was a man of maxims, who regarded himself as a kind of provincial Providence. On the first page of the book he fires off the maxim "that the grand principle of life is that each man shall know his place—and each woman, for the matter of that; moreover, that they shall keep those places," and, as he said this "on every possible occasion," I don't wonder that his children rebelled. It is not, therefore, with their disobedience that I find fault, but with their way of showing it. They should, I think, have found less perilous methods of revolting from a preposterous papa. For *Miss Dunciman* marries the strong, forceful butler, while *Tony Dunciman* consoles himself by wedding a barmaid. We bid farewell to the rebels as they start to Australia under the wing of the forceful one. It is very satisfactory that *Mr. Dunciman's* main maxim should have been so badly spiked, but I cannot help feeling that it was a little hard upon Australia.

Plenty to puzzle, though nothing to trouble you,
Everything kindly and most of it gay,
That 's what you get in a story by W.
W. J.

Seagoing worthies, and longshoremen various,
Humorous schemers for numerous ends,
Lovemakers turbulent, placid, hilarious—
These are his friends.

Jacobs I mean, of course—Jacobs the novelist;
Such are a few of the folk at his call;
I couldn't write, if you offered a sov., a list
Showing them all.

Salthaven (Methuen) provides a main love affair
Mixed with two others tied up in a knot;
That 's, with the trimmings suggested above, a fair
View of the plot.

Slight? Well, it seems so, but often a definite
Recipe seems quite insipidly tame
Till it 's made up with the hand of the chef in it;
This is the same.



THE EGOIST.

Boy. "'E's got my kite!"

THE MODEL HOME.

Or, Love in a Cottage.

Time was (when charming bungalows were scanty
And bijou villas had not flecked the plains)
I dreamed of married bliss inside a shanty,
For love is more than drains.

I wooed a maiden then, the queen of mortals,
But less inclined than I to laugh at gold;
So, since it did not run to marble portals,
The banns were never told.

But now on every side I note upspringing
Delightful cottages, like dwarf hotels,
Where Amaryllis and her spouse are ringing
Their own electric bells.

Where luxury and cheapness go together,
And up-to-date improvements blossom free;
The walls are built to stand our island weather,
The baths are h. and c.

I note, I say, these nutshell Paradises,
And, noting, muse upon my faithless love;
These little Edens might have solved the crisis
Referred to up above.

In some such home she might have lived contented
To share (on gravel soil) a pauper's lot;
But as the pleasing type was not invented
Our idyll went to pot.

Nor am I certain, I who used to grovel,
Licking her fairy footsteps like a cur,
And picture heaven in a hut or hovel,
Or anywhere with her—

That I should find the prospect now so rosy,
Not even if the maid were free to come
And shrine her graceful presence in a cosy
Detached Elysium.

One grows more careful; and these glorious mixtures
Of cot and palace with their ten-foot drives—
They have no charm included in the fixtures
For making model wives.

Following on the action of *The Daily Mail*, which has recently cabled to Constantinople, guaranteeing on behalf of the British people that not a hair of Young Turkey's head shall be plucked, and has received in answer the enthusiastic gratitude of the Ottoman Empire, it is reported that *The Tooting Advertiser* has sent a message in the following terms to the Grand Slamjack of Novi-Bazar:—"*Tooting Advertiser*, as mouthpiece of great British Nation, bids you fear nothing"; and that a correspondent has cabled to this effect: "A great demonstration of Novi-Bazarians has been held outside the house of a British resident who is known to have once contributed a paragraph to *The Tooting Advertiser;* and for three hours the air was rent with rockets and cheers for Great Britain."

THE POLICE-COURT DICTIONARY.

[The following scene, based on Miss PANKHURST'S examination of Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE as to the meaning of the phrase "to rush the House of Commons," is liable to occur at any time.]

Suffragette (acting as Counsel for her own defence). Is your name HERBERT HENRY ASQUITH?

Witness. Yes, please.

You are, I think, at present the so-called Prime Minister of England?—Yes, thank you.

Very well, then. Be so good as to answer my questions briefly and orally. Have you read our latest handbill?—I have glanced at it, but did not commit its contents to memory.

Then I will read it to you. (*Reads.*) "Men and brothers, come in your myriads to Parliament Square to-morrow evening after dark and help us to stamp on the police, overthrow the Liberal Party, make a clean sweep of ASQUITH, annihilate the Cabinet, and blow up the House of Commons." Now, how does that strike you?—Rather forcibly. (*Laughter.*)

Now let us take these phrases seriatim. First, "to stamp on the police." Do you keep a dictionary at home?

Witness (to Magistrate). Need I answer that question?

Magistrate. I think you had better be quite frank.

Witness. Well, then, I keep two: a Webster for the meaning of words, and a small handy one for spelling.

Suffragette. If you consult your Webster you will find that the word "stamp" means "a mark set upon things chargeable with duty to Government." May not the police be described as "things chargeable with duty to Government"?—Possibly; but that doesn't make the process of stamping less painful.

Kindly confine yourself to plain answers to my questions. I find that "to stamp" means "to imprint; as, *to stamp virtuous principles on the heart.*" Now, taking the words "virtuous principles" as understood in our phrase "to stamp on the police," can you detect anything riotous in the invitation to come and stamp virtuous principles on the police?—I should resent it if anyone tried the operation on me.

I can well believe it would be a novel and shocking experience to you. (*Laughter.*) Now pass to the next phrase—"overthrow the Liberal Party." Have you ever played cricket?—Not of recent years. I have taken to golf.

Still you will not have forgotten that the word "overthrow" means an action on the part of a fielder which causes extra runs to accrue to the side that is in. Would your Party, who are at present in, object to any action which increased their score through no merit of their own?—On the contrary we want all the runs we can get. But wasn't your "overthrow" more of a verb than a noun?

Don't quibble. Now look at the next phrase—"make a clean sweep of ASQUITH." Are you prepared to deny that a "sweep" is one who brushes the chimney and so purifies the hearth?—No, but I only speak from hearsay.

And is it not among your duties as Prime Minister to help to purify the national hearth?—That is, I believe, the idea.

Then, morally speaking, you are a sweep? (*Laughter.*)—Not so black, I hope, as I am painted. (*Renewed laughter.*)

But if we made a *clean* sweep of you this would remove the chief blemish in your calling as a sweep?—Yes; but I should want soft-soap, and you mustn't scrub too hard. (*Laughter, accompanied by clicks from newspaper cameras.*)

Very well, then. I now come to the phrase—"annihilate the Cabinet." What do you understand by the word "annihilate"?—To reduce to nothing.

Right first time. But suppose we are dealing with nonentities? Is it possible to reduce nothing to nothing?—It is certainly unusual.

I must trouble you to say Yes or No.—No.

Then to invite the public to "annihilate the Cabinet" was to ask an impossibility—always a harmless thing to do. And so we come to the final phrase—"blow up the Houses of Commons." Now I find in my lexicon that "to blow up" means "to scold violently." Is it your experience that hard words ever broke any bones?—I have never personally had any success that way.

Very well, then. A second meaning is "to fill with air." Would it in your opinion be likely to lead to a disturbance of the peace if an attempt were made to give the House of Commons a better ventilation?—Some of the more elderly Members might complain of the draught.

We could give them shawls in exchange for votes. (*Loud laughter.*) A third meaning is "to inflate, to puff up; as, *to blow up one with flattery.*" Have you never heard of this being done by Members of Parliament to one another, or even to themselves?—I must have notice of that question.

I will trouble you, finally, with one more dictionary interpretation of the words "to blow up." They may mean "to raise into the air," that is, to lift above the level of earth into a purer atmosphere. In the case of the Commons would this require violence?—I am of that opinion.

But not necessarily physical violence?—No, spiritual pressure might do it; but it would have to be violent.

Thank you, Mr. ASQUITH, that will do. You may stand down. O. S.

[NOTE.—An impressionist report of the recent Bow Street proceedings, by a Correspondent who was unable to be present, appears on page 322.]

MY WOODCOCK.

I STOOD in the ride, and the glamour
Of Autumn was gold on the trees,
While the far-away beaters' faint clamour
Was borne on the whispering breeze,
When the voices that came through the cover
With the tapping of stick upon stock
Rang out with a roar—"Woodcock over!
Cock forward! Mark cock!"

Like a weather-stained leaf that is lifted
When March is in maddest of moods,
Through the tops of the beeches he drifted,
A little brown ghost of the woods;
Bombarded with passionate vigour,
He lazily dodged down the line,
And I knew, as I pressed on the trigger,
I *knew* he was mine!

My bright locks may fade and grow duller,
My keen glance may weaken, but still
I shall see the soft pinion's warm colour,
The length of that insolent bill;
And, till Age leaves me withered and one-eyed
At the ultimate end of my road,
I shall hear the click-click of the gun I 'd
Omitted to load!



KEEPING IN WITH THE HARE.

German Kaiser (*to hare*) "DEAR OLD CHAP, YOU MUSTN'T THINK I'M HUNTING YOU. I'M JUST RUNNING BESIDE MY FRIEND HERE, TO SAVE HIM FROM FEELING LONELY!"



TRUE BRITISH MODESTY.

Fair American (to officer wearing V.C.). "Say, how did you get that el'oant little cross?"
V.C. "Oh, I dunno. Pullin' some silly rotter out of a hole."

THE WASTERS.

Perhaps I am over-thrifty—I can't say. But there are times when I cannot bear the prodigality of our authors.

Take this case. Thousands, perhaps, might pass it unmoved, withers unwrung; but wherever it crops up I find myself in affliction over it. You know the incident. It is where the heroine, being in possession of certain gold that has a curse attached to it, or some rare jewels that have apparently brought ill-luck, flings it or them into the deep lake or river to moonlight effects and a pæan of approbation on the part of the lover. As thus:

"She took the sparkling gems in her hand, regarding curiously their beauty and seeming innocence; then she leaned over the high parapet and dropped them through her fingers into the silent waters beneath."

After which the pair of them go home with a load off their minds. They are also rather puffed up at having done a courageous thing. But would not a better way have been to sell those jewels and devote their value to some charitable use? convert them—literally, the evil things!—and get them into the way of doing good? I hate to think of all that treasure lying idle in the lake or river; and there will perhaps come a day when they will both regret their sacrifice—a day when they would be rather glad of the stuff for themselves, and when their minds are not in quite such accord over the disposal of it. He will recollect that it was *her* light-hearted idea chucking good money away, while she will remind him that he, and he alone, suggested the very manner of its disposition.

There is, however, a more trifling matter than this which yet disturbs my equipoise to an even greater degree. As a boy I was still more strongly affected by it than I am to-day. It is where, after the receipt of ill news, or the frustration of some high hope, the heroine leaves a meal untouched—tea, of all things! I can see the tray temptingly set forth—hot buttered toast, bread-and-butter, clean, cheerful crockery, and fragrant tea; but my lady has no appetite, and either struggles with half a slice of thin bread-and-butter, or pushes away the whole thing intact. The reader has to sit there helpless and see it all spoiling. Hot buttered toast! What calamity on earth can justify the rejection of hot buttered toast? Meat, vegetables—ah, that 's another matter. There are many times when the sight, or even the thought, of such is abhorrent. I could see a dinner-tray being left untouched and not turn a hair. But tea—refreshing tea. And thin bread-and-butter. And toast—hot buttered toast. I lose sympathy at once. The next page—nay, the very next paragraph—may palpitate with mystery and emotion, but only with difficulty can I force my eyes to pursue the printed words. In spirit I am dallying with the despised toast and the thin bread-and-butter; mentally

I am stirring the hot, fragrant tea or fondling the teapot.

I hear the villain creeping up the stair; in a vaguer sense I hear the awful onward march of Fate; but I am unshaken. I am thinking of that toast. What are the footsteps of Fate to me? I want to hear the footsteps of Mary Ann coming to save the ruins. If I cannot have the repast myself, at least Mary Ann might be allowed to come and fetch it before it is all cold and hopelessly indigestible.

Can it be that authors themselves are indifferent to the claims of tea and toast? Or are they particularly sensitive to them, and does a cankering self-interest lie at the root of their behaviour in this matter? Do they, for instance, hazily imagine that in some future life all the delectable platefuls and cupfuls that have been spurned in their pages will fall to their lot as author's perquisites? But I can hardly credit them with so fanciful a folly as that; and in any case tea should not be allowed to stand, and buttered toast wants eating hot.

HOW TO EMPLOY THE UNEMPLOYABLES.

Interesting Suggestions.

Sir William Grantham's proposal that work should be found for the unemployed by planting the useless land belonging to the Government near Broadmoor with fir trees, to be made into railway sleepers when big enough, has prompted a host of correspondents to favour us with similar suggestions for the relief and employment of the unemployables. A selection from their letters is now placed before our readers:—

A Boon to Theatrical Managers.

Dear Sir,—I believe there is no doubt that, with some exceptions, the theatres are not doing as well as their lessees and managers would like. Surely this state of affairs affords fruitful scope for dealing with the unemployable element by utilizing this class of "out-of-works" as deadheads on a large scale. I am emboldened to put forward this suggestion by the facts that Mr. Snowden, M.P., in commenting on Mr. Victor Grayson's conduct in the House of Commons, laid special stress on its theatricality, and that Mr. G. B. Shaw has boldly taken his stand on Mr. Grayson's side. Would it not be possible for Mr. Shaw to give a series of performances of his plays in which the leading parts were assigned to Mr. Grayson, Mr. Gray and other prominent leaders, while the rank and file were admitted to the stalls and boxes? Yours faithfully,

Common Sense.

The Arcade, Peebles, N.B.

Road Hogs and the Unemployables.

Dear Sir,—As the number of motor accidents is steadily increasing, it seems to me that the leading automobile organizations would be doing a great public service if they utilised the services of the unemployables to remove or render first aid to the victims along the most frequented thoroughfares, such as the Brighton and Portsmouth roads. If they were stationed at intervals of ten yards along the first-named road, occupation would be found for no fewer than 8,800 persons.

Yours faithfully,

Experto Crede.

Moke Grange, Horley.

How to Save Eton.

Dear Sir,—There are, in round numbers, some 1,100 boys at Eton, our premier public school, but, unless I am greatly mistaken, there are not more than seventy masters to instruct the pick, the flower, the *crème-de-la-crème* of British and Judæo-British youth. This is not as it should be. The science of pædagogics teaches us that individual attention is of paramount importance in higher education. The true ideal should be one boy one master. I therefore suggest that the teaching staff of Eton should be at once supplemented by one thousand of the unemployables, whose special function should be to instruct their young charges in the beauties of the simple life, of strenuous thinking and contemplative quietism. England is being ruined by the nervous exhaustion produced by the cult of hustle. What we need to restore the balance is a little more of the sweet reasonableness of the Weary Willie.

Yours faithfully,

Uther Pupe.

Pimpernel Lodge, Sutton.

A Hint to Editors.

Dear Sir,—The problem of the unemployables is serious but not desperate. Personally I am convinced that it can be solved on the following lines. The output of novels during the last week has been so enormous that a newspaper friend of mine tells me that the floor of his editor's sanctum has given way beneath their superincumbent bulk, while his literary staff is totally inadequate to cope with their numbers. I suggest, therefore, that all the leading papers during the winter publishing season should give at least temporary work as novel-reviewers to those members of the non-working classes who are incapable of sustained manual labour.

Faithfully yours,

Tarley Bindells, M.A.

The Skelligs, Maida Vale.

MORE EDITORIAL CHANGES.

The announcement that Mr. Roosevelt, on leaving the White House, will undertake the editorship of *The Outlook* (U.S.A.), at a salary of £6,000 a year, has, naturally enough, excited considerable envy amongst other potentates and princes.

Thus we understand that King Peter of Servia has communicated with his distinguished namesake, Mr. Peter Keary, with a view to ascertain whether, in the event of his abdication, there would be any room for him on the staff of *Pearson's Weekly*.

The Tsar of Russia, so we are credibly informed, has offered to act as Russian correspondent for *The Skibbereen Eagle*, at the modest salary of £250 a month, a request which is receiving the attention of the executive of the National Directory in Dublin.

The Sultan of Turkey, whose anxiety as to his future is, by no means reassured, has, we are told on good authority, approached the proprietors of *The Poulterers' Gazette* in the hope of securing a remunerative appointment on the staff of that well-known and influential journal, should his position at Yildiz Kiosk become untenable.

The Sultan of Morocco has, according to trustworthy accounts, applied for the post of dramatic critic to *The Leathersellers' Journal*, at a purely nominal salary.

In this context we may note that Mr. Grayson, M.P., who has recently been appointed joint editor of *The New Age*, declines to corroborate the report that, on his leaving the Board of Trade, Mr. Winston Churchill will join the staff as leader-writer with a salary of £200 a week.

The nomination of Miss Dove for the Mayoralty of High Wycombe is to be signalised by a new grand serial in one of our leading halfpennies, entitled *The Dove in the Marc's Nest*.

THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

I FOUND it, on my return from holiday-making, amongst a score of others, review copies mostly, that awaited me upon my study table. If, then, I select this modest and slender little volume from among its companions for detailed notice, it is a proof that its appeal, to me certainly, was more direct and immediate than theirs. And this very quality is surely one of the primary tests of literature.

In *format* it was, as I have hinted, unpretentious. Small octavo would, I believe, be the technical description, simply yet tastefully bound in cream parchment (or is it buckram?) without lettering. These, however, after all, are mere externals. It was that within which claimed my attention, and of which I wish to speak now. The record of little more than a year (though this in itself is nothing, since an entire novel can be written about Three Weeks), in a style restrained and austere to the verge of curtness, it unfolds a history of contemporary life such as I have seldom known to be equalled, either for its firm grasp of essential facts, or corresponding disregard of mere accessories. Not a line of description is to be found from beginning to end of the book; weather and scenery are alike ignored; yet by a single touch —a mere word, perhaps, or a name, even the title of a commercial firm— the anonymous writer can bring before me the seasons and their changing attributes with a vivid realism for which HARDY or MEREDITH might strive in vain.

One is tempted to quote. That fine passage, for example, beginning —"March 12th. Motor Co., £350" —there is all the spring in this, cleansing winds, and the call of the open road. And then, almost immediately below, comes a name that I recall as that of the chairman of a bench of rustic *Shallows*, and attached to it the significant figures £5 6s. 8d. A whole tragedy in two lines. What reticence, yet what superb mastery of medium! And these are only two instances out of many.

Of the ethical value of the book it would be almost impossible to speak too highly. Though, in common with other *genre* studies of a similar type, it contains little actual plot, the motive of the whole I take to be expressed, clearly enough, in the form of a tremendous contrast or parallel between the two great attributes of human existence — receptivity and distributiveness, the capacities, inherent in every one of us, of taking in and giving out. It is in this contrast that the great interest of the work lies. Thus, on the one side we have the radiant opening, due in part to the influence of heredity, by which a man may start with all the possibilities of future greatness already, so to speak, in hand; on the other, the corroding influences of everyday life, the output of energy wastefully exhausted in the combat with the crowd.

Nor is this the only message of the book. Not even in IBSEN'S *Peer Gynt* does the idea of Self assume greater prominence. It is indeed this theme, again and again repeated, that forms the burden of one side—the least pleasant—of the parallel, and is responsible in great measure for that final want of balance that brings about the tragic *dénouement*. This last, however unexpected (and, for my own part, up to within a few lines of it I had been confident of a happy ending), is indicated with a pitiless logic that constrains the reader's unwilling belief. Some might call the climax overdrawn; it is at least seen, on retrospection, to have been inevitable. In short, a powerful and undeniably interesting little book, a copy of which would form an ideal Christmas or wedding present. I should mention that it came to me enclosed in a blue envelope, with my banker's compliments.



"MY GOOD GIRL, TAKE THE CHILD OUT!"
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. WE ALWAYS DOES IT THIS WAY!"

DISCURSIONS.

Mr. Moberly's Amazement.

"I met old Moberly the other day"—it was the pale young stockjobber who spoke—"and he gave me a fair eye-opener. You know the man I mean, a pompous old chap with a reddish face and a shiny bald head, any amount of corporation and heavy gold watch-chain laid across it. Uses long words and gets his sentences finished. He 's no end of a terror on this line—always keeps the guards and porters in order and writes to the papers if the train 's late. He 's awfully down on the youngsters, too—seems to think they 've no business to be young, you know, and all that. He 's the fellow who said the young men of the present day had lost all capacity for veneration and were rapidly becoming public dangers owing to their slang and their habits of extravagant dissipation. He said it at a big public dinner, and, I tell you, it made 'em all sit up.

"Well, I saw him the other day, and I got a regular shock. He looked as if he 'd had a puncture, all loose and flabby, and the colour gone out of him. I saw he wanted to tell me something, so I made it easy for him; looked kind and comforting and drew him out. 'Look here, Moberly,' I said, 'there 's no one else in the carriage. You make a clean breast of it, my boy. I don't care how bad it is; mum 's the word with me when a pal 's up the spout. It 'll do you good to talk a bit; any one can see that. Murder or forgery or bigamy, it 's all one to me. I shouldn't mind if you 'd been carrying a banner in a Suffragette procession or spouting against the police in Trafalgar Square.'

"What with one joke or another I got him to talk at last, but it took a long time. At first he just stared over my head and kept saying 'They took me away.' He said it over and over again in a very indignant way till I couldn't stand it any more. I told him I 'd stop the train and have the guard in if he didn't get on with it. 'Who took you away?' I said, 'and why did they take you? Why should anybody want to take a harmless old buffer like you?' This sort of stirred him up and he gave me the story.

"He said it all happened when he was in his smoking-room after dinner one day a week or so back. He was just thinking of lighting up one of his best Cabanas when somebody got hold of his hair—he hasn't got any on top, you know; only tufts and fringes at the sides and back—and pulled like winking, and when he tried to shout he couldn't. Then he looked round and found he wasn't in his smoking-room at all, but in a garden behind a clump of trees with a couple of little boys in knickerbockers. One of the nippers had got a bit of cane, and the other had rolled up a piece of brown paper, and they 'd set 'em alight, and there they were puffing away like mad. They didn't seem to see Moberly, which was lucky, for he 's a tiger on boys smoking—gave his own youngster an awful gruelling a short time back for bagging cigarettes—and he couldn't call out or do anything: just had to look on and see the little beggars blowing it out like chimneys. They grinned at first, and seemed to like it, but soon they got green, and—well, you know how that sort of thing always ends.

"But the worst of it was, Moberly said, that he was sure he 'd seen those two boys before, but he couldn't make out where. They were ordinary boys, with dirty hands and all that, but he knew he 'd met 'em somewhere. Then one of the boys turned round and Moberly saw a patch on the seat of his knickers and he remembered he 'd once had a patch like that himself, and then he got another tug on the hair and they took him away again.

"This time, he said, they took him to a funny old ramshackle room, and he recognised it as his own room in All Saints' College, Cambridge. But it couldn't really be that, he said, because it 's been pulled down. Anyhow, there were a lot of undergraduates there, sitting round a table, and they were going at one another to drink bumpers about something. One of 'em was a tidy young chap with any amount of crispy curls on his head, and he was standing up and making a speech, and chucking nuts at the other chaps and laughing; and at last he upped with a tumbler of fizz and tossed the whole of it off. Moberly said it was the most shameful thing he ever saw. It wasn't their own money, he said, but that of their poor parents. Then they got noisier and noisier, and at last a queer old woman with a bonnet on her head came rushing in and said the Junior Dean, or something of that sort, was outside, and then the whole thing just faded away, and they gave him another tug and he was back in his own smoking-room.

"It didn't seem much of a story, did it? But it had given him the knock and no mistake. The trouble was that he 'd once had a patch on his knickers like the little boy's patch; and when he was at Cambridge he was always called 'Curls.' Still, I can't believe old Moberly ever smoked a bit of brown paper or drank a bumper of fizz. Anyhow, it 's a queer world, and it 's a good thing we 're not all like Moberly."

IN A TRANSITIVE SENSE.

Scorning the savour of my humble grill,
I entered where the flower of London dines,
And ordered sumptuous meats and luscious wines,
And swallowed, like a duke, my lordly fill:
So did I purr contentedly, but still
Found room to taste the peaches and the pines,
And then, reflecting that I 'd cast my lines
In pleasant places, waited for the bill.
It was the chiefest waiter of the lot
Who deigned to hand it me without a blush;
I read it, gasped, and counted out the cash,
Then swiftly in one agonising flash
I realised what Christabel does not—
The active meaning of the verb "to rush"!

"Mme. Melba, who is now in Australia, is the prime mover in a new financial corporation."—*Daily Mail*, Oct. 22.

"One of the chief events of the musical season in Manchester will be the appearance of Madame Melba to-morrow."—*Daily Mail*, Oct. 23.

This should surely be a record passage.

"My Clients in the Alps and Caucasus. By A. F. Mummery."
The Times Literary Supplement.

Suggested sub-title: "An Hour by the Beautiful Black Sea or Lovely Lucerne for six-and-eightpence."



Officer investigating Old Age Pension claims. "Well, Mrs. Brady, and how old might you be?"
Mrs. Brady. "Sorra wan of me knows, indeed, Sor."
Officer. "Think now. Don't you know the date of your birth?"
Mrs. B. "The date of my birth, is it? Sure, there was no such things as dates when I was born!"

CHARIVARIA.

Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador at Constantinople, has complained to the Porte of an article in the *Kalem*, the Turkish *Punch*, disparaging the German Emperor, and has demanded that legal proceedings be instituted against the editor. How fortunate that the English *Kalem* has been uniformly respectful to His Imperial Majesty!

***

The natives, we read, observed the third anniversary of the partition of Bengal as a day of mourning, discarding their clothes. The dusky races have, of course, a peculiar advantage in the matter of mourning, which is so expensive over here. *They* simply doff their clothes, and there they are.

***

Mr. Grayson has made it clear that he does not intend to apologise, and this means that the House of Commons will be deprived of his services for the rest of the Session. Mr. Grayson considers, however, that the punishment is no more severe than the House deserves.

The latest rumour about the Elkins-Abruzzi affair is that the lady's father has consented to the match subject to the royal bridegroom's agreeing to change his name to the Duke of Elkins.

***

A curious feature of the Statistics as to Old Age Pensions issued last week is the enormous number of applicants from Ireland. This is said to be due to the fact that in the Distressful Country one becomes old more quickly than in other parts of the British Isles.

***

Mention of Old Age Pensions reminds us that the kindly editor of a certain comic paper is said to have returned an ancient and much respected joke to a contributor the other day with a polite note and a P.O. for five shillings.

***

Mr. Haldane has stated that the average annual cost of a cavalryman is £61 17*s.* 2*d.*, and of an infantryman £57 6*s.* 4*d.* Now that the capitalised value of our soldiers can be reckoned, many little servant-girls have already started saving up to buy one as a keep-sake.

"I do not want the public to think that the British Army is going down," said our War Minister at Caterham. It certainly seems to experience some difficulty in keeping up, to judge by what happened to our Airship and our Aeroplane.

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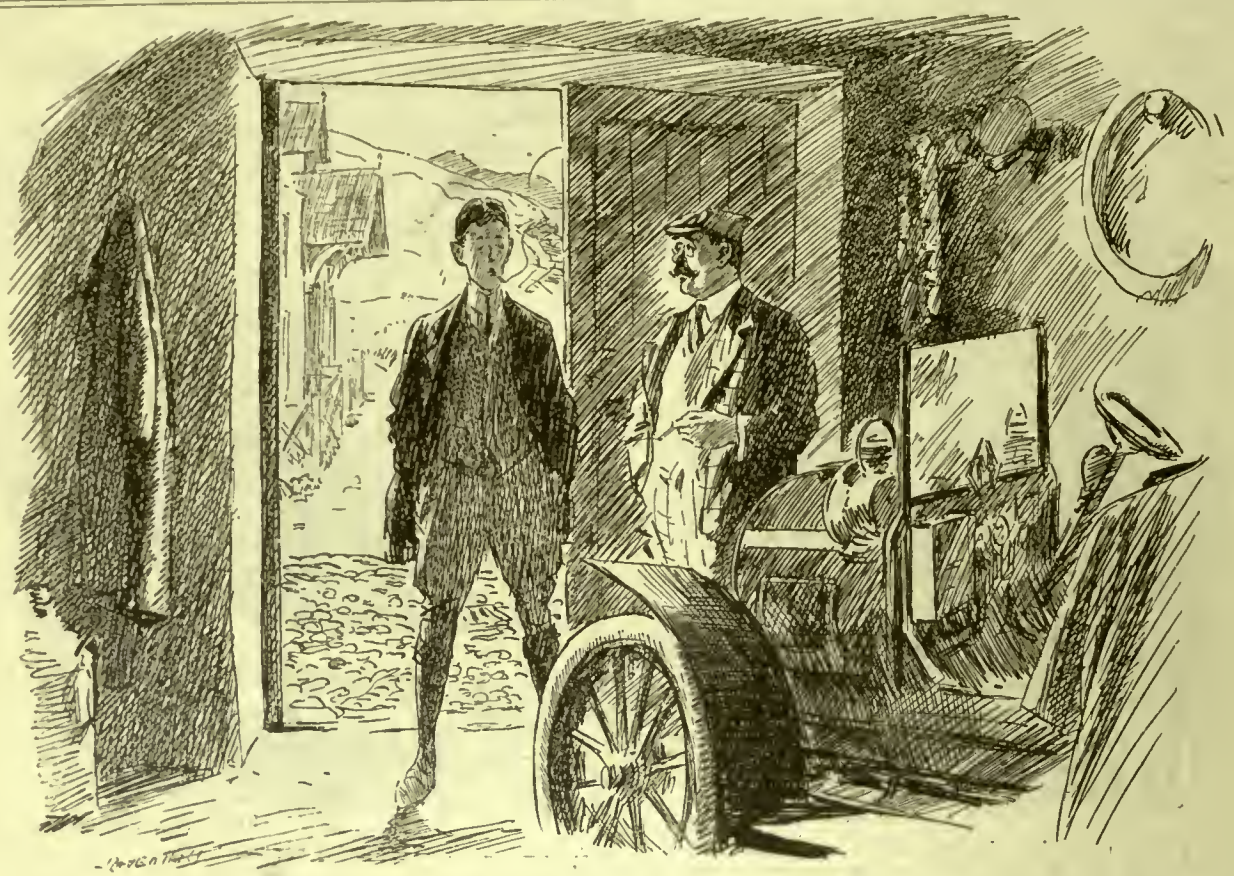
The directors of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, announce in their annual report a profit of £20,651 for the past year. £10,000 of this has been put to reserve, and it is hoped that they will be able with this sum to lay down a better lot of pheasants for next year's warm corner.

***

The managers of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, have set apart a suite of rooms for use as an emergency hospital. It is thought that this will attract many wealthy diners who have hitherto been afraid to eat too much.

***

Last week an accused man boasted to the magistrate that when he was in prison he wrote 158 poems. A saddening feature of our police courts is the number of individuals they reveal who appear to be dead to all sense of shame.



Brown (expatiating on the merits of his latest bargain). "I don't say she 's much to look at, but you should see the way she takes a hill!" *Friend (callously).* "Up or down?"

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Lines written before the present cold.

[A Paris firm is issuing cards to be worn in the button-hole bearing this inscription: "I am very well, thank you. I am fully aware of the state of the weather, and have heard all the latest news."]

"How are you?" "Back again from gay Paree?"
"Amazing weather for the time of year!"
"Been lately to the play? Seen Beerbohm Tree?
Fine spectacle!" "Hear Jones is made a peer?"
"Another heat-wave—what?
Astounding for October, is it not?"

How long have I endured these scores and scores
Of commonplaces, obvious, trite and vain,
How long have suffered—far from gladly—bores
At luncheon, dinner, in the club and train!
How often have I prayed
To hear no more of Tariffs or Free Trade!

Judge, then, what gladness gurgled in my throat
When I obtained this cardlet for a *sou*
And stuck it on the lapel of my coat.
Henceforth all commonplace must be taboo,
Nor should I waste my time
With stuff that 's neither witty nor sublime.

No more I 'd be a bather from the beach
Who, ere he swims, must wade through tedious shoals;
But, leaping from some eminence, I 'd reach
At one swift plunge the depths of kindred souls,
And in a moment glean
From their dark caverns gems of ray serene.

Heart beating gaily, expectation high,
I sallied forth, my cardlet on my breast.
Now shall I hear pure wisdom, fancied I,
Truth of grave import or some matchless jest;
Now shall I never know
Aught but the soul of wit, the dazzling *mot*.

Vain fancies! Idle visionary views!
I soon discovered that when I had barred
My health, the weather and the latest news
Men left me all alone with my poor card.
Deprive our human brains
Of humble commonplace, and what remains?

Is the Race Degenerating?

"About a month ago a long red radish reached us from a reader of the normal size of a carrot."—*Amateur Gardening.*

"In a moment of forgetfulness, the envelope found its way into a dustbin."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Instead of going straight off to Leamington as directed. Luckily, it was able to give its name and address to a policeman before losing consciousness.

"He wished that the greatest need of prosperity would be theirs during that winter course of lectures, and that they might be followed by many other curses in the future. (Applause.)"—*Leigh Chronicle.*

Those misprints seem a little thing to the compositor at the time, but they can give quite a different shade of meaning to the simplest speech.



MUTUAL AID.

Unemployed. "NOT MUCH DOIN' IN YOUR LINE, GUVNOR? WELL, DON'T LOSE 'EART. ME AND MY MATES WE 'GOT SOME TIME ON OUR 'ANDS AND WE'LL 'ELP YOU THROUGH THE WINTER."

Sergeant Haldane. "CAPITAL! BUT DON'T GIVE ME AWAY. I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING *YOU!*"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, October 19th.—One hundred and fifteen questions on the printed paper. Of the first fourteen exactly one-half stand in name of "Magnall's Questions" Ashley. That only half the story. In no conceivable circumstances touching any topic under the sun does M. Q. accept Minister's reply as payment in full. Always puts supplementary interrogation, sometimes two or more.

During Mr. Gully's Speakership this little diversion would have been impossible. Amiable in itself it is a little disheartening to the rest of six hundred and seventy Members who also want to know a thing or two, and, coming low down on the list, find Question time is over before their name is called on. Mr. Lowther's predecessor in the chair took the view that, in accordance with Standing Orders, a Member desiring to cross-examine a Minister must give due notice. Of course occasion may arise when supplementary question is necessary, at least excusable. Constant habit of putting such questions is an evasion of the Standing Order, which occasionally leads to heated discussion and angry scenes.

This afternoon, for example, debate extending over several minutes was permitted consequent on question addressed to Postmaster-General relative to telephone service. At a quarter to four, when process of enquiry was cut short by what in debate on Licensing Bill is known as the time limit, whilst at least one hundred and fifteen questions had been put and answered, nearly one-half of those framed in accordance with Standing Orders and printed on paper were not reached.

Effect of this irregularity on elderly gentleman in Strangers' Gallery deplorable. Sat mute during opening stage of Committee on Children's Charter, deliberating over the Mother of Parliament's methods of doing business. House cleared for division. Members strolling back to places. Could bear the strain no longer.

"Gentlemen," he observed, rising to his feet, flinging back a mane of unkempt hair, and gently waving a bundle of paper held in his hand, "I have here a petition which I have presented to the Prime Minister, and," he continued, beaming genially on the crowd of upturned faces, "I should like you to read it."

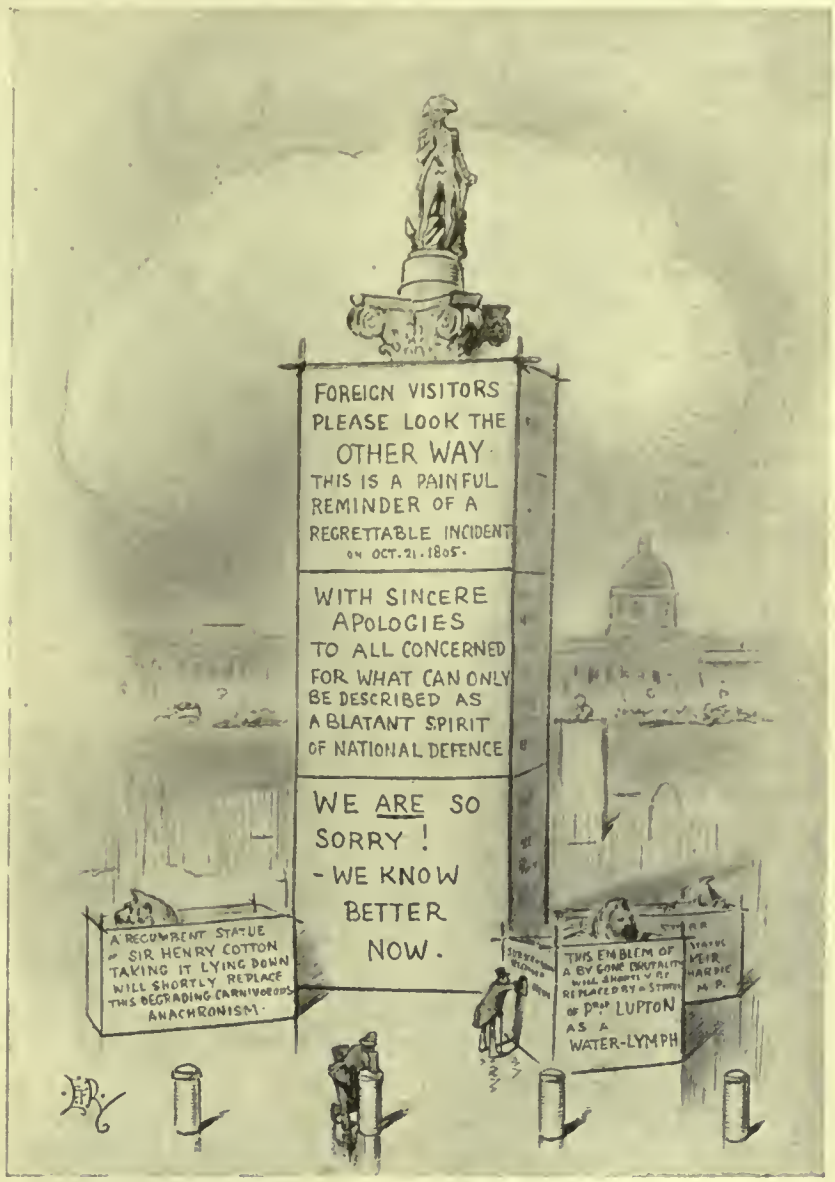
This the exordium of what promised to be a long and interesting speech. Before the stranger could continue, the attendant seated at top of gangway stairs was upon him. Sark tells me that recent incidents in the House have led to institution of new exercise for the Messengers. It is known as the hop-step-skip movement. Prizes are given to the Messenger who from any given quarter, whether at the doorway or in Strangers' Gallery, can with greatest swiftness and surest precision execute the movement so as to descend exactly within grasp of any stranger, male or female, presuming to usurp privileges of Members who have exclusive right to address the Chair.

Gallery Messenger did the trick *à merveille*. The elderly stranger was collared simultaneously with arrival at full-stop of first sentence. Had just time to exclaim, "Here it is," and fling the petition on to floor to be scrambled for by hon. Members when he was led forth.

"It 's a good scheme," he confidentially assured the House as he disappeared through the Gallery door; "much better than talk about cigarettes."

Business done.—Children's Charter read a third time amid general congratulation.

Tuesday.—Quite affecting scene at opening of Sitting. It appears that War Office is about to acquire in neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain land for building artillery range. Time was during existence of late Govern-



"Trafalgar Day" as some people would perhaps prefer it.
(Dedicated to those, in and out of Parliament, whom the cap fits.)

ment when Salisbury Plain, the purchase of land thereabout, and the erection of costly buildings for War Office purposes were taboo. In St. John Brodrick's day, with St. Michael and All Angels Chancellor of Exchequer, it was the Liberals who wanted to know all about expenditure of public money in this quarter. A great deal happened since then. Incidents remembered only by old Members, of whom few leaven present House. So Walter Long comes up fresh and early with mitrailleuse discharge of Questions.

"Hit high or hit low, I cannot please you," moaned Napoleon Bonaparte Haldane, giving impatient touch to Imperial curl on his massive brow. "I am blamed at one moment for not going fast enough to complete efficient training of Territorial forces, and when I move I am pulled up."

It was here Goulding interposed. "Is the right hon. gentleman aware," he asked in voice that only half controlled a sob, "that great distress exists among aged agricultural labourers who have lost their avocation by reason of this purchase and are at the present time in want?"

Here was N. B. Haldane's opportunity. Dashed in with the quickness and force that flashed under the sun at Austerlitz.

"The hon. Member," he said, "is a little mixed. The project has not yet been carried out."

This rather a nasty one for the gushing Goulding. Members sitting near him, moved by his lightly-touched but vivid picture of aged agriculturists in smock-frocks (probably carrying crooks), seated by the roadside looking with dimmed eyes on their cottages levelled, their holdings seized by a ruthless War Minister, were led into backing him up with angry cheer directed at Treasury Bench. Now it turned out that War Office was not yet in possession of land, and that Goulding's touching picture was a work of fancy. Incident led to marked coolness between hon. Member and his friends, which has not yet thawed.

Business done. — Getting on quickly, if not merrily, with Licensing Bill in Committee.

Wednesday.—When Premier rose to make statement on question of Unemployed, House presented appearance seen only some half-dozen times in course of Session. Was thronged from floor to topmost line of benches in Strangers' Gallery.



"The Gushing Goulding"
(Mr. E. Goulding, M.P. for Worcester).

Through the forty minutes' speech, exceptionally long for a master of brevity, a crowd of Members stood at the Bar. Every bench on floor occupied, others sat in the gangways, on the steps of the Throne, or flocked to side galleries looking down on animated scene.

Asquith at his best on such occasions. No one better than he can make devious paths straight or obscure places bright as day. Neither halted for exordium nor lingered for peroration. Just pegged away, expounding an intricate plan bristling with detail in manner that made its purpose plain.



Samples of Mr. Goulding's poor suffering, anticipatory, hypothetical agriculturists.

"Lar, Will'm! 'ow powerf'l mis'able we dew be gwine to be when things *dew* 'appen what 'aven't 'appened so fur!"

Of course the Labour Members want more, whilst the section of the Party represented by Keir Hardie and Will Thorne are not disposed, even for the welfare of the Unemployed, to lend a hand to any work with which John Burns is concerned. To their mind nothing good can come out of the Nazareth of the Local Government Board under administration of a former comrade who in respect of wages formerly stood on their level, but now draws £2,000 a year, is dubbed Right Honourable, has been known to spend a week-end at Sandringham, and really isn't a bit better than they. Taken together, these constitute an unpardonable sin.

House generally recognises in proposals a level-headed businesslike scheme, in which the tax-payer suffers minimum of exaction, and the honest workman is freed from degradation of eleemosynary aid. He gives a day's labour and receives a day's full pay, whilst concurrently work at the naval dockyards is hastened forward and N. B. Haldane beholds in sight the fulfilment of his plan for the organization of a special reserve twenty-four thousand strong.

Nor is the scheme without that touch of poetry which, whilst not indispensable, is alluring. Comes along the Postmaster-General, bubbling with generosity, bursting with opulence, promising employment at Christmas time for eight thousand unemployed! Engagement may last a full week and will be recompensed with a guerdon of twenty-five shillings. All that is needed is that the eight thousand unemployed should get along till Christmas time, and after.

Business done.—Six clauses of Licensing Bill added in Committee.

From an Examination Paper in Classical Geography.

"The Isles of Greece are always arguing because each one claims its island as the birthplace of Homer. Chaos has the most right to claim Homer."

An advertisement in *The Evening News* gives "seven important reasons" why you should clothe your feet in Somebody's Hosiery. We give a couple:—

"2. Absolutely unshrinkable.

6. Every pair bears Trade Mark, and if found to shrink will be replaced."

These two sentences should run concurrently.



GIFTS THAT EMBARRASS.

Host. "It's a great pleasure to be able to send a haunch to one's friends."
Candid Friend (absent-mindedly). "Yes, I believe there's venison buried all over England."

A DILEMMA.

My destiny shows me no mercy;
Mr. Punch, tell me what I can do;
Though my heart is attracted to Percy,
It 's equally tender to Hugh.
All day I sit silently weeping;
I look like a hollow-eyed ghost;
I 've finished with eating and sleeping,
Since they both sent proposals by post.

One true lover's knot I must sever:
If to Percy, oh dear, I say "Yes,"
Then Hugh will be banished for ever,
And I shall be torn with distress.
If Hugh slips the ring on my finger
While mute grows the whispering church,
I know my affections will linger
With Percy who 's left in the lurch.

For his face is so earnest and tender,
He 's sturdy without being fat;
He 'd make a delightful defender—
So would Hugh for the matter of that;—
And Hugh is so charming and sunny,
While Percy is really a wit,
And both have got plenty of money
(Not, of course, that *that* matters a bit).

I 'm harassed, upset and downhearted,
My thoughts, like an underground train,
Come back to the place where they started,
Without bringing light to my brain.
I *never* shall settle the question;
Oh, dear *Mr. Punch*, do be nice
And assist me with any suggestion—
Except your historic advice.

THE NATION'S SONGS.

The Evening News gives the following extract from a coming pantomime-song, which, according to a Mr. Lester Barrett, will be the particular rage of the coming season:—

"Oh! Oh! Antonio. He 's gone away,
Left me alone-i-o, all on my own-i-o.
I want to meet him and his new sweetheart,
Then up will go Antonio and his ice-cream cart."

Mr. Lester Barrett is described as "an expert in the popular song, and himself responsible for more verses of the Antonio description than he cares to recall."

A very proper reticence.

What a high part in our literary education is played by such national songs is made clear by a publisher's announcement of Mr. Clarence Rook's *London Side-Lights*. Mr. Edward Arnold puts forth his author's claims as follows: "He has found secrets of London hotels, he has pierced the problem of London traffic, he has been to queer boxing-contests, and he has been present at the birth of popular song."

In view of the brilliant promise held out by *Oh! oh! Antonio*, we congratulate Mr. Clarence Rook very heartily on his obstetrical experiences.

"For Sale.—Good Yard Doo; very strong greyhound; Irish terrier; colour brown; price 7s. 6d."—*Hants and Sussex News.*

"Mukes a nice white St. Bernard," the owner forgot to add.

Extract from the catalogue of no less a person than Bunsi Lall, of Dinapore:—

"I can supply a few kinds of below's articles on orders:

1. China Cane.
2. Hill and Country Potatoes.
3. Onion.
4. A few kinds of dusters."

Mr. Punch has cabled for Below's onion.

PORTIA!

The court was again crowded when the magistrate took his seat, and a large number of photographers and artists had to be excluded. The first witness called for the defence was Mr. George Meredith, O.M.

Portia (in a purple, green and white sash, and with her hair charmingly parted in the middle). You are Mr. Meredith, the novelist and poet?—I am.

Were you in the neighbourhood of Westminster on the night in question?—No.

Then you saw no signs of any attempt to rush the House of Commons?—No.

No disturbance whatever, in fact?—No.

This is a political movement, is it not? — (No answer.)

Well, it is, anyhow.

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?——Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

Portia. Thank you, Mr. Meredith. That will do.

The witness thereupon went back to Dorking.

The next witness was the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Grey, Bart.

Portia. You are Sir Edward Grey?—Yes.

You are naturally rather busy just now?—Yes.

With Cabinet Councils and so on?—Yes.

Please don't look at the magistrate, but attend to me. Casting your mind back to the last Cabinet Council, can you tell me if Mr. John Burns was there?—Yes.

Did he not once incite a crowd to riot in Trafalgar Square?—I have heard so.

And now he is in the Cabinet?—Yes.

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

The witness then returned to the Foreign Office.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier followed.

Portia. I shall not detain you a moment. Do you believe in votes for women?—Well, er——

Portia's mother. You agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother (triumphantly). There you are!

Sir Wilfrid then returned to Canada.

Inspector Jones was called, and went into the box.

Portia. You are Inspector Jones of the Metropolitan Police?—Yes.

Do you remember the Diamond Jubilee?—Fairly well.

Were there a number of people in the streets on that day?—A good number.

Any deaths or accidents of any kind in the crowd?—I believe so.

More than there were in Parliament Square on the night in question?—I should say so.

Was her late Majesty had up for inciting to riot?—I don't think so.

Thank you.

The inspector then left the box after assuring Portia's mother that he believed the disturbances would cease if women were given the vote.

The Magistrate asked how many more witnesses were to come.

Portia (with a glance at the photographers). Two hundred. I call Miss Millicent May.

Portia. You are a member of the Women's Social and Political Union, and think that women ought to have the vote?—Yes.

Why?—Well, you see, taxation without representation is tyranny, you see, and men got the vote years and years ago by breaking down the railings in Hyde Park, you see, so if we show we want the vote, we ought to have it, you see. Besides, everybody knows we ought to have it, you see, and——

The Magistrate. No, no, I cannot allow this.

Portia (sweetly and magnanimously). I bow to your worship's decision.

Portia's mother. This is a political movement, is it not, Miss May?—Certainly!

Portia's mother. There you are again!

Miss Flossie Deane was the next witness.

Portia. You were in Parliament Square on Tuesday?—Oh, yes!

Have you ever been in Hoxton?—Oh, no!

But you would say that more hooliganism goes on there than went on in Parliament Square?—Oh, yes!

You think woman ought to have the vote?—Oh, no—I mean, oh, yes!

Was the crowd at all dangerous ever?—Oh, no!

There was no disturbance at all, in fact?—Oh, no!

Portia's mother (absently). And you agree that if we were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Oh, yes!

Portia's mother. Well but of course, there you are!

Portia (suddenly). Your worship, there is a man in the press-box who is not sketching us. I should like to treat him as a hostile witness and cross-examine him.

The Magistrate. I am afraid I cannot allow that.

Two hundred and seventeen witnesses followed who gave evidence similar to that of Miss Flossie Deane. At this moment, just when a few of those present in court were beginning to lose interest, a sensational incident occurred. Miss Dorothy Marchpane, who had gone into the box, gave some most startling evidence.

Portia. You saw everything that went on in the Square?—Yes.

Portia (dramatically). And who were the most prominent figures in the rioting?—The police. *(Sensation.)*

In fact, if the police had not been there there would have been no struggles with them at all?—That is so. *(Great sensation.)*



The Boy. What he wished to be. What he became.

The rest of Miss Marchpane's evidence was in the nature of an anti-climax, but Portia elicited the facts that she hadn't been in Trafalgar Square the week before, but was coming to the Albert Hall next Thursday. Also that her mother's gardener had a vote and she hadn't.

Portia's mother. And you agree that if women were given votes these disturbances would cease?—Yes.

Portia's mother. Well—but I mean, there you are, you know!

* * * * *

When the Court adjourned two facts had become abundantly clear. One, that women ought to have the vote; and the other, that their exclusion from the Bar was an incalculable loss to that profession. A. A. M.

THE BOY AND HIS PARENTS.

A Boy's manner towards his parents should be condescending and even friendly; but it is a mistaken kindness to admit them to too much familiarity.

He should, as far as convenient, adopt approximately the hours appointed by his parents for meals.

He will easily realise the advantage of having a parent at table, as a butt or foil.

He may always safely assume that his parents' views are out of date.

In any case he should guard against allowing it to be imagined that any intelligent idea, accidentally propounded by them, had not previously occurred to him.

He is not called upon to notice any attempts at humour ventured upon by either of them.

It should always be borne in mind that they are subject to the disadvantage of having spent their early years without his guidance and example.

It may be safely asserted that in no case can a boy's good qualities be attributable to his parents or otherwise than to himself.

At the same time he should give them the credit of having originally contributed, in a modest degree, to the fortunate circumstance of his having come into existence.

A parent's errors may proceed from the head, from the heart, or from both, while a boy is not liable to error; and allowance should be made accordingly.

Parents must not wonder if their boy feels unable to recognise them at school or at college.



He. "Just going out for a little fresh air, my dear."
She. "A slight draught, you mean, I suppose?"

A boy should never despair of improving his parents.

He should permit them to express an opinion before correcting it, and when doing so his manner should be expressive rather of pity than of contempt.

He should avoid demonstrative ridicule for his parents' friends.

Finally, a boy is not called upon to acknowledge a parent's letter unless accompanied by a remittance.

London Dangers.

"At Westminster Cathedral, the choir mounted to the top of the lofty campanile and sang a number of hymns and versicles, the notes of which fell on large crowds in the streets below with beautiful effect."—*Standard.*

Word Painting.

"And all this while the place of chiefest interest is gradually being hemmed in and ever more closely hemmed by a seething, living, and ever and anon, as the fairway for the honoured ones is striven for, by anxious police and military keepers, somewhat tumultuously inclined concourse."

New Zealand Weekly Graphic.

Our sympathies are all with the police in this tumult.

From "Additions and Alterations," in *The Post Office Guide*:—

"Algeria.—Col. 8. Delete 'arms and ammunitions of war,' and substitute 'boxes of preserved sardines over 2 lb. 3 oz. in weight.'"

The cause of Peace seems to be looking up in Algeria.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

James McNeill Whistler's capricious and gusty life has a perfectly ordered and fitting celebration in the two distinguished volumes which Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have prepared, and Mr. Heinemann, so long one of the Master's friends, has just published. One is reminded by them of the final and serene mooring in a quiet haven of a delicate and exuberant racing schooner after a stormy voyage. All Whistler is here, save his colour, but it is like Wordsworth's definition of poetry—emotion recollected in tranquillity.

For the moment I can think of no artist who by his biographer has been so honoured; everything is sumptuous about the work, and though possibly the verdict of posterity may be a little less kind than that of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell and other contributors to *The Life of James McNeill Whistler*, who were under the Master's personal spell and are disinclined to admit sun-spots, without the data supplied by this book no verdict of posterity will have any value. I could personally have wished that some of the more heated passages in the life of this great artist and not so great man had been recorded more impartially, for I think that the history would have gained thereby; but Mr. Pennell is himself hardly less a fighter than his hero, and one cannot have everything. Moreover, considering how heinous the biographers must think the Philistine attitude of *Punch* to the Butterfly now and again, and of *Punch's* editor, Tom Taylor, during and after the famous farthing libel suit, *Whistler* v. *Ruskin*, it must be admitted that they are not unkind. Of Du Maurier there are pleasant glimpses in the work, until the incident of *Joe Sibley* in the first draft of *Trilby* put an end to them. The book is unambiguously written, but the style is not the style of the Master himself, and there is a certain recklessness with regard to the comma which gets upon the nerves. The illustrations have been chosen with perfect taste and a fine generosity.



She. "You'll catch it, you dweffful boy!"
He. "That's all *you* know, Miss Clever. Ma's out with the Suffragettes; and Pa's hiding in the House of Commons."

There is a breezy promise about *The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill* (Arnold) conveyed in the Preface. Under Providence, as she devoutly acknowledges, she has met many of the most distinguished people of her generation. "Why should I not," she asks, "record all that I can about them?" "I have done so," she answers; "but there may be some to whom these reminiscences will be interesting chiefly in virtue of what is left unsaid." It cannot be denied that in her resolution to tell all that she can, Lady Randolph is led into the mistake of loading her book with some blocks of trivial passages. One or two might have been left out under more serious ground of objection. There is, for example, the story of the bustle supposed to play "God Save the Queen." Its humour and taste smack a little of the servants' hall. But these are casual blemishes. A keenly-observant eye, a retentive memory and a lively pen combine to make a volume that will be popular at the libraries. Wherever the narrative touches the fascinating personality of Lord Randolph—a proportion of the whole disappointingly small—it instantly becomes interesting. Among the many well-known people who figure in her pages, Lady Randolph herself is unconsciously revealed.

The Man Who Lived (Heinemann), by Beryl Tucker, has not been happily named, for it is as a study of a woman—and of her only—that the book is noteworthy. The hero, *Sidney Hawe*, in spite of a consciousness of intense vitality, wasted most of his time with commonplace people, and is really neither a lively nor a lovable creature. When, however, *Miss Courtfield*, during a strenuous denouncement of his past, allowed her complexion to become in turn sallow, dull red, almost purple, greenish and grey, I felt sincerely sorry for him. Face to face with this curious colour-scheme, *Hawe* could only contrive to look bluish, mottled and livid, so he was—if I may express it thus—two down at the turn. In the circumstances he can scarcely be blamed for biting his knuckles, although to have shut his eyes would have been a simpler and less painful way of acknowledging defeat. The book would indeed be wearisome if it were not redeemed from insignificance by one very well-drawn character. *Pia Hamlyn's* struggle to win love and to get away from the vacuous life which she could not delude herself into thinking satisfactory is so finely told that I wish the man whom she eventually won had been more worth the winning.

In *The Borderland* (Constable) Robert Halifax takes us back among those draggled fringes of the Near East (London) with which he has already proved himself familiar in *The Drums of Fate*. His dialogue is apt to be elliptical, and there are traces of affectation in his narrative style. But we grow simpler as we grow older—according to Thackeray—and meanwhile there is the right stuff in his work. He comes very near to the heart of things in his treatment of the sordid life of our mean streets in the mass, and in one individual case, that of *Amber Lou*, he paints with fine economy of line and colour a portrait which makes a curiously moving appeal. From influences that threaten to brutalise her the girl is saved by a great passion, on which the seal of sacrifice is set. He is less successful with the lady who wanted the Hoxton missioner for herself. But much is to be forgiven the author for the sake of the true romance he creates from material that promises so little of glamour.

CHARIVARIA.

It is apparently still uncertain whether the Duke of the Abruzzi will obtain his bride without a struggle. He is, it is said, taking two cruisers with him to America.

***

A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies to abrogate the clause of the Civil Code under which the bride at a marriage has to promise obedience to her husband. But even this will not satisfy the more advanced of the feminists, who wish a definite undertaking of disobedience to be substituted.

***

"Every stroke of work we do," says a leading Suffragette, as reported in *The Daily Chronicle*, "carries us a little further towards the goal." The last word is surely a misprint?

***

A recent article in a tailoring paper on the dress of literary men failed to mention that the editor of a certain well-known paper is frequently to be seen in a libel suit.

***

Mr. Justice Barorave Deane's remarks on the Morals of the Stage are still being discussed in dramatic circles. It is felt that it was anyhow very foolish for a Divorce Court Judge to quarrel with his bread-and-butter.

***

In the debate on Unemployment it was mentioned that the Government had given permission for 10,000 reservists to go to the Colonies. The War Minister explained that this would not add to the difficulties of mobilisation in the event of war. In fact the fewer the reservists the easier they will be to mobilise, of course.

***

As it has been found that workmen's tickets were being used by all classes, the Great Western Railway Company has determined in future to issue such tickets to *bonâ-fide* workmen only. A vigorous protest from Socialist leaders is expected.

***

"I have a pullet hatched on March 7," writes a gentleman to a contemporary, "which started laying on July 25, and laid ten eggs before she was five months old." Will the Home Secretary's Bill to prevent the over-laying of the young meet a case like this?

***

London possesses many dining clubs, but at Kingscliffe, near Peterborough, there is an institution which is frankly called "The Pig Club."

***

The Westminster Gazette in its new form evidently believes in attractive head-lines. Witness the following extract from our contemporary:—

"£5,000 for New Exeter Hall.
Lord Kinnard has made a donation of £1,000 towards the erection of the new Exeter Hall, Strand."

***

Mr. Remnant was speaking in the House when the Suffragettes made their Gallery scene. "Remnant Day" has always proved a strange attraction to the fair sex.

***

Ignorant Old Gentleman. "Why 's that woman chaining herself up, constable?" *Policeman.* "She 's a member of the Women's Freedom League, sir."

***

It is now rumoured that the Government has at last decided to take effective steps to put an end to Suffragette rowdyism. A Bill is to be passed making it a penal offence for any newspaper to publish the names or photographs of any females offending against public order.

***

The indiscreet utterances of the Kaiser in the course of a certain interview make it look as if there was more than one "Ex-Diplomatist" present.

***

It is satisfactory to know that work on our new naval base at Rosyth is to be pushed forward at once. It will prove a handy spot from which to fit out expeditions for the Far East, as the Kaiser would say.

***

The Kaiser may be right in saying that in the matter of affection for us he is in a minority of his own countrymen. Anyhow, we must prepare against the day when he joins the great majority.



Lady. "I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and I haven't received it yet."
P. O. Clerk. "Yes, Madam. Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint."
Lady. "Well, if you must know, it 's biliousness!"

"Peaceful Persuasion."—We are very sorry for you that your cause was so badly damaged behind the grille last Wednesday. We agree with you that a lady who enters the House as the guest of a Member ought to behave like a gentleman. The motto of the Suffragettes should be "Manners, not Matters."

"Mr. Lawrance, in addressing the jury, laid stress on the fact that, although the prosecution had stated that many things were burnt, they had failed to produce them in Court."
Pulman's Weekly News.

How these barristers bring out every little point which tells in favour of their client.

"Mr. Rockefeller's most absorbing indoor recreation is violin-playing, and it is a question which lies closer to his heart, his bow or his golf clubs."
Tit-Bits.

It sounds as if his swing was rather cramped. If he doesn't take care an "iron" will enter into his soul.

"Madrid.—The Cabinet to-day discussed the situation arising out of the attack by tribesmen on the Spanish miners employed in a mine in the Melilla district. The matter was considered to be one of minor importance."—*Reuter.*

Thus does even a great mind like *Reuter's* unbend at times.

"FURNITURE DANCES OFF.
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN ITALY.
[By 'Echo' Private Wire.]"

What we want to see is furniture that dances off *without* a wire.

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

Another Open Letter to H.I.M. the German Kaiser.

Dear Sire,—We 've all been reading that little brochure about you called *The Indiscretion of William*. All of us, that is, except the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Edward Grey told the clerks he wasn't to be allowed to see it; he 's too new to his work. That 's why he couldn't answer a question on the subject in the House last Wednesday.

You 've heard about it, of course? It was in *The Daily Telegraph*. The author chose *The Daily Telegraph* because he knew how you love sending wires to everybody. If there 'd been an *Hourly Telegraph*, he 'd have put it in that.

They say it 's really and truly founded on fact. If they hadn't said so, I should never have believed that part where you complain that the mass of the German nation doesn't approve of your being so fond of us. Do you know, I always thought of you quite differently. I thought that you only had to lift your finger and every German fell flat on his face and said "*Hoch!*"; and if they didn't, especially if they were editors, they went straight off to jail.

I can't think where I picked up this idea of your omnipotence, unless it was from yourself. You see, you so often talk about the Almighty as agreeing with what you do and say and think, that I suppose I must have got confused.

And now it turns out that you 're just a leader of a small minority, like our Mr. Balfour. And no House of Lords at your back!

In the circumstances, do you think you were quite wise to talk so freely about the object of all these *Dreadnoughts* that you 're pushing on with so fast? You may think that they 're designed for the protection of German mercantile "horizons"; but the great majority of your people is under the impression that they 're meant for us. You don't suppose that all these poor devils would let themselves be bled to pay for a ridiculously fat fleet if they thought it was just intended to look after the interests of German merchants abroad. Everyone knows these gentlemen are safe enough and doing nicely under the flag of Britain or America or any other country but their own. If you go on drumming it into our heads that your superb fleet isn't meant to down ours, one of these days your people will see that they 've been fooled, and refuse to build any more Navy.

There 's one of your own pet Pan-German papers, *The Daily Round-view*, already saying some appallingly frank things about you. As soon as it read *The Indiscretion of William*, it went and wrote the following plain words: "Away with all hope of final stability in our policy." I wonder you let the Editor go on living. But I forgot: you 're in a minority; and minorities don't count.

By the way, there was one of your perorations which broke down very badly. It began all right, but tailed off just anyhow. It was where you were showing how nobly you behaved to us during our bad time in the Boer War, when the others came and asked you to take a hand in their game of "humiliating us in the dust." This is how it went: "What was my reply? I said that, so far from Germany joining in any concerted European action to bring about England's downfall,"—here, of course, I thought you were going on to say that you were ready to defend our poor desolate island with your last drop of blood; that only over your lifeless body, damaged beyond recognition, should they, etc. And this is what you are made to say instead:—"Germany would always keep aloof from politics that would *bring her into complications with a Sea-power like England.*" It rather looks as if you didn't think the game quite good enough. If I were you, I should have this put right in the Second Edition.

I think it was most awfully sweet of you making that war-map for Lord Roberts. If we had only been told about it earlier! But, you see, we got your Kruger telegram (which we didn't care for) fixed in our minds, and we never heard of the map until the other day; and I 'm afraid we shall always remember the telegram best. On the other hand, your own people were very pleased with the telegram, and now they 're quite cross about the map. And I expect they 'll remember the map best. Anyhow, it makes it very difficult for posterity to discover which side you were really on, and I 'm very glad that I shall not be asked to have anything to do with delivering "the serenely impartial verdict of history."

Still, you mustn't "lose patience." I want you to go steadily on saying just what occurs to you. Life is not so amusing, even with Suffragettes trailing chunks of grille behind them, that we could afford to miss the diversions you provide. And we don't really dislike you any more than we dislike these other humorists. Only of course we have to take them seriously when they begin playing about with the Unemployed. And so with you. You see, both your Army and your old friend Franz-Josef's have been out of employment for thirty or forty years, and I can't remember that your Navy has ever had a real job to do. And here 's the winter coming on, and hard weather foretold in the Balkans.

I trust you will take this letter in the genial spirit in which it is composed. I 'm sure your heart is in the right place. It 's simply your head that causes me anxiety.

Accept, in conclusion, my affectionate regards, and believe me, dear Sire, to be

Very respectfully your
O. S. *

* = Obedient Servant.

BRITAIN'S BENEFACTOR.

More "Calculated Indiscretions."

[Since the despatch of the above letter we have received from Our Special Eavesdropper at Potsdam an extended version of certain passages in the famous interview. This new version, he says, is current in the highest Anglophobe circles at Berlin.]

"You English are mad, mad, mad, mad—mad as March hatters. You seem to have forgotten all I have ever done for you and am still doing. Ask your Admiralty who it was who designed the first *Dreadnought* and sent them the plan. Pigeon-holed somewhere in Whitehall that plan awaits calmly the verdict of an impartial posterity.

Your War Minister will tell you who it was who gave him the idea of the Territorial Army. Was that the work of a secret enemy? You make it very difficult for me. Again, was my happy idea of a Franco-British Exhibition the deliberate act of a relentless foe? Surely you do not blame me for the bungle you made over the Marathon Race! Time will show at whose recommendation it was that Dorando was presented with a special cup by your Queen, thus perhaps avoiding war with Italy. Why is it that you mistrust me?



A FELLOW-FEELING.

American Bird (exhausted by Presidential Election). "GUESS IT'S A HARD LIFE BEING AN EAGLE!"





Solicitor. "... AND I AM SURE YOU WILL FIND, MADAM, THAT THIS IS THE BEST COURSE TO ADOPT—IN THE EVENT OF YOUR FRIENDLY LETTER FAILING TO PRODUCE THE EFFECT WE DESIRE."

Client. "YES, I SEE, MR. JONES: IF I CANNOT GET WHAT I WANT BY FAIR MEANS, I MUST PUT THE MATTER UNRESERVEDLY INTO YOUR HANDS."

"Only the other day, foreseeing that you were likely to have trouble with your Suffragettes, I sent specially to London for full particulars of the numbers of women expected to be in Parliament Square; I then drew up a plan with the aid of my General Staff and forwarded it to Scotland Yard. It was, I think you will admit, a coincidence, to say the least, that the plan so successfully adopted by your Commissioner of Police bore a very strong resemblance to the one I sent!

"At this very moment I am devoting all my spare time to the solution of your Unemployment Question, and I think that *here*" (pointing to a bulky despatch addressed to "The Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS") "I have the key to the problem at last. And yet you say I don't love England! And now if you will excuse me I must get on with my designs for your new Naval Base at Rosyth. By the way, you will be passing a post-office; would you mind sending this telegram to ASQUITH? It may help him with his Licensing Bill."

THE END OF THE EXHIBITION.

HOME-MADE STATISTICS.

OUR imaginative arithmetician — in short, our statistician—has again been at work, and sends us the following interesting figures about the great Franco-British Exhibition which closed on Saturday last:—

9,725,862 people have said "It would take more than a week to see it properly."

It was the expressed opinion of 5,227,013 visitors that LYONS must be making a pot of money out of it.

100,000 miles have been covered by the bath-chairs, and they have carried 1,401,617 stone, or 8,760 tons 17 stone. The man who wheeled the odd 17 stone about is still in the hospital.

"Parley voo frongey" has been said in jest by 3,942,113 persons, from Oldham, East Ham, Tooting, Cincinnati and other places.

An aggregate of 54,750 working days has been wasted in waiting for admission to tea, the Scenic Railway, the Flip-flap, and other duties and amusements.

"But you should see it lit up at night!" has been said by 4,622,187 people.

"Has this all got to be pulled down again, then?" has been asked by 2,432,982 females and 1,922,707 males. Of the former 300,221, and of the latter, 26,440 have added, "What a shame!"

7,443,264 people called it the Exhibition.

2,324,166 people called it the Franco-British Exhibition.

1,248 people called it the White City.

The straps in the Twopenny Tube had to be renewed every six weeks. Thirty-four miles of leather strap were thus consumed, for which the skins of 600 horses of the London General Omnibus and the Road Car Companies were required.

The Flip-flap has absorbed 1,900 gallons of oil, a quantity equal to the amount of beer drunk in the same period by 13 average British working-men, according to the latest Local Government Board figures.

The Golden Dome has been mentioned 243,275 times in *The Daily Mail* and its allied publications and 7 times in other papers. These latter went to press before the mishap could be rectified.

GRATITUDE.

ONE morning Mr. Postman stopped;
He gave two sounding knocks
And automatically dropped
A letter in my box.
It bore a whiff of prime cigars
Within my humble attic;
'Twas from the god who rules the stars—
The stars that are dramatic.

My heart beat fast. The god had read
Some lines of mine in *Punch;*
He wanted some new songs, he said,
So would I come to lunch?
With eager pen I inked the seams
That glistened white and shabby,
And, filled with fond ecstatic dreams,
I cried, "ROMANO'S, cabby!"

The god, for all his awful might,
Was gentle as a dove;
He smiled on me and bade me write
A verse for LOTTIE LOVE.
I wrote it. 'Twas an extra verse
For LOTTIE'S favourite ditty.
It struck me as extremely terse,
Intensely sly and witty.

Within my darkened box I sat,
My throat one choking lump,
My pulses going pit-a-pat,
My stifled heart thump-thump.
Each nerve was strained, each muscle tense—
I thought I should go dotty
The while I waited in suspense
The coming on of LOTTIE.

At length she came. Gods! who can tell
The turmoil that was mine
When LOTTIE'S voice began to swell
Upon my foremost line?
I closed my eyes; my brain whizzed round;
I listened, white and quaking,
But I could scarcely hear a sound
My organs were not making.

It was the crisis of my fate.
I wildly dared to hope
If this goes down, the golden gate
Of Paradise will ope.
I shall be numbered with the stars,
Lunch daily at ROMANO'S,
And drive about in motor-cars
With ravishing sopranos.

LOTTIE had ceased. I held my breath
Awaiting what might fall.
A silence, as it were, of death
Descended over all.
Still silence—still! Each nerve felt raw,
I listened half hysteric;
And then I heard a loud guffaw,
Hilarious, Homeric.
One man had seen my point, one soul
Had fathomed my intent,
And in his stall was fain to roll
Convulsed with merriment.
His face, alas, I never saw;
I cannot hope to know him;
But when I think of that guffaw
My frozen heart begins to thaw,
I long to follow Nature's law
And pay the debt I owe him.

LARGE TYPE FOR ALL.

A HUGE demonstration, convened by Sir H. H. HOWORTH and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, assembled in the Albert Hall on Saturday last to protest against the arbitrary and capricious manner in which the distinction of big type is conferred on those who write letters to *The Times*. The boxes were occupied entirely by peers and bishops; the amphitheatre and area by M.P.'s, baronets, knights and members of the Victorian Order, while the upper tiers were filled by hundreds of "Constant Readers," "Old Subscribers," "Members of *The Times* Book Club," "Verb. Saps.," "Experto Credes," "Audi Alteram Partems," and "Paterfamiliasses," all in their best clothes.

Sir H. H. HOWORTH, opening the proceedings in a mammoth speech of which we can give only the barest skeleton, said that he could not remember the time when he did not want to write to the premier daily paper of the metropolis. Modestly disclaiming his right to preside over so vast a meeting, he pointed out that in the last forty years he had contributed several thousand columns to the correspondence columns of *The Times*, which, if paid for at the rate of a penny a line, would have brought him in enough to have enabled him to have come to the rescue during the paper's recent crisis. In the old days, he went on, all correspondents were placed on a typographical equality. Then the practice of preferential treatment crept in, at first only to a very small extent, and in the case of distinguished pseudonyms, but now it had become so general and at the same time so neglectful of intrinsic merit as to call for public protest. His motto was, "Large type for ever."

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER said that the size of the type was immaterial. What they really wanted was Simplified Spelling. (*Cries of "Order."*)

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, who was greeted with faint hoots, said that as a Socialist he was all in favour of uniformity. But pending the advent of the Millennium he could not see why *The Times* should depart from its present practice, which sought to establish a harmony between the type and the momentary importance of the writer. Some people thought in capitals—his friend Mr. HALL CAINE, for example—and it was obvious that small "caps" would not fit swelled heads. On the other hand, if Sir H. H. HOWORTH'S letters had always been set up in long primer, the paper would have had to be permanently enlarged, and goodness knew it was big enough now.

Lord ROBERT CECIL said that the question was one which touched him nearly. His younger brother, Lord HUGH CECIL, so long as he sat in the House, was printed in small type. But since he had lost his seat he was printed in large type, while he (Lord ROBERT), though an M.P. and a K.C., had not yet emerged from the obscurity of small type. Was this fair? he asked.

At this stage in the proceedings Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON sat down to the piano and gave a masterly rendering of his "Long Primer Polka," composed expressly for the occasion.

Sir W. S. GILBERT protested against his letters being put into smaller type than a rhapsody on a new dance. Only last week he sent *The Times* a carefully-reasoned protest against the Hertfordshire police, and to his amazement he had to take a microscope to read it. No type, he held, was too large for the letter.

Mr. A. KIPLING COMMON and Mr. J. LANDFEAR LUCAS, speaking in unison, agreed with the last speaker that serious letters deserved more attention than reports of the gambols of a Canadian gymnosophist.

At this point the Chairman put to the meeting the resolution that all correspondents of *The Times* whose letters were worth printing deserved equal typographical treatment. With only two or three dissentients this was carried.

On Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER again rising to press the claims of Simplified Spelling the meeting broke up in some disorder.

"Their gallant opponents made a fierce onslaught on the Fort William uprights, which fell by a piece of really good work, half time finding both sides equal."—*Oban Times.*

As the gallant opponents were handymen from H.M.S. *Diamond*, no doubt they put the uprights shipshape during the interval.



SCANDALOUS ELECTIONEERING INCIDENT.

BASE TRICK PLAYED ON A TEMPERANCE ORATOR BY A LICENSED VICTUALLER.

THE PURPLE PROVINCES.

BEING eager to test the truth of the remarkable statements in *The Daily Mail* as to the refinement and luxury which have lately come upon certain of the English provincial towns, *Mr. Punch* despatched one of his myrmidons on a mission of investigation. His report is extremely interesting, bearing out the testimony of *The Daily Mail's* discoverer and establishing for ever the right of the provinces no longer to be stigmatised by the word "provincial."

London of course remains the ideal of comfortable civilization, with its many hotels—one for every inhabitant—its clean streets, its refined music-halls, its intellectual drama, its orderly system of traffic, and its pure, sweet atmosphere; but the provinces must no longer be sneezed at, the reason being very largely, no doubt, the new gospel of recreation and comfort as taught by the Democratic Press and the humanising work of the motor-car, carrying hungry and refined Londoners to distant places, intent upon good food and plenty of it and a little amusement at night. The result is a complete renovation of the hotels and music-halls, which are now little temples of ease, inviting the provincials, who hitherto amassed their money without thought of culture, to spend it freely on pleasure.

In Manchester, he writes, I found not only electric light but the telephone. There is at least one theatre, for I went to it, and saw a performance not inferior in intelligence to that which I witnessed only last week in our own Gaiety. It was one of SHAW'S plays, and the audience seemed to take the points very much as the author intended. I went also to a music-hall, which compared favourably with our own Middlesex. The shops are quite good, but there is a hopeless provincialism in the accent of the people. The cotton mills in the neighbourhood are far superior to any I have seen in or about London. The local newssheets seemed to me to have enterprise; but I was pained to learn that none of them had assured Turkey of their friendship and support.

Birmingham, he writes, is by no means devoid of the machinery of civilization; but I must confess to acute disappointment now and then. It has, for example, no Twopenny Tube; and, asking at a chop-house for some caviare, I was met with looks of perfect astonishment. On the other hand the streets, though populous, are well-conditioned, and on enquiring of an assistant in one of the large tailoring establishments I learned that dress-suits are occasionally made for Birmingham men. An interview with an Edgbaston domestic servant revealed the fact that table-napkins are now used, quite as in the real Bloomsbury.

Hope for England may therefore continue.

"Choose a nice young rabbit, and after having been skinned and cleaned cut it into pieces as for stewing."—*Daily Mail.*

The searching formalities to which young housekeepers have apparently to submit before they can do anything with a nice young rabbit should send most of them back to the less exacting beef and mutton.

DISCURSIONS.

A PRESENT FOR THE CHILDREN.

SCENE—*The Library. Time*, 6.45 P.M. *He is smoking and reading a paper. She is examining a cardboard box about four inches square by six inches in height. Everything is quiet and peaceful.*

He (*looking up*). What 's that you 've got hold of?

She. It 's a box.

He. Anything else?

She. No, just a box. But of course there 's something inside it.

He. Why "of course"?

She. Well, boxes usually have things in them. This one came from Boston this morning from MARY HALE. She writes (*takes up letter and reads*): "I am sending the children a Japanese puzzle which is all the rage here. Everybody has gone mad about it, and you can't go anywhere without finding it. I hope it will amuse the children during the long evenings. What do you think has happened to HARRIETT SOAMES? She has actually——" The rest doesn't matter. But it 's very kind of MARY.

He. Yes, very. Have the kids seen it?

She. They 're very much excited about it. They 'll be in to have a try at it directly. I thought I 'd keep it here. Things get so dreadfully spoilt in the nursery.

He. What is it? Let 's have a look at it. (*She hands over the box, which he examines.*) What 's this? (*Reads.*) "The Putmewright Puzzle. One hundred-and-twenty-five pieces. The Musicians. Kobayashi." (*Reflectively*) Yes, it sounds Japanese right enough. (*Takes off lid.*) Why, it 's full of—— It 's our old friend the Chinese puzzle come back again. It 's as easy as walking. I used to do 'em when I was a boy.

She. But, of course, you were a very brilliant boy.

He. I was. Let 's turn it out and have a go at it.

[*They clear a table and turn the contents of the box out in a confused heap of little wooden slabs, of irregular conformation, and having one side plain and the other coloured.*

She. Looks easy enough, doesn't it?

He (*doubtfully*). Well, they all fit together, you know, and make a picture. (*He spreads the heap out.*) There 's no difficulty. (*He picks up a piece.*) There 's a bit of a foot on this one. You 've only got to find the other bit. (*He begins to search.*)

She. You 've got a hundred-and-twenty-four pieces to choose from. Take time; go steady. Here 's another foot. No, it 's a hand, or (*inspecting carefully*) it might be a piece of face. You never know with the Japanese. Here, I 've got a bit of sky; it 's light blue. That must go on the top.

He. The foot must go at the bottom.

She. Don't you be too sure. These Japanese musicians often stand on their heads when they play. (*Takes another piece.*) Here 's the top of a roof. That 's in the middle anyhow, somewhere between the sky and the foot, whichever way up he 's standing. There—now we 've got three pieces in their proper place.

[*They become more and more absorbed in their work.*

He. You 're always taking the piece I want. I 've got a head and a big straw hat all but finished and you 've done nothing yet.

She. If you 'd only leave me alone for a minute I 'd get this background done.

He. How do you know it 's a background?

She. Well, it looks like a background; can't be anything else.

He. I think it 's a dress.

She. And I—— No, that won't fit. (*She rattles feverishly through the loose pieces.*) Give me your straw hat. (*Seizes it.*) Now, do you see? It 's not a straw hat; it 's an umbrella.

He. Sold again. It doesn't fit. Hand it back. (*He seizes it.*) I 'll lay a thousand it 's a hat.

[*A knock is heard at the door, and two little girls come dancing into the room.*

He. Now children, don't make a noise: Your mother and I are very busy. (*To Her.*) That 's no good. You 're trying to put a hand into the top of a tree.

She. It isn't a hand; it 's a bird sitting on a branch. (*To the little girls.*) Don't crowd round the table, dears; go and sit on the sofa and read.

1st Little Girl. But we want to play with Aunt MARY's game. You said we might.

She. Yes, darling, some other day. To-morrow, perhaps. Daddy and I are trying to put it right for you now.

2nd Little Girl. But why shouldn't *we* play with it? It 's *our* game. Aunt MARY gived it to *us*.

He (*stonily*). If this sort of thing goes on we shall never finish.

She (*to the children*). Run away now, darlings. You shall have your game to-morrow.

The Little Girls (*together*). You 're both very cross and cruel.

[*They leave the room indignantly in tears.*

He (*looking guiltily at Her*). Let 's call them back and give them the blessed thing.

She (*determined*). Never. I 've just got his sash fixed in, and I simply couldn't *bear* to give it up now.

[*They proceed with varying success. Suddenly a gong sounds.*

He. Good heavens! That 's dinner and we haven't even washed our hands.

She. Only a minute more. I 've got his nose, but the top of his head 's gone. It must have dropped on the floor.

[*They both go down on their hands and knees to look for it, and in this position the butler, entering to announce dinner, finds them a moment later.*

The Butler. Dinner is quite ready, Ma'am.

He. Yes, yes. Go away; we shall be in in a minute.

[*Left struggling.*]

Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE, instinctively hitting upon the delicate and tactful thing to do, writes to Mrs. HERBERT GLADSTONE as follows: ". . . I make bold to ask you two questions:

(1) How would you like to be stripped and searched by prison wardresses? and

(2) What would you think of some other woman's husband, who, having it in his power to prevent, permitted you to undergo this indignity, although he knew you to be a prisoner, not for a crime committed, but at the bidding of intense political convictions?"

In case Mr. HUBERT MORGAN-BROWNE forgot to enclose the usual stamped addressed envelope, *Mr. Punch* makes bold to answer these questions for Mrs. GLADSTONE.

(1) Not at all. (2) Nothing.

Mr. MORGAN-BROWNE, having helped the cause to the utmost of his ability, may now retire.

MIGHTY ATOMS.

LITTLE ALMA GOGOL, aged eight, made her London *début* at the Empress Hall last Friday afternoon, and proved by her singing of *Caro nome*, *Una voce* and *Di danti palpiti*, as well as other selections in Russian, Czech, and the Sandjak dialect of Novi-Bazar, that she is fully entitled to her proud appellation of "The Miniature MELBA." Her voice is by no means altogether unpleasant, though somewhat weedy in the upper register, but her frocks and her self-possession are quite unique, and when, at the conclusion of her most ambitious effort, an indiscreet admirer presented her with a life-sized doll she declined the offering with a gravity that was truly impressive.

The wonderful infant Welsh contralto, GLADYS AP-JENKINS, created a *furore* at Steinhammer Hall last Saturday evening. Her most remarkable effort was in the famous song *In Cellar Cool*, in which she more than once descended to the low E, thereby fully justifying her sobriquet of "The Buttlet," given in graceful acknowledgment of the profound talent of our foremost British contralto. "The Buttlet" is at present only nine and a half, but she is nearly five feet high, and at her present rate of growth there is a very reasonable prospect of her attaining to, if not eclipsing, the stature of her exalted exemplar and namesake. The quality of her voice can honestly be declared to be not absolutely repulsive, and, if protected from overstrain in the next ten years, may quite possibly remain endurable by amateurs who judge of the merits of a performance solely by the vigour of the puff preliminary.

A charming effect was produced by little GEMMA SPAGHETTI—the infant TETRAZZINI—at the recital given by her at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last. This wonderful child, whose voice is of quite astonishing shrillness, sang a number of *Wiegenlieder* while lying in her own cradle, and at the close of the concert was wheeled off the platform in an aluminium perincubator.

The latest *Wunderkind* of the pianistic world, little BENNO SCHLUMBERGER, or "The Pocket PADEREWSKI," as he is called by his enthusiastic admirers, presented a bewitching appearance at the Albert Hall last Friday afternoon, when the whole of the vast auditorium was crowded with a most fashionable and infatuated audience. Master BENNO came on to the platform dressed in a bronze velvet knickerbocker suit, with a huge Limerick lace collar and lavender kid boots, and with his *chevelure* arranged in the fashion of an Abyssinian archimandrite. Although his touch and execution are not yet equal to those of M. PADEREWSKI, in capillary attraction he is already far superior to that eminent virtuoso, and, unless his scalp is subjected to undue strain by the somewhat exacting method of *coiffure* which he has adopted, his artistic future should be both bright and prosperous.

A pleasant variety was introduced into the programme by songs from his sister MIRIAM, a charming child whose expressive *minauderies* more than compensate for her faulty intonation and incapacity to keep time.



GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

"NOW, WHAT MAKES THE SEA SALT?" "THE BLOATERS, MISS."

"In order to have a good supply of fresh meat on hand, we kill half a cow every week for the manufacture of the above Pies."
Keswick Weekly Reminder.

The thought of the second half of the cow knowing by some subtle instinct that it has only another week to live is too piteous.

It is never too late to mend.

"BRUNSWICK CHAPEL.
10.30.—Rev. JOHN FREEMAN.
6.30.—Rev. H. G. ROBERTS, M.A.
'The most hopeless young men in Leeds.'"
Yorkshire Post.

"FLORENCE'S gentleman gives Italian conversation lessons to English American people."
Advt. in "Corriere della Sera."

Before any English American engages him it would be as well to find out what FLORENCE herself thinks of her gentleman's conversation.



Jones (commencing soliloquy). "NOW SEATED ON ME FATHER'S THRO——!—!!—!!!—WHO THE DEUCE LEFT THAT INFERNAL CROWN THERE?"

THE SIDESMAN.

FOR THE THIRD DAY RUNNING.

["*A happy sidesman makes a happy bride*"—TENNYSON.]

For what seemed weeks, but was the last two days,
I 'd pottered up and down that blessed baize—
Sorting out aunts in browns and aunts in greys.

For what seemed always, but was only twice
(Looking, if I may say so, rather nice),
I 'd lent a hand with hymn-sheets and with rice.

Once more the dear old bells ring out; once more
I linger, pink but anxious, at the door—
This is the third time. Here she comes! Oh, lor'!

* * * * * * * *

Something on these occasions goes and thrills
My fancy waistcoat at the first "I will's":
It *can't* be hopeless love—it must be chills.

Something—a sinking feeling—round the heart
Clutches me closely from the very start,
And tells me I am fairly in the cart.

Something . . . And yet the fiercest unconcern
So masks me that the vergers never learn
How underneath my chest I yearn and yearn.

* * * * * * * *

"*Wilt thou?*" And (there you are!) profoundly stirred,
A gleam of hope strikes through me—wild, absurd . . .
"No luck!" I sigh. "He 's on it like a bird."

"*I, Edward John*"—and lonely at the back
I *wish* my name were EDWARD; I could hack
Myself that I was never christened JACK.

"*I, Amabel*" (O AMABEL!) "*take thee*"—
I groan and tremble greatly at the knee;
"There, but for someone else," I say, "goes Me."

* * * * * * * *

Tell me, my friends, what is it tries to shove
My heart into my watch-chain, as above:
Tell me it is not chills—it must be love.

Yet not for AMABEL. No weight of care
Clogs me as I pursue the happy pair
Into the vestry and admire them there;

Save this: I take the clergyman aside—
"Do I," I whisper—"you 're the third I 've tried—
Do I, or do I not, embrace the bride?"

A. A. M.

"The report of the Household Stores Association, Ltd. (Manchester), for the year ended Aug. 31, 1908, states that the net profit was £1,899. The directors recommend a dividend of 10 per cent., free of income tax, on the subscribed capital, leaving £1,883 to carry forward."

The Dramatic Criticisms and the Hockey Notes of *The Grocers' Gazette* continue to be beyond praise, but we think their figures, both as to the year and the profit, must be wrong. The "subscribed capital" works out at £160, where one would have expected it to be at least £200.



SUPPLANTED.

Guy Fawkes (*out of favour*). "WELL, WELL. MOTTOES CHANGE! IN MY DAY IT WAS 'UP WITH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT!' STILL, DOWN OR UP, IT DON'T MATTER, SO LONG AS THE GOOD WORK GOES ON!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



IN THE HANDS OF ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN.

"He was not going to accuse hon. Members opposite of being brigands, but the arguments which had been put forward by them were identical with those used by brigands from time immemorial to justify their brigandage."—*Lord Robert Cecil on the Licensing Bill.*

(Bang, Sir T. P. Wh-tt-k-r, Mr. L-f J-n-s, and Sir S-m-l Ev-ns.)

House of Commons, Monday, October 26th.—It is not for nothing Captain CRAIG figures in the Parliamentary record as representing Down-East. In the United States, to speak of a man as a Down-Easter is to intimate opinion that, if you want to get the better of him, you will have to be up very early in the morning. The Captain to-day justified his topographical association. Has entered into competition with MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS ASHLEY for the prize of champion querist. A neck-and-neck race. Sometimes M. Q. is two or three ahead; next night the defeated but undaunted Captain makes a spurt, equalling, even exceeding, his rival's record.

This afternoon MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS did one of those little things which show how the passion for racing on any field loosens the moral fibre. Wanted to know about some small detail of Army administration; really forget what it was. Instead of submitting his point in form of single enquiry, he split it up, placing two questions on printed paper. This would give him opportunity of putting a couple of supplementary questions, running up his night's score by four. That old soldier N. B. HALDANE not easily taken in.

"I will," he blandly said when M. Q. put forward the right leg (so to speak) of his enquiry, "answer both the hon. gentleman's questions at the same time."

Thus M. Q. was able to put only one supplementary question, losing a unit from the total on which he had confidently counted.

During momentary subsidence of M. Q. the captious CRAIG, roughly dragging the gentle LULU to the front, gave him—in a Parliamentary sense of course—a preliminary box on the ear and sternly enquired "If he could state why the national flag was not flown over the National Portrait Gallery on Trafalgar Day?"

It turned out that the written question was handed in at the table a day before the anniversary. This made matters a little mixed. The tense was all wrong.

"Intelligent anticipation," the wise LULU called it.

MAGNALL'S QUESTIONS has entered a protest against the query being credited to CRAIG when at end of the week the score between them is made up. CRAIG means to insist on profiting by the advantage gained by shrewd prevision.

Business done.—Ministerial measures dealing with Unemployed debated. Prince ARTHUR protests

that a single sitting not sufficiently long for discussion. PREMIER meets objection by moving to suspend eleven o'clock rule. That would add some hours to opportunity. Opposition object. Challenge division, which, being taken, diminishes by a quarter of an hour the time whose undue brevity is lamented.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord LAMINGTON has dreamed a dream. Interpretation thereof he expounded to-night in ear of listening lords. Has been considering vexed question of public-house licensing now occupying attention of Commons. Believes difficulty may be met by radical alteration of the British system. At present public-houses are places where men go to drink. But man cannot (or should not) live by drink alone. Why not munch a mouthful with his glass of "something short" or long?

When visiting United States LAMINGTON made himself familiar with hospitality of the New York liquor saloon proprietor. Well he knows that table at end of spacious bar, whereon is set the big bowl of clam soup, flanked by the round of cold beef warranted to turn the edge of any knife; on the other side, the highly-coloured cheese with the chisel and hammer conveniently contingent, instruments old practitioners recognise as most efficient for quarry-work. On payment being made for a glass of foaming beer, five cents, participation in this wholesome meal is free to the hungry customer.

LAMINGTON does not go so far as to recommend introduction to London of the American institution known as the Free Lunch. But he thinks we might well lighten the darkness of the British public-house by adaptation of Continental customs. In his mind's eye, *Horatio*, he sees transformed the Coach and Horses, that desirable Woolwich property recently, at the psychological moment, transferred from War Office proprietorship to the hands of a private trader. Beer shall be freely sold as heretofore, nor shall whiskey nor gin be banned. But in convenient contiguity shall be ranged plates of seductive sandwiches, pyramids of mutton pies, odorous fried fish, bread and cheese galore. When the customer has not only drunk but eaten, he shall be led forth by trim maiden or white-aproned *garçon*—these are mere details to be settled in Committee—on to a grass-plot, where he will find bowls and skittles at his disposal.

Lord LAMINGTON stands firm to the principle that underlies his Bill. One pot one pie. If the customer desires more drink, he must purchase another mutton-pie or its equivalent.

Beer inevitably associated with skittles. But the grass-plot is of course for summertime. In wet or foggy weather, not wholly unfamiliar in England, there will be a snug parlour where the customer, sated with wholesomely mixed refreshment, may minister to the intellectual side of his nature by indulgence in a game of dominoes or draughts.



DOUBLIN' UP SIR G-RGE WH-TE.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the (Liquor) Trade, nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it."

(Sir Edw-rd C-rs-n, K.C.)

Pretty to see LAMINGTON with airy grace preaching the new gospel that shall make Licensing Bills unnecessary, spreading throughout the land the genial glow of public-houses, homes indeed for the wayfarer and the working-man. Idyllic dream shattered by purest accident. Title of measure submitted for second reading was Public-Houses (Extension of Facilities) Bill. It was the three words in brackets that did for it.

"Extension of Facilities!" cried wakeful Ministerialists. "What facilities?"

CARLISLE, looking into the matter, declared that the facilities were all for the publican, who would be able, unhampered by magisterial supervision, to make unlimited extension of his premises. FITZMAURICE's military eye, trained at the Foreign Office, recognised in the movement "a reconnaissance in force designed to hamper the Government Licensing Bill." After long debate the cautious LANSDOWNE recommended withdrawal of the motion, and so the dream dissolved.

"Nearest approach ever made on Parliamentary stage to reproduction of a feast we read of in *Arabian Nights*," said the Member for SARK. "*Barmecide* LAMINGTON invites *Schacabac*, the working-man, to feast with him in the reformed public-house. There is promise of a bountiful and varied banquet. But lo! when *Schacabac* seats himself at the table he finds the plates empty, the dishes bare."

Business done.—Lord LAMINGTON's dream is dissipated.

House of Commons, Friday.—At end of tedious week in Committee on Licensing Bill, House still marvelling as to meaning of GEORGE WHITE's interruption. Was heard in debate on Compensation Clause. CARSON was arguing that under Act of 1904 Compensation was provided by levy on the Trade itself.

"I am paying a great deal every year," moaned the worthy knight and alderman with whom North-West Norfolk has endowed the House.

"I did not know that the hon. gentleman was a member of the Trade," said CARSON apologetically.

"I am not," Sir GEORGE hurriedly explained. "But I have to contribute towards the expenses."

"Nor did I know that he contributed, to any large extent, to the revenue derived from it," continued CARSON with increased deference.

Though Chairman of the Rotary Machine Company, WHITE could not turn round quickly enough to parry this unexpected thrust. He sat dumb, and carries with him into the void of the week-end the mystery of his meaning.

Business done.—Still harping on the Licensing Bill.

Gold and Nickel.

BIMETALLISTS are expressing intense joy at the remarkable chance which has arranged that the new lectureship in English Literature at Oxford, founded by the Goldsmiths' Company, should be offered to Mr. NICHOL SMITH.

"G. K. Chesterton is in great demand, and should be secured immediately."—*Advt.*

We would suggest a butterfly net.



JERICHO.

Irreverent Youngster (to old Huntsman, pounded by a wall). "NOW THEN, CHARLEY, IT'S NO USE WALKING UP AND DOWN IN FRONT OF IT, UNLESS YOU BLOW YOUR TRUMPET."

TO GUY.

[The alternative attraction suggested in our central cartoon is not the only one.]

I 'M often tempted to enquire
  Why none of all our later singers
Has ever taken down his lyre
  And swept it with responsive fingers,
    And had at least a try
At something tuneful to our old friend GUY!

For, as a martyr to a Cause,
  GUY, you 're as fit for modern ballad
As any breaker of the laws
  We 've subsequently seen Valhalla'd,
    And advertised in papers
By kodaks which record his public capers.

How freely, when your name was hailed
  In early times with ceremonial,
The noblest circles caked and aled
  'Mid doings one may call baronial;
    While varlets drained the bowl
And fell upon the bullock roasted whole!

To-day such junketings as these,
  Which appetites were kept in trim for,
Have gradually ceased to please,
  Until you 're but a synonym for
    A negligence in dress
Combined with lack of facial comeliness.

And, since 'tis so, we well may stop
  And ask ourselves the question whether
We shall not some day let you drop
  Out of our purview altogether,
    And seek a livelier thrill
In padlocked Suffragettes behind a grille.

TARRED WITH THE SAME FEATHERS.

DEAR *Mr. Punch*,—You are always so kind to my friends and myself that I know you won't mind my writing to you now.

Will you tell me what you think of the following facts?

One morning last week I was doing my breathing exercises in the garden and thought I would vary them with a little excitement, so I ran up a tree after a bird. Just as I had managed to catch it my mistress came out of the house, took away the bird, and whipped me for my "dreadful cruelty." I didn't mind the whipping, but I had no breakfast that day, which was terrible.

That afternoon I was sitting with my mistress when a box was brought in addressed to her. Out of the box came a hat, and then I understood why I wasn't to catch the birds. All round the hat were dead birds! Of course she wanted the birds in the garden for herself. She kept on saying, "Isn't it *sweet?*" but don't you think it 's rather greedy of her to want to keep them all to herself? Don't you think we ought to go shares? Yours, etc.,

PERSIAN.

P.S.—I have just been to sleep and had the most *awful* nightmare. I dreamed that my mistress was wearing me on her hat! I am so frightened I don't know what to do. I heard my mistress say only yesterday that white hats were to be worn this winter! Would you put in a paragraph saying if you have ever seen ladies with white Persian kittens on their hats?

P.S. 2.—Do you want a kitten in Bouverie Street? I could sit under the cartoon-table and pick up a few unconsidered trifles. Fond of dogs.

The latest cigarette put upon the market by a Manchester firm is called "The Swan-Song." An ominous name! Does nobody ever come back for more?

AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters & Life.]

II.

UNEMPLOYEDS.

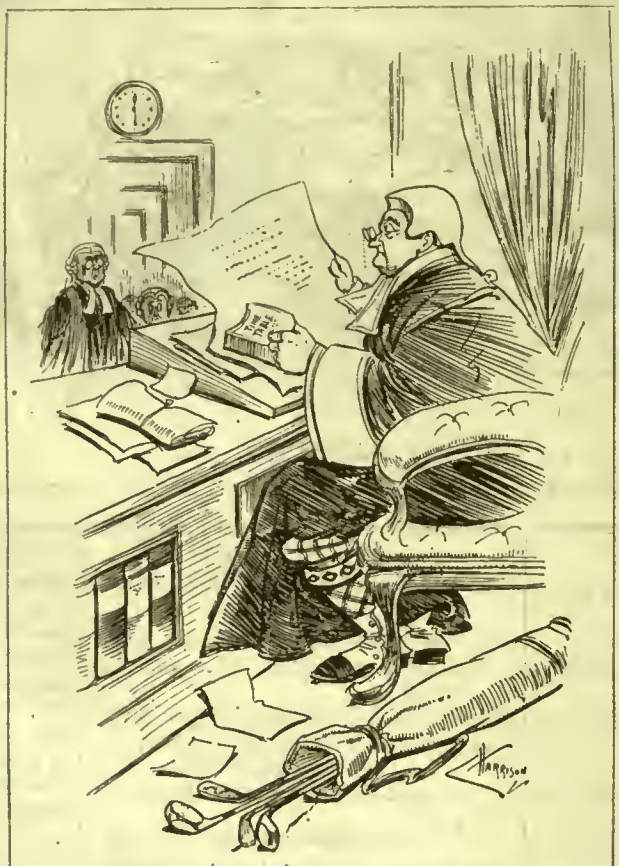
DURING the collation of cold snaps provided by bleak October's chilly blast the chamber window sweet of my bed-sitting room having become too infernally round a peg in its square hole, a carpenter was inveigled to attend and circumvent the draughts. He was distinguished from his fellows by a cravat of the poppy's glowing hue and cry, and his hat, which lay in desuetude upon the stairs when I eased my descent to breakfast, was of unannealed felt, of the form called by the vulgar a Trilby, alternatively an Elpine.

As I met him, after grubbing my inwards, I said "Good morning," with my customary hail-fellow-neck-and-neck affability. He replied "*Banzai!*" Here, I thought, is a hind of no common herd. Remembering that soft soap facilitates revolutions per minute of the sorriest mare, I told him that I had seldom heard such good Japanese since I arrived in English soil, salving my face with the reflection that, as I had heard none other attempt on our language, this was a pretty safe miss in the balky harbour of shepherd's-plaid tarradiddles.

This man told me he had studied Japan, just as he had studied ancient Greece, and believed that a black man—or a tan, for that matter—was as good as a white, and better. This seemed fairly open-handed largesse, and I responded that he was a man of heart and oak, which seemed to please his nibs, adding that I could see he had an eye on things.

Yes, he admitted, he knew a hole in a pair of steps—in fact, some of his associates dubbined his vanity by calling him the Socrates of Stockwell. If I took any interest in "the things what matter," he added, I should come down and hear him hold the fort that evening at a concourse of brother working-men whom he had impanelled "in the hopes of giving them a soul above four-halves and shove-halfpence." I assured him of my pleasure to be a party in mind, body and estate to his pearly drops, and he gave me a card, upon which (most ingeniously with a small piece of soldering-lead) he inscribed the name and address of the Refreshing Rooms under whose spreading threshold his Society met.

I attended, duly arranging my toilet so that I was not too obviously an affluent lily-spinner of society; and as my friend gave tongue to such wizened opinions I make no hat-in-mouth apology for recounting his main-sheet. We sat around the room at Carrara-tipped tables bearing traces of Time's ringèd changes and cups of cocoa, and as one man we ordered "small blacks." These proved to be little mugs of a liquid whose appearance and flavour suggested respectively coffee and the waters of Lethia.



"AT THIS POINT HIS LORDSHIP INTERRUPTED MR. DRAWLER IN HIS SPEECH, AND SAID IT WAS A CONVENIENT TIME FOR THE COURT TO RISE."—*Saturday's Legal Report.*

Incision was made *in medias res* the proceedings by my friend, who said he had seen but yester's dewy eve that the Horrible JOHN BURNS, P.C., had been described as a friend of the working-man. Oh, *was* he? asked my friend. He would bet any reasonable amount of tin, he said, that JOHN BURNS had not put hand to vice for nigh on twenty years of grace. No man could be a friend of the working-man who was not himself a working-man—toiling, rejoicing, and occasionally piping the optic of compassion with other working-men.

There were at the present moment, P.M., he continued, a most uncomfortable number of labourers in London who had no work to whet their whistles upon. If the great JOHN BURNS was the friend of the working-man, why could not he give them something better than work on new asylums? Putting a premium on balmy-crumpettedness, he called it. In his opinion BURNS might talk for ten years, with his two thousand, and his library, and his what-not, but what he found when he looked around his points of the compass was hundreds of thousands of men out of work—North, South, East, and West, as the crow flies. Here he sat down, amid the rented shouts of the auditors.

At this junction I begged to be allowed to declaim a few periods. Making an actuarial allowance for mnemonic side-slips, I spoke as follows:

"My dear Sirs! I came to listen to your words and drink a non-combatant 'small black,' not to address you. But I feel obliged to tilt a lancet-point with our friend. Though I must compliment him on the febrility of his sonifaction, I do not envy him his premises, his messuage, or anything that is his. To state that building asylums for the mentally imbecile is to increase the paucity of *mens sana in conscia recti* is quite illogical: as well presume that to build gallow-bushes is to make each chap a murderer of his able-bodied brothers. To me, gentlemen of the auditorium, the Labour question is one of education. There are so many labourers unable to recognise a job simply because their teaching has been mediocre to many degrees of Fahrenheit.

"There are some hundreds of thousands, *anno domini*, of labourers with their digits perforce ambushed in their fobs, and there is only one



Charwoman. "NOW THAT WOULD BE 'AND-PAINTED, WOULDN'T IT? AH—HOW NICE YOU CAN DO THEM 'AND-PAINTED THINGS IF YOU 'VE GOT THE TIME. *IT'S THE TIME!*"

Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, of Skibo, Bucks. Why? Simply because, having achieved the erectitude of his own piles of rhinos, Mr. CARNEGIE never tells us how he performed such working-bee prodigies of value for money. He has lectured and told his hearers how to *save* money, but not how to beget it. To save is humanly a bit of a job; to *create* cash is a devil of a deep-sea undertaking. To my eagle eyrie the desideratum is that we should have issue of an invitation to all millionaires to attend a central spot. Then round-off and collar-up (to use a N.-W. Territorialism) the labourers and let them enjoy a few hours of *pêle-mêle causerie*.

"Your millionaire is much like any other chap of flesh, bone, or cartilage. I am sure if we had a few here just at the moment, gave them each a jorum of 'small black' and a dig in the S.-W. thoracic region, speaking to them as working-men *in esse* to working-men with pasts, they would tip us a few staves on such a vexed question, and tell us the favourite for the big event.

"Mr. BURNS, whose ethics have been so ably eviscerated by the first speaker, is not up to much. It is obvious as a pike-shaft that if we all adopted the course of the sweet singer of Battersea we should finish up as feathered *habitués* of the privet-hedge of P.C.-ishness. Counting noses, on this hypotenuse, I can see at one blow forty-odd working-men each drawing from the well two thousand quids per annum as easy as tiddledy-winking!

"One of the brightest minds of the century has handed out the remark that to be truly happy, and let who will be dyspeptic, man must live on sixpence *per diem*, having previously observed the formality of earning said tanner.

"Supt. WELLS, of Scotland Yard, tells me that if each unemployed son of the toil would take to wife one Suffragette and—the two being made one—go back to the land, as far back as possible, the Unemployed and Suffrage questions would sole and heel themselves—mutually, simultaneously, and *nemine contradicente*."

Having been thanked for my contribution to the flow of English undefiled, and permitted as a favour to discharge the day of reckoning of some forty-odd "small blacks," I took my hat from peg and vamosed the ranks. And on reflection next morning I was so satisfied with the body and clarity of my spokes in their flywheel, as to decide to offer a *ragoût* of same for benefit of any reader of *Punch* who may be impaled between the horned toadstools of a dilemma by being called upon for a few well-chosen remarks on this Labour question. I am not above myself to admit that I have often give birth to most brainy postulates after conning hand-over-hand the utterings of some other silver-tongued chap, adopting his cerebral foundlings to my own hook by wafting over same the pinions of the bird of paraphase.

E. N. D.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN his latest (but surely not his last) book of distilled-water essays, *At Large* (SMITH, ELDER), Mr. A. C. BENSON complains of the critics who accused him of writing platitudes. "If they are platitudes," he says, "why do we not find more people practising them? What I mean by a platitude is a truth so obvious that it is devoid of inspiration, and has become one of the things that everyone does so instinctively that no reminder of them is necessary." Well, I am afraid my definition of the word is different from Mr. BENSON's. If at the end of a long discourse he were to say: "And perhaps the essence of the whole matter is this—that to be good is to be happy," I should remark that he was talking platitude. Yet I have friends who are quite good without being really very happy. Again, I go to bed late and I get up late, and frequently I remind myself of the folly of it, but I should rightly be irritated with a man who observed solemnly: "I sometimes think that the secret of the matter is this: that only they are truly healthy who retire to rest early at night and rise again early on the morrow; and it may even be that only thus shall they acquire honourable wealth and wisdom also." These things are platitudes because they repeat (with an air of wisdom) what everybody has already thought for himself; not necessarily what he has already practised. Writing of his life at the country cottage which inspired these essays, Mr. BENSON says: "There is no stir, no eagerness, no brisk interchange of thought about it." Well, that describes his book exactly; and as it is now my turn to relate the obvious to Mr. BENSON let me assure him that the intellectual masses do not like interchange of thought—but that they do like reading in beautiful language (and print) actually the very things that they have always felt for themselves.



LAND HUNGER.

Visitor at Cookery Exhibition. "I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY DIRECT ME TO THE STALL WHERE THE NEW AMERICAN SAND FOOD IS TO BE SAMPLED?"

In JUSTIN H. MCCARTHY'S book,
The Gorgeous Borgia (HURST AND BLACKETT),
Two points that I can't overlook
Impel me to attack it.

The first is this:—In fiction based
On history, the scribe should plot so
That all his vital lines are traced
From fact; and here it 's not so.

The second:—On the Borgian beat
I always hope the stress and storm 'll
Excite my blood to fever heat;
And here it stuck at normal.

These points aside, the art displayed
Gave me no little satisfaction,
And readers will be well repaid
With that in lieu of action.

Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON ought to be prosecuted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Impoverished French Viscounts. As long as the old gentleman whose story is recorded in *Mirage* (METHUEN) was a boarder in a Bloomsbury pension his life was not exactly saturated with the *joie de vivre*, but it was just endurable. He thought, poor innocent, that he knew the worst. But Fate and Mr. THURSTON had their eye on him. First they pretended to be dreadfully sorry for him, and took him away from Bloomsbury to a sweet little cottage in Berkshire. Then they let him fall in love with the daughter of the girl who had been his sweetheart in the days of long ago, and then, having bamboozled him into thinking that he was shortly going to be left a large fortune, they allowed him to propose to her, in spite of the forty-three years' difference between their ages. After that, having comforted him with love, they proceeded to chastise him with scorpions. The promised legacy was snatched from his expectant grasp, and, on discovering that his affianced bride had only accepted him out of womanly pity, he resigned her to a contemporary of her own, and took the next train back to Bloomsbury. It is all very simple and pretty and depressing, but, in spite of Mr. THURSTON's graceful and pleasant style, it doesn't seem to me to take one much forrarder. But we may at least be grateful that *Mirage* is quite free from the blemishes which disfigured *Sally Bishop*—and helped to make her fortune.

When I used to play Cavaliers and Roundheads (under the old nursery rules) victory always went, I believe, to the former, and PRINCE RUPERT had the rocking-horse. In a great many novels, too, your Puritan is a spiritless sort of fellow who has a poor time both on the battle-field and in the drawing-room. Mr. H. C. BAILEY, however, is much less conventional in *Colonel Stow* (HUTCHINSON). Though his hero does fight for KING CHARLES, he is really a free-lance with leanings to the other side, and only espouses the loyalist cause for the sake of his lady, who, as a matter of fact, turns out to be a hussy and runs away with his friend *Colonel Royston*. That puts the plot of the story (including both Colonels) into a nutshell. For the rest the book goes at a rare canter, and there is never a moment of boredom while Mr. BAILEY is in the saddle, in spite of the dead-weight of solid history he is carrying. His verbal activity, too, is amazing, and the dazzling thrusts and parries of his well-assorted characters extend right away down to the conversation of cooks and lackeys. "Marriage is a sacrament: you may also consider it a sauce"; and again, "I fear nothing but God and an English omelette," says *Matthieu-Marc*. I wonder what *Porthos* would have done if *Mousqueton* had made remarks like that. *Parbleu!*

"Mr. Albert Smit played a violoncello concerto by Golterman and Bizet, Wagner and Grieg."—*Bath Herald.*

Hence the word "concerto."

CHARIVARIA.

THE movement in favour of having processions of the Unemployed on Sundays is finding increased favour with the agitators, as so many men who are at work on week-days can then take part in these demonstrations.

***

"The Cabinet," says *The Observer*, *à propos* of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. RAYMOND ASQUITH, "is poor in grandfathers." Anyhow, no one can say that it isn't rich in grandmotherly legislation.

***

So many convicts have lately tried to escape from Dartmoor prison that it almost looks as if they are not made comfortable there, and we are surprised that certain humanitarian Members of Parliament have not yet raised this point.

***

We refuse to believe that the concession made by the Government to the barmaids of Great Britain is due to its fear of creating 100,000 more Suffragettes.

***

Twenty-three Suffragettes have applied to be transferred from the second to the first division at Holloway Gaol. But surely the greater the hardships the greater the heroines.

***

A Lincolnshire magistrate announced last week that he had instructed his mother to apply for an Old-Age Pension on the ground that she had as much right to a pension as an ex-Cabinet Minister. We fear that the authorities will require a stronger claim than that.

***

The Braintree Guardians have decided to change the name of a house which has been hired for the boarding-out of children from "Poplar House" to "Cambridge Villa." We understand that the University town, while appreciating the compliment, also realises the awful responsibility.

An aged tramp living at Dunkirk has inherited £16,000 from an uncle. It is thought that the lucky beggar will now retire from business.

***

A conference has been held at Hull to consider a proposal for the construction of an independent line of railway from Nottingham to Hull. Personally we do not care for a line which is characterised by independence. We like our trains to be punctual.

***

Yet another accident to aeronauts! *The Daily Graphic* balloon, which, after waiting since September for a favourable wind, started last week for Siberia, has descended in Lincolnshire. Still we understand that a fairly desolate part of that county was reached.

***

Trade is so bad that the only persons who are making money to-day are the counterfeit coiners, who have just issued a batch of capital false half-sovereigns.

***

The Occult Review publishes an article on "The Dangers of Premature Burial." We had always imagined that the practice must involve considerable risk to the health of the person interred.

***

Fairy Tales from South Africa, which is the name of a publication just issued by Messrs. MACMILLAN, is not, we are told, the latest work of a certain Company Promoter in the Kaffir Market.

***

And *The Angel*, by GUY THORNE, is not an autobiography.

***

We have received a letter from a gentleman complaining bitterly of his wife, who refused to go out with him because he wanted to wear a hat which she considered too big for him. He thinks that she should be as tolerant to him as he is to her in such matters.

"The best breaks during the evening were: Inman, 149 (full), 176, and 121 (unfinished), of which 78 have been made off Dawson."
The Sportsman.

The losing hazard off the other man's body is a difficult stroke, but INMAN is rapidly becoming so proficient at it that (our authority is still *The Sportsman*) he is now prepared to give WILLIAMS 2,000 in 1,800 up for £100 a side. Not having seen WILLIAMS we cannot say whether a loser off him is more difficult to negotiate than one off DAWSON, but in any case INMAN will have to be at his very best to win.



BEAUTIFYING OUR HIGHWAYS.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL PROPOSES TO OFFER A PRIZE NEXT YEAR FOR THE MOST ARTISTIC TELEGRAPH POLE.

Extract from Commissioner of Police's Notice *re* cab-calls:—

"On and after November 8th the code will be:—

For a motor cab . .	One blast.
For a hansom . . .	Two blasts.
For a four-wheeled cab .	Three blasts."

Mr. Punch would like to know how many are to be used when nothing turns up at all.

"TARIFF REFORM
means
UNEMPLOYED AGITATORS."
Daily Express.

Surely someone has blundered!

"KILKEEL DANCING CLASS.—This class holds two practices weekly, and the membership is increasing by leaps and bounds."
The Newry Reporter.

This is all very well for the Kitchen Lancers, but it doesn't do for the waltz.

"PASSING THROUGH."

["Many birds of passage are among those seen about. This is the season for shooting parties, and people are constantly passing through town for a couple of days or so, and this gives a somewhat fictitious air of gaiety to London."—*The Daily Mail.*]

FLEET passenger, arrested in your flight!
For just a day, a too brief day or so,
You turn our London's darkness into light,
Letting us bask within your radiant glow,
And then—you have to go.

You come among us (how the mind reverts
To angel visitors from out the blue!),
Fill up your void of cartridges and shirts,
Get your hair cut, and so to-morrow to
Fresh woods and parties new.

There 's no mistaking where you 've been and bloomed,
Nor how you got that rudely ruddy cheek,
That figure less immaculately groomed—
Not what we look to find of smooth and sleek
From May to Goodwood week.

The breath of clover clings about your boots;
The scent of heather hovers in your hair;
Your countenance, from contemplating roots,
Has caught the red beet's tone and come to wear
The turnip's vacant air.

Perchance you spend your evening in a stall—
Some lyric comedy where once again
The old high-kicking chorus fails to pall,
And the old wheezes charm that put no strain
Upon your virile brain.

Perchance we recognise you at the Ritz
Blatant with health, and haply overhear
A fragmentary *mot* of gun-room wits,
Hallowed by hoary wont and very dear
To the habitual ear.

Yet, as the expert of *The Mail* confessed,
This levity of birds upon the wing,
Mere birds of passage, only has at best
(Compared with London Life, the Actual Thing)
A false, fictitious ring.

And Town, it seems, must bide the tarrying hours
Until the covert-side has had its day,
Setting you free to concentrate your powers
And give your *esprit* that unfettered play
Which makes us *really* gay. O. S.

DISCURSIONS.

SANDY BILL.

I DID not meet Sandy Bill until long afterwards, and then I had no genuine assurance that what I saw was really Sandy Bill. You shall hear about that later. In the meantime I may say that he was supposed to be a cat, not of the sub-fusc hue generally associated with the dress proper to be worn in the Cambridge Senate House, but of a super-fusc or bright ginger colour. He was alleged to be of gigantic size and immitigable ferocity, with a strange exotic taste for buttered eggs. All this we gathered from Mrs. HUGGINS, the bedmaker. Nobody else had seen him, and even Mrs. HUGGINS had only—if I may use her own words—"ketcht a flash of 'im" as he flew past her or over her head.

Sandy Bill was one of Mrs. HUGGINS's favourite legends. According to her he inhabited by preference the roof covering that special part of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which lay the scene of her duties and labours. She had never known him, she said, as a kitten, and we were permitted to infer that such heroic cats never had a kittenhood, but sprang fully clawed and toothed from the head of Pasht. To be sure it was not Mrs. HUGGINS who suggested Pasht. The name of that goddess was mentioned to her by NORMAN, the classical scholar, who had dabbled in Egyptian mythology. All that Mrs. HUGGINS observed in reply was this:—"I dessay there may 'ave bin a cat called by that name, but I never 'eard of 'er, and if there 'd been a Pash about the College I should have known it." NORMAN thereupon apologised and withdrew Pasht.

I ought to add that, except in regard to buttered eggs, Sandy Bill was no marauder. So ferocious an animal would have scorned the proverbial pilferings of the convenient cat of lodging-houses. He drank no milk, he abstracted no butter. Alone, or in the company of a decreasing number of rats and mice, his daily sustenance, he inhabited the roof. According to the fond memory of Mrs. HUGGINS he was noted for a strong dislike of Junior Deans and Tutors. On the arrival of any specimen of this terrible and detested tribe within the range of his eye or his nose he mewed, so Mrs. HUGGINS told us, with a pathetic persistence; but, as NORMAN said, we didn't run to Junior Deans on our staircase, and thus we never had an opportunity of putting Sandy Bill to the test. In Mrs. HUGGINS's presence, however, we did not dare to express any violent disbelief in his existence. Could any Greek have taxed HOMER with mendacity when Agamemnon was mentioned? Mrs. HUGGINS was the HOMER of Sandy Bill.

Certainly she had her moments of triumph. Once, on a morning when she was stirring a preparation of buttered eggs over the fire in ASKEW's rooms, there had been a roar and a scurry as some monstrous beast came down the chimney with a bang, seized the luscious yellow mixture and vanished away, leaving Mrs. HUGGINS prostrate and eggless on the hearthrug, where ASKEW found her still tightly grasping her spoon. There had been buttered eggs; there were none when ASKEW came in. The obvious and only inference was Sandy Bill. Again on a certain evening when she was looking for a threepenny-bit at the bottom of the staircase by the aid of a tallow candle, she had seen two eyes glaring down at her from the top stair, had fainted with her candle in her hand, and had found neither candle nor candlestick when she came to herself. Sandy Bill, of course. I remember the evening, because the new waiter in hall had, in offering the soups, asked NORMAN if he preferred "thick 'are or garden 'are"—plainly a much better expression than your silly Frenchified *jardinière*.

The greatest triumph, however, happened in connection with the black Persian cat which ASKEW had brought from home in his third October term. A gentle amiable animal she was, but addicted to nocturnal wandering. One night she went to bed amongst ASKEW's underwear in the bottom drawer of his chest-of-drawers, and in the morning she had taken power (and used it) to add five ginger-coloured kittens to the population. This was conclusive. Mrs. HUGGINS did



ALONE I DIDN'T DO IT.

Mr. Taft (*breathless but triumphant*). "THANK YOU, TEDDY!"





Amiable Old Gentleman (wedging himself in centre of seat of railway carriage). "WE ARE PACKED TO-NIGHT LIKE SARDINES."
Fair Neighbour (unsociably). "SARDINE YERSELF!"

not exult in any mean way. Her face was flushed with pleasure as she led us to the drawer and showed us Sandy Bill's kittens.

Many years afterwards, when I brought my wife to Cambridge, we called on Mrs. HUGGINS at her private residence and had a cup of tea. I talked of old days and of Sandy Bill. "You 're settin' on 'im, Sir," said Mrs. HUGGINS. I rose with some alacrity from my arm-chair and saw that its seat was spread with an ancient yellow skin. Mrs. HUGGINS explained that she had found him after his lamented death, and had at first intended to have her hero stuffed. She had, however, decided eventually in favour of skinning him, and there he was. This was all I ever saw of Sandy Bill.

THE IMPULSE.

["The Poet must make his readers believe that he writes from an irresistible inward impulse."—*The Times.*]

WHEN you 're sitting in the twilight and there comes an inclination
To commence a sheet of foolscap with the magic words "To Jane,"
May we view the lines that follow as the natural emanation
Of an all-compelling moment flushed with Passion and with Pain?
And arrive at the conclusion
That your amorous effusion
Represents a fervid impulse of the Heart and of the Brain?

Was it, then, some ardent whisper full of Springtime and of Courting
That in sudden inspiration drew your stylo from its sheath?
And when Pegasus was mounted—did he canter off cavorting
Up the slopes of steep Parnassus with the bit between his teeth?
Was—in short—your lyric burden
Born of moonrise, and its guerdon
Just your gentle JANE'S approval, and a fair-sized laurel wreath?

It is yours, my young Apollo, to uphold this pleasant fancy,
For we mustn't know the sonnet cost you several hours of stress,
And might just as well have gone to either LILIAN or NANCY
Had they shown the same facilities for rhythmical address;
Mustn't know the ode to JINNY
Was inspired by—say—a guinea
To be wrung with tribulation from a stony-hearted Press!

"Staff-Captain N. was the hero of a night adventure during the week. On his way to the Christopher Street ferry he witnessed the horrible sight of a woman being felled with a blackjack. The usual crowd gathered, but seemed paralyzed with fear. The Staff-Captain, forgetting everything but that a precious life was in danger, ran to the Charles Street Police Station."—*The War Cry (New York).*

We can picture the heroic scene—with the staff-captain in the foreground fairly sprinting.

THE PINK SMOKING-ROOM.

9.15 P.M.—"Yes, it 's a beautiful day," I said, "and I think the KAISER made a mistake, but what do you mean by 'disabilities of sex'? On the other hand, I should be inclined to back DUNCAN and MAYO."

"I didn't say anything," said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you coughed."

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was a breathless silence for a quarter of an hour.

"If you would only let me get a word in," I said, "I would point out your mistake. When you argue that——"

"I didn't say anything," said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

"I 'm sorry. I could have sworn you sighed."

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was another breathless silence for a quarter of an hour. Then I could bear it no longer. I stood up and shouted "Help!" at the top of my voice.

Miss MIDDLETON gave a loud scream.

"It 's all right," I said soothingly. "There 's no danger. Please keep your seat. The captain——"

"Oh, what did you—— I quite felt—— You *did* frighten me."

"I thought you 'd be wanting assistance. You 've just found the body, haven't you?"

She picked up the book, and read the title with a smile.

"I 'm very sorry," she said. "I have been awfully rude, haven't I? But it 's so exciting. Let 's read it together, if you like. I 'll just explain where I 've got to."

10.0.—It is called *The Mystery of the Pink Smoking-room*. Wakened by loud cries at midnight, James the butler rushed to the door of Miss Primrose's room, where a terrible struggle was proceeding, and rattled at the handle. He was quickly followed by Professor Matthews (the father), George, who was staying in the house, and Eliza the cook. There were no other servants. When at last they broke the door down, they found Miss Primrose on the floor with a bullet-wound in the forehead, and no sign of the assassin.

"That 's where I 'm up to now," said Miss MIDDLETON. "Come on. Who do you suspect?"

"I suspect James. He was there first. It 's always a good rule to suspect the man who was there first."

"But the detective proved——"

"Is there a detective?"

"Yes, he 's just arrived. I 'm going to suspect *him*. He 's the last person you would suspect naturally, isn't he? so he 's bound to be the one. That 's the best way to do it."

"That 's all right so far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough. James is the first person you 'd suspect: therefore he 's the last person to have done it. Therefore he probably did do it."

"Hadn't we better read a bit more? Perhaps James has an *alibi*."

"If James is the man I take him for, he has at least two *alibis;* but he probably did it all the same. Come on."

10.15.—We don't know what to make of it. James hasn't had an *alibi* yet, but he has been arrested, which is just as good.

"They 'd never arrest the real assassin on page 58," I explained to Miss MIDDLETON. "If they did I should insist on having my money back—I mean your money back."

"What about my detective? He hasn't arrested himself yet."

"Don't be so absurd. I know it isn't him."

"So do I. That 's what makes me think it is."

"But I can tell you why it can't be. The detective never knows at the very beginning who did it, does he?"

"Of course not, or there wouldn't be a story."

"Well, then, if he 'd done it himself he would have known."

10.30.—James is still under arrest. Primrose's injury is not mortal, and she has been sent to a hospital at Cromer. But her mind is a blank. A new man, Rogers, has just arrived from Australia. Miss MIDDLETON and I suspected him at once, but I said it first. At least a dozen witnesses can prove that he was on board at the time, which looks rather suspicious. I don't quite see how he 's going to explain that away.

10.45.—We have decided to tabulate our theories. Here they are:—

(*a*) Primrose was shot through the keyhole by Rogers. (*My contribution.*)

(*b*) Primrose was a Christian Scientist, and only *thought* she 'd been shot. (*Miss* MIDDLETON'S *contribution.*)

(*c*) Primrose shot herself. (*My contribution.*)

(*d*) And then swallowed the revolver—don't be so ridiculous. (*Miss* MIDDLETON'S *contribution.*)

(*e*) Primrose fell out of bed on to a bullet. (*Miss* MIDDLETON'S *contribution. She says she has often done this herself.*)

11.0.—We are going to work on a new line. The author has promised that somebody we know is going to confess on the last page, so we have made a list of all the people who have been mentioned so far. In addition to those I have named already (most of whom have been arrested), we have:

Daphne (Primrose's twin sister. But the author has practically sworn that Daphne didn't do it.)

John (her brother, who died in India).

CLINTON FYLES (the author of the book).

E. N. H. (to whom he has dedicated it); and

SHAKSPEARE ("As Shakspeare says"—p. 37).

"It 's simply got to be one of those, according to FYLES," I told Miss MIDDLETON.

"He doesn't actually say so. All he says is that little did one of them know that their terrible secret was about to be revealed. Of course if it wasn't they wouldn't. I believe it 's hypnotism or spiritualism or something like that. That will be absolutely rotten."

"He 's simply having us on, you know, that 's what it is."

"Well, anyhow," said Miss MIDDLETON, "we 've suspected everybody once, so we 're bound to be right. Turn over, quick."

11.19.—Primrose's body has just been found in the pink smoking-room. She has been shot again, I suppose. This is very unsettling. Particularly as we all thought she was at Cromer.

11.21.—Primrose is alive! But very weak. She is going to tell us what happened. Quick!

11.30.—She has told us!

* * * * *

"Scored off!" said Miss MIDDLETON. "Just fancy! I should like to pretend that I suspected this all along, but I didn't really."

"You told me," I said coldly, "that Primrose was shot and went to Cromer. Now it turns out to have been Daphne all the time."

"Don't be angry," pleaded Miss MIDDLETON. "James thought so too, and he has known them much longer than I have. All the same I don't think twins are quite fair."

"And even then Primrose only shot her by accident. No, I 'm not angry, but if ever I meet CLINTON FYLES face to face, I 'll——"

"Do!" said Miss MIDDLETON. "And I 'll promise to suspect you last."

A. A. M.



Player (to lady opponent). "What made you put your king on my ace? You couldn't beat it."
Lady. "No; but I could try."

COOKERY TIPS BY "TOOTSIE."

Marjorie and Muriel. — Few people know, dear Mu and Marjie, how easily the humble mutton-chop may be transformed into a dainty dish fit to "set before a king." The following is one way, specially suitable for girls like yourselves who occupy a small flat. Having removed all the feathers, hold the chop with a pair of pincers in the flame of a spirit-lamp for a quarter of an hour. (If the pincers get hot take your curling-tongs.) Have your wash-basin handy, and should the chop catch alight dash it smartly into the water, remove it, and let it drip on a piece of toast, then frizzle as before. Blow out lamp, blow out chop, swing it from window till cool enough to hold, then pick off the burnt bits and crumble them between thumb and finger on to the wet toast. Catch hold of chop bone firmly in one hand, grasp toast in other, and take alternate bites. I feel sure you will enjoy this.

Sadie.—You were in too much hurry over the shrimp cake; you ought to fry the shrimps before you put them in, not fry the whole thing. As this is a little difficult perhaps for a beginner, try your hand at making a mushroom custard. For the *motif*, take a quart of freshly-caught mushrooms. The best are always found in the shallow pools when the tide is out, and as you live at the seaside you should have good fun getting them yourself. You can easily distinguish them from toadstools—the latter have no back fins. Pull off their heads and tails and wait till they stop jumping; then shell and core them, dust a little violet-powder over them, and fry till they pop. Take each one separately and brush it carefully with a clean toothbrush, hold under tap, and mash. Serve hot with apple-sauce and chloroform. Some people prefer the latter first, but it is optional.

Ethel.—You enquire how to construct *Pommes de terre à l'eau*. This is a most appetising summer drink, or can be drunk hot as a wine (teetotal) suitable for winter. Take the juice of four potatoes, and add a gallon of water; stir for an hour with a large frayed cabbage-stump (this gives its characteristic satisfying flavour). If your arm aches, change hands. Shred half a Spanish onion into the liquid and let it hum over a slow fire until the neighbours come in to ask if the gas is escaping; this usually happens in twenty minutes. Reassure them, remove from fire, put lid on and hold it down till cold.

Margarita.—Next time you try making the cheese patties you should hem the edges with fine thread. This keeps the cheese from escaping.

Alicia.—No, you do not seem to have succeeded with the beefsteak *purée*. Are you sure the maid lit the fire? As a substitute for the *purée* have you tried orange wine? Take two oranges, wash and dry well with a rough towel; if they cry, smack them; if they merely whimper, it doesn't count. Stew them, pour in the whites of four eggs, add milk, strain, stir till they fizz, and let the mixture stand for eight to ten hours; may sit when tired. To make sure it is quite tender, break off a bit and eat it. Then bake till the top is pale pink, set in a cool place to rise, butter a pie-dish thickly, sprinkle with tooth-powder and serve with parsley.

"Tootsie."

HOW TO GET FED.

"CHARLES," I said, "I am in trouble. You know always what to do and how to do it. Advise me."

"JAMES," he answered briefly, "I will."

"I am not properly fed," I said. "For seventeen years I have seen around me at restaurants the choicest food, and have never been able to eat it."

"Teeth?" said CHARLES.

"Waiters," I said. "Everywhere I go there are crowds of hateful little men with morbid eyes, and nasty big men with red faces and far too many chins, feeding on the fat of the land and their every want anticipated. I get served with the worst and after the longest delay."

"That should not be. It is the waiters' duty and not the consumers' privilege to wait."

"I have tried all remedies. I have appealed to the waiter's sense of decency, and have been treated with unction to my face and with laughter behind my back, and the service has become, if possible, worse. I have appealed to his religion, his sense of humour, his humanity, his pocket. Every method of defence has been in vain."

"Never be defensive," said CHARLES. "Be offensive. Come with me and see how it is done."

* * * * *

"Waiter!" said CHARLES; and the waiter rushed to his call who had ambled to mine. "Why in thunder don't you come when I call?"

"I did, Sir," said the waiter.

"Silence!" said CHARLES. "The heat is unbearable. Turn on the fans and open the windows."

"But the other customers, Sir," said the waiter.

"Turn on *all* the fans and open *all* the windows," interrupted CHARLES; "and be quick about it."

"I didn't find it particularly hot," said I to CHARLES.

"No more did I," said CHARLES. "But to make an impression one must begin at the beginning."

"In fact," I continued, "I thought it nicer as it was at first."

"Waiter!" called CHARLES, and that waiter positively galloped. "Hurry up. This draught is disgraceful. Turn off all the fans and shut all the windows."

"But, Sir, you told me . . ."

"Do as I tell you," said CHARLES fiercely; and the waiter did it.

"We have reduced his proud spirit; and now for the manager. Let us complain of the salt."

"The salt is dry enough," said I.

"Then wet it," said CHARLES, and dropped a little water on to it.

He made the waiter have a good look at it, and, the salt remaining wet in spite of the look, sent for the manager. After a little while a man appeared with slightly better dress clothes and a black tie.

"Go away," said CHARLES. "I sent for the manager."

"I am the manager," said the person.

"You are not," said CHARLES. "You are the head waiter, and a grossly incompetent head waiter at that. Send me the manager." And after a little longer interval that official came. His frockcoat proved his managership.

"Are you the manager?" said CHARLES.

"I am, Sir."

"Then you are the worst manager in the whole wide world. Look at this salt—the dampest, the wettest, the soppiest mess I have ever seen."

"I will speak to the waiter, Sir," said he, and he was on the point of abusing that luckless man.

"What?" said CHARLES. "You dare to provide us with the worst possible food in the most uncomfortable room in London and then try to put me off by abusing a helpless waiter? If it had not been for him, I do not believe we should ever have had any salt at all."

"Sir . . ." said the manager, with some show of fight.

"Silence!" snapped CHARLES. "Am I to be shouted down like this? Take this stuff away and bring us some more, and see that our dinner is served with some approach to decency and promptitude."

* * * * *

"CHARLES," I said, over the most delicious and best served dinner I have ever known, "you are positively brutal."

"Not brutal," said he, "but wise. I think the food is excellent, the place comfortable, and the attention faultless. Restaurants, my dear friend, are run on commercial and not on humane considerations. It is the business of the caterer to satisfy the customer, and, if the customer starts off by being satisfied, the caterer will take no more trouble. In private life our waiter would be more friendly disposed to you than to me. But this is not private life—this is business. To him and his manager you are not a man to be loved, but a number to be fed and kept quiet and got rid of as quickly as possible."

"But the tip? Surely that has some weight?"

"Oh, JAMES," he said, "you have much to learn. The waiter knows, as you do not, that you tip entirely upon principles of fashion and not upon principles of justice. However he treats you, he knows you will give him as little as you dare. Possibly you will be frightened into increasing your tip by a proud demeanour and a bullying manner. Confess that you have never left a restaurant without giving the usual tip to a waiter who has neglected you and very nearly insulted you all the meal."

When we rose to go the waiter helped us on with our coats, the head waiter handed us our hats, and the manager was there to wish us good-night.

THE FLIERS.

(*From our Special Correspondent at Le Mans.*)

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT yesterday made several ascents, each time with a passenger. Among those fortunate gentlemen were the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Mmes. MELBA and TETRAZZINI, Mr. HENRY FARMAN and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, who was one of Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT'S passengers, being in the air for some ten minutes, remarked on descending that he had never known anything like it. It was superior even to his own flights of rhetoric. The sensation could be compared with nothing that he had ever experienced: it was as though he soared over the earth without past or future—almost without present. The only drawback was perhaps that there was no one to talk to, for Mr. WRIGHT discouraged conversation. Asked if he were cold, the reverend gentleman replied that he would no doubt have been had he not been wearing MINTO'S clothes to measure.

Mr. HENRY JAMES alighted upon the earth again (*terra firma*, as he expressed it) with obvious pleasure. For a long time he remained inarticulate, but was then, by those in the immediate vicinity, understood to say that if, by any possibility, under whatever conditions, there should be, however faintly adumbrated, an invitation, nay appeal, or even if it were an entreaty, to, so to speak, induce him once again to entrust, in a



1909.

STUDY OF AN EMINENT-M.P. TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL.

manner of speaking, his limbs, not to mention his other organs, to such an infernal contrivance . . . . " and so on.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who was next honoured with an invitation to accompany Mr. WRIGHT, described his experience as exhilarating in the extreme. He said that it was like riding on a Theban eagle, or a swan. Riding a turtle was nothing to it. In an eloquent peroration Mr. LEE vindicated the use of a high-flown style as suitable to aviators.

Mr. CHESTERTON's experiences were less fortunate than those of his friends. For a long time the aeroplane refused to leave the ground; and it was not until the great critic had emptied his pockets of books and other impedimenta that it rose at all. It then flew slowly round the parade ground twice and came to earth again with a groan. On Mr. CHESTERTON's slipping from it, however, it sprang into the zenith like an indiarubber ball. Mr. CHESTERTON described his sensations with vigour and vividness. It reminded him, he said, of being in a heavenly hansom with the blessed consciousness continually present that one would not have to pay the fare. He looked forward to the day when he would be able at Battersea to whistle down from the skies an aeroplane to carry him to Fleet Street, and *vice versâ*.

Madame MELBA and Madame TETRAZZINI, who made successive ascents, were equally enthusiastic in expressing their delight. As Madame MELBA wittily put it, "I have long been a star, but I have never been so near the other stars before." Madame TETRAZZINI declared that the aeroplane soared higher *in altissimo* when she was on board than when Madame MELBA was the passenger; but when asked to adjudicate on this point Mr. WRIGHT preserved a discreet reticence.

Mr. HENRY FARMAN, who obtained his seat on the aeroplane only by disguising himself as an ecstatic French journalist and kissing Mr. WRIGHT very vigorously, said that he did not think much of his experiences. In fact he did not feel safe for a moment. If Mr. WRIGHT cared at any time to come to him, he would show him what flying really was.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER on alighting said that he had never spent a more wonderful ten minutes. As he passed swiftly and steadily through the air he had felt like nothing so much as a great strong bird—yet with the brain of a man and dramatic critic. It was that which made it so interesting. The spelling of aeroplane might, however, he thought, be much simplified.

The Rule 10 (d) for deciding who wins the prize of the Dublin University Engineering Students' Society is as follows:—

"They shall then take the number of attendances at ordinary General Meetings of each such speaker, multiply by one hundred, and divide by three times the total number of ordinary General Meetings held during the session, and add to the number thus obtained his average mark for speaking multiplied by ten."

We have not seen Rule 10 (e), but it probably runs: "The Chairman shall then guess the number which the speaker originally thought of."



THE IMAGE AND THE REALITY.

Tommy (who, in the performance of his duties as "casualty," is wearing labels inscribed "Chest blown in by shell," "Left leg shattered by bullet," and has just been accidentally tilted out of his stretcher). "NOW YOU REALLY 'AVE 'URT ME!"

HAND-AND-FOOT DISEASE.

[Dr. WARNER, lecturing on nursery hygiene, inveighed against the practice of wrapping up a baby's hands and feet. The movement of the extremities showed the first impressions of the brain, and in the interest of brain development should not be impeded.]

LISTEN, O ye mothers, to my tale:
I am one who never had a chance,
Born or ever science could prevail
Over pestilential ignorance.

Silent in my cot I used to lie,
Very, very limp about the spine,
Very, very vacant in the eye,
Waiting for the touch of the divine.

Sometimes in the infinite inane
Elemental impulses arose,
Troubled the grey matter of my brain,
Quivered to a twiddle in my toes.

And anon from chaos there would come
Impacts that no infant might resist,
Tapping on my baby cerebrum,
Till I waved an answer with my fist.

Did none understand what it must mean?
Was there no physician near to warn?
Had they any grasp of hygiene?
Woe is me that ever I was born!

For my nurses started to my side,
Wrapped me but the tighter in a shawl;
Intellect incontinently died,
Slain by inability to sprawl.

So, by mental atrophy, I gat
Capable of penning *this* poor thing.
Shudder, mothers! Let your little brat
Have in his extremity his fling.

MORE ROYAL INDISCRETIONS.

I MET him in a field near Sandringham. He was looking for late blackberries. A pricked finger gave me my opportunity.

"And now it has stopped bleeding, tell me your impressions of England this time," I asked.

"If you are one of the people that write for the papers I am very glad to see you," he replied. "England seems all right, you know; but there is something wrong with the papers. Don't you think the views of some of the younger members of the Royal Houses of Europe ought to be acceptable just now, when European politics are so much to the front?"

"Tell me what you think of Bulgaria," I asked without hesitation.

"Oh, Bulgaria is horrid to fit into the map, and I should like it ab—ablosh—abolished.

"You see," he resumed, "it isn't as if I was only an ordinary Prince. I am a Crown Prince, and I shall be King some day, and they ought to take more notice of me, even if I have grown serious. The other day a dear old gentleman, who, Mamma told me, was a retired diplomatist, came to see me. So I got him away from the others into a corner, and put some writing-paper and a pen on the table, and told him just what I thought about Cousin WILLIAM and a lot of the others. I haven't seen anything about it in the papers yet, but I keep on looking every morning.

"I am very glad they 've sold half a million of my picture. Yes, taken by Grandmamma, you know, and put in her book."

"Then is your portrait to be among the others in that book?" I asked.

The blue eyes opened their widest.

"Why, yes," he replied. "I 'm not sure that there are to be any others, are there?"



AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

German Kaiser (*as Conjurer*). "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY ENGLISH FRIENDS IN THE AUDIENCE, I WILL, FROM THIS SIMPLE

"HALLO! WRONG ANIMAL. MY MISTAKE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 2nd.—Prevalent dulness of debate on Licensing Bill occasionally varied by passages in which Members on both sides relate personal experiences. To hear Colonel Hall Walker descant on "the long pull" was a liberal education. One never realised before how much emotion can be evoked by watching the process. The barman takes your jug across the counter, fills it, as nearly as possible, precisely to limit of measurement you stipulate for. Then, breathlessly watched by you, back goes his hand, and with supplementary pull "fills up the cup," as Mr. Asquith used to say before he was Premier.

One gathers from the gallant Colonel that there is rich opportunity for study of human nature in the procedure. A shrewd observer will as he carries away his jug, be able to form an accurate judgment of the natural generosity or inborn niggardliness of the barman.

Then there was Mr. Lupton in his moment of confidence.

"I have been in hundreds of public-houses in the country," he said, instinctively wiping his lips with a glow of pleased reminiscence, "and have met with a very good reception."

Whilst these flashes of human nature are refreshing in the arid waste of debate, there must be some limit to them if we are to get the Licensing Bill through in convenient time for the waiting Lords. Therefore, though for a moment the Committee regretted the interposition, it is generally admitted the Chairman was justified in pulling up Mr. G. A. Hardy as he was reaching the most thrilling part of his narrative.



"Then there was Mr. Lupton."



The Parliamentary Beaver. (Castor Banburiensis.)

"The Beaver's instinct leads him to the formation of dams . . . He dams the whole stream, blocking and obstructing its course, covering the obstruction with mud and stones in the most workmanlike manner, which contributes to the strength of the dam. . . . In some countries the Beaver is content with a secluded burrow, but in others his dwelling-place is a much more complicated affair."—*Natural History.*

It was Banbury who led up to the incident. Question arising on proposal to close public-houses on polling days, he testified that at recent election at Peckham proceedings were almost dolefully respectable.

"There were," he said, "only two convictions for drunkenness on polling day, and the parties were two women who did not live in the borough." Were probably brought in on tramcar by the Liberal Agent.

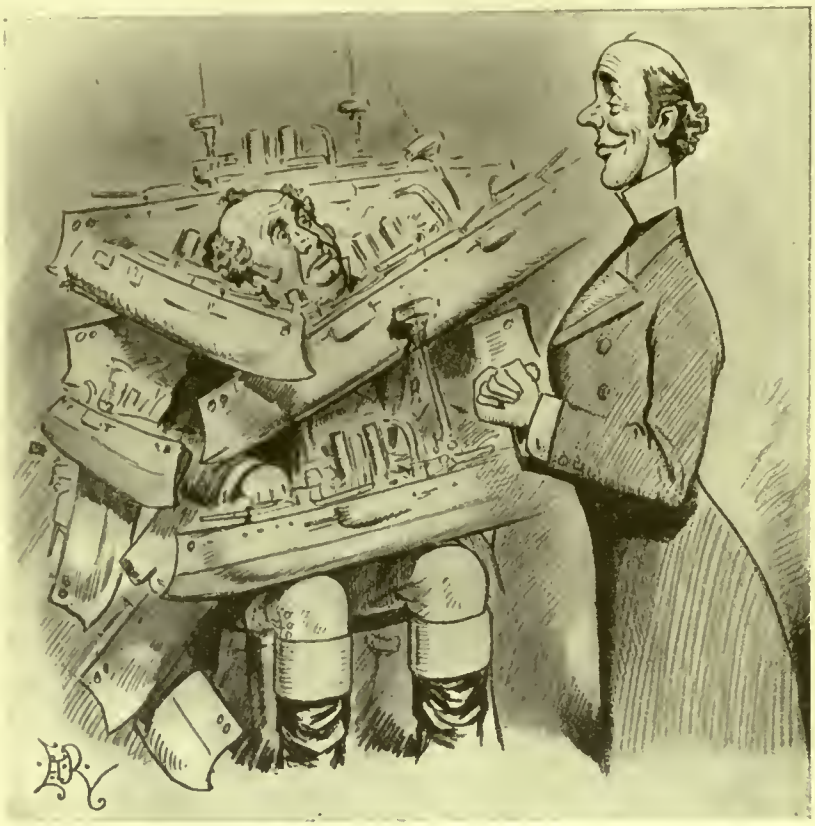
It was this that called G. A. Hardy to the front. He had, he told the entranced Committee, visited Peckham on polling day and found it "a perfect pandemonium of drunkenness." Hardy himself seems to have been in state of some perplexity, for, as he said, "in the evening I asked five people to direct me to a certain place." Of these "four were drunk; the fifth, a postman, directed me."

Even the postman not above suspicion. In ordinary way of business an article, whether a letter or parcel, being directed, would be stamped with office postmark. Insisting on regarding the Hon. Member as a parcel, the Peckham postman, having "directed him," proceeded to obliterate imaginary stamp on his shoulder-blade. This naturally turned Mr. Hardy's attention in the direction of the police.

"The policemen——" he continued.

Here the Chairman interposed with call to order, and Mr. Hardy abruptly resumed his seat, like

Him who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold.



SOMETHING TO THE GOOD.

"Yes, the country is not only safe, but, if I may use the expression, it is overwhelmingly safe."—*Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna in the House of Commons.*

Business done.—Fourteenth day in Committee on Licensing Bill.

Tuesday.—Indefinable air of unrest broods over House. Everyone conscious of it; none can explain it. Began, I think, with HICKS-BEACH's disclosure of things going on in the Isle of Wight. According to him, a party of officers from Naval War College went the other day for a reconnaissance of the Isle, and whom should they find on the spot but a number of German officers engaged in selecting a suitable place for landing troops!

SARK says the story reminds him of one told by CHARLES LAMB about *Bob Allen* in his character of contributor to *The Oracle*. Was paid for paragraphs at rate of sixpence each. Half-a-dozen or less provided him with a dinner. On a particular day, incidents being scarce and dinner necessary, he sent in the following: "Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, whom should we meet but *Deputy Humphreys!*"

This was the end of his connection with the paper.

About HICKS-BEACH'S story there certainly is something of the unexpected turn that marks *Bob Allen's* last contribution to *The Oracle*. MCKENNA says the whole thing is a mare's-nest, a narrative of the kind suitable for circulation among the marines. That all very well. But House recalls how last summer MARK LOCKWOOD, scouting in Epping Forest, attracted by smell of German sausage, cleverly followed a trail that brought him upon three Germans lunching behind a haycock. They said they were commercial travellers.

MARK too old a soldier to be taken in by stories of that kind. Seized early opportunity of bringing matter under notice of House, and a few months later there were published notes of the famous interview with the KAISER, in which his Majesty endeavoured to show that, so far from harbouring evil designs against this country, he even supplies the British Army in the field with plans of campaign.

Thus putting two and two together, we get a more or less connected story. At best it does not uplift the cloud of uneasiness alluded to, nor does it convince HICKS-BEACH that all is well in the Isle of Wight.

Business done.—Clauses 21 to 35 of Licensing Bill declared carried in Committee as fast as CHAIRMAN could put the question.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—"Such larks!" as, before "Great Expectations" dawned, *Pip* used to say to *Joe Gargery*.

Noble lords aweary of coming down every day and finding no work to do. This afternoon one from back bench proposed a game. Something with a bit of chance running through it, on which, if any were so minded, a sov. might be put. Bridge out of the question; roulette needed a table; pitch-and-toss would never do, seeing that in Committee on Children's Bill it was proposed to pass clause limiting pastime of street urchins by prohibiting smoking cigarettes. Happy thought. Draw lots for something. Same fun; full maximum of chance with minimum of undesirable detail. Cries of "Content!"

"The Contents have it," said the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Thereupon BLACK ROD brought in CLERK OF THE CROWN and HANAPER, fortuitously in attendance without. Reported that in the election for an Irish Representative Peer in room of Lord ROSSE, deceased, Lords ASHTOWN and FARNHAM had received equal number of votes.

"Bring in a glass bowl," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, re-adjusting his wig.

Odd how it fell out that everything was ready. The CLERK OF THE HOUSE produced from folds of his gown a finger-bowl.

"Now," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, entering thoroughly into spirit of the game, "take two slips of paper. Write Lord ASHTOWN on one, Lord FARNHAM on tother. Twist them so that names are hidden, and drop 'em into bowl."

The CLERK bowed low to the Woolsack and followed instructions.

"Got 'em in?" asked the LORD CHANCELLOR, his wig awry with excitement. "Very well; now wait till I count twenty-five."

Amid hushed silence the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled followed the slow enumeration.

"— Twenty-five," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR, bounding on the Woolsack with activity recalling SWIFT MACNEILL in another place. "Shut your eyes; pick one paper out of the bowl, open it and read the name."

"LORD ASHTOWN," responded the CLERK.

"Very well," said the LORD CHANCELLOR. "In accordance with



THE ORDEAL BY WATER.

TRYING POSITION OF AN AMATEUR HUNTSMAN WHO HAS PROMISED THE BRUSH TO THE LADY OF HIS CHOICE.

the Act of Union I declare LORD ASHTOWN duly elected."

Then noble lords took up Children's Charter, and passing it through Committee, went home quite refreshed.

Business done.—Sixteenth day of Licensing Bill in the Commons.

WILLIAM THE GREAT.

A STUDY IN THE IMMENSE.

IT is essential that the English-speaking world as well as America should know something of the personality of the new PRESIDENT; for he has come, as we say, to stay, and he may make history during office.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is, it is computed, the biggest thing that Columbus did. America is a great country, but not even America is too great for BIG BILL TAFT. He overlaps it here and there: outlying portions of his person sag into the sea on either coast. BIG BILL TAFT is immense. He has been gigantic all his life. As a baby he required a syndicate of nurses; as a boy his gambols shook Cincinnati; as a Sophomore he made it necessary for new steel girders to be built into Yale. Since then he has grown steadily. Like all great men he has never stopped growing; and now the plans of a completely new and really commodious White House are being drawn up, and until it is ready the PRESIDENT-ELECT will live in the dome of the neighbouring Capitol.

The Americans love a personality which lends itself to familiarity, and BIG BILL TAFT is and will be very popular. The very style BIG BILL is of the essence of intimacy. BIG BILL TAFT—could GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN have a more desirably-named successor? Certain is one thing, and that is that he will be himself. No man will ever carry him.

But bulk is not BIG BILL'S only merit. He has a smile, too. TAFT'S smile is like an *aurora borealis;* TAFT'S laugh is like the gayest music of the spheres. He has smiled and laughed his way into the Presidential Chair. Speeches he made, it is true, until his voice was gone—that mighty organ dwindled to a whisper—but he need never have said a word. All he had to do was to stand before the millions in Pa. and Ia., Wis. and Da., and expand into risibility.

It is a great power, this power of genial mirth, and no one ever had more of it than BIG BILL TAFT.

Although jovial and huge, BIG BILL is not lethargic. On the contrary, he is energetic, and the Americans, who are nothing if not witty, call him "a steam-engine in trousers." It is a long nickname for a snappy, hustling race; but there it is. "Under the crown of his hat," it is written, "he carries a little American flag"—as a talisman and as a reminder of country and duty.

His rise has been steady and sure; but it was not until he led the Princess ALICE round the world that his name became a household word. Of that historic progress who can tell? Not Mr. TAFT, for he disdains authorship. Never since Una fared forth with her lion have there been such travels. The Great Pyramid has

never been quite the same since Mr. TAFT ascended its summit; and Egyptologists have noted a far more genial expression on the face of the Sphinx since that mysterious monster was saluted by his overwhelming smile. On his landing in Cuba he won all hearts by observing that, though born in America, his feet were Cubic.

His interview with the POPE is history also. The Vatican still shows signs of the meeting in a number of fissures and subsidences. The HOLY FATHER, after some hours' hard work, succeeded in blessing the greater portion of his visitor.

Like many other men of majestic stature, Mr. TAFT has an infinitesimal appetite. But to make up for this abstinence he is a voracious reader. His favourite novelist, it need hardly be added, is SARAH GRAND; his favourite essayist is Mr. A. C. BENSON, the author of *At Large;* his favourite short story. *The Drums of the Fore and Taft.* In conclusion, it should be noted that, though he occasionally plays golf, he has an hereditary passion for the sport of Big-sticking.

MENUS TO MEASURE.

SHORT COMMONS FOR THE MINISTRY.

[The invention of the following Bill of Fare is attributed to the well-known gourmet, MR. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.]

Potage.
Hot Water.
Poisson.
Flounders. Sauce Diable.
Entrées.
Suffragette Grillée.
Réchauffé d'Arguments.
Hash.
Rôtis.
Cooked Statistics (to be taken with Salt).
The Goose which laid the Golden Eggs.
Légumes.
Beans.
Entremets.
Sweets of Office.

(All Wines must be ordered between 6 and 6.15 p.m., the legal limit under the new Licensing Act.)

"Mr. Taft weighs 20 st. in his stockings."
The Star.

His height in shirt and trousers is about six feet.

MR. JONES'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, in the course of probing Life to the core, has discovered a new World-Truth; and, like a good fellow, he wouldn't hear of keeping it to himself. He has discovered the fact, hitherto unsuspected, that it is a foible of Human Nature to make futile resolutions every New Year's Day; and, in *Dolly Reforming Herself* at the Haymarket, he is letting all London into his secret. But here his generosity stops. He might easily, in five Acts, with two scenes apiece, have illustrated his point with ten similar and consecutive New Year's Days. But he has only given us a couple of these anniversaries. Still, even so, we get



DEBATABLE BILLS.

Telfer . . . . . Mr. Robert Loraine.
Mrs. Telfer . . . Miss Ethel Irving.

as much repetition as we can do with; and Four Acts without a change of scene help to keep our minds from wandering from the one idea.

The play is a slight thing, which threatens to be tedious at times, but is carried off by really admirable all-round acting. It is also relieved by some nice quiet humour in the Second Act, and a lot of noisy fun in the Third. The audience, when I was there, preferred the noisy fun, in part because it was noisy, and in part because Mr. JONES was here dealing recognisably with the elemental features of a conjugal quarrel over milliners' bills. In this scene Miss ETHEL IRVING played with an almost incredible fury and *abandon.* Every moment I thought that something must crack in her fragile framework. Yet I had to side with the husband; for her bills were too preposterously out of proportion with a country *ménage* so limited that its mistress always talked about "the spare room"; while the accommodation for beasts was smaller still, the horse of a solitary caller having to be sent away to the local inn to be put up.

The low-comedy tone of Miss ETHEL IRVING's voice and methods was possibly no part of the author's design, but I think it helped. She was very clever indeed, except with her hands when she had no particular use for them. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN was excellent as a married woman with a taste for hysteria and Platonics; and the author must alone be responsible for any farcical features in this character which were brought out by the fidelity of her interpretation. While all the others acted very soundly, it was the admirably restrained performance of Mr. LOWNE which, more than anything else, held the play together on the right side of the doubtful borderland between comedy and farce.

I could wish for it a decent run, but its attractions are not varied enough—a bad fault in these days of severe competition with the Halls of Variety.

By the way, if Mr. JONES had ever visited a Hospital for Incurables I am sure he would have spared us that small joke at the expense of this class of hopeless sufferers. Age and custom have done nothing to modify its unkindliness. O. S.

MY OXYGEN TUBE.

I HAD it recharged on my way to *The Peewit* office, having inhaled its original contents as an experiment before interviewing my landlady on the ticklish subject of missing collars. That experiment had been an overwhelming success, for the large-boned and redoubtable woman who had bullied me for the last two years left my presence weeping silently. I looked forward, therefore, with calm confidence to the task before me of making the editor of *The Peewit* change his views about the ultimate destination of a series of articles I had written for his paper; for he was a much easier person to deal with, being, in fact, second only to myself in irresolution of character and moral cowardice. Bitterly indeed, in my previous dealings with him, had I realized that one fiery and menacing glance from my eye would have made him flinch evasively, and just one more ounce of bluff than I

was capable of would have turned the scale of terms in my favour. It had, in fact, always been a toss up which of us was going to score, and so far I had lost the toss. But the tube of concentrated valour I carried in my pocket would change all that, and during the few moments in the waiting-room I emptied the charge and filled myself with such dogged pluck that I floated on a cloud of courage to his room.

He was seated at his desk as I entered, and turning his flabby ineffective face in my direction was about to utter his usual "Good morning, just one minute, please"—and keep me waiting while he rang up a box office, when he caught my eye and positively dwindled before it.

"With reference to those articles," I began in cold, menacing tones; "you say in your letter of yesterday's date you find they are hardly the style of thing to suit your paper. You will, however, remember that when I showed you the first of the series and we discussed the lines of the others, you distinctly commissioned me to write them, and I shall certainly hold you to that engagement."

When I began to speak I saw him try with a pitiful effort to pull himself together and meet me on my own ground, but he was not man enough. He cowered back in his chair, his fingers fumbled with his blue pencil, his mouth twitched nervously, but he elongated it into a conciliatory smile and stammered soothingly:

"Oh, yes, yes—to be sure. Very glad you called to talk the matter over—— Now let me see—— Yes, Miss BLAKE——" (this, apparently, to his lady secretary, whose voice, however, I had not heard). "Excuse me *one* moment," he said hurriedly and disappeared in the adjoining office. I smiled a sardonic smile, my triumph was assured, and I had just determined to make it guineas instead of pounds when he returned, looking queer and puffy and gasping a little.

"Now about these articles," he exclaimed harshly, with the air of a man who has no time to waste over trifles. "*You* suggested the series. *I* merely agreed they sounded promising on the lines you sketched, and assured you they should have careful consideration. That has been given them, with the result that I find they are very poor stuff indeed, not even up to your usual standard. Besides which they showed me that you not only failed to realize the depth of your subject, but lacked the knowledge and insight to deal with it. Under those circumstances, and as there was no written agreement between us, I have no other course but to return them to you, and hope you may be able to place them elsewhere. Meanwhile," he added, dropping his aggressive tone for one of patronising superiority, "you must try and think of something else. Always glad of ideas, you know."

His first onslaught nonplussed me—then as he continued, with a pang of despair, I saw something sticking out of his breast-pocket which accounted for his momentary absence and subsequent access of ferocity. It was a tube of oxygen.

"Will you take these with you—or shall I send them?" he said, pointing to my articles on the desk. I rose, all the gas gone out of me. "I 'll take them," I said cringingly, and slunk out of the door, leaving him an easy winner with three inches of oxygen to spare.



Vicar of Poppleton. "I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN OVER AT IPPLETON CHURCH THE LAST TWO SUNDAYS, BATES. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF YOUR CATTLE STRAYED INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S FIELD?"

Bates. "I SHOULDN'T OBJECT, IF SO BE THE PASTURE WAS BETTER!"

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"The Defense of the Aunswere to the Admonition against the Replie of Thomas Cartwright."

It looks like THOMAS's opponent's turn now.

"Germany's plan was to play a preponderant rôle—to vote ostensibly for the Russian thesis in such a manner as to transform the Conference into a Conference, &c."

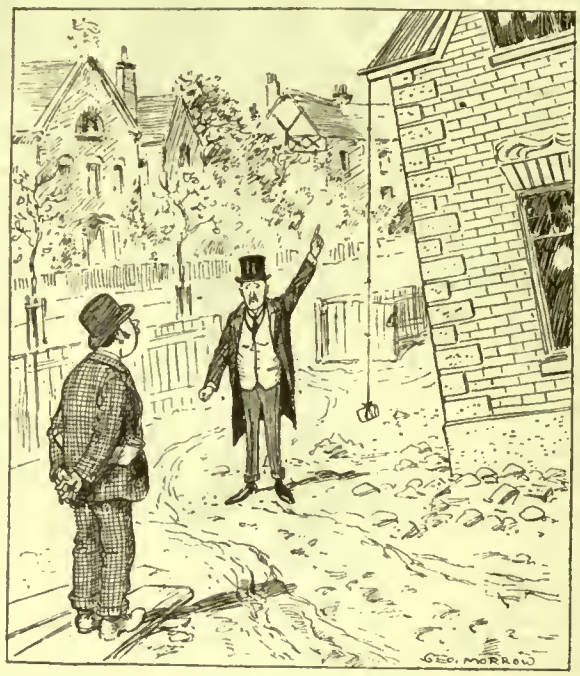
Liverpool Daily Post.

This, however, can be done by means of a little twirly sign to the printer, without dragging in Russia at all.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BERNARD CAPES exhibits such an animus against the ordinary critic in *The Green Parrot* (SMITH, ELDER) that for a long time I thought the title was partly symbolical, and kept wondering where they had put the bird-seed. *John Wisdom* is a novelist whose imaginative methods and delicacy of style have made him unpopular with the good-for-nothing chorus of reviewers; so he takes umbrage and a knapsack and flees into North Wales together with another fugitive from oppression—a precociously intellectual boy who has run away from his cruel step-father with no other luggage than the titular macaw. They are discovered by a most eccentric house-party of literary people, which affords Mr. CAPES so fine a field for his polemics that the actual plot, crowded in at the end, becomes a very small holding indeed. This is a great pity, because the author is quite at his worst, I think, in militant dialectics, whereas he does the romantic business exceedingly well, describes his scenes most attractively, and is a master of the vivid epithet. I should like to suggest to Mr. CAPES that next time he feels worried about anything he should take a leaf from the book of another BERNARD and write a voluminous preface, and then weigh in with his novel afterwards. For after all there are such things as arrangement and proportion as well as style.



Angry Client. "THERE, YOU SEE THE HOUSE IS DISTINCTLY LEANING. I'VE FIXED THIS UP TO CONVINCE YOU."

Builder. "IT LOOKS AN OLD PLUMB-LINE. HAVE YOU HAD IT TESTED LATELY?"

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, when I was coming up as a flower, I fell in love with Miss RHODA BROUGHTON'S *Nancy* — the first book, I believe, with the exception of *Reading Without Tears*, that ever made me cry — and I have always since preserved a *tendresse* for that young lady and the author of her being. I wish I could feel the same about *Mamma* (MACMILLAN). Perhaps it is because I have grown old, like *Mamma* (the story opens on her seventieth birthday), and have lost the whole-hearted enthusiasm of youth, but the fact remains that I don't even like any of the people in the book—neither *Mamma*, nor her three married daughters, nor her grandchildren, nor the artist who paints her portrait, nor her youngest daughter who becomes his wife after *Mamma* is dead and gone. Miss BROUGHTON has given us, instead of a story, a clever study in selfishness, elaborated by many of those delicate touches of comedy-satire in which she excels. From this point of view her book is a good piece of work. For *Mamma* is a perfect monster of selfishness, especially to the stay-at-home daughter, who lives a helot's life by the side of her invalid couch; and Miss BROUGHTON has drawn her picture so skilfully that I am thinking of presenting copies of her book to the vampire-mothers of my acquaintance (we all know some of them) the very next time their birthdays come round.

It is a very long time since Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME gave us a book, and now that he has done so in *The Wind in the Willows* (METHUEN) it proves to be on entirely different lines from those of *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age*, though it has many pages which could have been written only by their author. I should describe it myself as a sort of irresponsible holiday story in which the chief characters are woodland animals, who are represented as enjoying most of the advantages of civilisation — shopping, caravanning, motoring, travelling by train, and so on—apparently on terms of more or less equality with the human world. Some grown-up readers may cavil at this, others may find in the story a satirical purpose which its author would probably disclaim. But children will, I think, accept Mr. GRAHAME'S Rat, Mole and Badger as personal friends, and enjoy Toad's adventures and mishaps with a heartiness untroubled by any such curious considerations.

The Fear of Life (BLACKWOOD) almost makes the conscientious reviewer yearn for death. Mr. GERALD MAXWELL flies at high game. The principal characters of his story strut on the political platform with the House of Commons in the background. Even for a great artist familiar with them these are difficult conditions to work into a novel. Mr. MAXWELL is not a great artist, and whilst his knowledge of the House of Commons is obviously acquired from the Strangers' Gallery, his intimacy with political personages and problems is gained from study of the newspapers. A chapter or two is more or less agreeably devoted to the record of a day's doings in a madhouse, with lengthy reports of the conversation of several patients suffering from divers illusions.

The reproduction, at the price of six shillings, of the costly volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, is an achievement sufficient to make the year a red-letter date in literature. There is not an event of public interest happening within the twenty-four years that form the limits of the story that is not here touched and illuminated. The illustrations, some rare, which adorned the first edition are reproduced. Mr. MURRAY is again the publisher, but on this occasion he works in collaboration with *The Times* Book Club; of itself, to those who remember recent events, a pleasing and picturesque incident.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears.

CHARIVARIA.

Punch has been confiscated in Vienna for representing the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA as an ordinary beagle. We regret the error. It should, of course, have been a double-headed beagle.

***

A somewhat pathetic incident, as showing how the KAISER is a little below himself in consequence of recent events, was his hailing of Count ZEPPELIN as "the greatest German of the Twentieth Century."

***

Mr. KEIR HARDIE informed an interviewer at Merthyr-Tydvil that the language of the KING's Indian Proclamation was practically identical with that used by himself during his visit to India. HIS MAJESTY's good luck is proverbial.

***

The leaders of the Dutch people of South Africa have, according to Colonel SEELY, M.P., declared themselves in favour of the maintenance of the largest possible garrison of British soldiers in South Africa. One suspects the compliment. It looks as if they wanted to borrow a trifle from the Home Government.

***

The launch of H.M.S. *Collingwood* was a great success, everyone being impressed by her size. Indeed, even when compared with the hats of the lady spectators, she appeared to be quite large.

***

We are informed that in spite of the fact that the proprietor of certain well-known stores is now a baronet, the prices are to remain as moderate as ever.

***

"Mr. Taft," says a contemporary, "has won the election by a good round figure." This is so. "And will not be easily moved from the White House." That, too, is so.

***

The journalist who referred to the new North German Lloyd liner *George Washington* as lying gracefully on the water used an expression which strikes us as somewhat unfortunate.

***

Extract from *The Daily Telegraph*:—"In cross-examination Stewart said he was an Agnostic, a philosophical Anarchist, and an Edenist—an Edenist being one who believed that happiness was the end of things." The usual spelling is, of course, Hedonist.

***

At a meeting of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment held last week it was resolved that the principle of reclamation in the treatment of homicidal prisoners should be added to the present aims of the Society. We see no reason why some at any rate of our murderers should not be ultimately weaned of their hobby, but it will, of course, have to be done gradually.

***

As the result of some experiments made by an American doctor it is stated that it is now possible to transplant parts of the human body. If Mr. JONES, for instance, loses a leg and an arm in an accident, it would be practicable for them to be replaced by similar members originally belonging to Mr. BROWN. This, we imagine, would lead to a new form of nomenclature. Thus Mr. JONES would be announced in the future as "Mr. JONES—not to mention Mr. BROWN."

***

Two Suffragettes, the other evening, made their way into a private house where a reception was being given in honour of Mr. ASQUITH, and created an unpleasant scene. They were disguised as ladies.

***

The municipality of Chicago is laying out a cemetery for pets, and dogs are delighted at the news, for they have long desired a place where their hidden bones will be safe from interference.

***

Cynics claim to have traced one of the persons of whose escape from Epsom Lord ROSEBERY complains. Although he was out of work and had not a penny in his pocket, a man handed to the police at Land's End last week a purse containing a considerable sum of money which he had found.

***

The fall of the Ice King in America has surprised nobody. Ice is well known to be slippery stuff.

From "Paris Fashions" in *The Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The prevalence and power of the princess gown make me think of the little candle whose beams shone so far in a naughty world that even love, which is said to be blind, became aware of them."

Who can follow the workings of a woman's mind? What (we wonder) does the Merry Widow hat make her think of? A 500 candle-power acetylene lamp?



ANTONIO'S DREAM.

THE "TAXI" IDEA APPLIED TO STREET ORGANS.

Journalistic Candour.

"KING EDWARD.

REPORTED VISIT TO EGYPT.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

It is reported from Cairo that King Edward will visit Egypt in January next.

[The source of the rumour is sufficient to repudiate it."—*The Egyptian Morning Post.*

MORE MAXIMS OF A MILLIONAIRE.

A PLEASANT plutocrat of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, after perusing some of the apliorisms in Mr. CARNEGIE'S new opus—*Problems of To-day*—has been tempted to submit a few of his own. Closely questioned as to their originality, he writes, with his near hand on his heart, to say that he has had no assistance in their construction, not even from Lord AVEBURY or Miss MARIE CORELLI, though he recognises that his work bears some impress of the epigrammatic style of these two authors.

To die rich is the mark of a fool or a rogue. He that is wise or virtuous takes care to die poor, thus eluding the Death Duties.

Money (in the hands of others) is the root of all evil. For their sakes, then, you will do your best to pluck it from them.

Great riches do not necessarily confer great happiness. It has been well said that a man with only three or four hundred thousand a year can enjoy all the simpler Pleasures of Life just as well as a multi-billionaire.

Severe labour is not a punishment; it is a blessing in disguise. That is why it is so difficult to keep people out of prison when they have once been there.

The man who thinks of others before himself, while he is still poor and struggling, will never grow to be a millionaire. If, therefore, in the early stages, you are tempted to be generous and charitable, thrust the temptation from you. Once you have become rich you can be an altruist on as large a scale as you like.

Men who have risen from extreme poverty to extreme wealth will sometimes tell you that their hours of purest happiness were those when they had no idea where their next meal was to come from. Don't you believe them.

A famous aphorist and millionaire of olden-time said that of the making of many books there is no end. Another famous aphorist and millionaire of our day has said the same of libraries.

The virtuous plutocrat is proof against the shafts of envy and malice. His breast is overlaid with a triple coating of steel. The best kind comes from Pittsburg, Penn.

Profit-sharing is the key to the gates of Millennium. If you employ 25,000 workmen and are making £500,000 a year, distribute half of this among your employees. Each of them would then pocket ·004 *per cent.* of the profits which you yourself secure, and we should hear no more of Socialism.

Next to profit-sharing, nothing so much encourages a workman as to know that the money which he is helping his employer to amass will be spent judiciously, even though the benefit should fall upon the inhabitants of a hemisphere with which the workman is unacquainted.

To get wealth is still harder than to get rid of it. Herein it differs widely from the fumes of alcohol. For a professional inebriate has discovered the truth that it is not the getting drunk, but the getting sober, that causes all the inconvenience.

O. S.

"Romance, and perhaps a little mystery, surround the exceedingly quiet marriage of Lady May Pery, the younger daughter of Lord Limerick's two half-sisters, to Lieutenant Frederick Boothby."—*M.A.P.* *M.A.P.* is unusually diffident. There is a very big mystery here.

A SALMON CYCLE.

AND Spring came o'er the mountains, and the larch
Stood diffident in faintest green of March;
While, blood congealed beside that storm-swept stream,
You sped the "Durham Ranger," saw the gleam
Of silver 'mid the amber and the foam
Of racing waters, felt the hook strike home,
And heard above the hail-squall's furious pelt
The gillie's comment—"She wull be a kelt!"

Then Summer raised her oriflamme on high,
And through your blazing fortnight in July
You waited for the rain, where faint and thin
The river threaded seaward, clear as gin;
Deep in the red rock's gloom the salmon lay
Huddled and sullen, through each blinding day,
While you were working, still without a rise,
Through several tomes of ineffectual flies.

Came Autumn; and from off the sea the rain
Crept in to bid you welcome North again;
The mists closed down, and the beshrouded hills
Rang with the clamour of a thousand rills;
Unfishable, the turgid torrent sped
O 'er Highland cornfields still unharvested,
And day by day you watched the spate roar down
Till the last hour that took you back to Town.

And yet on Winter evenings, when you sit
In dream-fraught firelight ere the lamps are lit,
At times the faint-heard traffic in the road
Will sound to you as though a river flowed;
Then old wounds heal, and as the magic thrills
Your heart flies back to rivers and to hills;
You close your eyes, you hear the greenheart swish,
And—Fancy promptly has you "in a fish"!

DISCURSIONS.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

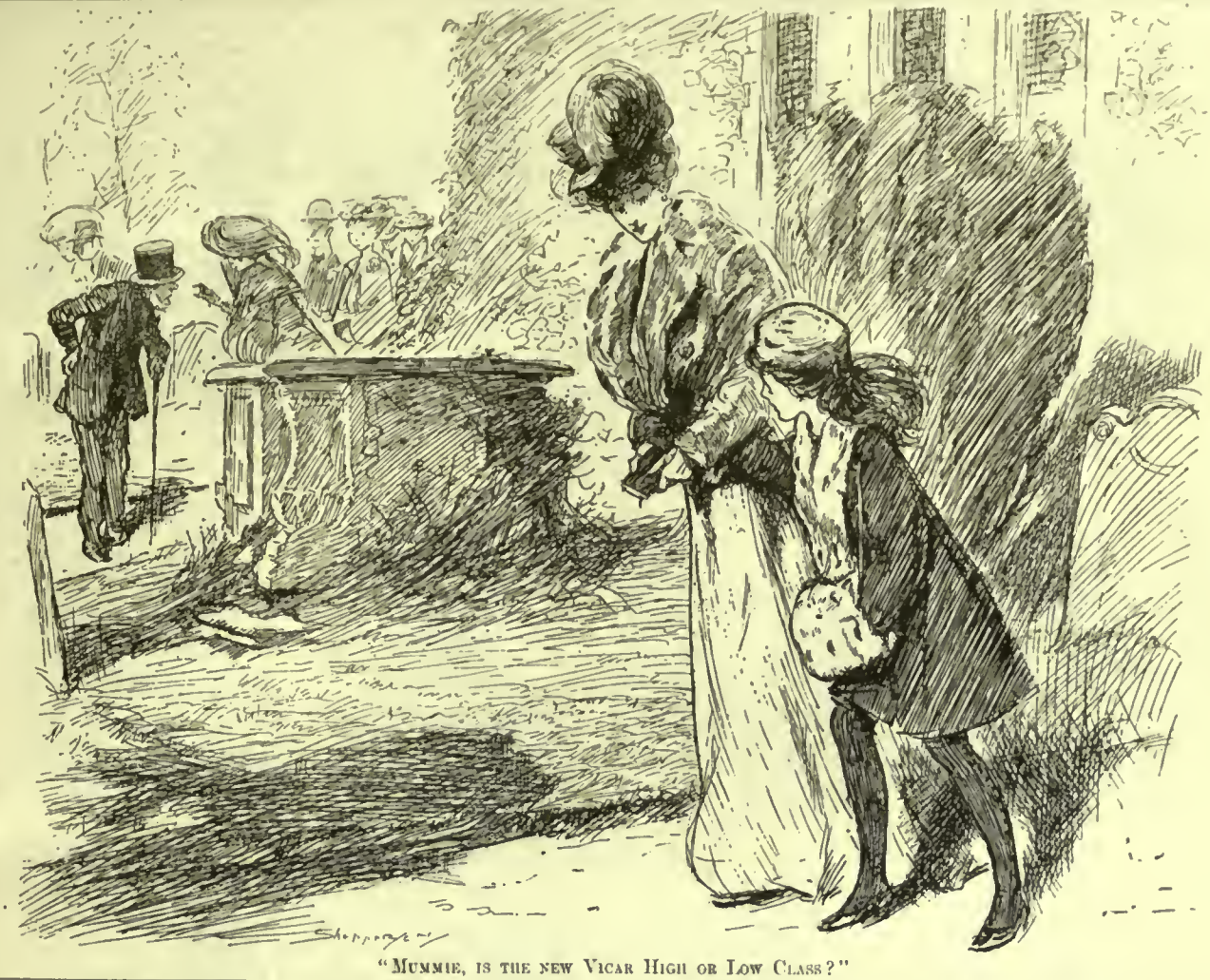
I SEE that during the discussion of a Scotch Education Bill in the House of Commons the other day one of the Members proposed that little Lowlanders and little Highlanders should be compelled at certain times to sing the National Anthem. This was to be a part of what, I believe, is called the curriculum; it was to have its fixed place in the time-table. I pause to note that the gentleman who suggested this innovation is an Irishman and a captain. Why an Irishman should have wished to involve himself in the mazes of Scottish education I don't quite understand. At any rate, the House rejected the proposal and passed on quite calmly to other matters.

With all respect to the honourable and gallant Member, I am disposed to think that the House acted wisely. There is a suggestion of mechanical pressure about the plan, and I doubt if you can make children loyal (for that, I presume, was the idea) by mechanical pressure. You can teach them to read and write; you can even worry them through the rule of three and similar abominations; but loyalty is a different thing, an atmosphere, a habit of mind, a breath of nature—call it what you will. There are no fixed rules or concise formulæ. You assume that a child's blood circulates and that his lungs perform their proper functions. Why not assume that he (or she) will rejoice by nature in being English or Scotch or Irish, and be proud of the glories of his birth and state, taking them into the substance of his being as he takes air into his lungs?



LEST HE FORGET.

JOHN BULL (*to* FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY). "EXCELLENT SENTIMENT, SIR. I'LL JUST NIP UP AND NAIL IT TO THE MAST!"



"Mummie, is the new Vicar High or Low Class?"

I have, however, a greater objection to this particular system of loyalty-study, and it is this. The child will have to know the words of the Anthem by heart. That seems to me to be fatal. I don't suppose there is on the face of the earth a more genuinely loyal people than our own; but how many of us know all the words of the National Anthem? Not one in a thousand. A few concert-singers have necessarily learnt them for festal occasions. Are concert-singers, then, more loyal than the rest of us who battle our way triumphantly through the song and make our devotion manifest without knowing more than some twenty words or so of the whole? Certainly I don't suggest that concert-singers are, as a race, disloyal, but their loyalty, I think, maintains itself in spite of, not because of, their mysterious and tremendous knowledge of the words of our National Anthem.

We, at any rate, who are ignorant, retain our sense of exaltation and splendid incalculable greatness when we sing our Anthem mostly without words. Our hearts are filled with a glorious feeling of devotion and vague but overmastering courage. That is because we haven't been drilled to the business. If we had been drilled we should have begun to dislike and to criticise; and the truth is that both the sentiments and the literary workmanship of the National Anthem are terribly open to criticism.

How, for instance, is a teacher to explain to a Scotch child the occurrence of "over us" as a rhyme for "victorious"? When once you have questioned, you will be bound to sing the words in this form:—

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign orious:
God save the King.

Until you can recover from this dreadful aberration, I defy you to mix a due proportion of reverence in your singing of the Anthem. No, shout the music at the top of your voice; imagine yourself girt for the moment with all the virtues and self-sacrifices and noble traditions and spiritual yearnings of your fatherland, but don't trouble yourself about the words. The words are nothing, but the spirit counts.

And, by the way, we may as well remember that while we are exalting ourselves with "God Save the King," millions of Germans are shouting "*Heil dir im Siegeskranz*," and millions of Americans are roaring "My country, 'tis of thee," to precisely the same tune. I am content to leave the question of the origin of that soul-stirring and grandly simple music. It seems to suit the Germans; it certainly suits us; and the Americans unblushingly captured it by the hands of one Smith, and converted it to their own national use. In the meantime I congratulate my little Scotch friends that they are not to be forced to sing it, with the words, as part of their daily lessons.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

[*In the manner of "The Academy."*]

THE literary world has been comparatively dull this week. The egregious ASQUITH has persevered with his sickening and hypocritical Licensing Bill, in spite of what we said last week; and has proved himself to be entirely in the power of the nauseating Nonconformists, of whom "Dr." CLIFFORD is the dictator. "Dr." CLIFFORD, meanwhile, has been distinguishing himself by offering the olive-branch (forsooth!) to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, in the hope of bringing about a compromise on the Education question. We tell "Dr." CLIFFORD plainly, once and for all, that we desire no compromise with such as he; and, speaking for the Catholic Church, we say unhesitatingly that we prefer men of his kidney as open enemies. For the rest, that pillar of Welsh Nonconformity, the fatuous LLOYD-GEORGE, continues to sink in the estimation of his fellowmen; the miserable WINSTON CHURCHILL, whom we finally crushed a month ago by references to his American mother, is a back number; and the unspeakable PANKHURST troupe, being safely lodged in gaol, has been unable to indulge in its usual antics. The result of all this is, as we said before, that there has not been much doing in the world of letters.

The Spectator, *Nation*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily News*, *Cornhill*, and *Fortnightly Review* continue, in spite of our warnings, to print despicable verse, and it is evident that there is nobody on the staff of these papers with the remotest glimmering of what constitutes a good poem. We are glad to note, however, that *The Saturday Review* has taken our recent castigation of its poetry to heart, and has turned over a new leaf in this respect. We should like to call special attention to the beautiful lines entitled *Autumn* in its last number. These lines were sent first to this paper; but, though they were of great merit, we were compelled to reject them, as they did not come up to our standard. By the way, a poem on a similar subject by ourself appears on the next page.

Mr. MAX BEERBOHM (wittily called Mr. H. M. BEERBOHM in our last issue) has not yet apologised to us for having dared to speak well of the unspeakable PANKHURST. As a consequence, we told him last week what we thought of his dramatic criticisms; and, unless his apology is forthcoming within the next three days, we shall be forced to tell him, with the calm and unbiassed judgment which we have announced to be a feature of this paper, what we think of his caricatures.

An anonymous correspondent, writing from Upper Norwood, has pointed out that Mr. G. MEREDITH also is in favour of Women's Suffrage. Mr. G. MEREDITH cannot have been aware that the Suffragettes have come under our lash, at regular intervals of seven days, for the last six months. We have accordingly written to Mr. G. MEREDITH to inform him of this, and are sending copies of the letter to the head of Mr. G. MEREDITH'S Church, the Member for the Reigate Division, and an impartial adviser whom we have asked Mr. BALFOUR and the Duke of NORFOLK to select. We shall await Mr. G. MEREDITH'S reply with interest; and in the meantime we hold over a masterly analysis of his works by our correspondent.

Some time ago we hinted that Mr. SPENDER was about to retire from the editorship of *The Westminster Gazette*. Once again we have proved to be in the right; but then we always are—as the entire Press, all Liberals, everybody outside the Catholic Church, Miss MAUD ALLAN, and Messrs. WELLS, SHAW, CHESTERTON, BELLOC, DOBSON, and BEERBOHM have already found to their cost. By the way—we ask the question as a well-informed literary paper—who is HILAIRE BELLOC?

A correspondent from Edmonton writes to ask us if we object to criticism of ourselves. Certainly not. We give hard blows; we frequently find it necessary to castigate our fellow-journalists; and we expect to receive hard blows in return. We welcome candid criticism, though we should never expect to have any difficulty in pulping the critics who ventured to give it. But the truth is that we are rarely, if ever, made the subject of attack. This *may* be because our readers consist mainly of aspiring journalists who have had all their contributions rejected by that Press which we find it necessary to castigate; but it is much more likely to be because we are absolutely beyond criticism.

Though, however, it is impossible that we could be the subject of fair attack, it sometimes happens that we are misjudged. Only this week we have received a letter from a correspondent at Hendon who has entirely failed to understand us. He writes: "I cannot tell you how much I like your journal, by far the best paper in England to-day. It makes me chuckle to read your slashing thrusts at your contemporaries. Go on—do it again. They want stirring up." Now we wish to state emphatically that we do not reprove our contemporaries with the idea of making correspondents at Hendon chuckle. We do it soberly, because it is our duty, and a very painful duty. And we would announce here to the whole country that, when our castigations have had their effect, when we see a paper genuinely trying, when we observe a statesman or divine honestly endeavouring to please us, then we shall be the first to hold out an encouraging hand.

THE PATRIOT.

(*By A League Enthusiast.*)

EACH week when Saturday comes round
I hurry to the football ground,
And with a "tanner crowd" resort
To revel in vicarious sport.

I yell endearments to our team,
The hefty boys in blue-and-cream;
And with a ribald wit deride
The cripples on the other side.

I tiptoe in the swaying throng
When forwards bring the ball along;
And my anathemas fly thick
When hats obscure the corner-kick.

If we lay out their centre-half,
With what abandonment I laugh;
But when they serve our man the same
I bellow "FOUL!" and "PLAY THE GAME!"

If toward our goal the others press,
I snarl in venomous distress;
But, hat in air, I pirouette
When our performers find the net.

So every Saturday at will
I throb with every kind of thrill—
Joy, terror, adoration, hate—
And all for sixpence at the gate.

The Child as Father to the Man.

At Newtown County Court last week a young Welshman, who was sued by a doctor for fees incurred at the birth of his child, pleaded Infancy.



THE UNDRIVEN DRIVE.

A Story without Words—the Words not being fit for Publication.

THE REFORM OF OXFORD.

GREAT DEMONSTRATION.

THE recent proposals to reorganise the system of terms at Oxford led to the convening of a great public meeting at the Cannon Street Hotel last Saturday with a view to discuss the best means of placing the University on a satisfactory basis. The Editor of *The Daily News* presided, and amongst those present were Mr. CHESTERTON, Mr. BELLOC, M.P., Mr. EUSTACE MILES, Mr. PETER KEARY, Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, and the Rev. Lord WILLIAM CECIL.

The Editor of *The Daily News* in a striking speech deplored the misdirected efforts of modern educationists. He noted that an ingenious person had recently succeeded in training blue-bottles to lie on their backs and twirl miniature dumb-bells. What would really interest us would be to hear the comments of the blue-bottle on the whole proceeding. (Cries of "Question!") All that Oxford did was to train her "blues," who were no better than blue-bottles. What they wanted was to de-athleticise the Universities, to overthrow the cult of the golden calf and the gilded youth—in a word, to eliminate the blues and the bloods—and the blue-bloods—and to restore the spiritual ideals of a strenuous humanitarianism.

Mr. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P., said that the merciless and soulless tyranny of the Oxford dons surpassed that exercised by the Liberal majority in the House of Commons. He thought that something could be done with blue and other bottles, but they must not merely be educated, they must be thoroughly broken-in.

Mr. CHESTERTON said he had not been educated at Oxford. It was the home of lost causes, and he was an inveterate optimist. Still he had no wish to see so interesting a survival of mediævalism pass into the limbo of forgotten things. The Oxford manner deserved perpetuation, if only as a means of exasperating the advocates of hustle. There was something peculiarly attractive to him in a College which called itself All Souls. It sounded as if the members were Nobodies.

Mr. PETER KEARY said there was only one way of improving Oxford, and that was to improve it off the face of the earth. It was a musty anachronism. Instead of young men starting the battle of life at sixteen or seventeen, they went to Oxford or Cambridge and dallied with classics and mathematics until they were twenty-two or twenty-three. He shuddered to think what would have become of him and Mr. C. ARTHUR PEARSON if they had gone to Oxford.

Mr. EUSTACE MILES said that what was wrong with Oxford was her diet. Her undergraduates were overfed, while her professors were far too fond of the flowing bowl. Oxford was the only university in the world which boasted a Port Meadow. (Sensation.)

Mr. BELLOC, dissenting vehemently from the last speaker, attributed the decadence of Oxford to the lamentable spread of the barleywater habit. In his day, beer was the favourite tipple, and it bred a race of heroic Britons, including himself.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER said that Oxford's crying need was for simplified spelling. Such names as Magdalen were a terrible stumbling-block in the path of culture, and he seriously contemplated leading a procession of WILLIAM MARCHERS to demand justice from the Hebdomadal Council. The nomenclature of the Colleges, again, clamoured for revision. To take only one example, Merton College, in view of the proximity of Sandford, might be renamed Sandford and Merton College.

The Editor of *The Sketch* concurred with the last suggestion, and hoped that the principle might be extended. The popularity of Keble and Lincoln would be vastly enhanced if they were known as Keble-Howard and Lincoln-and-Bennett Colleges.

The Rev. Lord WILLIAM CECIL said that he had already expressed his views on Oxford discipline in *The Times*, but would repeat that the interference of the police in "town and gown" rows was wholly to be deprecated. In his own day the police never interfered with the undergraduates on November the 5th, with the result that the noisy freshman matured into the sensible senior man, with a refined manner and a high tone of thought.

Mr. WILL THORNE, M.P., said that the only way in which the continued existence of Oxford could be justified would be by converting it into a week-end University for the working classes. It was, he added, a strange reflection on the intellect of the present *régime* that, while the colour of Oxford was dark blue, the great hero of the University was, he believed, *Verdant Green*.

The CHAIRMAN, here interposing, said that it was obvious that the sense of the meeting was in favour of mending, and not ending, or, at any rate, only week-ending, Oxford. He accordingly put to the meeting an omnibus resolution declaring that, in the view of the assembled representatives of higher thought, it was held desirable (1) to abolish the post of Chancellor; (2) to rename and respell the Colleges; (3) to eliminate amateur athletics; (4) to render vegetarian diet compulsory on all undergraduates. The resolution having been passed by a great majority, the meeting dispersed to the strains of the *Marseillaise* sung as a duet in Esperanto by Mr. BELLOC and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

ANOTHER OF OUR CONQUERORS.

I USED to think that the office-boy did those things. But no; it seems that it is an industry, and a very important one.

I made the discovery at a station, where the horrible and irritating word "Phast-phix" on the picture of a gum bottle held the reluctant eye.

A sleek little man in a frock-coat and a tall hat, who had evidently breakfasted on cloves, paused beside me.

"You might not think it," he said, "to look at me; but that word originated with me. I invented it."

"Why?" I asked. "Surely there are other things to do."

He seemed pained and perplexed. "That is my business," he said. That 's what I do. I have an office; I am well known. All the best firms apply to me. For example," he went on, "suppose you were to bring out a fluid mutton——"

"Heaven forbid!" I cried.

"Yes, but suppose you were to," he continued, "and you wanted a name for it, you would come to me."

"Why shouldn't I think of one myself?" I asked.

"You!" he cried. "How could you? It 's a special line; it 's a gift. Just try and you 'll see. What would *you* call it?"

"Well," I said after a moment's thought, "I might call it—I might call it—— Hang it, I wouldn't do such a thing, anyway."

"There," he cried triumphantly, "I knew it. You would be lost. You would therefore come to me. I should charge you ten guineas, but in return you would have a name that would make your fortune."

"What would that be?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "for certain. 'Sheep-O,' perhaps. But



NO MAN A HERO TO HIS SERVANT.

Second Horseman. "DO YOU 'APPEN TO 'AVE SEEN MY GUY'NOR? STOUT PARTY ON A GREY 'OSS."
Boy. "DUNNO; BUT 'OUNDS AND 'UNTERS AND ALL'S GONE OVER 'ERE TEN MINUTES AGO, RUNNIN' 'ARD."
S.H. "I'M ALL RIGHT, THEN. 'E'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY."

anyway it would be a good name. 'Flock-vim,' perhaps. Or even 'Mut-force.'"

I began to long for my train.

"How do you think of such things?" I inquired. "Tell me your processes."

He laughed deprecatingly. "I have given the subject an immense deal of thought," he said. "For many years now I have done little else; I am always on the look-out for ideas. They come to me at all kinds of odd times and in all kinds of odd places. In bed—on a 'bus—in the train."

"This one?" I asked.

"'Phast-phix'?" he replied. "Oh, I thought of that instantaneously. You see, the firm came to my office to say they were putting a new gum or cement on the market, and they must have a good name for it at once. I had no time. I buried my head in my hands for a few seconds (my regular habit) and suddenly 'Phast-phix' flashed into it. They were enchanted."

"I notice," I said, "a tendency among advertisers to transform 'f' into 'ph.'"

"Yes," he said, "they got it from me. I was the first. It is far more striking, don't you think? To spell 'fastfix' correctly would not be witty at all."

I agreed with him.

"Tell me some more of your special inspirations," I said. "Have you done anything lately as good as 'phast-phix'? But no, how could you?"

"Let me see," he remarked. "Yes, there is the name for the new pen. They came to me in a great hurry for that, too. But as it happened I had that carefully pigeonholed, for I am always inventing names against a rainy day. I gave it to them at once—the 'Ri-teezi.' You have no doubt seen it advertised."

(Haven't I?)

"That has been an immense success," he went on. "It's not a bad pen, either; but the name! Ah!"

"Anything else out of the way?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "I was just going to tell you. I was approached by a firm with a new blacking. All it required was an absolutely knock-out name. I gave them one, and only yesterday I had a visit from the Secretary of the Company, who was present at the Board meeting when my letter was read out. He says that the thrill that ran through the directors—sober business-men, mind you—was an epoch in the history of commerce."

"Indeed," I remarked; "and what was the name?"

"The name?" he said. "Ah, yes. It was one of my best efforts, I think. Simple, forcible, instantaneous in its message and unforgettable in form—'Shine-O.'"

"Yes," I said, "that should be hard to beat. I congratulate you." And so we parted.

I wonder if there's really any money in that fluid-mutton idea.



Subaltern (to pretty widow, newly arrived at Indian Hill Station). "I SAY, MIGHT I HOLD YOUR HAND?"
Pretty Widow. "CERTAINLY NOT. YOUR COLONEL'S WIFE HASN'T CALLED ON ME YET!"

THE SECRET HISTORY OF A PERSONAL PAR.

SET FORTH CHRONOLOGICALLY.

I.

(From "The Non-Stop," Oct. 31.)

A GUSHING young lady walking through a wood with an eminent botanist began to sentimentalize about the extreme age of some of the trees.

"What a lot they must have seen in their time!" she cried. "Oh that they could speak! You dear old beech," she continued, placing her hand on an adjacent trunk, "what would you say to me, could you but talk?"

"'I am a poplar!'" responded the *savant*.

II.

(From "Crummy Bits," Nov. 7.)

THEY were newly married—very much so. She: dreamy and poetic. He: just the other thing. It was a warm day and they rested lovingly on a rustic seat 'neath the soft shade of a (more or less) spreading tree.

She. I wonder if this sweet old beech can hear? What stories it might tell, if it only could!

He. Ah—er—yes. Just the sort of things everybody would like.

She. Why?

He. Because they'd be popular (poplar) stories!

III.

(From "P. U. P." Nov. 14.)

AN amusing story is going the rounds of the House anent a certain austere ex-Chancellor of Exchequer, now removed to the bracing atmosphere of the Upper House. It was in his House of Commons' days and he was discussing with a familiar friend the secret of the success of some of the prominent men on both sides of the House.

"Speaking of myself," he said at length, "there is one thing quite certain, and that is, I am not likely to have much of a following so long as I remain in the Commons."

"But whatever makes you think that?" queried the worthy and astonished Member.

"Why, don't you see," he responded grimly, "so long as I am a BEACH (beech) I can hardly expect to be popular (poplar)!"

"'The stars in their courses fought against Cicero,' said Mr. James Blossom, 'and I think they must have fought against us in Neepsend.'"—*Sheffield Daily Independent.*

How the stars must hate these orators.

THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.

SWIFTLY she swung her shining cleek,
And blushed like any rose,
As, smitten lightly on the cheek,
The ball rolled to her toes;
Small wonder, when I tell you that
Pinned on her light brown hair
She wore a charming picture hat,
A garden in the air!

I held her hands, to put them right,
Showed where her feet should go,
And told how drives went out of sight
And puts ran to and fro;
Though she could make bewitching eyes,
She could not form her tees,
And these I made of ample size
Upon my humble knees.

She missed, with many a smiling look,
And blamed me for it all,
Because my woeful visage took
Her eye clean off the ball;
Golf was the sport, but I 'm afraid
We trifled with the name;
Observing friends declared we played
A much more ancient game!



A RIVAL ATTRACTION.

Neglected Artiste (*performer on the European Concertina*). "DOESN'T LOOK AS IF I'M *EVER* GOING TO COME ON, WHAT WITH ALL THESE BERLIN KNOCKABOUT EXTRA TURNS!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from a Colleague of Toby, M.P.

With a drastic Licensing Bill worrying through its various stages in the House of Commons, it is perhaps no wonder that those connected with the Trade should find this a time of unusual depression, and suffer in health as in spirits; it is sad to know, however, that *Mr. Punch's* Special Distiller, who has so skilfully produced the *Essence of Parliament* for many a long year, should not be immune to these influences, and that Toby, M.P., for the first time for more than twenty years, is unable through illness to continue his Diary this week, and is "tied" to his "house." May he have a rapid recovery.

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 10th.—Dull heavy clouds were in the air. A resolute Government had come down to the House ready to discuss with ruthless determination the Scottish Education Bill. Oblivious to the lowering of Scottish eyebrows "stern and wild," Asquith moved the suspension of the Eleven o'clock Rule, thereby throwing open for Government use those cheerless hours which rational citizens devote to sleep, but which are rich in possibilities to a Ministry loaded down below the "Plimsoll mark" with legislative cargo.

Being of an invincibly sanguine temperament, Asquith didn't "see why the House should sit late, but"



Leaving Sinclair to it.

The Premier retires to his tent for well-deserved repose.



Mr. Jherremhoiah MacVeagh.

"Misther Spaker, phwat is the Scottish national flag?"

—and here there was just the needful suggestion of the "whiff of grape-shot," the most delicate flick of the party-whip round errant flanks—"the Government were very anxious to finish the Bill." The river-mists of early morning hours had no terrors for them, and if decadent Gaels were unequal to the ordeal then a handful of Southron Ministerial "settlers" would know the reason why! There was a certain dour and forbidding interplay of upper and nether lip, unpleasantly suggestive of mill-stones. Then he lay back on the Treasury Bench, with hands rammed deeply in his pockets, and gazed up with fleeting friendliness at the stained-glass lighting in the roof.

Wary Scotsmen who knew their Asquith discussed and debated with one furtive eye on the "Master of Legions," delusively rosy and debonair to the casual observer, and they breathed more freely when he withdrew to his oak-panelled tent behind the chair, leaving Sinclair, with claymore, target and dirk gleaming with the russet glow of the cairngorm, to shepherd them through the pass.

The chill of the midnight-watch had no terrors for an old campaigner like James Craig, who, with Seely and our one and only Winston, has served his country well among the kopjes of South Africa. That the subject was a Scotch one, and he an Ulster-Irishman, was a trifle. The sea-passage from Larne to Stranraer is a mere nothing, he did it easily "in his stride," and his devotion to the national flag and Imperial emblems is a hardy growth that will stand any amount of transplantation. Anyhow, he chipped in, and with direct and unpretentious oratory demanded that Scottish children should be put early on easy terms with the national flag, should know its origin and history, and should sing with youthful fervour the National Anthem.

Alas! he reckoned without that incorrigible humourist MacVeagh. An Ulsterman, too, but a Nationalist of the most fearsome and unbridled order, Jeremiah (for so tyrannical forbears have relentlessly labelled him) is blessed with a bright and irresponsible sense of humour which bubbles up all over the place at unexpected moments, to the extreme discomfort and dislocation of individuals near the spot. His wildest, most delirious joy is to capsize Craig.

Would the hon. gentleman kindly tell him what is the Scottish national flag? Is it a bloodthirsty lion rampant on a golden field, or is it the Blue Cross of St. Andrew; or is it, maybe, some other "koind av a loion"? Shall dear little Scottish barefooted children be introduced, pale and panic-stricken, to such heraldic horrors?

Then, again, what is the "National Anthem of Scotland"? He hadn't the remotest idea, and he didn't believe a single Scotch



Wasted Willy can bear it no longer.

Member could tell him! Is it *Scots wha hae*, or is it, as he had rather gathered in his travels in Scotland, *Auld Lang Syne?* Nobody seemed to know; and how was an unfortunate dominie to choose among the rival barbaric airs with which Scotland abounds?.

JEREMIAH THE JESTER sat down with so excruciatingly comical an air of unsatisfied thirst for heraldic lore, etc., that Members roared, got on with their work, and went chuckling home at 1.15 A.M.

Such is the business value of irresponsible fun.

Wednesday, November 11th.—Pleasure in excess proverbially brings retribution in its train. The wild, unhallowed glory of the sudden breathless arrival last month of the female counterpart of DORANDO PIETRI led to the closing for ever of the surreptitious peep-hole alongside the glass swing-doors. Up to then, lady visitors had been permitted the frenzied joy of getting, through its small Gothic panes, the most intimate obtainable view of the innermost sanctuary of the Empire. *Per contra*, watchful, self-conscious, senatorial drones had caught a fleeting vision of a disturbing sex, and had preened their agitated wings accordingly to make the best impression possible at short notice. Pretending to be interested in ASQUITH, LLOYD-GEORGE, MCKENNA, and in that flaunting bachelor who leads the Opposition, the ladies' eyes had been fixed with reverential awe on the beaming face and comfortable personality of JOHN BARKER (now Bart.), chairman of "PAQUIN," high priest of millinery *in excelsis*, giving the sanction of his sturdy rustic presence to what LANSDOWNE calls the "phenomenal (legislative) misfits" produced by the Government.

These joys are away in the *ewigkeit;* the SPEAKER'S fiat went forth; his foot, in silver-buckled shoe, was put down, and the price of the raid was paid; and a small price, too, considering the "moral and intellectual damage" done to an ancient assembly.

Then a few days later came the evening of staggering sensation when a few hardy maids, who had "heard voices" (in Caxton Hall), were found moored and shrieking in the Ladies' gallery (so-called), lashed like virginia-creeper to the gilded trellis above the heads of horror-stricken journalists, only to be removed from the sacrificial grille by main force, taking their "moorings," substantial pieces of the Palace of Westminster, with them.

This performance, and a pale imitation of it in the other Strangers' quarter, brought down the SPEAKER'S majesty upon them and all their kind, and a clear and comprehensive sweep was made of all the galleries.

Since then one has looked down, day after day, on the pathetic, harrowing scene—an assembly of self-immolated heroes who, in the cause of sex and in the name of order, have deprived themselves of the very breath of life; six hundred and fifty oratorical athletes with a positive yearning for recognition doing battle in an empty stadium; a mighty company of potential GARRICKS playing to a dress circle, upper boxes, and gallery draped in aching desolation, never a face to whom to turn a triumphant glance or a moist, appealing eye. Perorations instinct with a noble fire hurled into paralysing emptiness.

The joke has been to wait and watch, and have little wagers with oneself as to which of the poor sufferers would be the first to reach the limit of human endurance and admit that he, for one, could bear it no longer; that to waste an attractive, irresistible personality on oak balconies and green leather was frankly insupportable. Who would be the first to succumb, and say, on trembling knees, "Let them in, Mr. SPEAKER, or I die!"

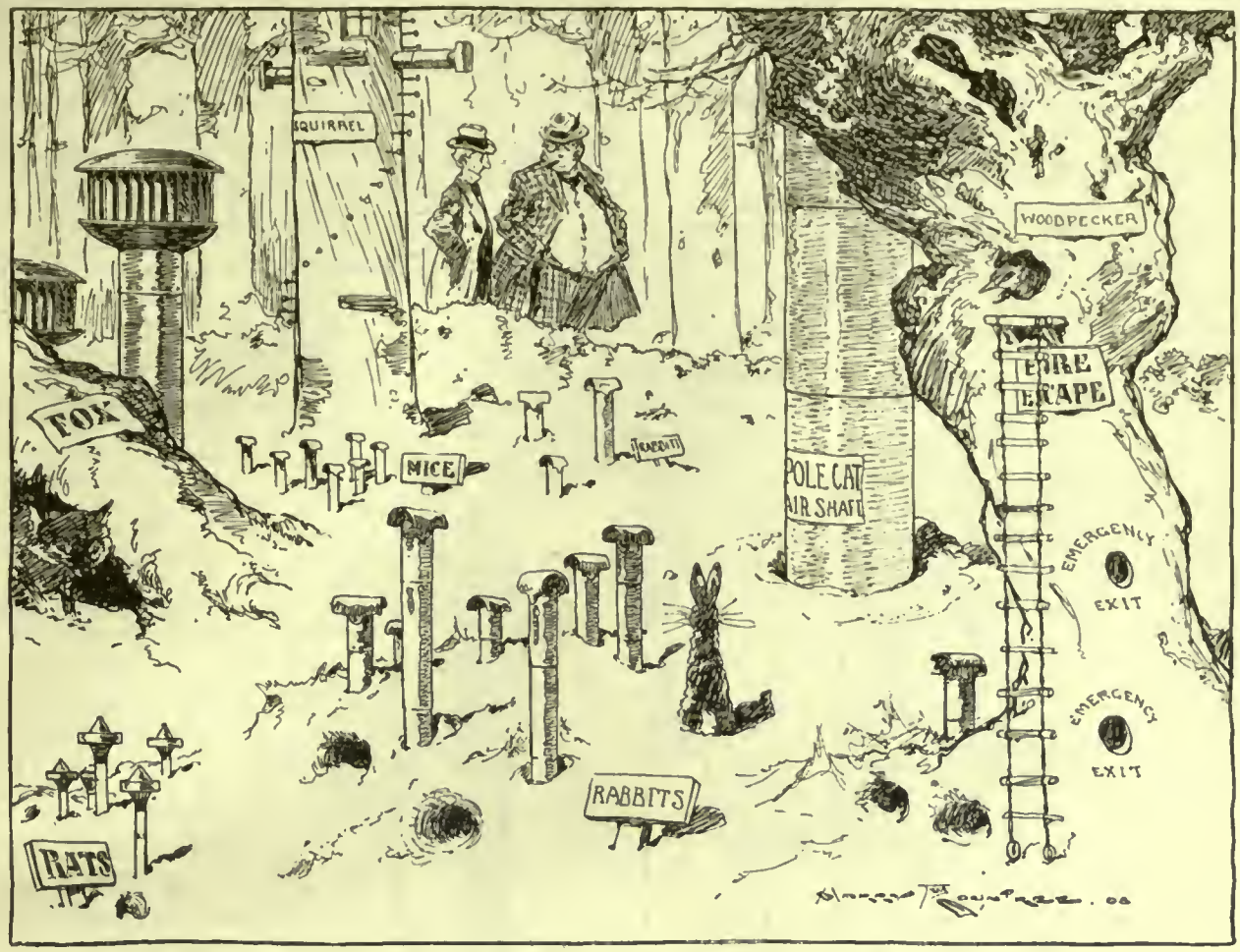
It came at last. At the end of Questions there rose from the Labour Benches a broken figure, in sombre, chocolate-coloured tweed; once burly, self-reliant, aggressive—all that remains of WILL THORNE. Born to stand clasping the folds of a blood-red, shot-frazzled banner on the barricades facing the last futile volleys of the well-to-do, supported on the one hand by the gaunt figure of Comrade BERNARD SHAW, with khaki-coloured beard and moustache flowing in the breeze; on the other, a Comrade-Countess in revolt; while SNOWDEN with pallid finger points out a likely Aerated Bread shop where they may fit themselves for sanguinary deeds in Carlton House Terrace on a commandeered rock-cake and a small lemonade. Yet there stands poor WILL with haggard cheek, clutching in nerveless fingers a tremulous sombrero and begs for mercy!

An ordeal which has brought to this the ruddy, vigorous plebeian THORNE must have dealt unimaginable havoc in more highly-strung, aristocratic temperaments on other benches. Talk of the Unemployed! Another week or two and we should have seen marching the streets processions of the Unobserved. What of the crumpled LEA? The ashen HUGH—how has he fared, with never a sympathetic face from Islington in the Strangers' gallery to revel with him in his swashbuckling raids among the newly-ermined? No wonder the long Parliamentary days



"HOP SUBSTITUTES."

Mr. Lloyd-George has recently had several questions to answer on the above abstruse subject. Are "Hop substitutes" like this?



HYGIENE FOR OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

Harassed Landowner. "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU COMPLAIN. I'VE PUT IN ALL THE AIR-SHAFTS, FIRE-ESCAPES, EMERGENCY EXITS, ETC., THAT YOU REQUIRE."

Urban Sanitary Inspector. "BUT, MY DEAR SIR, WHERE IS THE PROVISION FOR THE GREAT AUK, SHOULD THAT BIRD ELECT TO SETTLE ON YOUR LAND?"

and nights of unseen, unremitting labour have told heavily on DALZIEL. Let those who wonder at the clank of his knightly spurs in the Inner Lobby go in and emulate his ceaseless, unresting devotion on the green benches, and they all may yet kneel proudly to the accolade. The motto on his shield is "*I am here!*"

The SPEAKER rose, concealing emotion with consummate mastery. "I have made such enquiries as I could," he said with calm dignity, "and I have not hitherto observed any feverish anxiety to reopen either of the galleries." (Outward cheers, but internal groans and suppressed agony.)

Never was there such a scene of harrowing self-sacrifice. Experienced heads in the Press Gallery drooped forward, tears marred and blotted the records of the verbatim reporters, poor THORNE was left to bear alone the obloquy of surrender. WILLY REDMOND, his curly, eager head grown greyer and chastened by the terrors of seclusion, made one or two frenzied efforts to get overcrowded pressmen sprinkled along the side galleries, and so give a fictitious air of publicity to the scene. It might conceivably have saved a few distinguished lives, but the SPEAKER and LULU HARCOURT, with stifled sobs, passed him from one to the other till he sank exhausted and gave up all hope.

E. T. R.

"Steps are being taken by the Motor Union to induce education authorities to give children some instruction in the rules and courtesies of the road."—*The Times.*

They might learn to curtsey and say: "*Morituri te salutamus.*"

"WANTED, Young Lady, to represent the 'Loveliest Woman in the World' in High-class Illusion."—*The Stage.*

There should be no difficulty about this.

Another Entente.

GRAVE EUROPEAN CRISIS AVERTED.

"The corsage and the blouse have come to a very satisfactory understanding regarding their respective rôles in this winter's repertoire of dress."—Lady Charlotte in *The Daily Mail.*

From the PRIME MINISTER'S Guildhall speech, as reported in *The Morning Post* (the italics being our very own):

"In the meantime we are taking, as we are bound to take, all the steps which a generous *and even intelligent* interpretation and administration of the law can suggest to cope with the problem of unemployment."

This is too much. We had not expected this.

Messrs. BELL announce a new work on English combined figure-skating, and add:

"The book will be printed in a form suitable for use on the ice."

With padded and waterproof covers?

THE HAT TRICK AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

For the third successive time (not of asking, Heaven knows, but of spontaneous giving) Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER has produced a Thief-play. To do Mr. SUTRO justice he has invented a fairly novel variation on the old-established scheme; and all went well enough till we got to that point in the Third Act where the first "dramatic" episode occurs. Up to then Mr. ALEXANDER, as "The Builder of Bridges," had been interpreting (in admirable style, and with a marked improvement in the manipulation of his smile) the character of a simple, well-mannered gentleman, modest but strong with the quiet assurance of a man who has done big things in fight with the forces of Nature, and learned self-control in the process. Suddenly, through the inconceivable fatuity of a young man who blurts out a secret of extreme delicacy before a whole tea-party, which includes a perfect stranger, he finds himself disillusioned in the matter of his lady's good faith. His only decent course, when matters became clear, was to walk straight out of the room. Instead, he is asked to behave like an intolerable prig, and let the poor broken girl stand shivering there while he delivers a virtuously indignant lecture on the theme of her moral delinquency. Compared with this, the attitude of *King Arthur* to *Guinevere* in the nunnery stamps him as the fine gentleman that TENNYSON made him out to be.

Till now Mr. SUTRO had held a possible mirror up to human nature. But here he is tempted to paint upon its surface those insufferable flowers which are the glory of looking-glasses in a Philistine household. One wonders a little that so clever a writer should find it necessary to sacrifice his credit to the supposed exigencies of popular drama. Perhaps he wanted to give the actor-manager a chance. In that case one wonders that so intelligent a player as Mr. ALEXANDER should fail to see how sorry a figure he was cutting as he threw off this tirade against a woman with no one to defend her. And I doubt whether even from a practical point of view the author will find the episode remunerative. For his play, otherwise excellent, never quite recovered from it, and the obvious and perfunctory reconciliation at the close made poor amends for this miserable display of ungenerosity in a nature which elsewhere had been freely labelled as magnanimous.

I wish Mr. SUTRO would give Miss IRENE VANBRUGH a change of air. But if she must be either a thief, or the sister and accomplice of a thief, she still has no rival for delicacy of craft. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD had his moments, but he is only a self-made embezzler—not born that way. Miss FLORENCE HAYDON, in the part of a dear old thing who—"always thought bridges were made by machinery," was, as ever, a pure delight. If she could only have been on the stage all the time, prattling in a corner, I could have been well



Mr. Dawson Milward (*Arnold Faringay*). "I'm a thief! I'm a thief!"

Miss Irene Vanbrugh (*Dorothy Faringay*). "I shouldn't worry about that. Somebody's got to be a thief in these St. James's plays. I was the first of them, and Miss Mabel Hackney came next, and now it 's your turn."

content. Mr. WILLIAM FARREN was very engaging as the head partner of an engineering firm, who was all in favour of perfidy in women, because it set their victims free to go and build bridges for him in outlandish regions. He was as welcome as a roaring gale in a land of mists. By sheer force of naturalness Mr. VIVIAN REYNOLDS gave great distinction to the unobtrusive character of a head clerk. There was no better performance than his. Mr. HARCOURT WILLIAMS did creditable, but rather ineffective, work in the most difficult part of all, that of the supplanted lover. Few people play it really satisfactorily in actual life.

I must not forget the great moral purpose of the play. Its name, *The Builder of Bridges*, ought to be changed to *The Blaster of Bucket-shops*. Mr. SUTRO was very severe and insistent in his attacks upon outside brokers. I do hope he hasn't been badly hit by one of these monsters of iniquity. O. S.

CORRECT LIVING AND DYING.

[*See certain recent works on Etiquette.*]

At a Dinner-Party.

Do not partake of any dishes that are new to you and that you do not quite know how to negotiate. You can simply say, "No, thank you." It would be very *gauche* to ask your neighbours at table or the person opposite, "What am I supposed to do with this?" Or to say to the servant, "Bring me something easier to eat, please."

With regard to pip-fruit at dessert, it will be wisest (more especially for young girls who are looking for an establishment in life) to avoid it altogether, as it is difficult to manage pip-fruit gracefully and pleasantly. Some people, it is true, blow their pips on to the floor or into the middle of the table; but these are persons of assured position, and make their own rules.

Never insert your whole hand into a finger-bowl, or ask for soap.

Weddings.

When a guest at a wedding reception, your behaviour should be cheerful but quiet. It is not *your* show, remember; and the chief mourners—the chief figures—rightly monopolise all the attention.

Introductions.

Always introduce the lower in rank to the higher. If you are not sure which would take precedence, make some little gracious excuse and keep them waiting while you consult *Debrett*. If they are both gone before you have decided, that settles the difficulty. The rule of introducing the single to the married obtains only among women. With men you would proceed in the reverse way, the position of a single man in society being the more distinguished.

Last Illness and Death.

When friends come to see you during your last illness, you will, if able, receive them courteously. It would not be in good taste to reproach them with never having appreciated you, or to imply that their conduct has helped to break down your constitution. It would



Customer. "WHY, I THOUGHT YOU CALLED HIM 'THE COLT'?"

Ostler. "SURE, YER HONOUR, AND THAT'S THE NAME HE'S HAD FOR THE LAST TWENTY YEARS, AND HE STICKS TO IT LIKE A RESPECTABLE BASTE, THE SAME AS YOURSELF!"

also be incorrect to try to "improve the occasion." People do not want to be improved, except in their worldly circumstances.

When all the last illness visits have been paid, you will proceed to die. It is not considered smart to get better and give your friends the shock of seeing you about again.

Funerals.

When attending one of these sad functions, you will, of course, regulate the amount of grief shown by your relationship to the deceased. Signs of extreme grief are considered middle-class, and are only excusable in quite near relatives. If you are a comparatively distant relative or only a friend, it is sufficient to pass a plain white handkerchief (without lace or embroidery) across your face once or twice. At no function, unfortunately, is etiquette so apt to be forgotten or neglected; indeed, it has been said that the only funeral at which one is confident of behaving with absolute correctness is one's own.

A USEFUL LESSON.

THERE was once a rather passionate man who put his trust in a new and rather foolish barometer. Passionate men often want to be out in the open air, but never more so than when rain prevents them. So this man upon a certain Saturday morning had an engagement in the country, which, had the weather been fine, he would probably have regarded with indifference. But in the morning, because it looked like rain, he thought he would like to go, and, when it did rain, he set his heart upon going.

He tapped the glass of the barometer, and the finger moved slowly but firmly to "Set Fair." The rain meanwhile rained a little harder than before. Being still credulous, he went and spent an hour in getting his bicycle ready. Then he tapped again, and so at the end of every hour during the day he tapped. As the barometer's opinion of the weather rose to the highest degree, the man's opinion of the barometer sank to the lowest degree, until finally at three o'clock he left it in disgust and decided that he could not go.

At half-past four, when it was now too late for anything, the rain stopped, the sun shone, and everything was indeed set fair. The passionate man, regarding this late development bitterly, tapped the glass of the barometer once more, and the finger leapt without hesitation to "Stormy." Now that man was not only passionate by nature, but he had also been sorely tried that day. So he took the barometer from its peg upon the wall of his house and cast it forth from the front door, saying: "Go outside, you ignorant fool, and look for yourself."

"The club itself [i.e. the Deal and Walmer Angling Association] has over 400 members, but the committee decided that it would be unwise in face of the heavy sea to continue the competition."—*Daily Mail.*

This shows rather a niggardly spirit. With over 400 members they might well have risked it.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE often reproached the woman who turned to the last page of her novel first, in order to see whether they really did get married; and I have told her that she was both spoiling her present enjoyment and, by giving way to her curiosity, laying up a store of troubles for herself in the future; to which she could only reply that her enjoyment was her own affair, and why did all men smoke too much? Well, after reading *The Diva's Ruby* (MACMILLAN) I find myself now in her position; for Mr. MARION CRAWFORD's latest story is the third of a trilogy, being a sequel to *Soprano* and *The Prima Donna*—two books which I was unfortunate enough to miss. So I am wondering whether my enjoyment of them would indeed be spoilt now that I know who married *Cordova*; or whether I should find them as delightful as I found this one. *The Diva's Ruby* is flavoured (I repudiate the metaphor) with a reticent humour which I like, and it deals with millionaires and carnations out of season and quails, which I adore. But chiefly it is a masterpiece of stage management, and a monument to Mr. CRAWFORD's wide knowledge of men and things. All the same I don't think he need have bothered to tell me that, if a ship which is capable of steaming sixteen knots an hour has a current of six knots against her, her speed is only ten knots—even though I reckon myself among the "landsmen" for whose benefit he thought it "as well to explain."

With an ignorance too common in these degenerate times, I had always associated the *laudator temporis acti* with the nonagenarian, the lean and slippered pantaloon, the teller of old wives' tales, or the toothless remembrancer of past delights. It was, therefore, with something of a shock that I discovered Mr. COMYNS CARR assuming this *rôle*, openly and with malice prepense declaring himself "an impenitent Victorian." In his reminiscences of *Some Eminent Victorians* (DUCKWORTH), he looks down upon the mortals of this puny age, and boldly tells them he has known better men than they. So be it. Mr CARR's grandfather very likely told him that England in the sixties was no longer what it had been in the days of Waterloo; possibly even in the Stone Age there were folk who lamented the superior culture of the glacial epoch. Is it perhaps a sign of the decadence which Mr. CARR laments that he is himself not quite sure what to call his own book? On the cover it stands as *Some Eminent Victorians*, but the pages are headed "Reminiscences" *tout court*. For all that, as an additional handful of scattered leaves thrown into that pot-pourri vase of literature and art which is labelled "Personal Recollections of the Great," the book is welcome and entertaining. Mr. CARR has known most people worth knowing, and a good many who were not; he tells much that is interesting about the former, and mercifully spares us the latter.



THE NEW FIELD KITCHEN IN ACTION.

Disgusted Tommy. "THERE Y'ARE! JEST AS I WAS ROLLIN' UP FOR MY RIZ DE VEAU À LA POUSSIÈRE."

Mr. PERCIVAL GIBBON is one of the best living writers of short stories, but his new novel, *Salvator* (BLACKWOOD), is disappointing. I am for the most part not in favour of long books, but *Salvator* for its proving needed many more pages. It was a case really for collaboration. Mr. GIBBON can manage *Charters* and *Pumphrey* well enough, but when it came to *Salvator* himself, the revolutionist who tried to regenerate Mozambique and died in that forlorn effort, he needed the analytical and romantic pen of Mr. CONRAD. As it is, *Salvator* is the indifferent novel of a very clever man. It is dedicated to an industrious fellow-writer, "patient in his stall"; which means—what?

I am not going to flatter the anonymous author of *Marcia in Germany* (HEINEMANN) by suggesting that her book is likely to breed enmity between Great Britain and the Fatherland, but I will say for it that anyone desirous and capable of writing a book to that end might do well to write it in the spirit in which this book is written. Some years ago Dr. JOHNSON remarked jestingly that "after all, foreigners are mostly fools." The author of *Marcia* echoes this sentiment in other words, seriously and with a mental reservation. *Marcia's* idea of Germans seems to be that they are mostly conceited, petty-minded boors, unless they happen to be members of a royal house. Which, of course, is absolute nonsense. The book gives a picture of society in the garrisoned capital of a small German state, and it is full of interesting scraps of information. The trouble is that they are presented with little sympathy and much of that insular priggishness which laughs at a German because he hasn't the felicity to be an Englishman.

Though nearly all the folk who tramp
Through BERTRAM ATKEY'S *Easy Money*
(GRANT RICHARDS) might be labelled "Scamp,"
I laughed because I found them funny.

I laughed at them no less than at
The plot's ingenious web of jesting,
And then upon me as I sat
There came my moral self protesting.

Being, as doubtless you are, used
To strictly straight and honest dealings,
Ought I, it asked, to be amused
Against my inborn finer feelings?

Pending an answer, let me say,
I found the matter so inviting
That I shall look some other day
For more of Mr. ATKEY's writing.

CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that at the entrance to each of the Imperial palaces in Germany there is now exhibited a neatly-framed little notice:—

NO INTERVIEWERS.

***

It is again stated that a most flattering offer from Servia was made to the KAISER in the event of his resigning his position in Germany.

***

Herr KINDERLEN-WAECHTER, the German Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who is said to be a nominee of the KAISER, is now being roughly handled by the German Press, which takes particular exception to a yellow waistcoat which he affects. Curiously enough the KAISER's most famous cartoon warned his people of the Yellow Peril.

***

We cannot say that we agree with those persons who object to the inclusion of the United States among our possible enemies in the calculation of a two-Power standard for our Navy. It is true that everyone over here knows that all Americans love us better than themselves, but in America itself there is a shocking amount of ignorance on this point.

***

The Daily News has apparently tired already of the campaign against the House of Lords, and is beginning to sneer at the other place. In a note on the effect of bankruptcy on a member of the Upper House, our contemporary winds up:—"While thus disqualified, however, the bankrupt peer is not deprived of his privileges—that is to say, he does not become a commoner, and cannot be elected to the House of Commons."

***

"Why," asks a correspondent, "is it not allowed to read a newspaper in the House of Commons?" We believe the reason to be that Parliament is proud of its traditions, and one of these is the child-like innocence of our legislators.

***

"It is astonishing," says a great thinker, "how different persons' ideas of beauty vary." This is proved, of course, by many of the ladies who enter for Beauty Competitions.

***

Professional prisoners, we hear, are objecting most strongly to Suffragettes wearing prison costume for demonstration purposes, and thus bringing it into contempt.

***

"Had you another house up your sleeve?" asked counsel of a female witness at Shoreditch County Court last week. Surely the expression should be "under your hat"?

***

At Aurillac, the other day, a goat which accompanied a peasant into the local bank began nibbling a bond worth £3,000. This has led a correspondent to ask what precautions have been taken to prevent a similar incident happening at the Bank of England.

***

The large spot which was seen on the face of the sun last week is thought by some authorities to have been a heat-spot due to the recent abnormally warm weather.

***

It has been proposed in the French Chamber, in the debate on Capital Punishment, that no one committing two murders within a year shall be exempt from the guillotine. This allowance of one free murder *per annum* is considered in homicidal circles not to err on the side of generosity, but no doubt a compromise will be arranged.

***

Some politicians take the Suffragettes more seriously than others. Mr. BONAR LAW, M.P., for instance, has put his vocal powers into training so as to cope with interruptions from that quarter. Last week he delivered a speech at the Mountain Ash Pavilion, which is leased to the proprietors of a menagerie, and the orator's words were punctuated by the cries of savage beasts.

***

"Singing in the streets cannot be permitted," declared the Marylebone magistrate. "We cannot allow the streets to be made hideous by people who think they can sing." This humane prohibition might with advantage be carried further.

***

Over 200 applications for space for "Salome Dances" have, it is said, been received by the managers of the Fun City which is to open later on at Olympia. This idea of refining certain places of entertainment by the introduction of a semi-religious element strikes us as being peculiarly bright and British.



THE END OF THE RECITATION.

"AND I—I AM THAT LITTLE CHAP, CURLY AND BROWN."

According to *The Daily Mirror*, thieves are arming themselves with sharp snippers to cut off the tails of stoles as they hang over ladies' shoulders.

A Victim. LUCILLE, bring hither my twice-tailed stole!

"On the Australians' form in this game they are in for a big defeat at Oxford on Wednesday . . . . while Oxford, on their form against Guy's Hospital last Wednesday, will have to improve 50 per cent. to win."—*Sunday Times.*

After this, it was the easiest possible thing to say, "I told you so."

THE GENTLE FRAU'S APPEAL.

[A Member of Parliament has been exhibiting a toy model of a German gunboat which has a small slot for the insertion of nickel coins. These toys are being used as collecting-boxes by agents of the German Women's Navy League. It is said that they are handed about in German schools with the request, "Give us your pence, so that we can thrash the English."]

Children of the Vaterland,
  Little budding maily-fisters,
Please to lend a helping hand
  To your mothers, aunts and sisters;
Help to give it England hot!
Put your pfennigs in the slot!

Look at this delightful toy
  Built upon a gunboat model,
Suitable for girl or boy
  Just as soon as they can toddle;
Every coin that in you slip
Goes to smash an English ship!

We, the Women's Navy League,
  Keen to have our foes in pickle,
In the cause of *Krieg und Sieg*
  Beg you, babes, to spare a nickel;
Thrash the Lion and his whelps!
Every little nickel helps.

When you 've got to manhood's height,
  Proved the faith that now you 're new in,
You 'll be glad you gave your mite
  Towards arranging England's ruin;
We can do with small amounts;
Every little nickel counts.

Santa Claus is coming soon;
  He will stuff inside your socks his
Gifts, including (what a boon!)
  One of our collection-boxes;
Could there be a nicer toy
For a Christian girl or boy?

And, when full of food and mirth,
  You have done your day and prayed a
Christmas prayer for Peace on Earth,
  Don't forget the Great Armada!
Ere you seek your tiny cot
Slip a trifle in the slot! O. S.

"When fashion demands slender gracefulness of women who have to break corset laces to make themselves even presentable, isn't it fortunate that science steps in and makes their task easy?"
Liverpool Daily Mercury.

This shows the Superiority of Man, who can break a boot-lace quite easily, without any help from science.

He. Darling, all is over between us.
She. Oh, George, this is so Abruzzi.

Mr. Akers Douglas, as reported by *The Globe*:—

"For his own part he had never hesitated to say that he would support a duty on hops if there was the opportunity of doing so."

If we may say so without expense, we hope he won't.

"Notice.—It is reported that I, C. H., waggoner for Mr. G. B., set fire to his stack-yard. If anyone can prove me guilty I shall come on them for damages."—*The Lincolnshire Chronicle.*

We like his spirit.

DISCURSIONS.

The Bill-Hunt.

Scene—*The Library. Time*, 10 A.M. *She is reading a newspaper. He, at the writing-table, is going through his correspondence, and has just opened an envelope of a bilious aspect.*

He. Well, I 'm dashed!

She. Are you? Why?

He. Here 's a bill from Rowlands—£2 13*s.* 4*d.*

She. Well, what about it? It isn't much.

He. It 's quite enough. I simply hate these bills from Rowlands. They 're always coming in. And I 'm sure this one 's been paid. I remember the amount.

She (*with more interest*). Let me have a look at it. (*He hands it to her for inspection.*) "Repairs to garden roller." We 've had nothing done to the roller. I 'm inclined to think you 're right.

He. Generous being!

She. We 're certainly not going to pay twice over.

He (*enthusiastically*). What a Chancellor of the Exchequer you 'd have made. No more National Debt, no more taxes, no more——

She. Charles, get up and help me to find the receipted bill. (*He gets up.*) Now the great question is, where is it?

He. What 's the use of asking me? You know you always put the bills away, and you 've got some patent system for finding them. You try first, and I 'll get on with my letters.

She. What an idea! Do you really think I 'm going to hunt for a bill while you amuse yourself with your letters. No, no, you 've got to help.

He. But——

She. Not another word. You can begin with your bill-filing box.

He. But I haven't put a bill there for years. It 's full of children's books and toys and things.

She. You never can tell. It was *meant* for bills, and there 's no knowing that this particular bill hasn't got stowed away there by mistake. Come on. I 'll take the drawers under the book-shelves.

He. But I tell you it 's perfect foolishness to look for a bill in the bill-box.

She. Charles, I 'm disappointed in you. What was that I read about the dignity of labour the other day?

He. You really do talk more nonsense than any other female human being in the world, and that 's saying a lot.

She. Not as much as you think it says, Charles. Now, then. One, two, three, off! I bet I find it first. (*She springs to a drawer, pulls it out, and begins to rummage through it. He proceeds to the bill-box and reluctantly opens it.*)

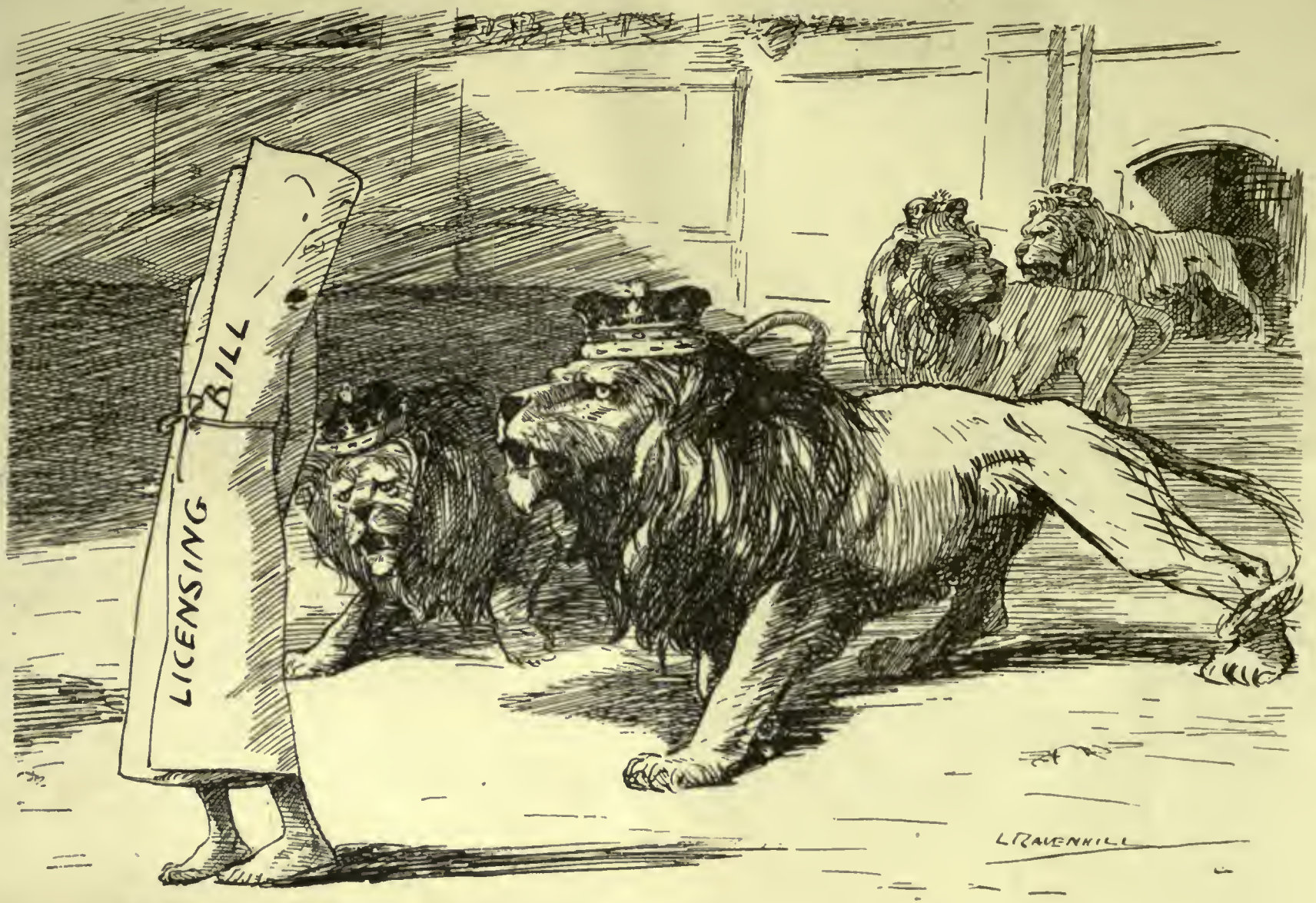
She (*half to herself*). It might be here. No—these seem to be about five years old. Halloa! What 's this? (*Reads.*) "Surtees & Co., £48 12*s.* To one superfine Angola, fancy-lined coat, ditto waistcoat," and so on, and so on. What wicked extravagance! Charles, you never told me of this.

He (*lamely*). It 's a tailor's bill.

She. It is.

He. Well, it 's been paid, anyhow.

She. That 's just it. £48 12*s.* absolutely wasted on your chest and back and legs; and then you dare to complain——



AD LEONES.

Licensing Bill. "WELL, NOTHING BUT A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW!"



Child (herself unmoved). "I DO LIKE YOU TO ENJOY YOURSELF, MOTHER. WHY, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU LAUGH IN A THEATRE FOR YEARS."

He. Oh, do go on with your hunting. How can I concentrate my mind if you chatter so much?

She. Chatter isn't a pretty word, CHARLES. I 'm only doing my duty as a wife in pointing out——

He. I don't want any more of your pointing.

(*He immerses himself in the bill-box, from which he extracts four tattered picture-books, a broken tambourine, five dolls in various stages of decay, two stuffed monkeys, a brown bear, and a donkey on wheels.*)

She. Any luck yet?

He. Not a bit. How are you getting on?

She. So—so. (*Exultantly*) Here it is! No—that 's £3 14*s.* 2*d.*—but it 's one of ROWLANDS's right enough. I 'm on the track. You try another drawer.

(*He does so. Gradually a litter of bills and letters and toys and books and pamphlets is spread over the carpet.*)

He (*desperately*). It 's no good. I 'm going to chuck it.

She. Coward! Get up on the ledge. There 's a pile of papers on the top of that bookshelf.

(*He mounts, seizes the papers and falls backwards in a cloud of dust across a sofa.*)

He (*coughing violently*). Ow—ow—didn't I tell you—ow—ow—ow—my back 's broken—ow—and it 's only a packet of your mother's letters after all.

She. Mamma's letters? How curious. I knew I 'd put them away somewhere.

He. That comes of being tidy, doesn't it? I 'm choked with dust; my back 's in three pieces; I 've sprained both ankles; but you 've got your mother's letters, and——

She. CHARLES, if you say a word against mamma's letters, you shall have cold mutton for dinner.

He. It 's the one thing I dote on. And there 's one other thing I simply love, and that 's ROWLANDS's bills. I 'm going to write a cheque for this one.

She. You wouldn't dare, after all our trouble.

He. I dare do all that may become a man. (*He writes the cheque to an accompaniment of protests.*) There! I 've done it. And now I 'm off for a stroll. You do the tidying up, dear. You know I 'm no good at that.

(*Exit, leaving her speechless amid a wilderness of papers.*)

"HILL-WILLIS.—On the 14th Nov., at Herstmonceux, Little Thurrock, Essex, the wife of Stephen Alexander Hill-Willis, C.E., Assoc.M. Inst.Mech.E., M.R.S.I., &c., Engineer and Surveyor to the Orsett R.D.C., late of the P.W.D., C.I., of a son."—*The Times.*

Self-effacement is all very well in its way, but there is such a thing as false modesty, and we are inclined to think the above a case in point. To a man of reserved nature it must have been indeed painful thus to lift the veil enshrouding his career, and our only regret is that, having once put his hand to the plough, he should so soon have turned back. The fugitive glimpses he affords us of his life and achievements make us crave for more.

THE NEW WESTMINSTER.

The Westminster Gazette, which has lately been enlarged and newly constituted, has recently printed a story recommending the charms of a certain restaurant, without giving the reader any warning that what appeared to be art was as a matter of hard fact advertisement. It is felt that if this kind of thing spreads the paper may come to read somewhat as follows:—

NOTES BY THE WAY.

There are a good many letters on the Education question in *The Times* this morning, and they are all pretty much what might be expected at this stage of the negotiations. The extremists on either side are extremists still, but in between there is a great body of opinion which is ready and eager for an honourable compromise, in which (if we may be forgiven for explaining the obvious) each side would have to make concessions. Has not the time come for that great solvent of difficulties, a good dinner? We venture to recommend this meeting ground (we had almost written meating ground) and should be very happy to undertake the arrangements. The locale is obvious to anyone who read in our issue of Saturday, the 14th, the story about Amaryllis and the New Payity.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Mr. H. B. IRVING IN "THE LYONS MAIL."

As I watched *The Lyons Mail* through my monocle last night I could not help thinking what excellent opportunities it offered to the reviser. Suppose, I thought, that some clever man took it in hand and made it a new and topical thing. In the old play Mr. H. B. IRVING takes the part of the double; in the modern version he might begin as a single gentleman, but by dint of excellent feeding at the New Payity Restaurant, say, where he lunches, dines and sups, he ends, with the assistance of pillows, as a most convincing double gentleman. The new title might be *The Lyons Meal*, and all the scenes would be laid in one or other of the sumptuous rooms of this delightful resort.

REVIEWS.

RECENT ARCHITECTURE IN LONDON.

Mr. SEPTIMUS BOALE'S new work on *The Façades of the Metropolis* brings a tinge of pleasure to the cheeks of the jaded reviewer such as seldom finds its way there. It is both authoritative and attractive, and it needs no special knowledge to discover its merits. Mr. BOALE'S taste and our own coincide almost invariably, and more particularly are we at one with him in his eulogy of the New Payity Restaurant, which we, too, regard as a model of the latter-day architect's skill and adaptability. It rises from the pavement with such courage and address; its walls are so perpendicular; its door is so invitingly placed; its windows are set absolutely where they should be; and the roof completes all—*finis coronat opus*.

SOUFFLÉS.

In Paris they have been eating camel steak. We hear that Mrs. LEO HUNTER, dining last evening at the New Payity, confidently ordered Lyon's chops. What next?

If he who sleeps dines, will not some statistician tell us how heavily one must sleep to compass as good a dinner as the seven-and-six *table d'hôte* at the New Payity? Like Rip Van Winkle, at least. May you live long and brosber!

COMPETITION.

This week we offer a prize of two guineas for the best Greek hexameter describing, in the manner of HOMER'S catalogue of ships, the courses at a Sunday evening dinner at the New Payity.

Last week's competition was again won by Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, who should, we think, have a good chance for this also.

THE LATEST NEWS.

An alarm of fire called several engines to the New Payity Restaurant this morning, but it proved to be groundless, having been occasioned by a waiter's misunderstanding of a delighted guest's remarks on the heat of the curry.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

THE WINE AND THE BUSH.

It may not be generally known how the three brass balls, the sign of the pawnbroker, originated; but everyone is acquainted with the meaning of the bush outside a wine-shop. Just as a striped pole signifies that a barber dwells below, so did the bush indicate the vintner. Good wine, however, as the proverb says, needs no bush, and that doubtless explains the absence of a bush over the door of the New Payity.

"GRAFT."

The curious word "Graft," which now crops up so often in American papers, has yet hardly reached this country, at any rate as a neologism, although the processes which it describes are probably firmly enough established. The derivation is a mystery, nor can we see how it has been drawn from arboriculture, unless as meaning that the wealthy man whose subsidies the grafter takes is the parent stock, and the grafter, or he who receives any secret commission, is the parasitical growth fastened to that stock.

BOOMSTERS AT THEIR REVELS.

GUSHING GENEROSITY.

MISS SALLY WORPLE, the flower-girl who, as Mr. MAX BAMBERGER was driving through Piccadilly Circus the other day in his motor-car, threw a bunch of violets into the vehicle, has received the following soul-shaking letter from the famous pianist:—

"*Maridge's Hotel, Mayfair.*

DEAREST GIRL,—I was immensely touched by your graceful thought of me the other day and shall remember it with positively abject emotion as long as I live. It gives me great pleasure to learn, on the authority of the news investigator of *The Daily Slopbowl*, that you are the only support of your parents and sixteen small brothers and sisters, and I am convinced that you will grow up into a great, brave, high-minded woman, for you have already given evidence of the possession of altogether exceptional nobility of character. As a humble and altogether inadequate recompense for your generosity, I enclose a cheque for £25 to buy you some suitable gift—preferably a little toque—to remind you how deeply I appreciate your heroic self-sacrifice.

Believe me to remain, dearest girl, ever your faithful friend,

MAX SEBASTIAN BAMBERGER,
Court Pianist to the
Emperor MENELIK of Abyssinia."

Miss WORPLE, who has since been interviewed by our representative, is a handsome young lady of some twenty summers. Asked as to her plans, Miss WORPLE said as soon as she had completed her wardrobe at WEDFERN'S she proposed to start on a tour round the world with a special company for the performance of a series of short one-Act heroic plays, based on her own exploits. The National Testimonial organised by *The Daily Slopbowl* had already brought her £3,400 in addition to the sum presented by Mr.



Rural Philosopher. "NAY, THOU MAUN'T BE SWEERIN' AT OWD MARE! SHE 'S GOTTEN A DEAL MORE SENSE NOR SOME OF UZ WHAT 'S BETTER EDDICATED."

BAMBERGER, and she hoped that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would, out of the funds at his disposal, add another £2,000.

It is gratifying to be able to add that Mr. BAMBERGER'S splendidly public-spirited act is not to go without due acknowledgment. The eloquent appeal of *The Daily Slopbowl* to its subscribers has met with a magnificent response, and on enquiry at the offices last night it was ascertained that the special BAMBERGER Reward Fund has reached the impressive aggregate of £7,412. If, as is hoped, the sum subscribed should reach £10,000, it is proposed to devote half to the purchase of a magnificent grand pianoforte, with inlaid panels painted by Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE and Herr EMIL FUCHS, and half to a superb 100 h.p. Napravnik Limousine, with decorations by Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, for Madame BAMBERGER.

Meantime the Mansion House Fund started by the LORD MAYOR for the purpose of suitably acknowledging the splendid services of *The Daily Slopbowl* in calling attention to the noble way in which Mr. BAMBERGER had behaved to the heroic flower-girl is advancing by leaps and bounds. The latest list of subscribers includes the names of Mr. BILGER-GUPPY the eminent Transatlantic Oil King, Mme. JOSEPHINE ST. HELENA, and all the prodigies who are at present petrifying the metropolis.

A MODERN BAYARD.

A very touching incident recently occurred in Pall Mall. "As Signor POLMONI DI PELLE, in company with Madame ELLIE YELBA, was leaving the Carlton Hotel, the Signor struck a match intending to light a cigarette, but as there was rather a high wind at the time the match was blown out. At that moment a sandwich-man who was passing by, realising the situation with a flash of exquisite sympathy, said, "'Ere y'are, guv'nor, just get behind my board," and promptly enabled the illustrious baritone to achieve his purpose without further mishap.

The name of this modern Bayard, we now learn, is JONAH SWOGGLE, and he has been the recipient of the following letter from Madame ELLIE YELBA:—

"My very dear Friend,—Your extraordinarily chivalrous behaviour to my husband under exceptionally trying circumstances has touched me to the quick, and I sincerely trust that before long I shall be able to induce some great poet and equally great musician to embody the incident in a ballad, to which I may be able to render full-throated justice. In the meantime you will, I hope, accept the accompanying cheque for £50 as a token of my regard and in partial recognition of your splendidly heroic act of generosity to a total stranger.

Yours,

With sincere admiration,

ELLIE YELBA-POLMONI DI PELLE."

On calling upon Mr. SWOGGLE at his private residence in Whitechapel yesterday, our representative had a long and interesting interview with this great-hearted gentleman. Mr. SWOGGLE declared that he was never so surprised in his life as when he received Madame ELLIE YELBA'S letter, which, he added, had entirely changed the course of his life. He has already been photographed by the camera experts of sixteen daily papers, and received thirty-nine offers of engagements from music-hall managers, as well as an invitation from the manager of *The Times* to write a new *Life of Sir Philip Sidney* for Mr. JOHN MURRAY, in collaboration with Lady GROVE.

"To Mr. and Mrs. Smith—a daughter. Both progressing favourably."—*The Times.*

We should be glad to hear how the little girl is going on.

VOTES FOR ACTRESSES.

MOST-FAVOURED-BEAUTY COMPETITION.

[On the principle of the plébiscites started by some of our contemporaries for choosing actresses for engagements.]

THIS competition has been started at the instance of readers goaded to desperation by the increase of picture post-cards, portraits in illustrated papers, carriage accidents and other industries created by the modern actress. The six most popular comédiennes, as determined by our ballot, will receive an offer to stop acting and retire absolutely from public life, with compensation calculated at fourteen years' purchase. Old-age pensions will in addition be provided for the six walking ladies and operatic choristers selected by our readers.

For the purpose of this competition alone, "musical comedy" will be considered to be drama, and any lady who utters more than one line on the stage, or even joins in a shout of joy or execration, will be held to be an actress within the meaning of the Act.

In connection with this contest will be a Grand Tour scheme for despatching popular favourites who have passed 59 to Central Africa, Further Siberia, and other distant localities for a prolonged period, all those passing through New York being forbidden to announce to the Press that they are receiving record salaries.

Successful actresses will be required to refrain from appearing on Christmas cards, writing face-wash or tooth-powder advertisements, opening bazaars or losing their jewellery.

Meanwhile, candidates' photographs should show the teeth freely, and represent the sitter in a motor-car or swinging in a garden hammock.

It is hoped to follow this competition with others for amateur reciters, aged comedians, etc., and a Marathon Race to Kamschatka for the composers of the plots of musical comedy.

[*The following form, to be filled up by Candidates, will be supplied on application.*]

To the Editor.

I, the undersigned, beg to submit my name, on the understanding that, if elected, my farewell appearances shall not exceed twenty (20) in number.

Name (1) actual.....
,, (2) for stage purposes.....
,, (3) for other purposes.....
Age (not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Candidates are requested to write clearly).....
Married or single (if married, state how many times; if single and engaged, state name and courtesy title, if any, of peer's son in full).....
Full list of complexions and colours of hair—(1) On the stage .....(2) Off the stage .....
Possible breadth and depth of smile in feet and inches .....
Height from sole of high-heeled stage shoe to tip of tallest feather of Merry Widow Hat. (Note.—Natural height will be reckoned as two-thirds of the above).....

I further promise, if successful, to abstain after my farewell appearances from acting for the rest of my life, and to use my influence to induce my friends to do the same.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME HUNTING PEOPLE.

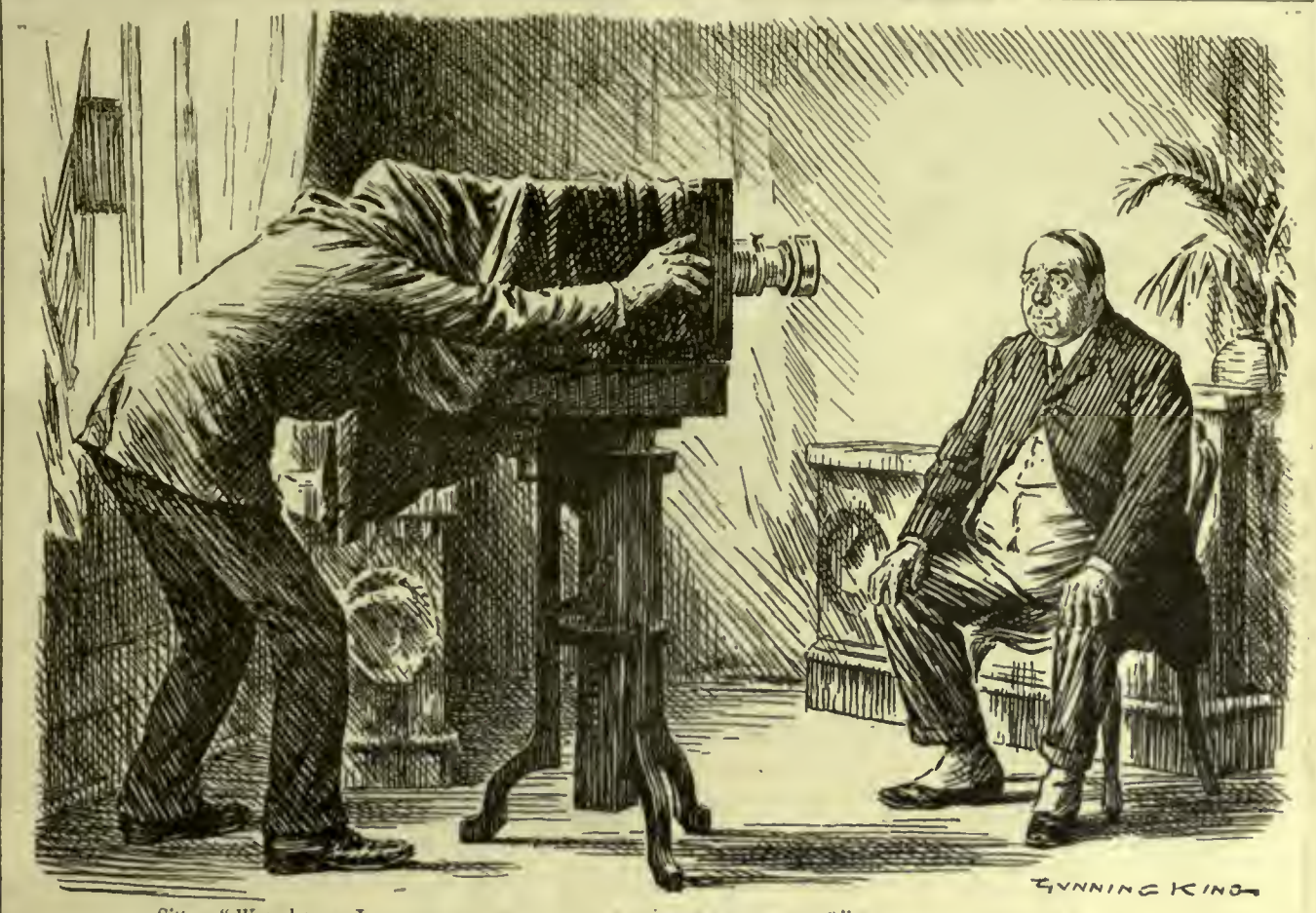
Tally-ho Lodge, Melton.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—I stayed at BOB AISLABIE'S for the opening of the season with the Hurry-up, of which she 's the new "Master." You don't know BOB, do you? She dropped into the big Aislabie estates when she came of age a few years ago, and is quite one of the latest things in women. Talk of "hunting complexions!" BOB'S is long past praying for. She couldn't wear a white or light-coloured gown for nuts! Her hair is cropped short, she always rides in the new way, and her voice is like a motor-hooter. You should see her striding about in the morning, in riding boots and a covert coat with a cigar in her face, giving her orders! She 'd pass anywhere for a man, only she 's too obtrusively masculine. She 's a good sort, however, and even her mannishness had its rise in filial virtue: her father was horribly disappointed that she wasn't a boy, so she did her level to *be* one. I 've tried to soften her down a bit, but——. "It 's no use, BLANCHE," she shouted; "I couldn't be a lace-and-chiffon woman however hard I tried. You can't make a what-d'-you-call-it out of a thingummy. I 've a stand-up fight with MITCHELL every evening when she tries to put a coil and some pin-curls on this cropped noddle of mine for dinner. I 'm just what I was when father gave me a pearl necklet on my fourteenth birthday, and I was so horribly disappointed it wasn't a new huntin'-crop that I chucked it out of the window. Poet chaps write a lot of rot about flowery May and leafy June; give *me* November, when wire 's down and the country 's stripped for business, a bit of blood to carry me, and hounds throwing their tongues, and I 'll ask nothing better of life!"

And d' you know, it 's the *funniest* thing! Lord NINIAN FFOLLYOTT is simply cracked on BOB ("TWEETIE," as he calls her), and has taken Yoicks Cottage for the season. LORD NINNY, who hates exercise and takes care of his complexion and likes needlework better than anything else! (All the cushions and comfies and cosies at his little flat in Pont Street are covered with his own work.)

"I *loathe* huntin'," he said to me miserably at the meet yesterday; "the gettin' up early and the cold wind, and bein' thrown so often; but, if I 'm to see anything of TWEETIE I *must* hunt, for TWEETIE'S huntin' all the winter." "Of course she is!" shouted BOB, riding up and flicking him with her crop. "Buck up, sonny! I 'll put you in my pocket and you sha'n't come to any harm." "TWEETIE 's very cruel to me, BLANCHE," he said; "I propose to her every day, and she only laughs and says she can't be plagued with that rubbish; and I 've bought a lovely engagement ring, and she says she hates rings and won't wear it, and she makes *me* wear it; and I think it 's very hard that, though *I* 'm engaged to TWEETIE, TWEETIE 's not engaged to *me!*"

I wonder how they 'll get on if they ever *do* marry. NORTY thinks they 'll be all right, because BOB, being an outdoor woman and NINNY an indoors man, they won't see much of each other, and *that* 's the chief thing in marriage. We 'd a lovely run yesterday, but after the second fox was accounted for I dropped out, and so did SIDDY DANGLETON, and we rode round by Seven Spires and Mudberry, and had tea at the queerest little wayside inn—great fun! BOB attacked me about it after dinner, when we were smoking. "You lost the best of the day, BLANCHE MULTIMILL," she bawled. "Hounds routed out a nailing good fox from Mudberry Wood, a glorious old fellow who gave us a clinkin' good fifty minutes' run till he tired, and then they banged him about, and rolled him over at Milby. There was plenty of grief. The old Duke of DUNSTABLE got a jolly good



Sitter. "Well! have I at last got the pleasant expression you desire?"
Operator. "Yes, Sir. Now keep quite still, Sir." *Sitter.* "Hurry up, then. It hurts my face."

sousing in Milby Brook; and serve him jolly well right! He 'd the cheek to give Wilson some advice about the pack this morning. As if Wilson and I don't know what we 're about! But about this dropping out when hounds are running, and sneaking off to *tête-à-tête* teas at wayside pubs—there 's a lot too much of it, and I tell you straight, you people who do it, you don't deserve to hunt with the Hurry-up, and now I 'm Master I 'll stop it if I can." "Don't get on your hind-legs about it, Bob," I said. "If we 're such bad children you must enlarge the powers of your whipper-in, that 's all!" But it 's no use bestowing a little *plaisanterie* on Bob. She interrupted me with, "I say, people! Congrats.! I believe, after all, I shall get my licence to ride under N.H. rules. And then, hip! hip! for the Grand National!" "Oh, Tweetie, you cruel girl!" bleated Lord Ninny. "I hope you *won't* get the rotten old licence. I should *have* to come to Aintree if you rode in the Grand National, and I should die of fright for fear you got killed!" She laughed, and called him a silly little thing.

Bob Aislabie is only one more example of a fault I find with our sex, my dearest. I 'm afraid we 're a bit *one*-idea'd. (*I* 'm an exception, of course, and so are *you*, and so 's *any* woman one happens to be talking to at the moment.) We ought to remember that we 're "not for a day but for all the time," as Shakspeare said of himself. There 's your booky woman, who runs all to brains; your emancipated woman, who runs all to votes; and your outdoor woman, who runs all to hands and feet and shout. We ought all to try, as I do, to be *many*-sided—"all things to all men," and all that sort of thing. Look at *me;* I 'm not too busy with fun and frocks and frills to have my opinions about the problems of the day, though I 've no intention of chaining myself to the Speaker's chair and giving the House the benefit of them. The Unemployed, for instance. I 've a splendid scheme for setting them to make a great big road right through England, *for motors only*. Then there need be no speed limit; the police could leave off setting traps for motorists, and turn *all* their attention to murders and things; and no people or doggies would get run over. Talking of doggies, those dreadful Socialists, not content with abusing *us*, are attacking our darlings—"pampered pets," as they call them. What do they mean by it? Do they want to take my sweet Pompom out of his little bye-bye basket and put in one of the Unemployed instead?

I 've told Norty (who 's hunting with the Lotsmore, but has twice been over for a day with the Hurry-up) that he 's quite welcome to use my idea about the Unemployed in Parliament; for I hold that a woman's influence in these matters should be *indirect*. He only laughs. But I daresay he *will* use it.

Ever thine, Blanche.

"Our New Mayor is a descendant of the Rev. Henry Venn: he was his grandmother's grandfather."—*The Torquay Directory.*

It doesn't say what relation he was to the blind beggar.



"OH, I DON'T THINK I'LL TAKE YOUR CAB. I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF YOUR HORSE."
"WELL, LADY, P'RAPS IT'S JUST AS WELL, AS HE DON'T SEEM TO LIKE THE LOOK OF YOU NEITHER!"

"JOURNALISM AS A FORCE."

(A grateful appreciation.)

'Tis only now, when dank autumnal vapour
Begins to lure the microbe from his lair,
And woods grow leafless, and the linen-draper
Is selling warmer lines in underwear,
That you become, my vespertinal paper,
A power beyond compare.

All summer long, a light and careless rover,
Your lucubrations on the kerb I peck,
I browse among your literary clover
And cast away the sheet a crumpled wreck;
But now the days of thriftlessness are over—
I guard you like a cheque.

The fateful leader on important crises,
The feuilleton that agitates the heart,
The doings of our *Dreadnoughts* on the high seas,
The method of concocting apple-tart:—
In one and all my educated eye sees
The useful ends of Art.

For when the grip of toil at evening loosens,
And homeward I return through rain and mire,
Too oft to find (a most infernal nuisance,
And one that warps the framework of my lyre)—
Where was I? Yes—too oft to find that SUSAN'S
Forgot to pack the fire;

There breathes no inspiration half so tender
(I've tried a pair of bellows all in vain)
As you, my journal, stretched above the fender,
To animate the embers as they wane.
"Hi, boy!" (I think I hear the bell-mouthed vendor)
"My *Evening Blast* again!"

ALICE-SIT-ON-THE-FLOOR.

CAN anyone ask whether London is dull or likely to continue so this winter, after reading in a contemporary about the brilliant idea of a lady resident of South London who is well known in the theatrical world? The reply is in the negative, as this transpontine novelty takes the form of a sit-on-the-floor tea. We learn, at first hand, that the most astonishing effect of this curious tea-party was that every man and woman present seemed to be far more bright and willing to talk than usual, while one quiet, shy man was full of jokes and anecdotes. It is, however, not quite without precedent. The Georgian participants in the feasts of reason and flow of soul not infrequently finished the evening under the table. There are differences, of course, in progressive Peckham and up-to-date Tooting. Our later roysterers now enter the room on all-fours, while the ladies bring their own sweeping-machines and dusters with them. The application of these household necessaries to the shins and backs of the gentlemen acts as an unfailing conversational gambit, and draws out the most retiring visitor. Unending fun, too, is caused by tripping over a row of toes with tea-cups, varied with a cascade of sally-lunns. The ice, and other things, are broken at once. Altogether, we note a distinct advance on the celebrated entertainment given in *Alice in Wonderland*.



KIND ENQUIRIES.

Sultan of Turkey (*to* German Kaiser). "SPEAKING AS ONE CONSTITUTIONALISED MONARCH TO ANOTHER—HOW IS YOUR YOUNG GERMAN PARTY?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from a Colleague of Toby, M.P.



"The Three Musketeers;" or, D'Artagnan and two of them.
(S-m Ev-ns, McK-nna, and H-rb-rt S-m-l.)

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 17th.—According to the orators who constitute the firing-line of the Opposition when Licensing Bills are around—and, by the way, it is interesting to note how short of sharp-shooters their advanced trenches really are, how quickly the *rota* is worked through, and the same speakers pop up again with the brazen regularity of recurring decimals—Leif Jones, pallid and convinced, is the master-mind that controls the tactics of the Treasury Bench.

With grey lock pendent on his forehead like a wintry Atlantic roller tumbling in on the shores of some unpronounceable bay in his native Wales, his pale, ascetic face illumined with the joy of seeing all his pet theories and his wildest dreams compacted into a Government Bill, he sits directly behind Ministers, marking each move of the enemy. Every now and then he leans quickly forward to point out some weak spot in the "parallels" of the brewer and the publican, some point where they have over-reached themselves. He lends some colour to the suggestion that he is the veritable Moltke who directs, by frequent use of the regal, comprehensive "We," the authoritative "Us." But surely such an assumption does less than justice to the three bold, skilful "Musketeers" below him, cloaked, plumed and booted, on the Treasury Bench, all daring spirits out for blood.

The jaunty McKenna of the fighting-top and careful curl, the *D'Artagnan* of the Admiralty, who has looked in to lend a hand—in what moment of weakness can one conceive his deadly thrust directed or restrained by the lifelong advocate of temperance behind him? Never a gauntlet yet was hurled to the ground in *his* district but blue steel flashed from the scabbard, and quick, responsive stamp of eager heel, clink of spur, and cloak dashed quickly clear of wrist and shoulder of his sword-arm, told of our Reginald afire and darkness about to be illumined by the showering sparks of steel on steel.

How can one think of Sam (Porthos) Evans, with beetle-brow and shaven chin and Alpine sconce agleam, yielding his knightly judgment, staying his lightning wrist-play, thrusting here or there at the bidding of any unscarred thumper of the peaceful tub? Who so blind as not to see the stark impossibility of swarthy, sinewy Aramis-Samuel, waiting for directions? Why, his steady, searching eagle-eye would be sadly out were it not the first to



SOLIDIFIED AYR.

"Sir, I never wince." (Mr. G-rge Y-ng-r.)

detect an opening for deadly lunge; his blade would be wet with the forensic gore of CAVE or F. E. SMITH seconds ahead of any whispered hint from JONES.

There was a thrilling moment once when in the course of the evening LEIF JONES fancied he saw signs of weakness and emotion across the way. Glancing searchingly at GEORGE YOUNGER, rosy, prosperous, he said delightedly, "The Hon. Member for Ayr Boroughs winced!"

To the uninstructed the thing seemed doubtful, not to say impossible. The glow of the combined health-giving breezes of Ayr, Campbeltown, Inverary, Irvine and Oban seemed to have made YOUNGER proof against any such human frailty.

Up with all speed permissible to nascent *embonpoint* he sprang. "Sir!" said he, "*I never wince!*"

Plainly our LEIF had misread some fleeting outward vibration of exuberant prosperity, but there is a rooted dislike in all of us to admit mistake, and he contented himself with the mild evasion, "Well, all I can say is that the Hon. Member showed some of those symptoms which the other Hon. Members show when they wince."

This later suggested to ARTHUR BALFOUR that he also saw wincing going on in other and more distinguished quarters (these things are so infectious); but possibly again the wish was father to the thought.

ARTHUR made great play with a touching phrase of SAM EVANS'. He had spoken of the (extra) seven years passive waiting of the hapless licence-holder, cowering beneath the shadow of impending doom, as "a period of rest."

There was much to be said for the truth of this when one compared this season of immunity from "compensation-levy" and from "charges in respect of monopoly value" with more boisterous times of stress; but it tickled BALFOUR'S fancy and he blew with a humour of his own a fascinating bubble of shifting iridescent colours, and kept it there, swelling it with gentle breath till it floated, absolutely gorgeous, about the House. Later, at a touch from MCKENNA, it was gone.

Take it all round ARTHUR enjoyed himself. He had started out with a deliciously pathetic profession of jealousy at the fact that, while the speeches of nearly all his old colleagues in the Ministry responsible for the 1904 Bill had been assiduously hunted up and quoted from, in order that the intentions of its promoters might be got at, he alone had been spitefully ignored, omitted maliciously, treated as of no account!



ONE WHO KNOWS.

Earl Winterton. "The President of the Board of Trade has said in a speech in the country that the greatest intellects in the land were ranged on the side of the Bill."

Mr. Hodge. "Hear, hear!"

(Mr. J-hn H-dge.)

"Yet, after all, Mr. SPEAKER, I was Prime Minister at the time and the author of the Bill, and I do think it is very hard that the Hon. Member should think me beneath his notice!"

Since DU MAURIER'S picture of the poor famished host at an evening "crush" pleading for some slight refreshment on the plaintive ground that he was "only the master of the house," no such moving scene has been recorded.

The explanation of this malignant ostracism came later, when it turned out that minute and careful search revealed the fact that, in all the long debates of 1904, ARTHUR had made no single pronouncement, spoken no solitary word on the point under discussion, leaving it with a fine generosity and characteristic self-abnegation to others to commit themselves and give hostages to posterity.

In a burst of picturesque and graphic inspiration towards the close of his speech he "knocked-in" on the canvas, with the dexterity of a FRANZ HALS or a SEYMOUR LUCAS, a glowing picture of ASQUITH and his merry men as



"A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY BUCCANEER."

(A fragment of Mr. Arthur Balfour's suggestion for a next year's Academy picture.)



M.F.H. (*who has lately taken to polo*). "BY JOVE, OLD MAN, THIS IS BETTER THAN MISSING A DIRTY LITTLE WHITE BALL, AND SAYING 'D—N,' ISN'T IT?"

"Buccaneers of the Sixteenth Century" laying under contribution some hapless "city in the West Indies."

In point of "bravura," "impasto," "morbidezza," "chiaroscuro," and other Italian noblemen whose names I forget, but who occupy the armoury and form the perpetual body-guard of the art-critic, this would be bad to beat.

For comprehensive range and wild variegation of perplexing topics, no one ever knew anything like Report Stage of the Licensing Bill. Its authors, whoever they may be—the halo flits from brow to brow, from ASQUITH to WHITTAKER, from WHITTAKER elsewhere—seem to have acted on the sound principle enunciated at the music-halls, that

> "E-very little bit, added to what you've got,
> Makes just a little bit mo-re!!"

Simple in form, incontrovertible in argument, one has realised at once as it was jerked over the footlights, between the wheezes, by that peripatetic philosopher, R. G. KNOWLES, that here, trippingly stated, was an eternal truth. It will stand the test of minutest examination, and he would be a bold man who would undertake to expose its fallacy.

To the temperance reformer, with his lifelong antagonists, the brewer and the publican, in the hollow of his legislative hand, the formula was no doubt irresistible; in practice it 's a weariness to the flesh. Still, everyone who knows the horrors of the drink trade, even to-day, will wish that when, gathering its clauses and schedules about it, the Bill sweeps presently into the "gas-chamber" of the Lords, the good in it at all events may escape asphyxiation.

E. T. R.

THE YANKEE PERIL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Monday last a newspaper contents bill displayed in large letters these ominous words:—

ENORMOUS AMERICAN
TRADE DEVELOPMENT
NEW ARCHBISHOP.

Is the Government alive to this new menace? Is England's proud title of "Mistress of the Seas" to be wrested from her at last? I trust, Sir, that you will use your influence and impress upon the authorities the necessity of laying down at once two new Archbishops of the Cantuar class as an answer to this undoubted challenge. We are also lamentably weak in ordinary Bishops. Of the thirty-three Diocesan Bishops of the Worcester class, the majority are of ancient date, and seventeen are classed as Suffragan! Opposed to these, America has some eighty fairly modern Bishops, the oldest dating from 1784. True, we have about ninety first-class Colonial Bishops, who, however, are acting too far from their base to be of any practical value to the Mother Country.

To keep abreast of the Two-Power Standard, at least six Archdeacons should be provided for in next year's programme, though seven would perhaps be better. In Rural Deans (of which we have at present 810, including two temporarily laid-up) we are not satisfactorily strong, but on the subject of Deans I cannot touch in this letter; they would require a chapter to themselves. In the smaller craft, such as Curates, we are well represented, although even here a little more money might well be expended. Above all, we need more Canons. I am no pessimist, but I love my country, and that is why I confidently appeal to you, *Mr. Punch*, knowing there is nothing you have more at heart than the welfare and glory of the British Aisles. I enclose my card and remain,

Yours, etc.,
THE MAN IN THE PEW.

AMUSINGS.

[Some notes upon curious findings discerned by S. John Otsakura, of Nagasaki, Student of Automobile Construction, Letters and Life.]

III.

Quick-hand Mementoes of an Automobile Exhibition.

The gentleman who presides up the mahogany tree of *Punch* points the finger of a nod to me that I am not to deal so fulsomely with the "automobile" as with the "exhibition" side of the question. While on the tent-pegs of dubiety whether automobile engineering practice, as seen through Japanese *pince-nez* (or folders), would not be more interesting than mere cracklings about men and manners, I must hop the twig of alacrity to fulfil his behests.

If the proper study of man is mankind, one could select few better studios than that laid out at the feet by disgorging one bob at the turnstiles of Olympia the Golden.

Though now rising two years a student of motoring affairs, I had never tumbled how great a percentage of the British population are motorists; yet each second or third stripling who strode the cocoa-nut-shy *tapis* of Addison Road wore a cap designed to defy the utmost vigours of the elements, and an equal number had swathed *tibia* and *fibula* in puttee coloured leggings of wild-boar's hide. I am pleased to remark the modesty of these fellows. Frequently I observed one such who would say to his companion, "That is a jolly fine chassis, old chap." His *vis-à-vis*, appetite for information holding both his sides, would ask *why*, in what respect it excelled others? But instead of erecting his importance on the pinnacle of conceitedness by detailing the points in which the particular chassis was hot stuff, his mentor would yawn, almost with *embarras de sagesse*, and say, "Come along, we must be moving!"

Those gentlemen employed to vend the wares of Autolycus in the shape of motor-cars are great guns. By the dintings of a few carefully-phrased enquiries I discovered that many of the cars on exhibition had skeletons in their closets. Half-a-dozen young fellows whose conversational oars I plied confided to me, in fact, that they had each personally been employed recently by another firm, but had felt constrained to resign lucrative and important positions because of the weakness of the old firm's back-axles, or steering-gear, or ignition system, or method of lubrication. Though they told me this tale of latent decrepitude singly and one by one, I summed up my facts, and discovered that at least six of the cars on show had some weakness of constitution. But, happily enough, any one of these chaps would assure me that the car he now had the hardihood to represent excelled no end just in that particular selection of its vitals where the other car had failed miserably. So much for the benefit of change, as I remarked.



"Please Mother says will you give me another tooth-brush? The whiskers have come out of this 'un."

In half-an-hour I had made notes of the names of the eight cars possessing the best (*a*) back-axle, (*b*) engine, (*c*) gears, (*d*) ignition, (*e*) lubrication, (*f*) carburation system, (*g*) suspension, and (*h*)—though I am well aware that there is no such note in the gamut of either tonic sol-fa or ancient version—coach-work. Should any subscriber to *Punch* be on the tiptoe of buying a car, wishful in all reasonableness to buy one that will bang Banagher in two shakes, I shall be pleased to let him have the names of these eight cars. By buying from each manufacturer the section in which his car is top-hole, and combining the purchase (and I should be as happy as a jig to come over and bare a hand at the assembly of the parts), he would have a car that never was on land ashore, and I should be able to give myself a dig in one or two ribs and say, "Well done, stout fellow!"

While I was chewing my rags with satisfaction upon this picture and on that, a gentleman whom I have met in the company of my literary god-papa approached me, looking very replete with beans.

He asked me to show him round, and as I had no shame in bringing to the *bon marché* such a blooming and well-groomed bear I proceeded to give him a few pupil-dilations.

We stopped at a stand gaily adorned with the palms of Lebanon and Turkey rugs, and I engaged in wordy counters with the young man *chargé des affaires*.

"Is this a *good* car?" I asked, thinking to open the bow-window of opportunity for him to do himself a bit of good.

"No, sir; rotten. I may tell you, between our bed-posts, that this car is exhibited here only to accentuate the fine moulding of the forms of others. This car is a shining example of all that is least desirable, least defensible, most *ultra vires*, and infinitely devoid of *locus standi*. And I shall be obliged if you will ambulate rapidly in the direction of Hellantommi, Griqualand West."

I seek no golden-clothed deference, but I ask my fellow-inhabitants of these green isles, far away from my native place of birth, if this was a proper manner in which to meet a polite interrogatory overture.

I entered protest, and remarked that he was a puppy, a flapper and a sucking-pig who was for long condemned to an exclusively lacteal diet.

"My dear little jitsy-ju-jube," he retorts, "I have nothing further to say to you. I have had here this morning five of your intelligent if hound-pied compatriots, each seeking to bestow on my heaving bosom the bright star of an order for six cars on behalf of the Marquis



THE DEMOCRATIC AGE.

Kind Lady. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO BE WHEN YOU GROW UP?"
Little Man. "SOMEFIN' WHAT DON'T WEAR A COLLAR!"

WHATO. Three of them wanted a dollar so that they might send telegrams announcing their selection: one of them had had his pocket picked in the train on the way down here; and one of my men strangled the other before he had got to the 'tapping' point. So you had better run along, my little man, before I risk immolating the point of a comparatively new shoe in an attempt to kick your hip-pocket into your hat-band. *Savvy?*"

By jingo! when my friend explained to me that some low-class countrymen of mine were practising the hide-and-seek of a leg-pulling attempt to maintain false pretences, I was indeed sick in heart.

My friend had the presence of mind to recommend a cordial, which to some places of decimals put me on my feet again; but I can never believe that a Japanese has been guilty of working such a diaphanously thin-warped wheeze as suggested by this car-seller.

I recommenced my peregrine's pickle of a trot round the building.

Spotting out on a stand a young chap of some openness of countenance, and determined not to let first impressions of his *genus* steel my pancreas against him, I asked him what number of cars he had sold. He was somewhat of a waggish kidney, it seemed, for he assured me he had that day palmed off no less than eight. I betokened some interest in his wares thereupon, and he asked me—probably because he could see I was a discriminating lynch-pin—if I should care for a Trial Trip. I took him on, and said by all means fair or foul, I should indeed, and no mistake. He gave me his card, and directed me to the outer confinements of the building, where were many greasy young boys tending cars of an irritatingly unanimous grizzliness of painting. I asked one such if he could waft me o'er the ferry of intervening *terra firma* to Shepherd's Bush tuber.

"No," said this young devil's sport, "I blooming cannot. Do you take me for a blooming Sunday-school treat?" he said.

Experientia docet. I had seen the folly of bandying my oratorical shins with such *canaille*, and withdrew, reserving to myself the right, when I shall feel the spirit mooding me to become the proud possessor of a car, to spot my winner in France or other place where one can traffic without a snub on both cheeks. E. N. D.

"Enfeebled by age, Bishop Lang enters upon his Archpiscopal work in the 45th year of his age."

In the chorus of congratulations, it was left to *The Cork Constitution* to strike this jarring note.

"PARIS DAY BY DAY.
SAYINGS OF NAPOLEON.
By Special Wire."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Once more our enterprising contemporary achieves a "scoop."

"Racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick this afternoon.

Owing to the late arrival of the Birmingham trains racing was put back fifteen minutes at Warwick to-day. The going was heavy.

Delightfully fine November weather prevailed at Warwick when racing started this afternoon, but owing to a breakdown on the railway several of the special trains were late, and racing had to be put back a bit. The rings were well filled."—*Evening News.*

And so on. Say when you 've had enough.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE never read any book by MARY JOHNSTON that missed distinction, and her last, *Lewis Rand* (CONSTABLE) is as good as her best; perhaps even a little better still, by virtue of the firmness of hand which she here shows in the drawing of character. Yet I must harbour a little mild resentment against her for having led my judgment astray. Her title and her earlier chapters gave one to suppose that *Lewis Rand* was going to be a hero. True, he is in a sense a man of heroic build and has a certain greatness of nature, but it is warped by an ambitious egoism that brings him to a wretched end. Meanwhile—a far more regrettable error—one has acquired an unfounded prejudice against a very perfect gentleman, *Ludwell Cary*, chiefly because he happens to be the rival of *Rand* in politics and love, and has the advantage of him in birth, breeding, and natural charm. Miss JOHNSTON might have spared him to survive his enemy, but she has pitilessly chosen to have the courage of her own ideas. Whether the popularity of her book will suffer or not, she has justified herself as an artist. The part that women play in this romance is not so prominent as it might be. *Unity* is a slight, frivolous thing; and *Jacqueline* a hazy figure, half lost in the shadow thrown by the man she adores through honour and shame. One is jarred at times by a touch of unintended affectation in her speech; but this is forgotten in the tragic and noble reserve of her misery at the close. If a fault has to be found with Miss JOHNSTON's charming style, it is that she is rather lax in the selection of her details. Botany is her weak point. I counted over three dozen trees and plants in her first chapter. She should try to paint more broadly with fewer strokes of the brush. Yet everyone has his own way of creating atmosphere, and anyhow there are few writers who can be so lavish of their descriptive powers, and yet never cause a moment's sense of tedium.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.
I.—WILLIAM TELL.

Memories of SAUL among the prophets flit vaguely across the mind on discovering that the author of *Lyra Frivola* and *Verses to Order* has written a history. Poets certainly have turned historians before now, and even historians in less serious moments have tried to write poetry; but both, truth to tell, have generally made a sorry mess of the other fellows' business. All the more honour, then, to Mr. A. D. GODLEY that in *Oxford in the Eighteenth Century* (METHUEN) he has given us an excellent history. He apologises in the preface for producing a dull book: would that other authors were able to produce chronicles at once so scholarly and witty! Like good wine in the old catch, Mr. GODLEY makes dull dogs delightful; and there were some very dull dogs indeed in eighteenth-century Oxford. But the least brilliant of academic periods produces its worthies, such as the oarsmen of the green leather caps and nankeen jackets. And their memory is as well worth preserving as that of GIBBON's bibulous dons, who blush in nebulous regions at an unwilling immortality. By the way, is it because MILTON was a Cambridge man that the old misquotation is again allowed to crop up in these pages—"fresh fields and pastures new"? A poet should have remembered that his Puritan predecessor wrote of woods, not fields.

Mr. EDWARD H. COOPER is well known as a man of two hobbies. Children and thoroughbreds, Newmarket and the nursery, are the twin passions of his life; and I suppose that there is very little about Puss in the (Tattenham) Corner and Kiss in the (Doncaster) Ring which he does not know. The amiable nature which is the secret of this twofold power is abundantly reflected in his new book, *The End of the Journey* (HURST AND BLACKETT), though the children and horses which figure in its pages are merely excellent side-shows. In the circus proper the performers are all grown-ups. The leading lady and gentleman had loved and married—but not each other, since poverty forbade the banns—some years before the actual performance. In the first turn they meet again, accompanied by their several encumbrances in the shape of husband, wife, and children, and then the band begins to play. Mr. COOPER stands in the middle and cracks his whip, the pace gets faster and faster, and the other performers and the spectators hold their breath, wondering how soon their feelings will run away with them and they with each other. But just when the chief actors threaten to get out of hand, the whip cracks again, and a Roman priest thunders after them mounted on a special train, and saves the situation in the nick of time. So that when, hand in hand with their lawful spouses, they bow their thanks for your applause, you feel that none is a penny the worse. And that is much more than can usually be said about books dealing with the difficult question which is the subject of Mr. COOPER's graphic story.

Given two things, it is only human to prefer one; although "Both" is sometimes the best choice. In the present instance, however, when the two things are Mr. J. B. ATKINS' book of essays, *Side Shows* (CHRISTOPHER), and Mr. REGINALD LUCAS's book of essays, or, at any rate, essayist's commentary, *When all the World is Young* (HUMPHREYS), I find a preference for Mr. ATKINS, although I do not elevate that preference to the rank of criticism. Mr. REGINALD LUCAS is too worldly-wise, too man-about-townish for me. His title is also misleading, for one expects the glow of youth and finds instead a cool sententiousness. Mr. ATKINS, on the other hand, takes one into the open air. He is a traveller, an observer of nature; he can sail a boat; he thinks BUTLER'S *Analogy* the best holiday book, because by taking it with him on holidays he ensures a rest from reading; he looks upon the visible world as an entertainment, and sets down its praises in honest, enthusiastic prose. In his little companionable book all the world *is* young.

HINTS ON SHOPPING.

By LADY GRAFT.

WE are now at the season of the year when the windows begin to be very alluring and presents are in the air, when, in fact,

"——they shop who never shopped before,
And they who always shopped now shop the more."

As to whether the word "shop" should be permitted to do double duty as a substantive and verb I have not made up my mind. I must ask Mr. ARCHER, of the Simplified Spelling Society, when next I see him in the stalls on a first night; and I want also to tell him that, if he is in want of a Lady Vice-President, surely MAUDE DARRELL is marked out for the honours by every right. That self-sacrificing clipping of the final *e* is so very much what our dear Scotch WILLIE and ANDY of Skibo are desiring.

But to come to shopping—the season already gives signs of being a very remarkable one. Furs, for example, were never so fashionable or so much written about in the Press. Personally I favour sable; but that, of course, is not within the reach of everyone. You must be either a millionairess or a very influential lady-journalist to get that particular fur. My own set, which is perfectly new, could not be finer, and I have every reason to recommend the wonderful stock, at very reasonable prices, of the Lapland & Hairipuss Co., 999, Regent Street. For those who cannot afford sable there are minks and squirrel, and even the smaller domestic felidæ.

It is safe to say that never was a season with a better supply of novelties in dress than the present—a circumstance attributable to the dispersion of the amazing exhibits at Shepherd's Bush; but it has been computed by a statistician, none the less, that if every inch of the White City had been given to *modistes*, to the total exclusion of pictures, Canadian produce, flip-flaps and what not, it would not have been sufficient to contain half the Franco-British models which have been acquired by the millinery trade since the closing of the Exhibition. Be that as it may, London is fortunate in possessing an unprecedented stock of frocks and blouses, and no woman any longer has any excuse for ever wearing the same clothes twice. In this embarrassment of riches the choice is a difficulty; but, if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, I would say that no shop is likely to treat you better than Messrs. B. COMING & Co., of 2403, Oxford Street, whose Salome tea-gowns are the rage of the moment, causing countless young men to lose their heads daily. I have one, and I know.



Tramp. "WILL YER GIVE ME SOMETHIN' TO EAT, MISSUS? I'M THAT THIRSTY I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO SLEEP TO-NIGHT!"

And the dear chicks—it is to be a great Christmas for them. Uncontrollable peals of laughter I already seem to hear (with my mind's ear, *Horatio!*) as they unpack one after another of the delightfully droll toys that are now being displayed for them, the happy lucky mites! At Messrs. JOAKES, for example, are the most fascinating mechanical toys, including a Suffragette who waves a banner, with "Votes for Women" on it, with incredible realism; and there are, of course, any number of flying machines and Teddy bears. Merely to see them sets one longing to be young again in the dear old nursery days. Many will be the anxious appeals outside Messrs. JOAKES's fascinating window this month, of "Mummy, *do* let us go in here!" Ah, the modern Mummies—what a wonderful age to be born into, with Messrs. JOAKES stocking every shelf and corner for them, and the papers open to receive unprejudiced advice as to where to shop! This is indeed the millennium.

"Nearly new Sheffield plate tea-service, in velvet-lined box, 35/-, or exchange for gentleman."—*The Lady.*

These sneers, however, do not really advance the Suffragettes' cause.

THE ORDEAL BY DISSOLUTION.

[To the PRIME MINISTER; recalling his declaration at Manchester in regard to the Licensing Bill: "On the result of the fight we have staked our political existence."]

So, Sir, the Peers in their Palace of Leisure,
Which the occasion had painfully packed,
Seem, by report, to have taken your measure
(Pardon the phrase) and returned it intact.

You and your honour were staked on the issue;
You were to stand or to fall with your Bill;
Now is the test, and we all of us wish you
Joy of asserting the weight of your will.

See, they have flung you the challenging gauntlet,
Plush on the surface and iron inside;
Here is your chance of redeeming your vauntlet,
Also the option of eating your pride.

Meanwhile, in view of the time and exertion
Spent on the holiday task of your House—
Useless, except that it caused a diversion
Grateful to numbers of pheasants and grouse—

If (and the Radical papers have said it)—
If the conclusion was really fore-known,
Shall I be wrong when I say that the credit
Oughtn't to lie with the Peerage alone?

Then as to Temperance—even a Tory,
Even the worst of us, *even a Peer*,
Doesn't (believe me) instinctively glory
In the excessive consumption of beer.

Some of us wish that the snares might be fewer
Luring to misery, squalid and lean,
Only, we argue, in bleeding the brewer,
See that the blade of your weapon is clean.

But, to recur to the question of daggers
Drawn for the fray, I am anxious to see
Whether the People, the pendulum-waggers,
Stick to their choice in the duel to be.

Here's to your nerve! may it never grow flabby,
Flinching before an inferior host;
Victory or the alternative Abbey!
Surely you cannot go back on your boast!

Yet, it appears, in the Palace of Leisure
Doubts are expressed of your courage and grit;
You were to stand or to fall with your measure;
Surely you cannot be meaning to *sit!* O. S.

According to the *A. B. C. Railway Guide* the 5.5 P.M. Sunday train from Brighton to London runs only on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. This arrangement has been made to meet the scruples of those who object to travelling on the Sabbath.

"Wanted, Cavies, or offers for 50 strawberry plants and telescope."
Fur and Feather.

Voice from the Library window:—"John! As soon as you've given the cavy his bran mash, run down to the strawberry bed. There's a slug on the forty-third plant from the end."

"The Chief Secretary . . . looks forward to the day when the grass lands will be occupied by a race of small agriculturists with mixed farms partly tilled and partly arable."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

Something else besides the farms seems mixed here.

DISCURSIONS.

MRS. BOBRINSKY AGAIN.

My housekeeper, Mrs. BOBRINSKY, has strong views on many subjects, the lift-boy being, as I have said on a previous occasion, one of them. She has no belief in lift-boys as a class, and she considers that the particular boy who works the lift in the mansions in which I occupy a flat is the most incompetent and desperate specimen that ever got stuck halfway to the top-floor. This happened to him the day before yesterday, and Mrs. BOBRINSKY, taking advantage of his discomfiture, did not fail to tell him that she had told him so. The lift-boy, having answered her by one of his most piercing cat-calls, paid no further attention to her compliments.

Mrs. BOBRINSKY has, however, now added to her gallery of aversions the girl who, till yesterday, had helped her in the service of my flat. This girl, I may say, was kept rigorously in the background of the kitchen, and though I was encouraged to assume her existence I was never permitted to set eyes on her. Her departure, therefore, has left no void in me. Up to yesterday she was; to-day she is not. "I sent 'er about 'er business," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, adding subsequently that ambition (in the direction of becoming a cook) had ruined every prospect of happiness in their relations. I was also asked to mark Mrs. BOBRINSKY's words that the girl would come to no good.

"I never could get 'er to fetch no errands," continued Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "she was that flighty. And she's left the prints of 'er 'ands on the walls and the furniture. It 'll be difficult to wash 'em off for fear of the paper and paint. She 'd bin a 'between, 'alf up 'alf down, to a lady at Maiden'ead. It was a funny 'ouse by 'er account of it. The lady 'ad one set o' friends and 'er 'usband 'ad another set, and they both lived in two different 'ouses." "Separated?" I asked. "Well, not exactly what you might call separated," said Mrs. BOBRINSKY, "but not livin' together. This girl got ten shillings a week there, which is a wicked price to pay a girl like that, and now and then the lady give 'er servants presents. The cook got a gold watch and the girl got a silver chain with a medallion. 'Owever it all come to an end, because there was trouble about the rent.

"When the girl come 'ere I could see directly she wasn't one o' my sort. She 'd set there dreamin' when she ought to 'ave bin up and workin', and she 'd sing bits o' songs to me in the kitchen—things she 'd picked up from the barril-orgins, all of 'em very slow and sorrowful. She said she was tryin' to cheer 'erself up. She never was quick on 'er legs except when the postman knocked, and then she was up and at the door in two twos, always expectin' somebody was goin' to write to 'er. No, not love-letters. Letters from the cook or the 'ousemaid in 'er last place. She 'd take 'em to bed with 'er and set up 'uggin' them or readin' them like a book. She 'd read 'em over and over agin and say if she could 'ave a 'undred letters every day she could die quite 'appy; but she only got four all the time she was 'ere, and that seemed to make 'er mope.

"She reminded me o' my brother's wife, ELLEN—'er that got paralysed and couldn't speak, only say 'Yum, yum,' and move 'er 'ead about. A sad trial she was to my brother. 'E was in a 'ussar regiment before 'e married 'er, and when 'e went to India we used to write to 'im, and we always ended our letters by sayin', 'Love from the Cook.' We was all cooks then, me and my two sisters and my aunt, and we thought 'e 'd see the joke. But 'e wasn't one for jokes, and



PERSEA AND ANDROMEDUS.



Archibald (in trousers for the first time—to Rector). "I SAY, WHAT 'S THE COLOUR OF *YOUR* BRACES?"

'e got it fixed in 'is mind that there was a real cook kep' in 'iding for 'im somewhere. And when 'e come back ELLEN was the first cook 'e met, so 'e put two and two together and married 'er.

"'E was very 'andy about the 'ouse, 'avin' bin a soldier, and when ELLEN went all down her right side 'e did all the tidyin' and cooked for 'isself too. Pore thing, she didn't last long. But my brother 'ad a beautiful memorial card done for 'er by one o' them poets that the undertaker recommended —something about 'er bein' 'lost to view in the clouds above, but I'll remember you and all your love'—I can't rightly recollect it. Still, it was a mercy she was took, because she 'd only 'ave bin a misery to 'erself and everybody else."

LOVE, IN AND OUT OF.

THERE are three degrees of intimacy—acquaintance, friendship and love. Thus the Young Man becomes acquainted with the parent, feigns friendship for the son, but really loves the daughter.

***

I am one of the son class. When love comes in at the door, I go out by the window.

***

I do not, however, remain outside on the damp, cold grass. I go elsewhere, if only for the satisfaction of causing to other sons that discomfort which I myself suffer.

***

Proposals may be oral or written. If oral, the voice should be slightly raised and each word clearly enunciated. If written, only one side of the paper must be used, and the name and address of the proposer on no account omitted.

Printed forms of proposal are much used, but almost exclusively by Insurance Companies.

***

You may be asked during the proceedings to "name the happy day." The day referred to is your wedding day.

***

Every man should remember that, in the ordinary way, if he has reached 3 P.M. without getting married, he is, by a merciful dispensation of ecclesiastical law, safe for that day at any rate.

***

Make a point of never rising before lunch and never lunching before 2·30 P.M. and you may escape matrimony altogether.

***

The best man is so called because he has the worst job. It is for him to kiss the bride, and that without option of a fine.

***

Even for the looker-on the wedding function is not all beer and skittles. It is more frequently a warmish glass of rather bad champagne.

***

It is quite right to suppose that Settlements are made at the earliest stage. The name is misleading, for the trouble is only just beginning.

***

When booking tickets for the honeymoon, the husband may just as well book right through for both. He will not be allowed to get out at the first stop and come home by himself.

Italy on the Dorando-Hayes Race.

Unus homo nobis Dorando restituit rem.

CHARIVARIA.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S charming book of photographs is published on an entirely new system. The purchasers get all the royalties.

***

The German KAISER "gave an audience" last week to the new British Ambassador. The report that he "granted him an interview" is incorrect and malicious.

***

At the instigation of Great Britain and Russia, the SHAH has withdrawn the rescript in which he announced that he would not summon a Parliament. His reported reason for changing his mind is that he thought it would be a pity to set a bad example to Russia.

***

At a number of churches at Ottawa the services were recently conducted without music because, on account of the water famine, there was no power to supply wind for the organs. It remains to be seen what effect this will have on the religious life of Canada.

***

An American contemporary refers to Mr. ROCKEFELLER'S "greasy smile." The epithet should surely be "oily"?

***

"There are at the present moment in the House of Commons men sitting there who are in danger of falling and who know they are in danger of falling," said Mr. J. E. ELLIS, M.P., in his address on Drink. Recent by-elections have certainly shown how difficult it is nowadays for Liberals to retain their seats.

***

The reassuring statement that anyone meeting a party of the lunatics to whose public perambulations the residents of Epsom have taken exception would be unable to distinguish them from the ordinary inhabitants, is causing grave offence in the district.

***

While a witness was being cross-examined in Mr. Justice DARLING'S Court last week, Mr. BOWER, K.C., remarked to him, "Do not try to be funny." It is only right that our judges' prerogatives should be jealously guarded.

***

The Central News informs us that a Los Angeles man has been granted a divorce from his wife on the remarkable ground that she had got into the habit of bathing the children in gasolene to save time and trouble. This latest development of the "*nettoyage à sec*" process is certainly interesting.

***

Two men who were fined £3 each at Bournemouth for begging, last week, were found to be in possession of no less than £7 19*s.* 0*d.* We have carefully considered the figures, and have come to the conclusion that it was still worth the men's while.

***

"Labour omnia vincit," says *The New Age*. This mute protest of the dead language against American spelling is touching.

***

We note the appearance of *The King's English. Abridged for School Use.* We are sorry that our youth should be officially encouraged in the vicious habit of clipping words.

***

The Liverpool Evening Echo gave us a list, the other day, of

"STINGUISHED INVALIDS."

Fortunately, in spite of the ominous head line, they all appeared to be doing pretty well.

***

Included in a number of goods left in the racks of Great Western Railway carriages and sold last week was a skull. It does not speak very well for the vigilance of G.W.R. officials that it should be possible for any one to leave one of their premises *minus* this important feature without attracting attention.

***

KING PETER, we are told, is now suffering from a slight impediment in his speech, and does not at present grant interviews. This flattery of imitation puts the German KAISER in an awkward position. An *entente* with Servia might go far to endanger the well-known unanimity of the Triple Alliance.

***

The New York Marathon Race between HAYES and DORANDO resulted in a terrible *fiasco*. DORANDO won.

***

"In the twenty-fifth mile," we read, "some of the spectators hissed DORANDO under the impression that he had prevented one of the American's efforts to pass him by shooting out his right arm." But surely, even if this had happened, it would not have been considered unsportsmanlike in America? Or is it only permissible in the case of Americans, like CARPENTER, whom, by the way, President ROOSEVELT has delighted to honour with a special cup for the race in which he was disqualified by the Committee of the Olympic Games for foul running?

***

"The trousers were not necessities," said the Judge in dismissing a claim against a minor last week at the Westminster County Court. The cult of Salome progresses.

Great Professions. No. I.

"CARPET REPARIER Reparation of lacerated and full of holes vestements."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

"IN conversation," said somebody (I think it was my grandfather), "there should always be a give and take. The ball must be kept rolling." If he had ever had a niece two years old, I don't think he would have bothered.

"What 's that?" said MARGERY, pointing suddenly.

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What 's that?"

"Take your finger away. Ah, yes, that is dear uncle's eye. The left one."

"Dear uncle's left one," said MARGERY thoughtfully. "What 's it doing?"

"Thinking."

"What 's 'thinking'?"

"What dear uncle does every afternoon after lunch."

"What 's lunch?"

"Eggs, sardines, macaroons—everything."

With a great effort MARGERY resisted the temptation to ask what "everything" was (a difficult question), or what everything was doing (a still more difficult one), and made a statement of her own.

"Santa Claus bring Margie a balloon from Daddy," she announced.

"A balloon! How jolly!" I said with interest. "What sort are you having? One of those semi-detached ones with the gas laid on, or the pink ones with a velvet collar?"

"Down chimney," said MARGERY.

"Oh, *that* kind. Do you think—I mean, isn't it rather——"

"Tell MARGIE a story about a balloon."

"Bother," I murmured.

"What 's 'bother'?"

"'Bother' is what you say when relations ask you to tell them a story about a balloon. It means, 'But for the fact that we both have the MONTMORENCY blood in our veins, I should be compelled to decline your kind invitation, all the stories I know about balloons being stiff 'uns.' It also means, 'Instead of talking about balloons, won't you sing me a little song?'"

"Nope," said MARGERY.

"Bother, she's forgotten her music."

"What did you say, uncle dear; what did you say?"

I sighed and began.

"Once upon a time there was a balloon, a dear little toy balloon, and—and——"

"What 's that?" asked MARGERY, making a dab at my chest. "What 's that, uncle dear?"

"That," I said, "is a button. More particularly, a red waistcoat button. More particularly still, my top red waistcoat button."

"What 's *that*?" she asked, going down one.



Dealer. "'E 'S AS CLEVER AS A WAGOON LOAD O' MONKEYS, AND AS FOR JUMPIN', WITH A LIGHT WEIGHT LIKE YOU, I BELIEVE 'E 'D 'OP OVER THAT"—*(pointing to obstacle composed of railway sleepers and barbed wire)*—"BEFORE YE KNEW WHERE YE WERE."

Patron. "YES, I DESSAY HE WOULD." [*Postpones purchase indefinitely.*]

"That is a button. *Description:* second red waistcoat—*Parents living:* both—*Infectious diseases:* scarlet fever slightly once."

"What 's *that?*"

"That 's a—ah, yes, a button. The third. A good little chap, but not so chubby as his brothers. He couldn't go down to Margate with them last year, and so, of course—Well, as I was saying, there was once a balloon, and ——"

"What 's tha—a—at?" said MARGERY, bending forward suddenly and kissing it.

"Look here, you 've jolly well got to enclose a stamped addressed envelope with the next question. As a matter of fact, though you won't believe me, that again is a button."

"What 's that?" asked MARGERY, digging at the fifth button.

"Owing to extreme pressure on space," I began. . . "Thank you. That also is a button. Its responsibility is greater than that of its brethren. The crash may come at any moment. Luckily it has booked its passage to the —— Where was I? Oh yes—well, this balloon—— "

"What 's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the last one.

"I must have written notice of that question. I can't tell you offhand."

"What 's that, uncle dear?"

"Well, I don't know, MARGIE. It *looks* something like a collar stud, only somehow you wouldn't expect to find a collar stud there. Of course it *may* have slipped . . . Or could it be one of those red beads, do you think? . . N-no-no, it isn't a bead . . . . And it isn't a raspberry; because this is the wrong week for raspberries. Of course it might be a—— By Jove, I 've got it! It 's a button!"

I gave the sort of war-whoop with which one announces these discoveries, and MARGERY whooped too.

"A button!" she cried. "A dear little button!" She thought for a moment. "What 's a button?"

This was ridiculous.

"You don't mean to say," I reproached her, "that I 've got to tell you now what a button is. *That,*" I added severely, pointing to the top of my waistcoat, "is a button."

"What 's that?" said MARGERY, pointing to the next one.

I looked at her in horror. Then I began to talk very quickly.

"There was once a balloon," I said rapidly, "a dear little boy balloon—I mean toy balloon, and this balloon was a jolly little balloon just two minutes old, and he wasn't always asking silly questions, and when he fell down and exploded himself they used to wring him out and say, 'Come come now, be a brave little balloon about it,' and so——"

"What 's that?" asked MARGERY, pointing to the top button.

There was only one way out of it. I began to sing a carol in a very shrill voice.

All the artist rose in MARGERY.

"Don't sing," she said hurriedly; "MARGIE sing. What shall MARGIE sing, uncle?"

Before I could suggest anything she was off. It was a scandalous song. She began by announcing that she wanted to be among the boys, and (anticipating my startled protests) assured me that it was no good kicking up a noise, because it was no fun going out when there weren 't any boys about, you were so lonely-onely-onely . . . .

Here the tune became undecided; and, a chance word recalling another context to her mind, she drifted suddenly into a hymn, and sang it with the same religious fervour as she had sung the other, her fair head flung back and her hazel eyes gazing into Heaven. . .

I listened carefully. This was a bit I didn't recognise. . . The tune wavered for a moment . . . . and out of it these words emerged triumphant—

> "Talk of me to the boys you meet,
> Remember me kindly to Regent Street,
> And give them my love in the ——

"What 's that, uncle?"

"That," I said, stroking it, "is dear uncle's nose."

"What 's ——"

By the way, would you like it all over again? No? Oh, very well. A. A. M.

MANY MORE INVENTIONS.

ENGLAND STILL IN THE VAN.

THE remarkable account which recently appeared in *The Times* of Mr. EDISON's new projects and ideas has led some unthinking and unpatriotic persons to suppose that inventive genius is the monopoly of America. *Mr. Punch* is therefore unfeignedly glad to inform his readers, as the result of careful inquiries in various quarters, that the Old Country is not merely holding her own, but evincing a marked superiority over all competitors in the enlargement of the domains of applied science.

Sir OLIVER LODGE, as we learned on inquiry at the University of Birmingham, is actively engaged on a series of elaborate experiments with a view to perfecting his new self-interviewing machine. The great objection to the employment of the ordinary interviewer—talented and stimulating though he often is—is that he only succeeds in eliciting from his subject those views which represent his normal consciousness. The peculiar feature of Sir OLIVER'S machine, which may roughly be described as a radio-active planchette operated by a small gas-engine, is that it enables the self-interviewer to reveal in automatic script the workings of the subliminal consciousness. The results already achieved by the inventor have been most encouraging, and bid fair to supply enterprising editors with "copy" of a character and quality entirely transcending anything which has yet appeared in *The Daily Telegraph*. Without going into details we may content ourselves with stating that Sir OLIVER LODGE has discovered that his own personality is quite exceptionally multiple in its composition, including, amongst others, (1) an archbishop of high Anglican tendencies, (2) an acrobat with a speciality for performance on the wireless trapèze, (3) a Mexican cow-puncher with an extraordinary command of picturesque expletives, (4) a professional singer with a voice of abnormal profundity, (5) a Welsh rabbit with strong views on the subject of disestablishment.

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON has been obliged to abandon all correspondence with the Press owing to the demands made on his leisure by his epoch-making experiments in hat-architecture. Realising that the gigantic headgear adopted by women of fashion has come to stay, Mr. ASHTON has concentrated his energies on devising a hat which shall combine the useful with the ornamental. Taking for his model the American "skyscraper," Mr. ASHTON has patented a hat which with a circumference of ten feet supports a superstructure of ten storeys, each of which forms a small apartment suitable for accommodating provisions, pet animals, small children or musical instruments. The framework being of aluminium, it is possible to unite strength and lightness to an extraordinary degree, and by modelling the outlines now on those of a cinerary urn, now on those of a Tower of Silence or a Burmese Mortuary Pagoda, the patentee reconciles the claims of beauty with the demands of common sense. In conclusion Mr. ASHTON maintains that his invention has triumphantly solved the matinée problem, since as it would be absolutely impossible for ladies to wear his hats indoors, their universal adoption will render the removal of feminine headgear in the theatre compulsory.

Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A., after several failures, has at last succeeded in overcoming the difficulties in the way of carrying out his plan of a motor painting-machine, which enables an artist, using the wheels of his car as a brush, to decorate the landscape with suitable designs. The tyres of the wheels are composed of compressed camel's hair; an ingenious apparatus makes it possible for the artist to squirt varying colours on to their surface as he goes along; while finally an auto-levitator enables him to surmount all obstacles, and travel across country, painting everything in his course. Professor Sir HUBERT VON HERKOMER has already completed a gigantic group of portraits covering an area of twenty square miles in Bavaria, and is conducting negotiations with the United States Government with a view to decorating the whole of the Yellowstone Park with cartoons representing historic incidents in the growth of the great Republic.

Lord ROSSLYN, by no means discouraged by his recent bout with Sir HIRAM GORKI—we should say, MAXIM—has just completed a new system which is calculated not only to beat the Bank but to beat Banagher too. So deadly are its workings that it is understood on the Riviera that M. BLANC has given an order for a wrought steel zareba on the very latest pattern with which to surround the Casino in the hope of keeping his Lordship out. Meanwhile his Lordship is said to be on the point of visiting Le Mans to arrange with Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT for some aerial means of approaching the Casino and entering with his conquering system by the roof.

Sir HIRAM MAXIM meanwhile has not been idle. Turning for the moment from lethal weapons, he has been bending his mighty brain upon the more pressing needs of peace—or, at any rate, of domestic politics. Among his recent inventions are the "Anti-Thorne Shutter" for bakers, being an easily fixed and impregnable shield against the attentions of any party of unemployed or Graysonites who may call on the harmless purveyors of daily bread. Sir HIRAM has also perfected a new Suffragette chain, warranted unbreakable and proof against the file, which will keep a Suffragette in her place against railing or grille for ever if she likes. To this the name "The Zangwill" has been given, but a strong party is in favour of calling it "The Suffraghetto."

THE ARTICULATE APE.

A *Punch* representative, who is a student of the new monkey language which Professor RICHARD L. GARNER claims to have interpreted in the course of a long residence in the French Congo, was recently received at the monkey-house of the Zoo.

"Sam, the Guinea baboon," he writes, "sat pensively at the edge of the cage playing Patience with pieces of straw when I entered the monkey-house with a copy of Professor GARNER'S newly-compiled dictionary of Monkeyish in one hand and a bag of nuts in the other.

"Sam paused in the playing with his straws, and stuck one in the corner of his mouth, like a racing tout. My idea was to try him with simple words first, so with a 'Khi-iu' I threw a monkey-nut at him. 'Khi-iu,' according to Professor GARNER, means 'Look out,' and Sam easily grasped my meaning. As the monkey-nut hit him on the nose he bounded out of reach. An excellent beginning.

"Then, because an adventurous green Macaque dropped from a swinging rope with a soft thud on Sam's head, the baboon fetched him a smack with his open palm, bared his teeth, and started to talk in undoubted Monkeyish.

"He said quite a lot in a long chitter-chatter that was as noisy as a burglar's rattle. It was chiefly idiom, with the strong provincial accent of New Guinea, and therefore difficult to follow. But I distinctly heard Sam mutter 'Qhui,' which in their phonetic language, according to Professor GARNER, means, 'Well, wait there a moment, I want to get at you.'

"'A-ou-hou!' screamed the green Macaque, followed by a phrase which a hasty glance at the dictionary told me was equivalent to 'Chase me, blue-face!'

"The chief fault in Professor GARNER'S dictionary is that it contains no handy conversational phrases in the manner of OLLENDORFF. It would have been pleasant, for in-



THE PROSE OF SUPERSTITION.

Venerable Invalid. "YES, MISS, I 'AD SICH A BOOTIFUL DREAM LAST NIGHT. I DREAMT AS 'OW MY OLE MAN 'AD COME BACK, AND WAS SITTIN' BESIDE ME, AND TOOK MY 'AND, AND STROKE AND STROKE IT. NOW, MISS, WHAT SHOULD YOU SAY THAT BETOKE? I SHOULD TAKE IT AS A SIGN OF RAIN!"

stance, to have asked the Congo blue-moustached monkey, the one with the face like a carved Japanese idol, who was dangling from a rope and fondling his pale yellow whiskers with his disengaged hand, 'Good day, Sir. Have you the monkey-nut of your father's cousin?'

"It would have been nice to say to the Mona monkey—him with the pink nose and the white chest-protector—'No, but my brother has the blue feathers of the gardener's wife's hat.'

"The best opening that Professor GARNER provides is 'Our'h' (pronounced as if someone had just punched you in a vital part), meaning, 'Hello, there, my friend, where are you?'

"So I stood opposite the Amber Baboon—William, I think his name is—as he sat like a philosopher doing arithmetical sums on his fingers and toes, raised my hat and remarked, 'Our'h,' with a friendly nod. The effect was instantaneous.

"William bounded a yard into the air, went round thrice on a revolving wheel, tore down a festoon of little sleeping monkeys, and finally came at me hand-over-foot down the wire netting. Something seemed to have upset him. A bar of hairy steel shot out at me and snatched my precious dictionary from my hand.

"It was plain that William was not a nice-tempered monkey. He sat on his hunkers and said things which were not in the dictionary. I transcribed in shorthand as follows: 'A-grr-rr-wow-yah-bah-PHUT!!' His language would have shocked Professor GARNER. Then he ate my dictionary.

"After that I lost heart. Jamrach's Mangabey, whom I approached with a cordial 'En-uh,' which means 'Here I am, old fellow,' declined to be drawn into conversation, and sat like a little grey old man with mournful eyes as if he pitied me.

"The Mozambique monkey rolled up his eyes when I ventured on 'Chu-h,' which means 'Permit me to offer you a nut. Eh, what? what?' and a brown thing whose face was like a smudged three-colour-process print shrugged its shoulders and spread out its palms as who should say, 'I do not follow you.'

"It may be that my accent was wrong, or it may be that the monkeys, through long absence, have forgotten their own language. But, frankly, it was a disappointing day, and next time I shall simply go and make a noise like a monkey-nut."

"There was a pathetic scene at the Cornhusker training table after the game last night. Coach Cole accompanied his pupils to supper and after the meal was finished gave them a little talk. With tears streaming down his cheeks and with all the players crying, he told them what he expected to do with the team this year, and how he had banked on capturing the Missouri valley championship."—*The Omaha Daily Bee.*

Of course, when the Americans play each other, one American side has to lose, and then these pathetic scenes occur.

"Devon Albion 5 pints, Falmouth nothing."—*Leicester Daily Mercury.*

Think of it—not even a small sherbet for the Falmouth team. Our sympathies go out to them.



Keeper (to Friend of the Family). "IF YOU DO SEE A FOX, SIR, MIND YOU SHOOT 'UN, AN' THEN JUST HOLLER OUT 'ARRINGTON! WOUNDED BIRD!' AN' I'LL BE ROUND AN' BURY 'UN UP WI' LEAVES AFORE ANYONE'S ANY THE WISER!"

LIGHTER MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

IN connection with the recent discovery of a genuine comic song in twelve verses, words, music, and patter, by RICHARD WAGNER, we are assured that such manuscripts are by no means rare. The following advertisement of a well-known firm of Vocal Publishers is expected to appear shortly in *The Era*:—

Look! Look! NIGHT AND SHOOTER'S Topicalities again on Top!

Season 1908-9.

N. S. & Co.'s special list of Classic Comics. All safe Panto Winners. All the Latest Discoveries.

No. 1. Principal Boys should not fail to secure—

"In the Moon-Moonlight."

Words and music by FELIX BEETHOVEN. Never before published. A sure hit everywhere.

No. 2. A splendid screamer—

"Something's Gone Wrong with my Band Parts."

Written and composed by MOZART, sen. This Positive Cert should be secured at once.

No. 3. Comedians wire to-day for—

"Variations on the 'Op."

(*With dance.*)

One of BRAHMS's Brightest. Chorus whistled after first hearing!

No. 4. Special for Serio-Comics! We want you to hear—

"Sitting on the Counterpoint."

SPOHR's Sparklet. Goes with a bang. Any amount of encore verses.

No. 5. For Serios, the catch of the season will be

"Too Loud at Forte."

BACH at his best. SEBASTIAN has Got There this time. Nothing like it since *My Old Dutch*.

Panto Rights of above on application. Others to follow. Send for detailed Catalogue. We can make you a success!

"Moore's 'Song of the Shirt' is as true to-day as when it was written—in France at all events."—*The Sunday Chronicle.*

That may be; but HOOD'S "Song of the Shirt" is nearer still to the truth.

TOLD BY A LITTLE BIRD.

[Military photographs are being taken by cameras attached to carrier pigeons.]

A NEW device for photographing fortifications has been discovered. You coat the underside of sparrows with sensitive gelatine. These are afterwards enlarged (the photographs, not the sparrows).

Trained carriers with phonographs attached will be despatched to the next German military manœuvres. This will save the awkwardness of interviews.

White ducks will be issued to the Navy next summer.

"R.H.A." will in future stand for Royal Hawk Artillery.

The Legion of Frontiersmen is examining into the value of rabbits for collecting information in war-time.

Meantime gulls are being freely employed for the acquisition of fresh news about the engagement of the Duke of ABRUZZI.

"A first edition of Homer, 1488, realised the sum of £250 at Messrs. Hodgson and Co.'s rooms yesterday."—*Daily Mail.*

It seems that HOMER was later than we thought. It is known that he sometimes nodded, so he may have overslept himself.



LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DELAYED.

Master Runciman. "SO GLAD THEY 'VE JOINED HANDS; MAKES IT MUCH MORE COMFY FOR ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 23rd.—BOBS once more in the imminent deadly breach, waving the red flag of danger. With military instinct entrenched himself on the Cross Benches. Can thus keep an eye on either section of the allied forces of officialdom. Never since LOCHIEL received his warning has there been so impressive an utterance.

Locherewe, Locherewe, beware of the day
When the Germans shall meet thee in battle array.

No mincing matters with BOBS. "No offence meant," he said, "and I hope none will be taken." All the same was not blind to fact that in the northern ports of Germany there are moored all the year round ships capable of transporting 200,000 soldiers. Whither are they bound? Evidently not meant for cruising in summer seas. With State railways converging on the ports; with the telegraphs under control, the Press muzzled, 150,000 men might steal aboard, and, before you could say BOB HALDANE! they would be disembarked on British shores.

And what force would they find awaiting them? BOBS, a regular Calculating Boy when put to it, worked out a residuum of 40,000 citizen soldiers left to stop the triumphant march of 150,000 of what he described as a matchless Army. He demanded a million trained soldiers, always at home, an invincible cordon within whose outstretched arms the nation might sleep o' nights, none daring to make it afraid.

Business done.—On motion of BOBS, V.C., House declared opinion that the defence of these Islands necessitates immediate attention of His Majesty's Government in direction of establishment and maintenance of effective army.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Some sensation created during Question hour by excited entrance of JACK PEASE. Members noticed that the Whip was made up in what was, considering brevity of time for preparation, striking presentation of Lord ROSSE, "a nobleman of Scotland" centuries before SINCLAIR became Secretary of State. Making his way to Treasury Bench, he edged himself in between PREMIER and the statesman whom in post-prandial exuberance a noble lord insisted upon addressing as GEORGE LLOYD.

Leaning towards ASQUITH, J. P. hoarsely whispered:

I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Asquith Macduff. What concern they?
The general cause?

Jack Pease Rosse. Let not your ears
despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

A. M. Humph! I guess at it.

J. P. R. Your autumn session's smashed; your bonny babe
Savagely slaughtered.

Asquith (getting a little tired of this sort of thing and dropping into prose). In other words you mean that the Opposition Peers, meeting to-day at Lansdowne House, have resolved to throw out the Licensing Bill on the second reading.



Falconer Balfour. "Bravely done, good bird! My trusty 'Lansdowne' tiercel never fails me!"



THE PATRIOTIC "DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT."

Earls R-b-rts and W-m-ss beat up for the defence of the country against invasion.



ROUGH ON STRACHEY.

Mr. Stanier. To ask the hon. member for South Somerset, as representing the President of the Board of Agriculture, *if there are any animals now on their way from Pennsylvania to Great Britain, and, if so, will they be watched and destroyed?*"—*Extract from "Questions," Nov.* 23.

J. P. R. My lord, you 've hit it on the nob.

"Humph!" repeated ASQUITH, pursing his lips, shrugging his shoulders, and tightening the fold of his arms across his chest. "What 's the next business in our programme?"

J. P. R. (*naturally indisposed after the trouble of his make-up to talk as if he were in the Lobby*). May it please my lord, the Education Bill.

Asquith. Very well, we 'll get along with that.

After this, appropriately enough as showing that Scotland stands where it did, House took up consideration of the Scotch Education Bill. GULLAND moved amendment designed to substitute title "Scottish" Education Department for "Scotch." Pledged his authority as Member of Edinburgh Dialectical Society that the word "Scotch" is here out of place. In the Edinburgh Directory there are 123 Scottish societies, only three Scotch. In Glasgow the proportion is almost precisely the same.

Scotch Members—or is it Scottish?—moved uneasily in their places. Are dying for a fight with somebody; eager to show their independence of Government authority, especially on matter of detail that would not involve Ministerial crisis. Happily LORD ADVOCATE on Treasury Bench; saved situation by adroit turn.

"Suppose," he said, "the Hon. Member, feeling athirst after this discussion, were to go to the bar off the Inner Lobby and ask for 'Four of Scottish,' would he get what he wanted?"

That settled the matter. The Scottish—I mean the Scotch—are above all things a nation amenable to reason. Not only was Report stage of Bill forthwith passed, but the third reading was by permission taken.

House of Lords, Friday. — YOUNG WEMYSS seated at the Table with hand to ear is not really trying to catch the words falling from the lips of the noble lord on his legs. He is dwelling with satisfaction on the prospect of the long arm of Justice presently reaching a Government who, the other night, resisted a resolution jointly composed by BOBS and himself insisting on the creation of an Army capable of meeting the enemy in the gate. A fair-minded man, with a soul above Party politics, he admits that the present Government is not alone in its guilt. A little more than three years ago, PRINCE ARTHUR being then Premier, backed by a host in Lords and Commons, he had submitted a resolution identical in spirit with that moved on Monday by BOBS. What happened? At instance of LANSDOWNE, then Leader of House, it was unanimously adopted. What followed in way of practical result? Why, nothing.

Still the late Government had politely accepted what the present one rudely refused. And now they were about to be hammered out on the anvil of their principal measure, for which the Commons had made the great sacrifice of an Autumn Session.

Anyhow YOUNG WEMYSS had done his duty, had stood manfully by the side of comrade BOBS, reinforcing his Resolution with a detachment of his own passed in July 1905. The friendship between these veteran warriors is touching.

Many-medalled BOBS sometimes affects to envy YOUNG WEMYSS one of his medals. It is certainly unique, not only in its history, but, when we remember War Office custom in these matters, by the promptness of its distribution. It was won at Waterloo. YOUNG WEMYSS was galloping in the charge on the EMPEROR'S Old Guard that turned the tide of battle. On his right rode "HICKEY" DOREEN of the Fifth. Halfway in the deadly course a cannon ball literally doubled DOREEN up. At the same moment YOUNG WEMYSS felt a blow on one of his right ribs which he took for a spent ball.

Returning to his quarters after BONAPARTE had fled, he found, sticking in his tunic under his right elbow, the rim driven in so far that it touched his flesh, a half-crown piece. When the cannon ball struck "HICKEY," it sent the coin spinning out of his pocket, with the remarkable result recorded. To this day, visitors at Elcho Castle, Perth, are shown the coin reposing on a velvet cushion under a glass case.

But that is another story. To be precise, it is one of SARK'S.

Business done.—Licensing Bill thrown out on Second Reading by 272 votes against 96.



THE GENTLE O'BRIEN OF 1908.

What a transformation since the volcanic days of old!!



THE ARROGANCE OF WEALTH.

Lady Golfer (with great assurance). "MINE'S THE TWO-SHILLING BALL!"

THE CAPERCAILZIE.

THOUGH meriting the Muse's smiles,
I fear that mid the odes directed
To fowls that use our British Isles
The capercailzie 's been neglected;
Faute, then, *de mieux*, perhaps this flow
Of gentle tribute will not be *de trop?*

'Mid tracts of barren Scottish hill,
Where pines against the heath look murky,
The capercailzie roams at will
In size much like a Christmas turkey;
Although there may be times when you
Will fancy him at least as big as two.

For haply, when the beaters stir
The roedeer through the firs and larches,
You 'll hear a terrifying whirr,
And down the gloomy forest arches
The capercailzie hurtles on,
And, ere you 've braced your nerves, again is gone!

Now, had you shot him in the head,
There 's just a chance you might have
dropped him;
A quarter of a pound of lead
Elsewhere, I know, would scarce have
stopped him.
He 'll often go away and thrive
On half a shooting party's "number five."

And even when you get the bird
He never wins the gourmet's favour,
And London dealers, so I 've heard,
Ascribe to him a curious flavour
Suggestive of a chunk of wood,
Which spoils him as a marketable food.

Yet has he merits after all,
For, stuffed and safe from shots and shoutings,
He 'll dominate your London hall,
And hint at pleasant Northern outings
Whene'er you see his haughty face
Glare from the glazed recesses of his case.

The Journalistic Touch.

Result of *Mr. Punch's* Great Competition:

First Prize:

"These alas, were depleted—nearly decimated in fact—as out of 200 choristers only about 70 responded."—*Sheffield Daily Telegraph.*

Honourably Mentioned:

"A railway servants' concert in Huddersfield without Mr. William Riley as a soloist would, if it had not occurred once, be an unique circumstance."—*Huddersfield Chronicle.*

"Of the two well-known hymns 'Lead, kindly Light,' and 'Crossing the Bar,' Wesley, in the preface to his own hymn-book, said: 'Here is no doggerel; no blotches: nothing put in to patch up the rhyme.'"
Yorkshire Evening Post.

In the next issue look out for COWPER'S comments on KIPLING'S "Recessional."

"Reports of the murder of King Peter were spread throughout the monarchy yesterday, but a telegram from Belgrade says that nothing unusual has occurred."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

This looks as though the reports might be true.

JOTTINGS OF A SMALL HOLDER.

APRIL.

OPERATIONS commenced on the first of this month I am not superstitious, but wish I had put the inaugural occasion off to the first of any other month instead. Have at once received cause for disappointment, not to say chagrin. The Agent from whom I purchased the place in the first spasm of Land Hunger, assured me it was light loam. It turns out to be heavy clay. Perhaps not quite so much will be said in future about the swindling of countrymen who come up to Town.

Have had hard work this month, the labour being quite strange to me. Have stocked the Holding with three cows, some pigs, a horse, a dog, some fowls, &c., but it all appears as strange to them as to me, and we seem to pass a lot of time staring at each other, as if we don't know where we are. I suppose we shall settle down in time. At any rate, I must remember that I am a Pioneer.

I understand that a revenue of £600 per acre can be obtained by the French Intensive system of cultivation, and I have purchased the chassis and cloches necessary for one acre of land. Old-fashioned inhabitants of the district are much amused at this branch of my undertaking, but "he laughs best who laughs last." The profits from this acre alone will more than cover the expenses of the entire Holding.

MAY.

Have been much impeded in my operations this month, the weather not being ideal. It should have rained in April, but remained dry. The land is now saturated with daily downpours of rain, and great clods of clay stick to the soles of my boots, making progress about the land difficult. I must take to wearing heavy boots, although I detest them: light ones, though covered by goloshes, are unsuitable.

A man named MILLER from the village offered to milk the cows for me, but I declined, desiring, as a true Pioneer, to carry out all the work myself. My success with the cows has been small, however, as I find they have an inexplicable antipathy to me, and make the task quite a dangerous one. I think I shall take on MILLER, after all.

I understand that the French Intensive system of cultivation is already being discussed seriously in the village. I am indeed a Pioneer, and, as I have before written, "he laughs best who laughs last." I have just read of a case where an acre of hitherto unproductive land has returned no less than £800 in one season worked on this remarkable system. On this basis, I already see my Small Holding grown to a proud Estate of many acres, with noble mansion, hunting and fishing; and myself a J.P. of the county.

JUNE.

I lost my horse this month. A big thunder-storm at night did some serious damage to the stable roof. I found poor old Tom next morning standing in about three or four inches of water, and I don't suppose he had had a wink of sleep. Pneumonia, complicated by acute rheumatism, ensued, and although I procured the best veterinary aid obtainable, he grew gradually worse, and at length succumbed. This is a sad blow to my enterprise. MILLER'S father, who is the oldest inhabitant of the village, came up just after poor Thomas's death, and was much affected. He said he and Thomas had been playmates together as youngsters, and his eyes were dewy with tears as he contemplated the dead body of his old companion. I think, however, that MILLER Senior must be mistaken in this matter, as the man who sold the horse to me gave Thomas's age as eight years only.



"I SAY, GRAN'PA, HOW D'YOU KNOW JUST HOW FAR UP TO WASH YOUR FACE?"

MILLER gets plenty of milk from the cows, but unfortunately I have been unsuccessful in obtaining a market for it, and have been obliged to ask the Cottage Hospital to accept the surplus—which is the bulk. However, I hardly think it fair of them to make me deliver it, and have more than once been on the brink of pointing this out to them.

JULY.

A craze has set in throughout this district for the French Intensive method of cultivation, and quite a number of cloches have disappeared from my Holding. I did not doubt that my example would be followed in course of time, but all this enthusiasm will certainly have the effect of ruining me morally or materially, for I must either lose what I have spent on the cloches, or resteal these articles where I can find them.

Have had to turn to hay-making. Had friends down to assist in this health-giving labour. I saved nothing by this plan, however, as entertaining these friends has come a good deal more expensive than hiring hands. However, we have had a rather good time this month. Pioneering can be deadly dull, unless you bring a few friends along now and again.

I hope there is nothing the matter with the pigs. They don't seem over well. It will indeed be disappointing if anything is wrong, as they are just getting ripe for turning into pork and bacon.

AUGUST.

The pigs have got me into trouble with the authorities, and it appears I am liable to various fines. I am only just beginning to learn how absurd are some of the laws on the statute books. All the pigs have been destroyed, and I am spoken of with opprobrium because they contracted swine fever! What kind of fever do these people imagine to be the right one for pigs? I cannot help being sarcastic. I am beginning to lose patience all round.

I am glad to say that two acres which I cleared, ploughed and sowed with an enormous amount of toil show signs of coming forward. Green shoots are to be seen everywhere. They *should* be potatoes. I hope they *are* potatoes.

A disaster has happened to my hayrick. It has taken fire, and not a wisp of it has been saved. It appears that unless stacked in the proper manner combustion may generate in the heart of a hayrick until it spontaneously breaks



JORROCKS IN 1908.

("Mr. Jorrocks counts twenty."—*Handley Cross*, Chap. LI.)

The Hero (eyeing the thrusters). "COUNT TWENTY INDEED, THE NASTY, STIPPLECHASIN' BEGGARS! THE ONLY NUMBER *THEY* CARE ABOUT IS NUMBER VUN!"

out into flame. Never again shall my Town friends do my haymaking.

SEPTEMBER.

A new enemy has appeared this month in the shape of foxes. My fowls have been decimated, and MILLER says it is the work of foxes. But what I cannot comprehend is how the foxes succeeded in forcing the padlocks. MILLER, dilating on the cunning of foxes, says that they have been known to be capable of feats that would be marvellous even for human beings. This may be true, but it would not be so marvellous for a human being to pick a lock.

Did some rabbit shooting this month, but the creatures in this part seem to be specially trained to avoid guns. I thought I had killed a fine one—a hare, perhaps—but it turned out to be my neighbour's dog. I quietly buried it; and my neighbour made a tremendous hullaballoo all over the place. I have kept discreetly quiet. And now, without any proof, or, for that matter, without any expressed suspicion, he has deliberately shot *my* dog, and I am obliged to keep quiet about that too.

The potatoes have come up, and turn out to be mangels. I felt there was something vague about the arrangement when I purchased the seed.

OCTOBER.

The milk has given out, and I have decided to give up cows. I have received a proposition from the Cottage Hospital which I regard as somewhat one-sided. They ask for a substantial monetary subscription in lieu of the milk.

MILLER also is looking to me for something to take the place of his milking job: he says he took it on to accommodate me, and lost other employment of a lucrative nature in consequence. This is hardly credible, seeing that during the first month he would lean over my fence watching me at work all day, doing nothing himself. He has further stated that the law in the country parts, under some Wild Birds and Gamekeepers Act, is that if you employ a man for the summer months you must continue to employ him during the winter. I don't believe this, but suppose I cannot escape the responsibility implied.

NOVEMBER.

Have balanced up my books this month, and have produced a Profit and Loss account. It shows a net profit of no less than £1,243 14*s.* 7*d.* This, however, includes the sum of £1,500 left to me by an uncle in the month of June.

Have decided to winter in Town.

The Pessimists.

"The store of heat in the sun could not last for ever. It would give out in time. The sun would gradually cool, and with the extinction of the sun all life on the earth became impossible. (Applause.)"—*The Failsworth Co-operative Messenger.*

"Appleyard, the ex-Newcastle-Oldham pivot, who in his wanderings has graduated back to his birthplace, appeared for Grimsby."—*Newcastle Journal.*

"Going home by degrees," as a less inspired paper would have put it.

"The branch dissembled at 11.20 p.m., the opinion being generally expressed that all had spent a most profitable evening."—*The Clerk.*

How well we know that sort of dissembling.

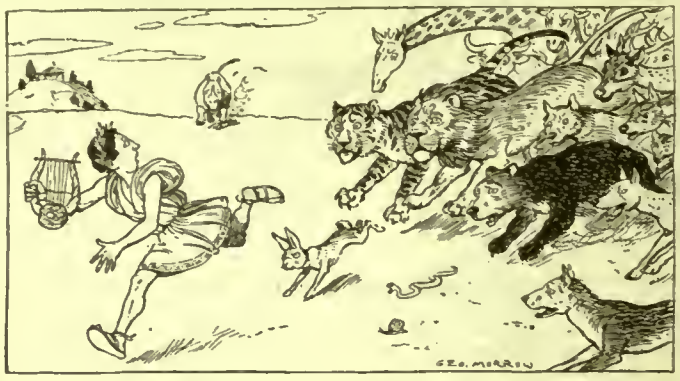
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT has been challenged, on this page and elsewhere, to write a modern novel, and now, in *Halfway House* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), he has picked up the glove. We all wanted to know what *Mercutio* would look like off the boards, and here we have him in homespun tweeds. Well, let it be said at once that he retains a considerable air of distinction, but it must be added that the artificial atmosphere of the costume-play still hangs about him. Some of the minor characters, it is true, smack of reality—a pleasant Rector, his not so pleasant wife, and, most of all, the young man *Duplessis*, who exercises a sinister mesmerism over the very plastic and susceptible heroine. But neither she herself, nor her husband, seems to correspond to any recognisable type. A little minx of a governess, commonplace and provincial, we meet her first at a parish treat catching prisoners in the game of "Oranges and Lemons." "It is the strife of love in a dream .... for what cuddling girl but mimics there the transports she is to know one day?" (How Hewlettian a touch!) After a course of innocent spooning (I can think of no other word sufficiently *banal*) with just any youth who happens to be handy, she marries, for no particular reason on either side, an elderly gentleman of ponderous habit and rich estate, and at once develops, as to the manner born, into the assured châtelaine of a great country house. With equal suddenness she becomes enamoured of Nature and the Open Road, and throws in her lot with an amateur Romany, itinerant in a caravan. The influence of Mr. THOMAS HARDY is traceable here, just as the literary style, at first and before the author grew weary of his task and pushed the pace, shows evidence of the influence of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH. The book has much charm, especially when it brings us in touch with the delightful methods of the gentleman-gipsy; but it would scarce have served to make the reputation which Mr. HEWLETT has long ago won in the field of archaic romance.

In *69, Birnam Road* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), Mr. PETT RIDGE tells the story of a simple suburban circle. It embraces *Ella* and *Fred Hartley* (who is known at the office as "Pants-the-Heart"), their *ménage*, their relations, their friends; but one need hardly say that there is much more in the manner than in the matter. Mr. PETT RIDGE has two ways of relating occurrences, and either way you feel that they really are occurrences. He reports the actual words (for the majority of his occurrences are conversations); or he presents them obliquely with a scarcely discernible commentary, as when, the baby being more than seriously ill, "a curate called and left word with *Florrie* that it was all ordered for the best." "Left word" is Mr. PETT RIDGE'S comment, and its brief presentment of the curate's business-like smugness is typical. The family gets on. *Fred*, indeed, develops from a state in which *Ella*, late a school teacher, scarcely allows him to speak in company for fear of howlers, to one in which she is at a loss for a word meaning gentleman to describe him. I am not quite sure whether this change could actually be wrought in the time which the author allows it. But the process and the effect are very pleasant.

Approaching the task of depicting the story of NADIR SHAH, the Turkoman soldier of fortune who, mounting the throne of Persia as recently as the eighteenth century, almost rivalled the conquering marches of KING CYRUS, Sir MORTIMER DURAND halts between two opinions. Shall he treat the subject in the ordinary form of biography, or shall he write a romance, with the ruthless soldier for hero? He chooses the latter, more difficult, way, and has admirably succeeded. In *Nadir Shah* (CONSTABLE), whilst presenting a full, informing account of the marvellous campaign that at one time promised to throne the Persian on the Bosphorus, he permits himself, unfettered by the shackles of historic fact, to introduce a love episode. Furthermore, there are sketches of Persian scenes and characters which, out of place in a historical record, lend charm to the pages of romance. One finds in NADIR SHAH a prototype of NAPOLEON, who was born a few years after the Turkoman's tumultuous career was closed by the assassin's dagger. There was the same military capacity, the same painstaking preparation, the same swiftness and concentration when at the appointed moment the blow fell. In personal character there was the same imperiousness, the same thorough selfishness, the same relentless cruelty where private or public ends were to be served. It does not form a pleasant chapter in "the proper study of mankind." But it is fascinating.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—II.
ORPHEUS.

It must, I think, be rather nice to be Mr. EDMUND FRANCIS SELLAR; not, however, because he has written *Glentyre* (BLACKWOOD), but because, having done so, his power of self-appreciation, and perhaps also the applause of his friends, were such as to persuade him that the general public would derive six-shillings' worth of entertainment from its perusal. How splendid to have friends like that! Did they actually laugh, one wonders, at the crocodile mistaken for a prehistoric monster, or at the habit, common, apparently, to all the author's personages, of tumbling down upon the very slightest provocation? Enviously, and with the best will in the world, I must confess my inability to follow them. Indeed, to speak by the book (a sufficiently weighty fashion in this instance!) the attempt to make a Scots *Cranford* of the village chronicles of Glentyre seems to have been doomed to failure from the outset. Honestly, Mr. SELLAR has not quite the touch for this kind of thing; and though, to do him justice, here and there traces of a genuinely comic idea are discernible—the old lady who has been told that she "understands gentlemen" is a case in point—his humour may be compared to a very small Scotch diluted with such a prodigious quantity of flat wordiness that the result was bound to be insipid. Still, it is always dangerous to dogmatise upon humour, and possibly amongst the impressionable folk north of the Tweed even the funniments of *Glentyre* may earn their tribute.

"But no cause has ever yet advanced by noise; sound argument wins the day."—*The Globe.*

How these political writers love to contradict themselves.

CHARIVARIA.

KENSINGTON, according to the birth-rate figures just published, is suffering from a serious dearth of babies. It has been suggested that, in order to attract the little mites, posters shall be issued drawing attention to the collection of QUEEN VICTORIA'S dolls which are on permanent exhibition at Kensington Palace.

***

Realising how keenly the public would be disappointed in the event of no Italian-American match taking place, Lieutenant CASANO, an aide-de-camp to the Duke of the ABRUZZI, has, we are informed, now become engaged to Miss LELAND, of Boston, U.S.A.

***

One has heard a good deal recently about male millinery in connection with ritualistic churches, but the following passage from a description of a wedding which appears in the pages of *Truth* would seem to show that laymen are now entering into rivalry with the clergy: 'The elders were in blue satin Directoire gowns, with sashes of violet satin and broad-brimmed violet satin hats with bunches of violets for trimming."

***

"MR. WILBUR WRIGHT FLIES INTO A TEMPER.

says a contemporary. These aeronauts are always having accidents.

***

On the 30th ult., with criminal thoughtlessness, several of our well-informed newspapers drew attention to the fact that we had had no fogs in November. The result, which might have been foreseen, was to put the weather on its mettle, and we had a beauty on December 2nd.

***

A vulgar old gentleman, on being asked last week to contribute to the funds of the Feline Defence League's Home at Islington, replied that he did not approve of the Suffragettes.

***

The steward who was bitten by a Suffragette at Cubitt Town when he put his hand over her mouth is recovering, and it is thought that the Suffragette will not have to be shot.



Knight Errant. "HO! VARLET! HAST SEEN AUGHT OF A DRAGON IN THIS FOREST?"
Woodman. "THERE WAS ONE HERE LAST WEEK, SIR KNIGHT, BUT MY SON SIMON SLEW IT WITH A HAY-FORK."

"There is no woman in the world who, when she starts out shopping, is capable of spending so much money as the American woman," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*. May we, as the husband of an English woman, protest against these thoughtless words as being calculated to promote foolish emulation?

***

"ALL THESE HATS REDUCED," says the notice in a *chapelier's* window, and mere men are left wondering what their size was originally.

In the course of a case at the Westminster County Court it was mentioned that at Drury Lane scene-shifters sometimes earn as much as £4 a week. The stage as a profession evidently offers better prospects than one had imagined.

***

"Reliable motor-cars may now be bought for under £200," says a contemporary, "and they have thus been brought within the reach of all." But what we want are motor-cars that we can get *out* of the reach of.

***

Next year, we are told, the Government will give us some Poor Laws. To those who think that any laws, however poor, are better than no laws, this should be good news.

***

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD has been threatening to organise Passive Resistance among Income Tax payers until the House of Lords is abolished. The rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is enchanted with his friend's idea is unconfirmed.

***

Meanwhile the House of Lords' scheme for reforming itself has been unfolded. It is proposed to reduce its membership by about one-third. This certainly narrows the scope of the dispute between the two Chambers, reducing it to a matter of figures. But it is still doubtful whether a Government amendment disposing of the remaining two-thirds will be a compromise acceptable to the Upper House.

***

From *Votes for Women*:—

"SUFFRAGETTE leaving Holloway Prison on the 28th inst. desires post as SECRETARY, or would undertake typewriting at home."

We suspect that this lady's ideal would be to combine both alternatives by taking the post of Home Secretary.

THE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

(A Recent Correspondence.)

1.

MEMO. FROM MESSRS. ROBINSON, CIGAR SHIPPERS.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have been very anxious at not having heard from you for nearly a year. We trust that you are in good health and that no illness or bereavement has kept you from writing to us. As you know, it is our one ambition to satisfy you in the matter of cigars, and your long silence on this subject has naturally made us apprehensive. Until we hear from you, however, we shall refuse to believe that the last lot you had from us were fatal.

Write to us frankly on the subject. How did you like the cigars we sent you last Christmas? Were they brown enough? Did they smoke to a finish strongly? Our third shipper, who went to Havana especially to select this lot for you, writes us that in this respect they were fit for an Ambassador or (we may add) an Actor Manager. What is it, then, that you are keeping back from us? Perhaps you could not light them? If this was the case you should have written to us before, and we would either have sent you others of a more porous quality or forwarded you our special gimlet, with which you could have brought about the necessary draught. Lay bare your heart to us about these cigars. Do you mind the green spots?

A connoisseur like yourself will of course understand that, though we guarantee that all the cigars sent out by us *can* be smoked, yet the quality of the cigar must necessarily vary with the price. This being so, perhaps you would care to try a slightly higher-priced cigar this time. We have referred to our books and we see that last year we had the pleasure of sending you a box of our famous *Flor di Cabajo* at 8s. 6d. the hundred. A nicer-coloured cigar is the *Blanco Capello* at 9s. 6d.; but we are hoping this Christmas that you will see your way to giving our celebrated *Pompadoros*, at £5 the hundred, a trial. They have all the features of the *Cabajo* which you approved, together with a breadth and charm of flavour of their own. May we send you a box of these?

Our other special lines are:—

The *I am Coming*—a spirited young cigar at 7s. 6d. the hundred, of which we enclose a sample.

The *Mañana*—prompt and impressive—10s. the hundred. (NOTE.—*This cigar has a band.*)

The *There and Back*—a good steady cigar. Only 10s. 6d. Never comes undone.

However, we are quite sure that none of these will appeal to such a fastidious palate as yours must be now, and that we may confidently rely on your order for a box of *Pompadoros*.

We may say that if you should unfortunately have completely lost your taste for cigars we shall be happy to send a box to any friend of yours. Nothing could make a more acceptable present, and nothing would endear your friend to you so completely.

Now please write to us and tell us what you feel about it. We desire to make friends of our customers; we do not wish our business to be a mere commercial undertaking. Talk to us as freely as you would to your old college chum or fellow-clubman. We insist on being of service to you.

Hoping to hear from you within a day or two, We are, etc.,

ROBINSON & Co.

2.

MEMO. FROM ME.

DEAR OLD FRIEND,—A thousand thanks for your dear letter and the book with the pictures. Upon my word, I don't know which of the cigars I like best; they all look so jolly. Are they photographs or water-colours? I mean, are they really as brown as that? I like the tall one on page 7. I see you say that it smokes strongly to a finish. This is all very well, old friend, but what I want to know is, Does it hang at the beginning at all? Some of these cigars with a strong finish are very slow forward, you know.

Many thanks for the sample. Bless you, old pet, I don't mind the green spots. What do they mean? That the cigar isn't quite ripe yet, I suppose. But I think you overdo the light-brown spots. Or are they lucky, like those little strangers in the tea?

Yes, I think I must have some of your *Pompadoros*. Send a box at Christmas to Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill, with our love—yours and mine and the third shipper's. I 'll pay. Not at all, old chap; it 's a pleasure. He sent me some last Christmas; as it happened, I left 'em in the train before I had smoked one; but that wasn't *his* fault, was it? I 'll get some for myself later on, if I may. You won't mind waiting?

Dear old soul, you make a mistake when you say I had some cigars from you last year. I assure you I 've never heard of your name till to-day. That was why I didn't write on your birthday. You 'll forgive me, won't you?

Now it is your turn to write. Tell me all about yourself, and your children, and the third shipper, and the light-brown spots and everything.

Cheero! Your very loving friend.

3.

DEAR SIR,—We have received your esteemed order, which shall be promptly executed. Though the *Pompadoros* will not be despatched to your friend till Christmas they are now being selected and will be put aside to mature.

We have referred again to our books and find that a box of our celebrated young *Cabajos* was indeed despatched to your address last year, on the advice of Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill. This was why we were so anxious at your long silence.

We are, etc., ROBINSON & Co.

4.

DEAR OLD SPORT,—I am afraid you misunderstood my last letter. The *Pompadoros* are for myself; it was a hundred *I am Comings* which I wanted for my friend Mr. SMITHSON. I must tell you a funny thing about him; as a pal of both of us you will be interested. He collects cigar bands! I have no use for them myself; so, if it isn't troubling you, would you send the *Pompadoro* bands to *him*, as the *I am Comings* haven't any of their own? You might put them on the cigars to save packing. Ever your devoted,

A. A. M.

Immediately, if not Sooner.

"Mr. Haldane, distributing the prizes to the men of the 13th (Kensington) Battalion County of London Regiment last night, said that the modern division was not worth anything unless it was so constructed that it could be rapidly and swiftly mobilised and used to anticipate the stroke, so that the counter-stroke of defence might be given first."—*Daily Mail.*

The Unsectarian Spirit.

"Ibrahim Bey Nabih, Mudir of Behera, paid all the Ministers during his short stay at Cairo."—*The Egyptian Daily Post.*

"ALEXANDRA THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.

"Next Week:—The Girl who Wrecked his Home (1st visit)."—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

She might have waited till she knew the family better.



OUR HONOURED DEAD.

Shakspeare. "TALKING OF POSTERITY—THEY DID SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A NATIONAL THEATRE FOR ME; BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN. WHAT HAVE THEY DONE FOR YOU?"

Milton. "OH, *I'M* ALL RIGHT. EVERY THREE HUNDRED YEARS THEY GIVE ME A BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE."

Shakspeare. "LUCKY DOG!"



Proud Mother of brainless and conceited youth. "YOU 'VE NO IDEA, MISS SMYTHE, HOW CLEVER MY SON IS. WE QUITE EXPECT HIM TO BE LORD CHANCELLOR SOME DAY." *Youth.* "OH, *MOTHER!* MISS SMYTHE WILL THINK YOU 'RE EXAGGERATING!"

MILTON EXAMINATION PAPER.

[*We understand that the Aldermen and other guests present at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in celebration of Milton's tercentenary will be expected to hand in written answers to the following questions before being allowed to leave the Mansion House.*]

1. WRITE down any five consecutive lines from *Paradise Lost*.
2. State your views as to the proper construction of an Epic, giving illustrations from HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.
3. Write ten lines in the Epic style on one of the following subjects:—
   (*a*) The Lord Mayor.
   (*b*) The Lord Mayor's Coachman.
   (*c*) The City Remembrancer.
   (*d*) A Liveryman.
   (*e*) A Turtle before Capture.
4. "*—fed*
   With Naphtha and Asphaltus."

   Give the context, and state whether you consider the diet a good one. Trace any historical connection between Asphaltus and Old Broad Street, and give six other trisyllabic words used by MILTON.
5. "*Soft she withdrew; and like a wood-nymph light,*
   Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
   Betook her to the groves."

   Write a concise, but respectable, description of Oreads and Dryads. If you saw an Oread in Cheapside what conclusion would you come to? If four Dryads lived in Westbourne Grove what would be the effect on those who shop there?
6. Who had a "privy paw," and what did he do with it? Have you ever seen a two-handed engine at the door? If so, describe it and say wherein (*a*) it resembles, (*b*) it differs from, the engine mentioned by MILTON. If you had a mantle blue would you twitch it? If not, why not? What happened to the owner of the mantle to-morrow?
7. "*The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.*"

   Have you ever seen a cynosure? Can it be eaten? If not, what is the good of it? What is its derivation? What does it mean anyhow?
8. "*Or richest Rothschild, Finance's child,*
   Issue his native banknotes wild."

   Is this a strictly accurate quotation? If not, correct it.
9. Who dodged with whom betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*, and who was half glad when he had got whom down?
10. Who was "Cambuscan bold"? Tell the second half of his story in the style of the first half.

Alarming Announcement at Portsmouth.

"OUR NAVY AND ARMY
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK."

So much for the declarations of the Government.

"Young Gentleman sailing early in New Year for Australia, New Zealand, and South Pacific seeks another."—*The Morning Post.*

This seems a long journey to make for what is, after all, quite a common article at home.

"Cambridge began by pressing. Wright bringing off a marvellously dodging run, but he failed to score until 10 minutes had elapsed."
Cambridge Daily News.

If he had gone straight for goal he would probably have got there sooner.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

As I tossed my paper aside the shabby little man opposite looked at me over his black-rimmed pince-nez.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but have you finished with your paper?"

I passed it to him.

"I thank you," he said, with precise courtesy, and replacing the glasses on the tip of his nose he took out his pencil and began to look diligently through my *Daily Mail*.

"I take a keen interest in the questions of the day," he explained, "and nowhere, I find, are they so plentiful as in the halfpenny Press." Here he made a careful score against a headline on the third page. "I answer them all," he added, and, turning over the sheet, he marked the leading article also.

"Indeed!" I said, wondering a little.

"Yes. I feel I can do no other. It is but common courtesy to make some polite reply to questions that one may be asked, even by strangers, and especially to those asked by friends. Now take *The Daily Chronicle*, for instance. I used to read *The Chronicle* long before it formed the habit—the halfpenny habit, I call it—of asking questions. Well, *The Chronicle* is quite an old friend. You understand? So are *The Mail* and *The Express*, and the rest. Therefore, when one of these old friends asks a question, I am bound, as a gentleman, to answer it.

"Do you know that it was I who foretold the Boer War?" He waited for me to exclaim, which I promptly did. "Yes, sir; two days before hostilities began *The Mail* asked, 'Will there be war?' and by return of post I sent a post-card saying 'Yes.' And there *was* war!"

I congratulated him.

"Another of my successes was the break-up of the frost last winter. *The Chronicle* inquired on its poster one bitterly cold morning, 'Will the Frost hold?' I replied 'No'—written on an ordinary post-card, dashed off in a moment, no display or fuss, you understand—and within ten days, believe me or not as you please, the thaw came.

"I am generally right. I was particularly successful— I trust I am not boring you, sir? Well, I was particularly successful with the question, 'Will the Government resign?' During a period of two years I gave nineteen accurate replies out of a possible twenty-one. Of course I have my little joke sometimes. I well remember one of the papers asking (years ago, this was), 'Has the motor-car come to stop?' Like a shot I replied, 'Yes.' D'you see it? I think I can claim to be the first to make that joke to a leading London daily. And when *The Express* once asked, 'Do we eat too much?' I wrote, 'How should I know when you have never asked me to dinner?' But they didn't take the hint.

"Time alone will show whether I made an accurate forecast with my emphatic reply to 'Will Women get the Vote?' Only a fortnight ago I saw in one of the penny weeklies, 'Can a Man Live in London on a Thousand a Year?' A thousand a year, sir; not seven-and-sixpence a week. Well, I've had no experience personally, but I made an intelligent guess, and replied, 'Yes.'"

"I hope the papers appreciate your information," I said.

"Lord bless you, *I* don't mind!" he exclaimed. "I don't want any thanks. Helping lame dogs over stiles, you know. Still, I gather that my replies give general satisfaction, for the questions as a rule are not asked again. I answered 524 last year, and up to date I have sent this year 492 replies."

The train stopped, and with a genial "Good day," he disappeared, without giving me a chance to ask if he happened to have among his relations anybody of the name of ASHTON.

CHICK-FOOD.

By AUNT KINDLY.

ONCE again it is my pleasure to offer advice as to the best children's books of the year and point the way to happiness in the nurseries and play-rooms of England, and once again I have called in the expert assistance of a youthful reader, my little daughter CISSIE, who, though only a mite of seven, knows a good story and a good picture when she sees them as well as most.

To begin with, I may say again, as I always do, that never was there such a season for children's books—so witty and charming; never was there a time when it was so delightful to be a child.

Here, for example, is *Willy and the Wumps*, one of the drollest and most fanciful works I remember to have read. The satire is delightful, especially in the scene where the hostess twits the *King of Lollipop Land* with his second divoree.

We come to exquisite satire again in *The Motoring Mice*, one of those charming grotesque animal books of which the chicks never tire. The verses by Mr. DEWITT EASLIE are quite Carrollesque in their humour and finish, as this extract will show:

Mousie, license all endorsed,
Wishes he again were horsed.

How true that is! How many a motorist (myself among them) has wished that after a visit to the Bench. The pictures are delightfully droll.

There lie also on my table the latest volumes in the darling Podgy Books, the always fascinating Phat Pholios and the Pretty Pilules. The best of the new Podgies is, I think, *The Wiffy Wunkses;* the best Phat Pholio is *Boo-Boo and the Larynx Bird*, and the best Pretty Pilule is *The Story of Mr. Sammy Serpent*, the illustrations to which, showing the merry little snake in his new trousers and tall hat smoking his first cigarette, and so forth, are irresistible.

Of the stories for children, the best I have read this year is *The Young Millionaire*, a diverting narrative of the children of an American finance king who are sent to Europe alone with a million pounds each to spend. This is most interestingly and convincingly worked out, and should be very popular in every English home this Christmas, which it is my hope will be spent happily by everyone, great and small!

I now make room for little CISSIE, who writes: "I have read *The Toffee Tree*. It is ripping. It is about a little boy who plants a piece of toffee and it grows into a ripping tree, and all kinds of things like that. It is ripping. There are some most beautiful pictures. I have read a ripping story called *Long Hair and Short Frock*. It is about a little girl and her adventures, and how the gipsies ran away with her, and how she was tracked by her fox-terrier Pimpo and brought back. It is all very nice and ripping. Another ripping book is *The Wiggley Pigs*, the history of a family of pigs who go to the pantomime, and have a conjuror in their own sty, and delightful things like that, with the most beautiful pictures. I have read lots more books, in fact I don't do anything else, but these are the best, although all the others are ripping in places."

"MEAT WARRANTY.
Important Joint Conference."
Manchester Evening News.

This was a passable joke once, but it won't do now.



Governess. "TOMMY, STOP DOING THAT; YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE VERY CROSS."
Tommy. "OH, NOT SO VERY; SHE ISN'T WHAT YOU 'D CALL A REALLY BAD-TEMPERED WOMAN."

CHATS ABOUT DEAR OLD LONDON.

PADDINGTON IN THE PAST.

[Mr. SAMUEL TUBBINS, of the Mews, Hammersmith, recounts some interesting experiences of his early youth in *Chat* No. 251.—*With acknowledgments to "The Evening News."*]

I REMEMBER the building of the present Houses of Parliament quite distinctly. I used to pass there every morning, and one day I recollect seeing a cartload of stone slowly making its way to the site. There were two or three fairly large pieces of stone on the cart. No, I don't think I could identify them to-day, but my brother, who had a job there as labourer for three weeks, might be able to tell you. The cart was drawn by horses, but these I expect have been dead some time, leastwise I haven't seen them since that day.

The arrival of the news of WELLINGTON'S victory at Trafalgar came when we had my wife's sister's little girl staying with us. She had fallen downstairs the day before, having tripped over a bit of loose carpet, and was laying up on the sofa, and when I told her the news it would 'a' done your heart good to hear her laugh! Poor little thing, she 's married now, and has a son who went to the bad and turned journalist. Paddington, where we lived then, was right in the country, and to get to London we used to have to cross a little stile close to where the left-luggage office on the G.W.R. departure platform now is. I think they must have moved the stile when they built the station.

There was no *Daily Mail* in those days. We just had to form our own opinions on everything and get along as best we could.

The Hampstead Murder made a great sensation when I was a lad of fourteen. The murderer was hanged on my birthday—a Wednesday. They seem to have lost the knack of catching 'em nowadays.

No, I can't say that I remember Buckingham Palace *without* that circular green hoarding in front of it; that must have been there a very long time. "QUEEN ELIZABETH Memorial," or something like that, isn't it?

My father took me to the "White City" of 1851, but I rather think we called it the Exhibition in those days.

Taxicabs were quite unheard of, and I remember as if it was yesterday, so to speak, when it was one blast for a four-wheeler and two blasts——

[May we add a third?—ED.]

"A Young Man Wants Situation as Odd Man or Pair Horses."
Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.

We have an old revolving cage, if he would care to come as three white mice.

"Schedule I. fixed the grant to contracting-out schools on a sliding-scale, based on the number of children, which ranged from 46*s.* 6*d.* when there were more than 1,300 children in a school to 46*s.* 6*d.* when there were between 30 and 50."—*The Morning Post.*

We can only attribute the failure of this slide to the mild weather. Anyhow, it shows the futility of compromise.

DAPHNE.

HERE 's a tale from times called olden, further qualified as golden,
When the gods on high Olympus smacked of earth and sunburnt tan,
With their far from formal Dryads, and their Oreads and Naiads,
And the questionable doings of the forest Courts of Pan.

At the era that I write on, in the whole of Greece no chiton
Hid a contour more alluring or revealed so fair a cheek
As the one which draped the figure, in its folded classic rigour,
Of a charming girl called Daphne, of a type divinely Greek.

I perhaps may also mention that her eyes were bluest gentian,
While her hair was like the sunshine on the rippling waves of wheat,
And her face supplied a thesis for the shepherds' pastoral pieces,
And they laid their choicest garlands at her little sandalled feet.

But, in spite of rustic sheep's eyes and bucolic winks and deep sighs,
Daphne shunned alike the pastorals and posies of the herds
For the lonely woodland places or for high and windy spaces,
For the music of the mountains or the singing of the birds.

And if Bacchus and his leopards roused the neighbouring nymphs and shepherds,
When the Bassarid and Maenad made the Vale of Tempe ring
With their light and larky revels on the misty moonlit levels,
Well, I rather fancy Daphne would avoid that kind of thing.

So the empty weeks that passed her left her cold as alabaster,
Till one day by dark Peneus where the laurel thickets are,
With a certain shy ignition, Daphne met a tall musician
Who in fact was young Apollo who had loved her from afar.

Now, although his reputation gave some cause for conversation,
Still I think that had she waited he 'd have won her at his ease,
But, when he declared his title, in alarm at its recital
She forsook his further wooing for the butterflies and bees.

Like the summer wind that passes, Daphne fled o'er flowers and grasses,
For she heard the rushing footsteps race across the scented thyme,
And in sudden panic ardour she implored the gods to guard her
From the words she vowed were nonsense and the kiss she called a crime!

And at once her lithe form faltered and grew rigid, and she altered
To a bush of gleaming laurel in its dark perennial green;
And she grows beside the river where the rushes thrill and shiver
With an everlasting murmur of the things which might have been!

And when Autumn days are dying and the wood is full of sighing,
When there 's sobbing in the pine tops and a murmur in the firs,
Do we tax imagination if we say its lamentation
Is our little Daphne crying for the love that was not hers?

* * * * *

Should we want to pin a moral to this legend of the laurel
For the use of any *débutante* on reaching seventeen,
It is: Don't be too unbending, or you 'll run the risk of ending
Not a laurel, but a wall-flower—which is not an evergreen!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VACUUM CLEANER."—You are wrong in your conjecture that the Select Committee on the mending of the House of Lords has had the advantage of expert assistance from Mr. HENRY ARTHUR-JONES, author of *Dolly Reforming Herself*, a play that also turns upon the subject of Bills. He was not consulted, and as the Committee had under consideration the question of improving the quality of the Upper Chamber by the creation of Life Peers from the ranks of distinguished Commoners a nice sense of delicacy precluded him from volunteering his advice.

"A LOVER OF TERCENTENARIES."—We are surprised and pained that you should only just have heard of "The British Academy," which is conducting certain commemorations in honour of the Tercentenary of MILTON. It is not, of course, the same as the Royal Academy, though that, too, is very British. "The British Academy" is a body of gentlemen representative of those departments of literature—historic, philosophic and scientific—which have least to do with literature proper, their only connection being that they are compelled to express themselves through the medium of words. If MILTON were living to-day they wouldn't look at him. See lines on this topic p. 431.

"THROUGH A MASK DARKLY."—Many thanks for your suggestion for a cartoon—*Comus*, as a Peer, pressing the cup of Dissolution upon *The Lady* (Liberal Party), who declines it with great dignity. We are using another MILTON subject this time, and must postpone yours till next tercentenary.

"War between Turkey and Belgravia seems almost inevitable."
The Rhodesia Herald.

Of course, things have improved a good deal since our spirited young contemporary got hold of this piece of news, and there seems every hope now of a quiet Christmas in Pimlico.

"There are always a certain number of soakers whose potations are probably greater if they pass five publichouses than if they pass only one."—*The Times.*

It isn't the number they pass that matters, but the number they can't get past.

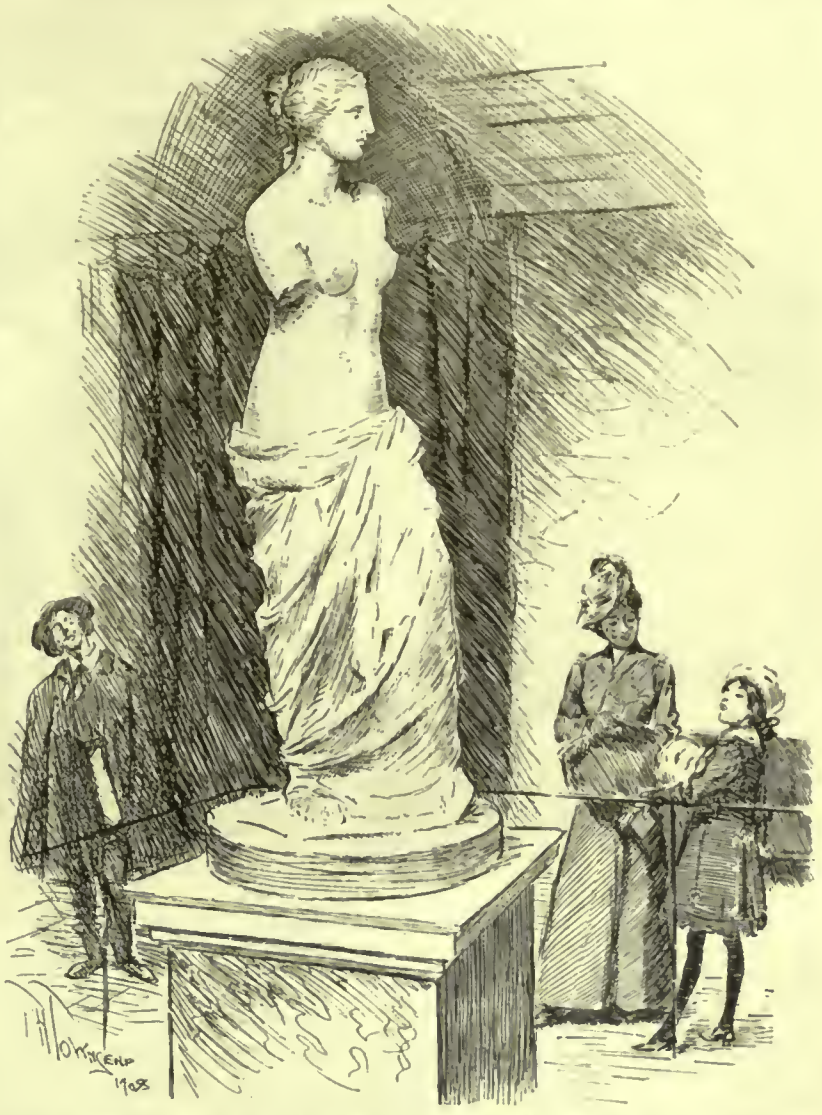
STREET THRILLS.

HAS it ever occurred to you that celebrities no less than yourself walk across roads, buy papers, hail cabs, and have their being? You may not have thought of it; but once you do think of it life is changed for you, and London becomes a new and wonderful city. I had not thought of it myself until this very last week, when I chanced upon an article in *The Chronicle*, in which occurred these stimulating sentences: "This ignorance of the presence of celebrated people in their very midst is so characteristic of Londoners that it can be illustrated by scores of cases from one's personal experience. Only last year, when MARK TWAIN was the central figure in England, the greatest of living Americans drove down Fleet Street—Fleet Street!—in a curious little pony-trap, and though his big white head challenged attention, nobody realised who he was." Isn't that extraordinary? But the worst of it is, *The Chronicle* doesn't say what the passers-by ought to have done had they recognised MARK. Something genial and offensive, no doubt, to make him sorry that he had come. Perhaps they ought to have taken the pony from the shafts and drawn him instead, or merely have stared him into discomfort.

Again: "Even playgoers, enthusiastic celebrity hunters though they are, rarely identify this or that star of the stage in their habits as they walk or drive about the streets. One would think that Miss EDNA MAY, as a passenger on the Underground, would have been—to use a fine, old, fruity phrase—the cynosure of all eyes, but it is doubtful whether two passengers in the long car realised that the charming lady in the corner seat was the first queen of musical comedy." There is, of course, no excuse for playgoers not to recognise their gods and goddesses, considering the number of illustrated papers and picture-post-cards; but here, again, the two passengers whose ignorance, or nice breeding, is so stigmatised by *The Chronicle* are left in the dark as to their proper line of conduct. Obviously they should have made it apparent in some way or other that they knew, if only that Miss MAY might be made self-conscious and unhappy.

Finally we have this: "Coming away from NELSON'S tomb is Mr. THOMAS HARDY, though none of the sightseers recognise in the slim, slight figure, with curiously dry, almost yellow-parchment, face, the creator of *Tess* and the epic poet of *The Dynasts*. One drops into the National Gallery to see the new Hals, and in the little crowd about it is Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. A hansom passes eastward to the Embankment, and one recognises its inmate with broad face, eagle nose, and unmistakable look of power, to be Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the man behind *The Times*. Anywhere and everywhere throughout London one runs across people of lesser or greater celebrity or achievement, and sees them as unnoticed units in every-day life. Only a month or two ago a roughly-bearded man came out of a tea-shop in Parliament Street, and in his hand a paper-bag, from which he began to eat buns as he walked along. It was the Duke of NORFOLK, Premier Peer and Earl Marshal of England." But the Duke is hardly likely to do it again. These *Chronicle* gentlemen are too active and observant.

The moral of the whole thing is that one should be prepared for the worst—or best—and stare all the time at everyone, raising one's hat deferentially all the while. One will run the risk of paying undue attention to a few nonentities, but the satisfaction of having conveyed the illusion of recognition and homage to the others will be sufficient repayment. Let your motto be, To Hades with anonymity and retirement.



Sadie. "WELL, I GUESS SHE 'S BEAUTIFUL; BUT THERE ARE OTHERS QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL. I REEKON SHE 'S JUST HAD THE LUCK TO BE TAKEN UP."

Remorse.

"Lady Bradenham buried herself with the teapot."—*"Hearth and Home" feuilleton.*



Captain of Signallers. "G—G—G, WHAT THE DEUCE DOES THE FELLOW MEAN? THERE'S NO WORD WITH THREE G'S RUNNING."
Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT SIGNALLER HIGGINS HE STUTTERS!"

EASY CHARITY FOR CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am only a little girl of nine years old, but I thought I would like to tell you all about my Christmas charities. They are such fun, something like competitions, but ever so much more interesting than the Limericks Daddy used to get so cross over. First of all I have to write a letter to Santa Claus—that means one of the Stores, really—and enclose a sixpenny postal order for a Children's Hospital, and as they are giving a thousand beautiful prizes for the best letters I am hoping to win one, as I think I write very nicely for my age—don't you? And even if I don't, every single child who sends a postal order will get a pretty souvenir, which, Mummy says, will very likely be worth more than sixpence.

Then I am collecting threepenny-bits for the Charity competition in Mummy's fashion paper. They are giving dolls' perambulators for prizes to the children who collect most; and I'm nearly sure to get one, as I bother all Mummy's and Daddy's friends dreadfully. Then I am painting a picture post-card and sending stamps for the Poor Children's Warm Stockings Charity; but I am only trying for a third prize in that, because the third prize is a paint-box and I want a new one. A lady from our own church asked me if I could make cuffs for the poor children round here. Of course I *can* make cuffs, but they are giving no prizes, and I don't expect I shall have time.

I thought, dear *Mr. Punch*, you might like to get up a Children's Charity Competition for us. We would send postal orders. And would you mind giving fountain pens for prizes, because I do want to have one, and Daddy won't let me use his? Your affectionate little Friend, DOLLY.

TO MILTON.

[*With sincere apologies to Wordsworth.*]

"Milton, if he were alive now, would be in favour of every advanced movement except women's suffrage."—Prof. Hanley, of Chicago.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living with us now:
England hath need of thee: she is a den
Of roaring lions—women *versus* men;
Women, who used to be content to bow
To man's authority, have lost somehow
The knack of doing so. Hence I take my pen
To say how much I wish thee back again,
To teach them manners. People say that thou
Didst own the very attribute we need,
Namely, "a voice whose sound was like the sea;"
Imagine what an asset *that* would be
At meetings where the Suffragette holds sway
With frequent interruptions, and indeed
The speaker's duty on herself doth lay!

"Canon Ball occupied the pulpit in the morning, and the Rector in the evening. Both at the morning and evening services the anthem was 'Sleepers, awake!'"—*The Peterborough Express.*

But surely this anthem cannot have been necessary in the morning.

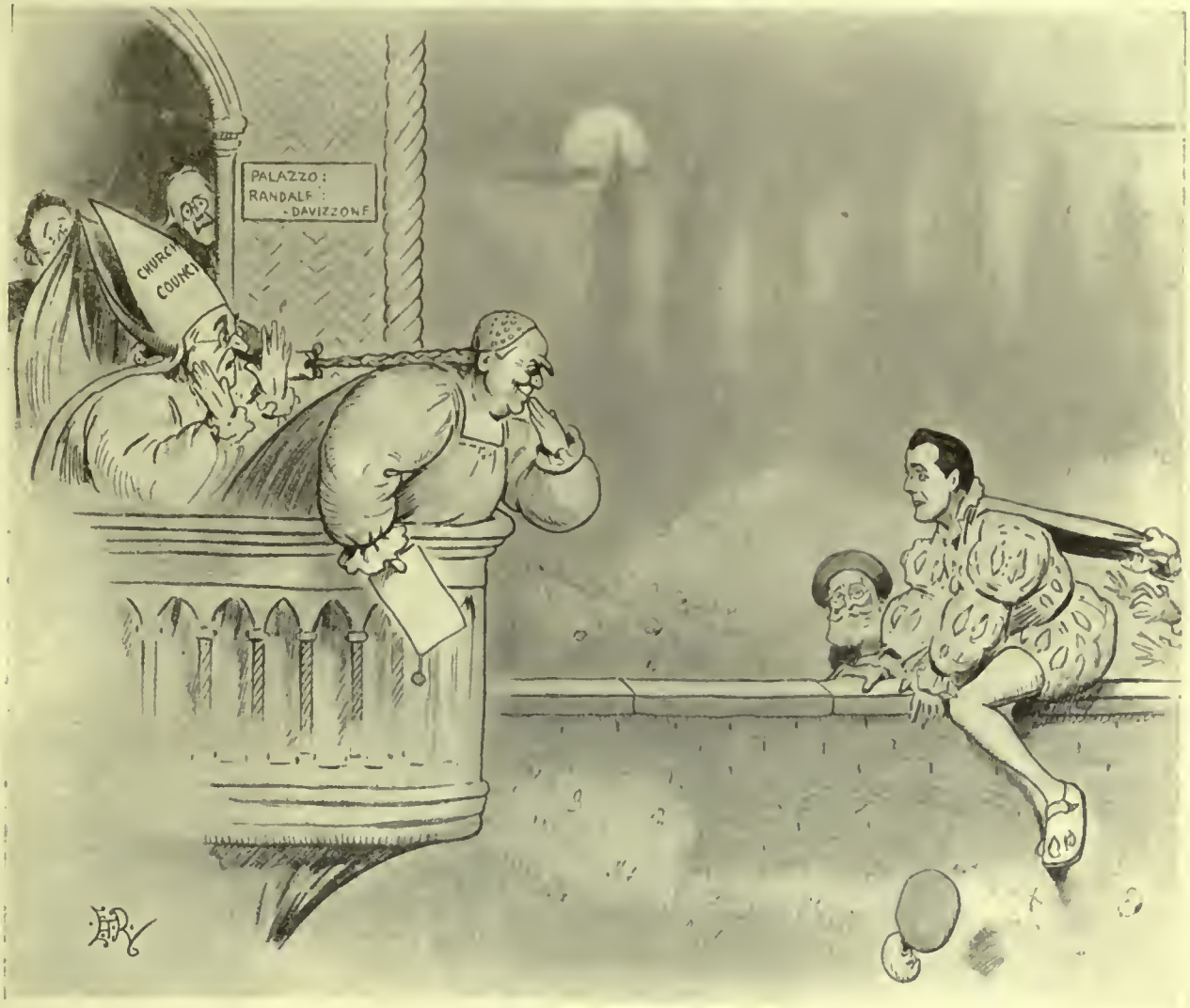


A BIRD OUT OF HAND.

Emperor of Austria (*to his Bird*). "IF YOU 'RE DOING THIS WAR-DANCE IN HONOUR OF MY JUBILEE, I RATHER WISH YOU WOULDN'T.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET (DAVIZZONE) *to* ROMEO (RUNCIMANI) *as they are torn apart by infuriated friends.*

"I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!
This bud of love by Ingram's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

ROMEO. "Oh, blessed, blessed night! I was afeard,
Being in night, all this was but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial!" *[Is hauled down.*

House of Commons, Monday, November 30th.—"Who 's your fat friend?" BEAU BRUMMEL once asked an acquaintance, indicating with a nod the PRINCE REGENT, who stood close by. Who 's GEORGE WYNDHAM'S "right hon. Question's friend?"

This anonymous person introduced to Committee after it had been engaged for three hours in discussing Education Bill. G. W. had worked himself up to state of glowing indignation. PRINCE ARTHUR, earlier interposing, asked for particulars about grants to be made to contracting-out schools. RUNCIMAN promised to give later on information as to what he airily alluded to as "the item." It was thereupon G. W. dragged in his "right hon. Question's friend," whose appearance on scene was greeted with grateful burst of laughter.

WYNDHAM wrath with whole arrangement of manipulating Bill.

"Why," he cried aloud, "we are back in the Middle Ages."

Parliamentary Proceduro certainly taking on new phase. There still nominally exist two Chambers. But work of legislation is done outside. Last week we had the Peers meeting at Lansdowne House to arrange fate of Licensing Bill. Decided to chuck it on Second Reading. And chucked it was. In respect of Education Bill analogous course adopted in Commons. PREMIER and PRIMATE write letters to each other discussing moot points. RUNCIMAN comes and goes between, and, when everything is settled in the back parlour, House of Commons is invited to append to arrangement the seal of its approval.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, this may be an admirable business system; but it is obviously over-

weighted. If the principal Bills of the Session are to be settled, whether at Lansdowne House or Lambeth Palace, what 's the use of noble Lords and hon. Members coming down to Westminster and making-believe to legislate? Of diverse processes the Lords hit upon the happier. With that delightful disregard of conventionality that distinguishes them, they, having deliberately, by overwhelming majority, declared in the semi-privacy of Lansdowne House that they would throw out the Licensing Bill on the Second Reading, gave up three whole sittings to appearance of solemnly debating whether it should or should not be permitted to pass that stage.

In respect of the Education Bill the Commons do not even have a look-in. Clauses, sections and subsections having been settled between the Archbishop and the Minister, its function is limited to voting when question is put. This may be defensible on the score that it is the only way of concluding the business. But the process is crude, so little to the taste of a loyal majority that once to-night the number fell to sixty-seven.

No wonder GEORGE WYNDHAM, groping his way in the darkness of the Middle Ages, indignantly declared that "The PRIME MINISTER has not given a proper answer to my right hon. Question's friend."

Business done.—Clause 1 of Education Bill carried by closure.

Tuesday.—Some expectation yesterday that the PREMIER would seize opportunity to "say a few words" about the Lords and the Licensing Bill. Occasion tempting; practice in analogous circumstances customary. GLADSTONE'S last speech from the brass-bound box long familiar with the influence of his clenched fist contained a strong denunciation of conduct of Lords in throwing out Home Rule Bill, action closely followed by half-strangling of Parish Councils Bill.

"For me," said the veteran knight, wearing his armour for the last time, "my duty terminates with calling the attention of the House to the fact that we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question that has become profoundly acute—a question that will demand a settlement and must at an early date receive that settlement from the highest authority."

Fifteen years have sped since this solemn warning was uttered amid strenuous cheers of men who desired nothing better than to be led against the Lords. To-day Commons are once more face to face with the ancient adversary who has flouted them afresh. C.-B., constitutionally a man of peace, followed the custom of 1893. When the Lords contumeliously threw out his Scottish Bills, he, in manner reminiscent of *The Private Secretary* in moment of extreme exasperation, warned them



"MY RIGHT HONOURABLE QUESTION'S FRIEND."
(Rt. Hon. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

that if they did it again he "would give them a good hard knock." ASQUITH above all things a man of business. Not in a position just now to take the field against the Lords. The trumpet will sound to battle by-and-by. For the present he will stay in Downing Street and endeavour to get through as many Bills as can be managed in the course of another two, peradventure three, years. If he is not prepared to bite, why waste time in barking?

So yesterday came and went, and never a word was said about fate of Licensing Bill or iniquity of the Lords. To-day chance came of firing a shot without danger of ricochet. The rifle instantly at his shoulder. Gentlemen below Gangway on Ministerial side, competing with DON'T KEIR HARDIE in intimate knowledge of India, and in self-confidence of their capacity to govern it, protested against SECRETARY OF STATE'S annual discourse being delivered in the other House, whilst the Commons have no opportunity of discussing questions involved. Did the PREMIER think the Commons were less capable than the Lords of dealing with Indian affairs?

ASQUITH saw his opportunity and seized it by the hair.

"This House," he said, "is the proper and natural place for discussion of all affairs. I am most jealous that it should not be put in prejudicial position compared with the other branch of the Legislature in regard to this or any other question."

Gathering revolt below Gangway straightway subsided. Roar of angry cheers broke forth from Ministerialists. It wasn't the rose, but it lived near it. It wasn't a herald of pitched battle with the Lords, but it was a neatly administered dig in the ribs which for the moment gratified good Radicals.

Business done.—Clause 2 of Education Bill carried.

Wednesday.—Quite a long time since we heard of our old familiar friend, the Last Ditch. In days of Home Rule Bill it was as much a part of House of Commons as the Gangway or the Bar. The Ulster Members, so to speak, nightly slept in it. Contemplation of it once led GRANDOLPH to imitate *Mr. Silas Wegg's* occasional habit of dropping into poetry.

"Ulster will fight," said the champion of Law and Order; "and Ulster will be right."

Colonel SAUNDERSON, ever-lamented among the old friends who leaven the present House, saw to it that the ditch was kept in good order, suitable for Irish Landowners to die in whenever loyalty suggested that the procedure would be advantageous in the campaign against Home Rule.

Seemed as if the last ditch had disappeared with other Parliamentary institutions of the final quarter of the nineteenth century. One had come to think of it as filled-up, grass-grown, with children playing over a space in which gallant Ulstermen had several times died.

To-night, to delight of old Mem-



TRIALS OF A HUNTSMAN.

Huntsman (who has come a long way to a holloa). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"
Boy (from safe side of gate). "No." *Huntsman.* "THEN WHY WAS YE HOLLERIN'?"
Boy. "'CAUSE WE WANTED TO SEE THE 'UNTERS."

bers who felt quite young again, Dr. HAZELL dragged it in. Was hauled on to stage in speech corruscating with other forensic fireworks. Occasion arose in respect of right of entry to schools conceded by Education Bill. Dr. HAZELL admitted that there was much good in the measure. "But if you have six eggs to make an omelette with, and one is bad, the whole dish is tainted." He protested that with the best will in the world he was "unable to swallow it, and the PREMIER's speech had not helped to wash it down."

After these reflections, appropriately introduced about the dinner hour, he came to the last ditch. Descending its depths, waving a banner bearing the strange device, "No Right of Entry," he called upon good Nonconformists to follow and die with him.

On a division the Last Ditchers mustered 18, Ministers decently covering them up with the assistance of 282 supporters.

Business done.—Still on Education Bill. (Since dead.)

THE TRUE APPEAL.

[In the new Christmas play at His Majesty's Theatre we are promised (by *The Daily Express*) "a subtlety and underlying philosophy in the story and its treatment which will cause it to appeal as strongly to grown-up people as to the children themselves."]

I 've settled down in manhood's groove;
My pockets are no longer sewn up;
I 've got a latchkey, and I move
In circles most distinctly grown-up.

I 've quite abandoned booby-traps
And other rough-and-ready joking,
While—clearest sign of all, perhaps—
My father doesn't mind my smoking.

Yet these are facts that I forget,
Confronted with a children's story;
I follow it enrapt—and let
Philosophising go to glory.

Take *Peter Pan:* I went to that,
Because I loved to see the flying,
To feel my heart go pit-a-pat
When *Tinker Bell* (I feared) was dying;

To watch the nurse dressed like a dog,
To hear the wolves and redskins howling,
To mark the pirates sipping grog
And tremble at their awful scowling;

To squirm before those ghastly jaws
Which swallowed *Hook* and all his rum wear—
That 's why I went; and not because
I thought to sniff a moral somewhere.

"The peeresses came in bevies, as did the duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies of lesser rank."—*The Western Daily Press.*

This shows that bevies are much more satisfactory than motor-cars to come in. Motor-cars tend to emphasize social distinctions.

The Dream that didn't come true.

"They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a RUSCIMAN spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon."
The Owl and the Pussy-cat.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—WYNDHAM'S.

FROM the general atmosphere of snobbery which pervades his play, *Sir Anthony*, I am not sure that the author himself escapes untainted. Certainly he takes small pains to conceal from us that the home life of the suburbs is known to him only by report. Whether the *milieu* is Herne Hill or the more genteel slopes of Balham, it is always a stage Suburbia that he presents. This kind of artificiality of the footlights doesn't matter much in the case of the two extremes of the social scale. The traditional duke and the traditional burglar serve well enough, since the playwright's probable unfamili-



"FALSE, FLEETING, PERJURED CLARENCE!"

Clarence Chope . . . . Mr. Weedon Grossmith.
Rev. Wilkin Delmar . Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

arity with these types in actual life is shared by most of his audience. But with the great In-between it is different, and there must have been many people, from the boxes to the pit, who could have easily corrected Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' picture of suburban manners. An exception must be admitted in the character of the Congregational Minister, played by Mr. BEVERIDGE with an admirable restraint in the matter of unctuousness.

It seems a pity, if snobbery as the vice of the age was to be the author's theme, that he should have selected for ridicule so harmless and excusable a case as this of the pork-curer's clerk, who tries to make capital out of a chance association with a baronet on board ship. Far likelier objects of contempt in this kind were to be found at large, and crying for castigation, in the outskirts, and even well within the borders, of Mayfair itself. And here he could more easily have confined his satire to the actual vice, and not been tempted to confuse it with the unnecessary ridicule of a class. I rather think, by the way, that *Sir Anthony*, whom I should have liked to see on the stage, was as bad a snob as any of them. His method of snubbing the innocent advances of the poor little clerk certainly did not make him out to be much of a thoroughbred.

The skeleton of the author's scheme is fairly fresh, but it is only a skeleton with no flesh to it. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH did all that was possible to give it life, playing like the good craftsman he always is. It was not his fault that he was given things to say which were far too clever for the part. I do wish that he might now and again be offered a *rôle* in which he isn't expected to shoot his shirt-cuffs and strut about with a crook in his elbows. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT had very little chance for her fine gifts in the rather obvious part of the clerk's sister; but Mr. EVELYN BEERBOHM showed great promise as an impossibly offensive counter-jumper. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER made a very passable minx; and Miss SUZANNE SHELDON, much too good for her opportunities, gave, in the person of the opulent *Mrs. Bulger*, a very humorous picture of the higher vulgarity.

II.—THE WALDORF.

I remember being taken once by a gallant fellow in the Argylls to see a popular Musical Comedy. Both of us laughed but little; I, because I found it rather stupid; he, because he knew it by heart. He admitted to having seen it twenty-two times.

I hazarded the only conceivable explanation: "You have," I said, "a friend in the chorus?"

He denied it.

"But what other thinkable attraction can there be?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he said, "one must do something of an evening."

I never in my life heard a worse excuse for anything.

Sometimes I think that the audiences who take delight in assisting at British Musical Comedies must be a class apart, and that I am outside the pale. For one thing, this kind of entertainment seems to need such a lot of creators—often half-a-dozen, not counting the performers with their private gag—and that makes it so hard to fix the responsibility. However, the "New Musical Comedy" at the Waldorf is the work of two men only, Mr. HUGO FELIX (*sit nomen omen!*), who did the pretty music, and Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, who made the "Book and Lyrics." I am not including the original French authors, whose names are omitted on the programme, for after all they were foreigners, and only invented the thing, and so don't count.

The play is called *The Antelope*.

I never nursed a young gazelle;
But I was given an antelope.

The name stands for a company that insures you against your wife's elopement. I don't suppose that a pun like that—always a bad thing in a title—really amused Mr. ADRIAN



NAPLES IN KENSINGTON: A SERENADE.

Speranza Derrick . . Miss Kitty Gordon.
Bennett Barker . . . Mr. Fred Wright, jun.

Ross himself; but long commerce with the sort of humour that is demanded in the circles where his lot is cast has left him sadly cynical. As a maker of stage-lyrics, though hardened by habit, he is incapable of bad or slovenly work, and can still give proof of his quality, as in the song "Matches I have made." But he has not had a fair chance this time, being compelled to make words that would go to ready-made music. In these conditions he has done very well not to be more mechanical.

In one respect he enjoys an unusual advantage. As author of all the words, spoken or sung, he has no temptation to trespass on a rival's preserves, and has given us his Book and his Lyrics in right proportions. In effect, the movement of the farce is not hampered by the intrusion of songs out of season.

The music was exceptionally charming and more than made amends for the absence of superlative merit in the vocal interpretation.

Mr. FARREN SOUTAR, who played the hero-artist *Daubeny* (with attendant models), was a very pleasant figure—always natural and unspoilt. Mr. FRED EMNEY, as a housebreaker (in the nobler sense of the word), contributed some quiet humour; but the brunt of the fun fell upon Mr. FRED WRIGHT, jun., who bore it bravely and with a most elastic energy, but could not always conceal the effort. He made *The Antelope* go fairly fast: but his whip was out more than once. O. S.

VERSATILE VIRTUOSI.

["Mr. Theodore Byard, whose vocal efforts have won ready recognition in London by reason of their intellectuality, is at present carrying out a professional tour in what is an altogether new field as far as English artists are concerned, namely the Balkans . . . . Mr. Byard is in the position to make a dual study of the situation, since, in addition to his musical efficiency, he has a wide knowledge of military matters gained as an officer in the British Army, a position which he resigned in order to devote himself more closely to the study of music."—*Morning Post.*]

KUBELIK, on whose shoulders the mantle of PAGANINI is admitted to have fallen, is about to undertake an extensive tour in Manchuria, Korea, Sakhalin and Japan. The main aim of his visit, however, is not so much artistic as scientific. KUBELIK has long been a profound student of physics, and he is anxious to confirm some of his remarkable theories on the subject of capillary attraction by experiments on the Hairy Ainos of Japan, whose susceptibility to music is little short of notorious.

Mr. MCCORMACK, the famous Irish tenor, will shortly start on a professional tour in North Africa. After giving a series of concerts at Algiers, Biskra, and Figuig, and other influential centres, he intends to strike south for Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, in the hopes, first, of discovering traces of the occupation of this region by the pre-historic Milesians; and, secondly, of studying the voice-production of the gorilla, which, on the authority of DU CHAILLU, is able to emit a high D from the chest and with the utmost impunity. As a singer and a prominent leader of the Celtic Renaissance, Mr. MCCORMACK is admirably equipped to make a dual study of the situation. Professor GARNER, it will be remembered, employed a steel cage for his observation of the gorillas of this district, but Mr. MCCORMACK has patented an aluminium wigwam which is at once more portable and far more pleasing to the eye.

Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER has decided to carry out his long-deferred design of a pianoforte tour in the Solomon Islands in the ensuing spring. Being a first-rate Hebrew scholar as well as a great executant, Mr. BAMBERGER is peculiarly well adapted to cope with the dual exigencies of such an enterprise. He will, as on all similar occasions, be accompanied by his devoted wife (the daughter of Sir GABRIEL SLAZENGER, I.S.O., and fourteenth cousin, by marriage, of Lord MUNGO HARBOTTLE), their infant twin daughters, LADOGA and ONEGA, and a staff of expert press-cutters.



WINTER FASHIONS, 1908-9.

ACADEMIC INCONSISTENCY.

THE British Academy solely consists
Of scholars, historians, philologists;
And in framing the roll of its blessed
"immortals"
On poets it ruthlessly slams its portals.

The British Academy, somewhat late
In the day, resolved to be up to date;
And set in motion its machinery
To organise a Tercentenary.

But strange to say, the man whom it chose
To honour was MILTON, who, every one knows,
Would not, if alive, be in a position
To be a British Academician.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is R. H. BENSON'S habit to make his work either openly or covertly controversial, and readers of *The Conventionalists* (HUTCHINSON) have no surprise in store for them. The *Banisters*—an old Protestant family—were, with the exception of *Algy*, martyrs to convention, which means that they talked and thought of little but sport, food, and the management of their estate. The action of the first part of the book may be said to have been carried on to the music of meals, and in this atmosphere *Algy* was as out of place as a lady would be at a prize-fight. So when he meets some Roman Catholic priests and *Christopher Dell* (whom readers of *The Sentimentalists* will remember), it needs little perspicacity to guess what is going to happen. He was, of course, received into the Roman Catholic Church, and eventually entered a Carthusian monastery. I am far from being satisfied with the author's artifice of introducing himself as one of the characters of his book, for, instead of giving an impression of truth, it produces a directly contrary effect. Although it is often possible to blame FATHER BENSON for a lack of good taste, there is no denying his gifts of imagination and his excellent literary style. He contrives to make me both intensely interested and annoyed at the same time, and, as in output he is worthy of his family name, my feelings towards him are so constantly mixed that I do not know whether to beg him to write more or beseech him to write less.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—III.

GIOTTO AND HIS FAMOUS "FREEHAND CIRCLE."

Showing how he did it to the satisfaction of the Pope's envoy.

Heroines in search of a thoroughly romantic and original situation cannot do better than communicate with the AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE Bureau. In *Wroth* (SMITH, ELDER) the leading lady, a widow who answers to the name (if I caught it rightly) of *Juliana Mordante di Belgioso dei Vespi*, disguises herself, and goes through the marriage ceremony with the man she loves, while he believes that he is giving his rather ferocious title of *Wroth* to *Peggy Beljoy*, a comedy actress and, to put it plainly, a baggage. Of course he would have been delighted if he had known of his mistake, for *Juliana* was his better angel, and he had only intended to marry the other lady in a mood of mad desperation; but his wife somewhat perversely refused to enlighten him for a matter of 200 pages or so, a period during which he performed prodigies of valour for her sake, under the impression that she was a single woman. However, as he had been a very wild young man; it was no doubt excellent discipline. I can't help feeling that the authors display a rather unnecessary tolerance towards the eccentricities of their hero (he was called "Mad Wroth" by the county and held blasphemous orgies in a ruined abbey), and I am glad to remember that his date (*floruit et furuit*) was 1800 or thereabouts, and that he only kept tame wolves and not a motor-car. Still, at a respectful distance the pageant of his deeds excites sympathy, and one is glad when he at last wins his long-married bride.

Lady Noggs is delightful. She is at her best whilst still a child, her habit of setting her elders right being fascinating. By a bold and happy device Mr. JEPSON makes her a Peeress in her own right, niece and ward of the PRIME MINISTER. The effect was probably unintentional, but here and there in the intercourse of the twain there are little touches that will recall C.-B. to the memory of his still sorrowing friends. The full name of the book, *Lady Noggs Intervenes* (HUTCHINSON), is fairly descriptive of its plot. Whenever in varied circumstances the elders in *Lady Noggs's* circle get into difficulty she takes direction of affairs with her small hands and smooths out all the creases. Objection might be taken that, like *Sherlock Holmes* and *Tommy Dodd*, she "is sure to win," a condition that threatens monotony. But then she is irresistible.

The times are in joint, and SHAKSPEARE no longer spells ruin either in the theatre or the publishers' office. SHAKSPEARE in fact (whether we give him a National Memorial or not) is a commercial success, as indeed an Illustrious Personage once remarked very shrewdly to the Bard's most assiduous modern henchman. These remarks are suggested by the publication of elaborately illustrated editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (HEINEMANN), illustrated by Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM; *Twelfth Night* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. W. HEATH ROBINSON, and *The Tempest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. EDMUND DULAC. The pictures are in colours and are very numerous, and the circumstances of the volumes are sumptuous. Mr. RACKHAM is far and away the best. Indeed there are certain of Mr. RACKHAM'S drawings which give one a sense of satisfaction that could not be increased; in other words they seem ideally right. But even where he is less sufficing he always has charm and delicacy and spirit and a distinction all his own. Mr. DULAC comes next in merit, but his colours are inclined to be dingy and his conception of *Miranda* is disappointing and by no means Shakspearean. Mr. HEATH ROBINSON'S colours come under the same objection and his characteristics fail to interest. So much for SHAKSPEARE; but Messrs. HUTCHINSON, with one eye on His Majesty's Theatre, put forth an equally ambitious edition of *Faust* in HAYWARD'S translation of GOETHE with many coloured pictures by WILLY POGANY, an Hungarian artist. WILLY, however, is not an illustrator for my money. He has a certain grotesque quality, but Mr. RACKHAM spoils one for poor draughtsmanship.



Macdougall (to his new fourth wife). "THE MEENISTER DOESNA APPROVE O' MY MARRYIN' AGAIN, AN' SAE YOUNG A WIFE TOO. BUT, AS I TELL'T HIM, I CANNA BE AYE BURYIN', BURYIN'."

LOOKING FORWARD;

OR, THE TOO-MIGHTY DOLLAR.

MESSRS. SHEFFE & SON beg to announce that arrangements for the 1918 season of excursions to the United States are now complete. The first boat will leave Southampton on May 1st, and others, either from that port or Liverpool, at regular intervals of a few days throughout the summer months until August 31st.

Since the end of the last season so many more unique English treasures have found their way to the United States that Messrs. SHEFFE are anticipating an immense increase in the number of tourists, since it has become a habit of their countrymen to value only that which they have to travel abroad to see.

Among the special new objects of interest in America which the 1918 circular tours will embrace are:—

SHAKSPEARE'S cottage from Stratford-on-Avon, now the property of WILLIAM K. MUNGER, the cart-grease king, and recently successfully re-erected at Mungersville, N.Y.

MILTON'S cottage from Chalfont St. Giles, now the property of HIRAM J. KINDERPOLL, of Chicago, recently successfully re-erected in the grounds of his mansion in that city.

A priceless collection of WHISTLER'S etchings, first state, presented by the Artist to Queen VICTORIA. Now in the New York Museum.

Fifty-three first folios, all collected by Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN and exhibited through glass in the wholesale folio department of that virtuoso's famous library. Visitors are allowed to file by, but no one must stop.

The MS. of Magna Charta, now the property of ANDREW CANNIMANN, the proprietor of the famous rye whisky which bears his name, to be seen in the window of his chief office in Detroit. It will be remembered that this historic document, when it came into the market last year, was made an object of keen competition among American collectors, the British Museum not being in a position to offer more than £25.

Assorted samples of VELASQUEZ, from twenty English collections, now the property of ESAU W. SMITHSON, the white-lead prince, whose mansion on 87th Avenue is one of the wonders of the world.

The MSS. of Mr. MEREDITH'S *Egoist*, Mr. HARDY'S *Far From the Madding Crowd*, Mr. SWINBURNE'S *Poems and Ballads*, first series, J. R. GREEN'S *Short History of the English People*, Mr. KIPLING'S *Seven Seas*, and CARLYLE'S *Past and Present*, which are now exhibited in the Mechanics' Institute at Poker Flat.

These are the principal new acquisitions since the Autumn of 1917; but it must be understood that others are crossing the Atlantic, East to West, every week.

"French shocks of earthquake have been experienced in central Germany."
Japan Daily Herald.

Undoubtedly a *casus belli*.

THE DETACHMENT OF PRENDERBY.

He Discusses the Reform of the Lords.

I found him in one of his most judicial and ponderous moods. "I have been studying," he said, "the full report of Lord Rosebery's Select Committee, and I come to the conclusion that they have left the root of the evil practically untouched. So far from killing the snake that is spoiling his Paradise, the noble Lowlander who occupied the chair has not even scotched him, unless the attempt to mollify him with soft airs upon the bagpipes is to count as scotching.

"To begin at the beginning—and it looks as if the Select Committee had started further on, like the Irishman who was for omitting the first half-dozen lessons in the French language because he had heard that they were the stiffest—it is not a bad plan when you are considering the reform of anything to ask yourself what is the actual object of that thing's existence. Now there are two possible arguments for the existence of a Second Chamber:—(1) That it is wanted to carry out the Will of the People; and therefore, if necessary, to protect them against their own elected representatives; (2) that it is wanted to guard the best interests of the People, whether they wish it or not; and therefore, if necessary, to protect them against themselves.

"As for No. 1, I have a profound contempt for the so-called Will of the People——"

("*Vox Dei!*" I said, crossing myself.)

"——and my contempt," continued Prenderby unmoved, "is clearly shared by the Constitution, which allows a Government, Tory or Radical, to keep in office long after it has apparently ceased to represent popular feeling. And, anyhow, even if the Will of the People were worth respecting, instead of being a thing which is alternately described as a Divine Utterance and a Pendulum, a Lord of Parliament has no better power of gauging the country's feelings at any given moment than is enjoyed by the Man in the Street.

"Indeed, if it were the function of a Second Chamber simply to discover, and automatically endorse, the Will of the People, then the ideal Senate should consist of nothing but Election Agents. So I think we may dispose of theory No. 1 as unfit for serious contemplation.

"Remains No. 2. And for the purposes of a Chamber that has to look after the true interests of the nation, *populo volente nolente*, you need the absolutely best men that are to be found. Does an hereditary Peerage, and it alone, produce this type? It has, I grant, one great advantage: it is independent of the shifting pressure of popular demands at the polls. But a system of Chance—names taken at random from a directory and drawn out of a hat—would equally assure this desirable independence. And it is only one of many features required in a Second Chamber; yet it is the sole one that is guaranteed (and not always that) by the hereditary system.

"This system is admittedly rotten, and the Select Committee don't deny it. But they make no attempt to provide a decent alternative. The furthest they go is to say: 'There are at present about 590 of us. Not every Peer is the depository of the Higher Wisdom. We can only be sure of 330 as answering to this description. The rest had better go.'"

"But," I put in, "you forget the generous inclusion of no fewer than *four* Life-Lords (exclusive of the Bench) to be created annually, with a limit of forty."

"True," replied Prenderby; "I had forgotten that bold and revolutionary proposal. But what are four or even forty amongst all that multitude? Is this their notion of correcting poor blood, however blue, by an infusion of good blood, however red?

"And, even so, the selection of three out of every four of these is to be confined to the Services—naval, military, bureaucratic, diplomatic, colonial—and to M.P.s of long sitting. So that, outside these official and political spheres, from the vast resources of intelligence and experience which happen to be engaged in other useful fields of activity (exclusive of Church and Bench), only *one* Commoner (all told) is to be elected *per annum* to the Upper Chamber on the pure ground of efficiency—Lord Rosebery's own word in the old days. And when their number reaches the overwhelming figure 10 we shall have to wait for somebody to die.

"And you will please notice that any Peer who, by distinction or perseverance or good conduct, has risen to the higher ranks in these Services which I have named—an Admiral or a Lieutenant-General, for instance—is to become *ipso facto* a Lord of Parliament. There are to be 130 of these in addition to the 30 elevated commoners drawn from official or political sources. Well, I have nothing but respect, as you know, for the Public Service, though I am told that there are also unofficial methods of serving one's country; but I doubt if a dear old Admiral (God bless 'em all!), who has spent his life on the high seas, would, even if born to the Peerage, be the best possible authority on matters of domestic legislation—the only kind that he would be expected to handle, since his own department is catered for elsewhere."

I hesitated to dam the flow of my friend's pellucid eloquence, but I felt constrained to enter a protest somewhere. "I half fear," said I, "that you are congenitally lacking in veneration for Nobility of Birth."

"I entertain no rooted objection," he replied, "to a Peer as such. *Le snobisme à rebours* is just as contemptible as the more usual kind. I would not permit any man's birth, however exalted, to stand in his way. And I consider that the best suggestion made by the Select Committee was the proposal to allow ordinary Peers who have never sat in the Upper House to sit in the Commons, if they can get themselves elected to it. A sprinkling of this element might have a salutary and humanizing effect upon the Lower Chamber, and tend to keep young fellows like Lord Winterton in check. And I would even admit a few of them into the Upper House, where, of course, a higher standard of deliberative intelligence is demanded."

"And have you any scheme of your own?" I ventured.

"Ah," replied Prenderby, on a note of extreme modesty, "I have never specialised in creative, or even re-creative, art. Nor have I given, like the Select Committee, the best part of a year and a-half to the solution of this conundrum. But, speaking always as a child, I should like to see the members of the Second Chamber selected in the same way as the members of the Privy Council. I have noticed that the best men sooner or later drift into this Order. Or, better still perhaps, the Privy Council might itself be responsible for the selection, making it a point of honour to carry out this high duty without fear or favour or political prejudice, and solely on the ground of efficiency—Lord Rosebery's own word once more."

"It sounds simple enough," I said.

"All the best things are quite simple," said Prenderby.

O. S.



"ONE WORD MORE."

President Roosevelt (*to Central African fauna*). "HALF A MOMENT, WHILE I JUST THROW THIS OFF, AND THEN I'M WITH YOU."



RECIPROCITY.

Dummy (consulting the score—while her partner considers his call). "I MIGHT PERHAPS MENTION, PARTNER, THAT ONE TRICK IN NO-TRUMPS GIVES US GAME."

[Partner goes no trumps.

Third hand. "AND I MIGHT POSSIBLY VENTURE TO SUGGEST, PARTNER, THAT IF YOU HAPPEN TO PLAY A CLUB IT GIVES *US* THE RUBBER."

A PHANTASY OF THE 'PHONE.

[Telephone operators have been instructed by the Post Office to say "Please" and generally display the utmost politeness to subscribers in future. The latter, we are sure, will not be outdone in courtesy.]

Operator (answering call that has been waiting five minutes). Hallo! Please pardon my saying "Hallo" in that familiar off-hand manner, but you have to open the conversation somehow. I hope I haven't kept you waiting very long.

Subscriber (suavely and politely). Oh, no! a mere nothing; not more than ten or fifteen minutes at the most. I hope I haven't disturbed you?

O. Not at all, please. Quite delighted to have the privilege of attending to your instrument. What number can I have the pleasure of obtaining for you?

S. Well, if it is not greatly inconveniencing you, you can hitch me on—ahem! you can connect me with 77902 on the London Wall Exchange.

O. Delighted, I am sure. Will you be so good, please, as to hold the line for the space of a minute or two whilst I communicate your desires to the lady at the other Exchange? . . . Wretched weather, isn't it?

S. Oh, horrible; but still, you know, when one has a charming conversation such as I am having with a delightful personality, one forgets all about the weather.

O. It 's really too nice of you to say so. . . . You 're through to your number now.

* * * * *

S. (a couple of minutes later). Excuse me, my dear young lady, but you 've put me through to the wrong number.

O. No, really? How culpably negligent of me. It 's enough to make you very angry indeed. I could easily forgive you if you were to say a strong word. But I 'm sure you are incapable of it.

S. Well, well, try again. Better luck next time. It 's double-seven-nine-o-two Wall I want.

O. Thank you. *(A pause.)* I regret exceedingly to have to inform you that that number is engaged, please.

S. Bless you. *(Replaces receiver and says something else.)*

TO A VIOLET.

[By a student of science who has been informed that "a perceived quality of an object—*e.g.* the scent of a flower—is a psychical state which exists only when it is experienced."]

Violet, does your odour rare
Really scent the summer air?
Or does it, as some suppose,
Merely stimulate my nose?

Atoms light on airy wing
From your fragrant bosom spring,
Touch the nostril, stir the nerve,
Reach my brain till I "observe."

Sweet "emotions" next arise,
Tears of joy suffuse my eyes;
Memory brings me back the past,
Hinting where I smelt you last.

"Psychic dispositions" find
Place in my "subconscious mind."
At the last, a "sense of smell"
Penetrates some brainy cell.

Little violet, prithee say,
What you do when I 'm away:
What about your power of scent?
Is your odour permanent?

Are the poets wrong who swear
That your fragrance fills the air?
Truly now! Does scent *exist?*
Tell a puzzled scientist!

THE "USE AND NEED" OF RELATIONS.

"How do you write an anonymous letter?" I asked, as I chewed my pencil.

"'Sir,'" said Miss MIDDLETON, "'or Madam. Beware, before it is too late. What have you done with the canary's cage? I know all.' And you sign it 'THREE-FINGERED DICK.'"

"I shall sign mine 'HAMSTRUNG HERBERT,' I think. Must I do it like that, though? It isn't a bit what I wanted to say."

"What did you want to say, and who 's it to?"

"My relations," I sighed. "And it 's about Christmas presents."

"Oh, *what* are you giving them? Do tell me. Guess what I 'm giving ANNE. Oh no, you mustn't—I 've just remembered what it is."

"You don't understand," I said, rather annoyed. "It isn't what I 'm giving them, but what they ought to give me."

"Relations never give the right things, anyhow."

"Exactly. Hence the anonymous letter. 'Dear Madam,—A friend wishes to warn you that your favourite nephew wants a ——' And so on. That might fetch them."

"What does her favourite nephew want?"

"I want—oh, everything. But what I really want," I added with a rush, "is a set of waistcoat buttons, and a copper kettle, and a music-cabinet for keeping boots in."

"That seems reasonable enough," said Miss MIDDLETON, after a moment's reflection. "If I had been your aunt, that is just what I should have thought of. Probably."

"I don't really want the music-cabinet," I explained. "But everybody tells me I do; and I know that if I had it I should get into the way of keeping my boots there, and leaving the rolls on the top of the pianola as usual. So I mentioned it. What I really want in that line, of course, is a music-stool. You see, when I finish playing a piece, I want to twirl round and say, 'Isn't that jolly?' to the people who are listening. And they say, 'Awfully.' With a great high-backed chair you can't do that, and sometimes they forget to say anything."

"I always say, 'A charming note that last one, yes.'"

"And then I like them to see my back when I 'm playing, because of the expression. I don't mean that I put the expression in with my back, but that that is where it shows. . . . Well, then we come to the waistcoat buttons."

"What sort of buttons do you want?"

"I don't mind a bit," I said. "But here I am, getting most frightfully old, and nobody has ever given me a set of waistcoat buttons in my life. It 's scandalous."

"You should buy a bone set, with a waistcoat stitched on."

"I have often. But that doesn't count. You must have them given to you. Who do you think ought to give them to me? I thought a cousin."

"It would come rather nicely from a cousin. Have you any?"

I took out my pocket-book.

"Six first, twelve second, and seventeen third cousins."

"That makes eighty-one altogether," said Miss MIDDLETON, after a short silence.

"I always make it come to thirty-five. Are you sure you 're right?"

"Eighty-one. That would be thirteen and a half to a button. Why, they could do you a set of diamond ones easily."

"Some of them I have never seen," I said. "They might stand out for mother-of-pearl. But, as I say, I shouldn't mind that."

"Well, I think it 's disgraceful of them. It isn't as though they could pretend that they didn't know your size."

"The truth is, I think, that they aren't quite in touch with each other. There is a feeling among them that *something* should be done, only they want somebody to give them a lead. . . . That 's why I thought *I* would," I added.

"Well," said Miss MIDDLETON, "there still remains the copper kettle."

"The copper kettle. I want that for keeping my breakfast warm. At present the hot water always goes out—gets cold, I mean—before I 'm up. If I had one of those kettles with dents all round it and a wick underneath it would be so much pleasanter. Who do you think ought to give me that?"

"That 's really what you 'd call a useful present, isn't it?"

"It can be made very pretty if they do the dents right. They call them Yuletide gifts in the shops."

"But I mean it would be good for your health to have one."

"Indirectly I suppose it would. Though I 've never heard anything against cold tea."

"Because useful presents which are good for the health are generally given by aunts."

"I have some aunts," I said.

"It would come best from a great-aunt," said Miss MIDDLETON doubtfully.

I referred to my pocket-book.

"I 'm very sorry," I said, "but we are quite out of great-aunts. We have a very good line in sisters-in-law. They think a lot of your health."

"Haven't you an old nurse?"

"I haven't a nurse at all."

"Then it will have to be an ordinary aunt. The one you gave the nicest present to last year. How many have you?"

"Two. Exactly two."

"There you are, then; the other can give you the music-stool. Now then, what did you give them?"

I coughed uneasily.

"It 's—it 's a little difficult to tell you," I said. "It 's—er—I could explain to a man easily enough. I mean—of course—well . . . . Well, there 's Aunt MAGGIE up in Aberdeen."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Well, I gave her one of those—you know, oblong things, with sparkling things on them."

"Sort of brilliants?"

"Sort of, yes. And there was some lettering on it. It was, Wishing you the old, old wish, A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Something like a Christmas-card—only . . . well, yes."

"I see," said Miss MIDDLETON gravely. "And Aunt JANE?"

"Aunt JANE in Edinburgh. Well, hers was the same sort of thing, only it had on it, Wishing you the old, old wish, A Happy Christmas—a *Happy* Christmas—and a—and a *Merry* New Year.'"

"I see," said Miss MIDDLETON again.

Of course I quite see what she sees, but I think she 's wrong. Who ever heard of a nephew giving his aunt a music-stool? She couldn't twirl round properly on it to begin with. All the same, I think I shall leave out the aunts when I send the anonymous letter round, and concentrate on the cousins. Eighty-one cousins—they want pulling together a bit, and HAMSTRUNG HERBERT is the man to do it. A. A. M.

Things they manage better in France.

"The door was opened by a footman struggling into his coat with a handful of faggots in his arms."—From *Madame Waddington's Reminiscences.*

CHARIVARIA.

THE young Crown Prince of SERVIA is still bellicose. "I will fight my father, if necessary," he is reported to have said. He is a dear boy. We look forward with pleasure to further news from the Pantomime of War.

***

Austria, according to the Vienna correspondent of the *Petit Parisien*, is to give Servia and Montenegro "a lesson in the Spring." What is taking place at present, we suppose, then, is the preliminary Crouch.

***

A general Arbitration Treaty between Brazil and Argentine has been signed and exchanged. Such a treaty, we understand, would have been entered into long ago had it not been that the Republics were under the impression that it might prevent their going to war with one another.

***

Referring to the treatment meted out to certain Suffragettes at the Albert Hall, one of their number states: "We will not suffer these things in silence." We have sometimes wondered whether the notoriously quiet methods of the Suffragettes are really advisable, and we are interested to hear that there is now to be a change of policy.

***

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has never been found lacking in personal courage, and now he has delivered himself of the following message: "I am not an enthusiastic advocate of woman suffrage, *because I do not regard it as a very important matter.*" Still, this is not so daring as it sounds, for TEDDY knows that he will soon be beyond the reach of Suffragettes, and safe among the wild beasts of Africa.

***

"However much they may be entitled to consultation and to give us such advice and assistance as they can," said Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON, speaking at Millwall of the House of Lords, "they ought not to be allowed to stand for good in the way of Liberal measures." "Stand for good" was surely a slip.

***

While golfing on the Edgbaston Links last week, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE hit the ball hard with his niblick. The ball jumped into the air and dropped into his Lordship's right-hand pocket. Since this fact became known Lord ALVERSTONE, we are informed, has been inundated with proposals from Music-Halls offering fabulous sums if he will give a few turns of this sort. To his Lordship's credit, none of these offers has been accepted.

***

A staggering blow has been dealt at the popularity of football in the Midlands by a decision given at Glossop last week. It was then held that it was illegal to attack a referee, and a man was fined ten shillings for the offence.

***

During the past twelve months there have been only twenty-two cremations in Birmingham as compared with thirty-two in the previous year, and the work of the crematorium has been carried on at a loss. It is proposed that with a view to attracting customers the scale of fees should be revised, and reduced rates are to be offered to large parties.

***

"Lord Carrington," says *The Express*, "spent most of yesterday at the Board of Agriculture, where he held a reception for farmers, at which all their grievances were discussed." Seeing that less than twenty-four hours were devoted to this entertainment, the word "all" is surely something of an exaggeration? The weather alone should have taken a week.

***

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL has ordered Telephone Girls to say "Please"—and they are doing it. Not even the Government's bitterest enemy will grudge them this small success.

"The intentions of Mr. Runciman, the Education Minister, were good—but we all know Dante's line about good intentions."
The Standard.

But how few know Dr. JOHNSON'S famous inscription over BOSWELL'S front door: "All hope abandon ye who enter here!"



She. "MOST IMPROBABLE. THERE'S BEEN A LAPSE OF TWO YEARS SINCE THE PREVIOUS ACT—AND THEY'VE GOT THE SAME SERVANT!"

SERAPHIC "SOUL-BODIES."

THE new theory of Life after Death, recently expounded by Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE, B.Sc., Secretary of the Dublin Society of Psychical Research, to an audience of Spiritualists in Suffolk Street, has naturally excited considerable interest in both worlds. Mr. D'ALBE, if correctly reported by the Press, maintains that disembodied souls, or "soul-bodies," inhabit a realm of the earth-atmosphere extending upwards for two-hundred miles, and, subsisting as they do entirely on sun-rays, require and possess no digestive organs, and have no need to compete for existence. Consequently he holds that they are all "engaged only in cultivating the higher virtues of Justice, Kindness, and Sympathy."

Mr. Punch, feeling that it would be rash to accept these views—even on such scientific authority as Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE'S—without some confirmation, has instructed his own Psychic Medium to place himself under the control of any floating soul-bodies within the two-hundred-mile radius that might desire to express an opinion on the subject.

As will appear from the following notes, automatically taken by the Medium himself in the trance condition, the *séance* proved remarkably successful:

The First Soul-body would rather not give the name by which it was known in life, but furnished some clue to its identity by mentioning that the colour of its beard had been a good deal exaggerated. Knew about Mr. D'ALBE'S lecture, but was not actually present. Had tried to get in, but only floating-room for about four million souls. Hoped he would choose the Albert Hall *next* time. Was in the dome there last Saturday week, and deeply interested—though it pained him to see so many charming ladies losing their heads. Yes, ever since he had first entered the earth-atmosphere had been ardent sympathiser with the Women's Cause. Would like to see some reform of the Marriage laws, which at present placed a wife too much at the mercy of her husband. Was decidedly of opinion that no doors should be closed to women. Disapproved of flats as domestic dwellings—not a decent-sized cupboard in any of them!

A Soul-body, describing itself as having formerly belonged to the late JUDGE JEFFREYS, said it had read an account of Mr. D'ALBE'S address in the local films. Mr. D'ALBE was a most ingenious honest gentleman, and many of his statements were fairly correct. Marvellous, indeed, that he should know so much as he did! He was somewhat out, however, in his estimate of the extent of the radius, which, precisely reckoned, was not above 173 miles 3 furlongs. But that was a small matter. As to himself, was desirous of seeing a more humane treatment of Criminals. Would have them reformed not by imprisonment, but kindness. Capital punishment ineffective and barbarous, and should be abolished forthwith. Still hung about the Assize Courts occasionally, but horrified at abuse of cross-examination by certain counsellors, and by severity of sentences from the Bench. Had more than once felt constrained to protest—but took nothing by his motion, except that Judge complained of icy draught in court, and ordered all windows to be closed. Had no digestive organs—but heart larger than ever it had been.



Kindly, but short-sighted, old gentleman, dropping coin in apple-woman's cup of tea. "THERE, THERE. BLESS MY SOUL! GET YOURSELF A CUP OF COFFEE."

The Soul-body of the MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS said it had been present at the Suffolk Street meeting. Thought M. D'ALBE extremely sympathetic, and had been moved to tears by some of his so eloquent periods. All that, for example, of the persecution endured by those poor ghosts who, from motives of purest benevolence, ventured to become visible to mortals. How touching, and how true! She who was speaking had, only the other evening, undergone an experience of the most disagreeable! She had conceived it her duty to appear to a certain of her descendants, now dwelling in the quarter of Soho, and warn him solemnly that the *pâté de Périgord* he was about to partake of had so deteriorated as to have become positively unwholesome. "Ptomaines?" She knew not that word; but it was always possible. Well, she appeared, then. Figure that her ungrateful kinsman, so far from appreciating the attention, had permitted himself to fling a small jar of French mustard through her head! But if she no longer possessed organs of digestion she could still feel for those who did. Was it not desolating to reflect that it was becoming almost impossible for poor human beings to procure food or drink which had not been adulterated? Believe her, so long as such unprincipled practices went unpunished except by fines, Society would suffer! On being questioned as to whether she agreed or not with Mr. D'ALBE that the Soul-body might become visible in ultra-violet light, would only say that she trusted he was mistaken, as it could not but be unbecoming to the complexion of any person of quality.

Control was next assumed by a Soul-body who



Herbert (who has had a threepenny-bit given him by his mother for the collection). "ALL RIGHT, DAD, I 'LL PAY."

announced himself as GUY FAWKES. Admitted that he had not followed the proceedings of Parliament very closely of late, so could not say when it was likely to be dissolved. Was much more interested in the preservation of ancient monuments. Thought it a grievous scandal that so many of our historic buildings should be permitted to vanish with scarce a trace left to show where they had once stood! Had endeavoured to save the Great Wheel at Earl's Court, and sundry stately palaces on a spot called Shepherd's Bush; but his efforts had failed. All his efforts *did*, somehow. Had been shamefully entreated not a great while since by a pestilent manufacturer in the Midlands. The vile dog was bent on overthrowing a colossal chimney of brick that had been a noted landmark for nigh upon a century; actually undermining it at the base! He himself had been at great pains to prevent so foul a deed—but all his hauntings and rappings and groanings had been to no purpose, for the fellow had got him exorcised! An unconscionable freedom to take with any gentleman's soul! But what, to him, was most intolerable, it had been performed by a minister of some Nonconformist sect!

In token of his concern for the safety of the public, he earnestly desired that letters be dispatched to the authorities in every city warning them to keep good watch. For it was within his knowledge that sundry mean traders had—and that no longer ago than the beginning of last month!—collected vast store of combustibles and explosives—ay, and masks withal! With what fell purpose he, being wholly ignorant of their secret bloody designs, would not take upon him so much as to conjecture; but this he might say: on his conscience he believed that *some* ill plot was toward!

It is hardly necessary to point out how entirely these communications support Mr. FOURNIER D'ALBE'S theories. Still less to assure him that the Medium in question is a gentleman who is absolutely incapable of such a liberty as pulling anybody's leg. At all events, *Mr. Punch hopes* so. F. A.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

HIS compliments to his friends, and *Mr. Punch* does not mind saying again, for it is quite true, that he is going to hold an Exhibition of himself. He has now decided to be in the movement and call it a Pageant. It will be distinguished from ordinary pageants both in other respects and by the fact that it is to keep still. Nevertheless, in point of sentiment, it will be the most moving of spectacles. It opens on Saturday, January 2nd, 1909, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, and proposes to stay there all the month. *Mr. Punch* takes this opportunity of expressing his sincere thanks to many kind people for the loan of original drawings, manuscripts, letters and other precious relics associated with his career.



THOSE MECHANICAL TOYS.

Fond Mamma. "WHAT! BROKEN ALREADY? IF I'D GIVEN IT TO YOUR FATHER INSTEAD, IT WOULD HAVE KEPT HIM QUIET FOR HOURS!"

CHRISTMAS COOKERY.

SOME SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

I.—CARDS.

THESE form a welcome and dainty addition to the Christmas morning breakfast. To prepare, take two plump robins (boned, so as to stand in impossible attitudes), a church-tower with bells, and holly to taste. Season the whole with a couple of cheap rhymes, and sprinkle thickly with frost. Serve in half-sheet of notepaper, "With best wishes from all at Homeleigh," enclose in envelope, and garnish with pink stamp. A more economical version of the above omits the Best Wishes, and garnishes with green stamp.

II.—WAITS.

Fill four throaty baritones and a bass with either beer or whisky, as preferred. Add a conductor, two choir-boys, and a hazy recollection of *Good King Wenceslas.* Mix well, and set aside to simmer. As soon as slight fizzling noise makes itself audible, cold water should be freely poured over the whole till this ceases.

III.—ANNUALS.

These, though conventionally associated with Christmas, most frequently make their actual appearance at table towards the beginning of autumn. The chief ingredients are advertisements *ad lib.*, which may be rendered fairly palatable by a judicious admixture of pretty well any old stuff you have left over. Add a seasoning of turkeys and hunt-balls, and colour as attractively as possible. Served with special Presentation Plates, this economical trifle will be readily swallowed.

IV.—HUMORISTS.

These are certain to be in great demand by hostesses who require some inexpensive little extra to set before their guests at the Christmas dinner. As a relish to plum-pudding and mince-pies nothing is so popular as a nicely turned-out humorist. The most usual kind, more than sufficient for a party of twenty persons, is generally stuffed with chestnuts, and moistened with sweet champagne or a little fruity port. Great care should be exercised in serving, as some humorists are apt to fall flat when brought to table, in which case the entire effect is ruined.

V.—THEATRICALS.

The Maugham shape, very popular just now, is usually made with a flavour of diluted Hawtrey. For smaller parties the Hubert-Henry is recommended. The author's fee is either added at the last moment or left out altogether.

From a College of Preceptors' Junior Examination Paper:—

"Describe in ten or twelve lines of French . . . . the examining superintendent."

Here goes:—

"Il a le nez rouge. Ses pieds sont trop grandes. Ces sont aussi grandes que M. le Smith Major's. Cela dit quelque chose. Pourquoi a-t-il le tête balde? Je ne sais pas. Je ne l'aime pas. Maintenant je stopperai."

The League-long Roller.

From an advertisement of Blackpool:—

"THE FINEST SEA IN EUROPE.
Flowing against the Promenade daily; three miles in extent."

This is a modest understatement. Readers will be glad to know that these three miles of boundless European ocean perform *twice* daily.

"He had been striking matches, and as there were valuable horses in the stable Bailie Smail said there might have been a fire."
The Border Standard.

These fiery steeds are very inflammable.



BOILING OVER WITH APATHY.

Prime Minister. "INSULT ME SIX TIMES MORE, AND I WON'T BE ANSWERABLE FOR MYSELF. AND HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I APPEALED TO MY FRIEND HERE, WHO ALREADY HAS GREAT DIFFICULTY IN CONTROLLING HIS INDIGNATION."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 7.—No one looking round House whilst Questions were going forward would imagine we are in throes of Ministerial crisis, that presently the PREMIER will make a statement affecting existence of one of principal measures of the Session, possibly involving fate of the Government. Benches only half filled. Gaps on those whereon across the Table Ministers and ex-Ministers bend upon each other affectionate regard. Amongst absentees at the moment were the PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR. By time Questions were over and Orders of Day reached, the Benches filled up, and a sprinkling of Peers was seen in gallery over the clock. Still there was room for all comers.

When at length Education Bill was called on and House resolved itself into Committee, there was a hush of expectancy; but nothing approaching that intense, almost breathless attitude of waiting and listening familiar in ordinary crises. The method studiously adopted of finally disposing of the Bill contributed to absence of excitement. Last Friday PREMIER gave notice that he would to-day move that the order for Committee stage should be read and discharged. This a procedure into which it would be possible to import some passion evoking demonstrations and counter-demonstrations. On reflection, PREMIER perceived a better way, more consonant with his desire to avoid anything like a scene. When the cheers that greeted his appearance at the Table subsided, he, addressing the CHAIRMAN, remarked in quiet tones, "I rise, Sir, for the purpose of moving that you do now leave the Chair."



"A FINE FUNERAL," FOR THE LICENSING BILL.
(Lord F-tzm-r-ce.)

One of the most commonplace procedures of a day's sitting. It means that the business immediately in hand shall be postponed for a day or a week, according to the most convenient arrangement of business.

The PREMIER having made an end of speaking, PRINCE ARTHUR following in brief speech set in minor key skilfully struck, Mr. EMMOTT left the Chair. The SPEAKER came in and the next business on the Orders was called on.

Though no formal declaration was made, everyone knew that with the emptying of the Chair at the Table the life went out of the Education Bill—

A Bill which there were none to praise
And very few to love.

The Licensing Bill, done to death in the House of Lords, had, as FITZMAURICE remarked, a fine funeral. The Education Bill died by automatic process. It was not permitted even to give an audible last gasp. Nor did friendly hand close its eyes. It simply disappeared from the scene as part of the working of an ordinary business procedure. The PREMIER'S formal motion "that the CHAIRMAN do now leave the Chair" was agreed to without debate or division, and since Mr. EMMOTT will never come back to preside over Committee on the Education Bill the measure is dead.

No flowers, by request.

Business done.—Education Bill smothered in its cradle.

Tuesday.—LOULU, who has given us a new dining-room, has added a phrase to the Parliamentary vocabulary. Heckled this afternoon by Brother BOB, who wanted to know why a room should be allotted to the private use of the Chairman of Welsh Liberal Members whilst Scotland had none, the First Commissioner cautiously replied that he did not know on what, "if any," principle his predecessors acted when they made the allotment. Here BOWLES JUNIOR nipped in with enquiry on what principle the allotment was continued?

"On the general principle of continuity of policy," LOULU answered, with a glance at the FOREIGN MINISTER who chanced to be in his place.

Brother BOB lengthening the catechism by two other questions, LOULU, regarding him with fraternal



"If I were to attend the right hon. gentleman's public dinners, and he were to attend mine, these entertainments would become even more popular than they are." (Loud laughter.)
Mr. Balfour, Dec. 9.

smile, remarked, "Perhaps I had better have family notice of any further enquiry."

"Family notice" is good, implying among other conveniences a saving of public time. True, opportunity for use of expedient is not so wide in present House as it was in its predecessor. The electoral earthquake of 1906 shattered many family connections. Still there are cases where brothers, or father and son, have been returned, and the practice of giving notice across the family breakfast-table of intention to put a question would in several cases—the brothers WASON for example—be a convenience.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—When in the Chair Mr. LOWTHER never for a moment loses his head. Ready for any sudden emergency, for all unexpected turns of debate. This makes more striking a trifling lapse that befell to-day, notable in itself as illustrating the effect of habit even upon the best trained minds.

ASHLEY turned up as usual with his volume of Mangnall's Questions. They numbered seven, printed consecutively on the paper, and were addressed to NAPOLEON B. HALDANE. Actually, by most liberal computation, there were only three subjects dealt with. But ASHLEY, though comparatively young in years, was not born yesterday. If he followed the ordinary practice of arranging his interrogations on a particular point in form of a single question his opportunities of putting supplementary ones would be limited. Accordingly he cuts them up, making every section serve as a separate enquiry; when the Minister replies, ASHLEY, almost before he has finished, is on his legs with a supplementary question.

This is how, as formerly explained, he easily keeps ahead of Captain CRAIG in the honourable competition for the distinction of putting in a single week the largest number of futile questions.

To-day, his seven questions on the paper having by the process indicated run up to fifteen, he resumed his seat. The next on the paper stood in the name of HICKS-BEACH. But the SPEAKER, having called upon ASHLEY seven successive times, mechanically repeated his name.

ASHLEY up like a shot. Here was a slice of good luck. Having exhausted his own opportunities, he was voluntarily supplied by the SPEAKER with a sixteenth! Hadn't anything ready, but long practice assured him that if he only opened his mouth a question would emerge.

SPEAKER's lapse temporary. Quickly perceiving his error, he called, "Order! Order! Mr. HICKS-BEACH." And the Questions took their proper course.

Business done.—Report stage of Miners' Eight Hours Bill.

Friday.—A declaration made by Mr. LUPTON in debate on Prevention of Crime Bill has created keen interest in certain hives of industry known to the police. Discussing the measure of punishment allotted to burglars, and the probability of its severity leading the midnight visitor to resort to violence in order to escape, Mr. LUPTON remarked that he looked upon the matter from the point of view of "the tax-payer who did not want to be damaged by rough men." For himself he was willing that his goods should be taken away so long as the burglar went off quietly.

That 's the sort of man the burglar likes to find on his beat; has every desire to meet the gentleman halfway, even three-quarters. Mr. LUPTON's address has been looked up and he may expect any night to have opportunity of putting his amiable principle into practice.

The MEMBER FOR SARK notes in the incident a departure from earlier habit. Formerly, when Mr. LUPTON's premises were invaded with felonious intent, he was accustomed to seize the burglar by the wrist and re-vaccinate him. This proved immediately effective and did something to shake the Hon. Member's well-known rooted antipathy to vaccination. He admits that he knows no single instance where a burglar so treated was seen again on the premises. At the same time he denies that lymph, whether drawn directly from the calf or otherwise, did, or could, serve any useful purpose.

To avert inconvenient controversy he has, SARK says, for some years given up his midnight practice. Now, as he announces, if the burglar will only go quietly away, he may take with him what he wants.

Business done.—Miners' Eight Hours Bill passed Report stage.



"FAMILY NOTICE OF ANY FURTHER ENQUIRY."

The Right Hon. Loulu. "All right, my dear Bob, that 's agreed, then. Mind you give me time for my repartees; and, remember, an air of spontaneity is *most important*. Ta, ta!"

(The Brothers H-rc-rt.)

"Any purchaser who signs the coupon is entitled to £2,000 at any age over fourteen, if he is fatally killed by himself in his own motor-car."—*The Publisher's Circular.*

People who are fatally killed by themselves at the age of thirteen should therefore wait for a year before claiming the money.

A French contemporary describes the recent violent scenes at the Albert Hall and how the organ played

"O dear! what can the matter be,
Johnny 's not home from the fair":—

"L'orgue essaie de noyer le bruit du combat dans ses flots d'harmonie. Il joue la chanson populaire, reprise en chœur par les 10,000 personnes présentes:

'Qu'y a-t-il, ma chère, et que croire?
Ce Jeanjean s'arrête à la foire.'

La musique n'adoucit pas les mœurs."—*Echo de Paris.*

To which we can only say, "Oh, dear!" or, as the French apparently have it, "Ma chère."

Extract from an Agricultural Return made by a very nice-minded woman:—

"Wheat . . 7 acres
Kohl Rabi . No rabbits
Sheep . . . 1 father sheep 6 ewes."



First Trooper (who has been supplied with a sandwich in preparation for field-day). "BLOOMIN' LOT O' GRUB TO LAST TILL SUPPER-TIME, EH?" *Second ditto.* "YUSS, THAT'S WHAT COMES OF ACTIN' AS A SKELETON FORCE."

SCIENCE NOTES.

ARE OUR HEADS GROWING BIGGER?

(By our Hydrocephalous Expert.)

THE remarkable letter contributed by Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER to a recent number of *The Westminster Gazette* on the growth of the brain and concomitantly of the skull has caused great excitement in influential circles.

Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER, who claims the support of two Fellows of the Royal Society, maintains that the skull increases with the growth of the brain, and that the brain continues to grow so long as it is actively exercised. In this tremendous belief he is fortified by the well-authenticated cases of Mr. GLADSTONE and an August Personage. To these cases may be added others which have come within our personal observation.

(1) An illustrious and world-renowned novelist, whose resemblance to a famous Elizabethan dramatist has long been notorious, when he first came to London used to wear a 6¾-inch hat. *Now no stock size will fit him*, and he has to have a constant succession of new and ever-larger hats made for him by the firm of MAGNIFICO POMPOSO in Rome, who build for the POPE and most of the Curia.

But the novelist's expansion has not been confined to his cranium. His finely developed nether man has assumed so much more opulent dimensions of late that he is admittedly too big for his boots of yesteryear.

(2) The peculiar headgear, suggestive of a retired bath-chair proprietor, affected by the youngest member of the Cabinet has caused no little surprise amongst his old brother-officers. But the square-crowned bowler in question is rendered necessary by the extraordinary supra-temporal development of the statesman's head, which presents a most extraordinary resemblance to that of PERICLES (compared by classical writers to a sea-squill), and, growing as it does in direct ratio with his unbridled mental activity, is already beginning to cause lively concern to his devoted and affectionate colleagues. Indeed, we have good reason to believe that Dr. BERNARD HOLLANDER has of his own initiative volunteered to remove this gigantic cranial dome and supply its place with a low-crowned roof of aluminium, jewelled in six holes. The only other alternative, that the owner of this wonderful osseous envelope should cease entirely from mental activity, is one which his colleagues are quite unable to contemplate without transports of melancholia.

"A woman who can act and think for herself is a treasure indeed."—*Madame.*

That so few of our women can act and can think
Is a truth which we would not endeavour to blink;
But we hold that a far more regrettable fact
Is the number of women who think they can act.

FROM a Vicar's postbag:—

"Dear Sir—I am applying for an old-age pension. I have a dim recollection of being born at Mapledurham in 1829 or 1830. I shall feel duly grateful if you can trance it for me."

We do not approve of the use of clergymen as mediums.

A "RESTING" PART.

[Addressed to the youthful pig that has been selected from 600 candidates to perform in the Pantomime at Drury Lane.]

NOT to expose your adolescent tushes,
Set in a storm-proof smile,
They brought you to a stage where beauty gushes
And fairy scenes beguile;
Not to enthral the house with breathless stupor
At gags and garments of an olden time,
But merely as an ordinary super,
O pig, you play the mime.

Do you lament, perchance, the fame that bruited
Your budding charms abroad?
Sigh for the simple trough where once you rooted
With no one to applaud?
Lived the bucolic life as yet unpuzzled
By purple limelight and the mazy reel?
Rolled on the straw of indolence, and guzzled
The pared potato-peel?

Or have you felt ambition? found awaken
Beneath those tender ribs
A hope (beyond the lot of common bacon)
Of far superior cribs?
Have you been told, perhaps, of snouty cousins
Who all their prowess to the Muses bring,
And rightly pick the same sweet names from dozens
Of letters in a ring?

I rather think it: you 've a sort of glitter
About your beady eye
That seems to say, "Good Heavens, what a litter!
Why don't they let me try?"
The chorus sings its songs, the jesters tumble,
The stars come out in robes of shining silk;—
"Not one of these," I think I hear you grumble,
"Is worth his buttermilk."

Well, never mind, my porklet! there 's a beauty
Of nature as of art,
And some day you shall do your Christmas duty
And play the hero's part.
Thrice-fatted you shall come from fields of clover
To triumph in a tragic *rôle* sublime,
And wear upon your breast, the last act over,
The epithet of "Prime."

ON THE SAME THEME.

DEAR SIR,—I do not know whether the poor little pig in the Pantomime has got even a squeaking part or not. I have, however, taken the liberty of writing a little song for him (or is it "her"?) and am sending it you in the hope that you will be able to place it in the proper quarter.

There are only six verses. Shall I begin?

I.

Oh, hear me for a moment, please,
'tis little "Curly" speaks
(*Surely* you 've heard of little "Curly"?):
They say I am the very finest pig that squeaks,
And I 've taken to the stage so early.
(*Chorus:* "Curly!" "Curly!")
How young to be in such a hurly-burly!
You may well ask, "Why, oh, why
Did I leave my little sty
Up in Hali-halifax so early?"

II.

Whatever made them choose me out of all the rest?
Why did they hit on little "Curly"?
Was it because they thought my temper was the best?
I 'm really feeling rather surly.
(*Chorus:* "Curly!" "Curly!")
Red Riding Hood 's a jolly little girlie,
But I do so wish that I
Hadn't left my little sty
Up in Hali-halifax so early!

I won't bother you with the other four verses at present, but the encore verse I am sure you will like. It took me much longer than the others, and the idea struck me as particularly happy. Here it is:—

(*Encore Verse.*)

Now I am——

[One minute, please. Just see if you get any applause before you go on any further. (*Perfect silence.*) Thank you, that will do.—ED.]

"The total number of Irish persons of over seventy is placed by statisticians at 184,000. Of these 32,000 are in receipt of poor relief and are therefore disqualified, so that there should remain 125,000 of the age. The actual number of claimants for pensions is, however, 193,000. Clearly there must be a mistake somewhere. But the means of detecting the error is not obvious."—*Daily Mail.*

With great skill we have detected another error. 125 + 32 is not equal to 184. On receipt of a stamped addressed envelope we will explain why.

LEGWEAR DE LUXE.

FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER'S PRICELESS COLLECTION.

MARVELLOUS as is the Bookman's Paradise of Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN, recently described by the American correspondent of *The Times*, it is but a jejune and pinchbeck exhibition compared with the Sardanapalian splendour of the great Sartorial Pleasure Dome of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER. Hitherto only a few of Mr. ALEXANDER'S friends have been admitted to inspect the ineffable glories which lie enshrined within the famous chryselephantine gates, and this is positively the first account that has ever appeared in print of what is undoubtedly the finest collection of legwear in this or any other world. Indeed it has been wittily described as the "Nethermost Heaven of Sartoriculture."

Entering the great gates already alluded to, probably the finest extant specimen of the work of PHEIDIAS, one is struck by a magnificent porphyry cabinet containing a priceless collection of frock-coats dating back to the Noachian epoch. In the centre of the hall, which is hung with green Flemish tapestry, is a superb life-size model of BEAU BRUMMEL. A chalcedony rack in an alcove on the right contains one hundred and twelve clouded canes, while a superb cabinet with crystal doors is all ablaze with scarves of every conceivable hue and pattern.

But the outer hall gives only a faint idea of the indescribable glories of the inner treasure-house, which is exclusively devoted to the choicest specimens of nether integuments. Passing through a lapis-lazuli door one is confronted by a colossal statue of ALEXANDER THE GREAT arrayed in faultless vicuna trousers. A huge wardrobe of ebony and gold illustrates the evolution of this indispensable garment from the primitive *braccae* of the Roman provincial down to the latest creation of Bond Street, arranged in thirty asbestos shelves.

Even more wonderful is the fabulous collection of trouser-stretchers, ranging from the rude stone slabs used by neolithic man to the Gutenberg Trouser Press, the Wynken de Worde Trouser Press, the famous Caxton Trouser Press, and culminating in the marvellous hydraulic press invented by Lord ALTHORP, and capable of reducing the most amorphous leg-wear to absolute symmetry in ten seconds.

Opening out of the main Trouser-Hall is the inmost Sartorial sanctum,

a bomb-proof chamber panelled in platinum and containing the choicest treasures of Mr. ALEXANDER'S soul-shaking collection. These are nothing less than a number of historic nether garments worn by famous, notable or notorious personages. To give a complete list would tax our space too severely; but it must be a source of national satisfaction to know that while so many other inestimable relics have crossed the Atlantic it has been the privilege of Mr. ALEXANDER to keep in this country—

1. The favourite pantaloons of "Old Q."

2. A pair of kerseymere knee-breeches worn by WILBERFORCE.

3. A pair of trousers in MARTIN TUPPER'S earliest manner.

4. Pair of ditto, worn by the Poet Laureate at the opening of the Crystal Palace.

5. Pair of knickerbockers worn by Mr. HALL CAINE on the occasion of his first speech in the House of Keys.

6. Pair of nainsook pyjamas worn by PORFIRIO DIAZ, the President of Mexico.

7. Pair of check trousers, peg-top pattern, formerly the property of the late Mr. TRACY TURNERELLI.

8. Pair of running shorts worn by DORANDO PIETRI in the Marathon Race.

9. Pair of accordion-pleated bloomers from the wardrobe of the late Dowager-Empress of CHINA.

10. Pair of trews in which ROBERT BURNS composed *Scots wha hae.*

11. Pair of Scotch plaid trousers in which CARLYLE wrote the greater part of *Sartor Resartus.*

12. Pair of Carthaginian trouserloons in which HANNIBAL is believed to have crossed the Alps.

And 13 is a special moth-proof boudoir, which is in reality a steel safe, with three hundred and thirty pairs of trousers worn by Mr. ALEXANDER himself as *Aubrey Tanqueray* during the run of Mr. PINERO'S famous play.

We have said enough to show that to be permitted the privilege of *entrée* to Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER'S collection is a liberal education. Mr. ALEXANDER, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. KINO, who acts as his chief valet and is Keeper of the Pressed Trousers, has, however, for some time been busily engaged on a *Catalogue raisonné* of his possessions, most sumptuously embellished with facsimile buttons, a few copies of which will be on sale for the general public.



TACTLESS GALLANTRY.

Lady of uncertain age (to old admirer). "WELL, ADMIRAL, HOW DO YOU THINK I 'M LOOKING?"

Admiral (who last remembers her with grey hair). "MY DEAR LADY, AT LEAST THIRTY YEARS YOUNGER!"

THE LOAFER.

HE is rather small for his age, slim, and with an appearance that one would call "nervy." He does very little for me, but I keep him partly because I have a genuine affection for him, partly because most men in the Temple enjoy the services (such as they are) of one of his class, but mostly because he possesses in a marked degree those two characteristics which go to make the ideal servant—ubiquity and unobtrusiveness. He is always there in case he is wanted, but never in the way. He is perhaps too modest; but it must also be said that he leads the idlest of lives. His handwriting is so abominable that I cannot entrust my correspondence to him, and if I ask him to do any odd jobs they are usually badly done.

He has the annoying habit of drumming his fingers on tables and desks, a sure sign of the idler. However, although he could hardly be called my right hand in business, I should be genuinely sorry to lose him.

Perhaps I ought to have mentioned at the outset that I am referring to my left hand.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A DISMAL home; a situation that one would like to call impossible; a woman with the long-suffering strength only weak women possess; a man she has wronged and been wronged by; and her son. These make up the drama of ANNE SEDGWICK'S new novel *Amabel Channice* (ARNOLD). The author of *Valerie Upton* has not lost her cunning. Her characters, few but convincing, are alive; though unpleasant, they are real. Yet one may perhaps doubt whether the husband, a man of thirty-two, would have gone about his courting in so paternal a fashion; and the son would be better if he were less of a prig. A young man who analyses the feelings of love by introspection and backs his sentiments with quotations from HEGEL may be as clever as he will, but he is already far on the road to become a bore of the very first water. Miss SEDGWICK ends by leaving him to devote his time to his mother. Probably no other woman whom he came across would think it worth while to disturb the idyll.

As Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON points out, *Once Aboard the Lugger*, taken from that dashing sentiment "Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine," might be considered a generic title for all novels. Certainly there is no specific mention of any lugger in his book (ALSTON RIVERS), excepting in the "Author's Advertisement." But there is specific mention of other things equally good. There is *Mr. Marrapit*, who, according to the eye which beheld him, was like "one of the minor prophets—shaved," and had every inch of his garden searched because a threepenny-piece had been dropped. There is *Mrs. Major*, his companion, that masterly woman. There are *George* and his *Mary*, *the* people of the story, and very nice people, too—particularly *Mary*. And many more, from *Mr. David Brunger*, detective, to *The Rose of Sharon*, cat. They are all cleverly drawn, and for the most part sufficiently true to life to compel belief in them, however preposterous the circumstances in which the author's very pleasant humour lands them.

The Story of the Man in the Iron Mask holds its own among the world's mysteries. Since VOLTAIRE'S time, it has been discussed by a shifting company of writers who have devoted an appreciable portion of their lives to hunting up trails. The latest and by no means the least weighty contribution to the solution of the problem is from the pen of Monseigneur BARNES. The title of the book, *The Man of the Mask* (SMITH, ELDER), is significant. Amongst other discoveries, Monseigneur has come upon the fact that the mask was not of iron, but of velvet. The wearing of it was not an addition to punishment, but merely a means of preventing recognition. Various persons have been named by earlier explorers as being the masked prisoner. That he was a twin-brother of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH was a dramatic fancy that long moved the world. A better reasoned though less picturesque explanation pointed to MATTHIOLI, agent of the Duke of MANTUA, who got the better of LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH in a secret treaty for the purchase of the fortress of Casale. Monseigneur BARNES has a novel theory to advance. Behind the velvet mask he sees the face of a son of CHARLES THE SECOND, the issue of a *liaison* with a Jersey lady of good family. The theory is supported by the marshalling of much evidence and the exercise of considerable dialectical ingenuity.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—IV.

NIMROD.

To the thousands whose thoughts at this season are busy with children no better service can be done than to commend to them *The Modern Child* (FOULIS), compiled by HERVEY ELWES. It is an anthology of verse and prose about children, but it is something more, too, than a mere anthology. It is informed with a definite purpose to present the innumerable, wayward, graceful, joyous, sorrowful, and even the mischievously playful aspects of a child's nature. Thought and understanding, and, what is even more important, a serious and delightful tenderness, have gone to the making of this pleasant half-crown's worth. Many writers have been laid under contribution, and all of them, I may say, are benefited by their inclusion in Mr. ELWES'S list. Every extract has its place in the general scheme as containing some thought that throws light upon its subject. Mrs. ALLEN HARKER'S "Foreword" strikes exactly the right note—though by a venial lapse she robs the late Mr. WAUGH of his true name BENJAMIN, and presents him as the Reverend ARTHUR WAUGH. I am sure the real Mr. ARTHUR WAUGH cannot feel aggrieved at this added imputation of excellence. At any rate Mrs. HARKER makes no mistake in her pretty reference to *Mr. Punch*. *Mr. Punch* loves children, and on his behalf I make bold to urge all other lovers of children and students of their ways to become possessors of *The Modern Child*.

CHARIVARIA.

WE have good news of PRESIDENT CASTRO. It was noticed that, when receiving the representative of a Continental paper, the Dictator wore carpet slippers. This is taken to mean Peace.

***

The *Neptune* is to be twenty feet longer and four feet wider than the *Dreadnought*. If the war-vessels of Great Britain and Germany go on increasing in size at this rate it is obvious that there will not be room enough for them to fight in comfort in the North Sea, and arrangements will have to be made for the use of the Atlantic.

***

A man has been arrested for firing shots in Miss MARIE CORELLI'S garden. From a statement he made he is apparently a reader of Miss CORELLI'S books. The state of his mind is to be enquired into.

***

In attempting to swallow a cigar and a clay pipe for a wager last week a collier became unconscious through the bowl of the pipe sticking in his throat. A doctor who was summoned extracted the bowl, and the collier's condition is improving, but it is thought that in future he will only swallow cigars.

***

A young correspondent points out that an undoubted drawback to a certain shiny species of sweet is that, when one has sucked it for a short time, and just as one is getting really fond of it, the thing is apt to slip down one's gullet beyond recall. To prevent this he proposes that a hole should be bored through the centre of each sweet and a piece of string passed through it. One end of the string could then be held in the hand, thus enabling one to retain effective control over the sweet.

***

Referring to the recent damage done in Cambridge before the young gentlemen went down, we believe that the end of the term at many Schools for Little Boys is celebrated by a "Breaking-up" entertainment.

***

The Editor of *The Review of Reviews* has been asking a number of celebrities and notorieties how much sleep they require. A certain popular author replies: "If I sleep well for four or five hours my powers are at their best. But I do this about one night in ten." We should never have guessed it happened so often as that. And another literary man makes the modest confession that he sends himself to sleep by telling stories to himself. This will no doubt cause a rush on the part of the public for his invaluable soporific.

***

"As the train bearing Mrs. CARRIE NATION entered the station at Glasgow," we are told, "a practical joker smashed a small bottle of whiskey on the engine." How typical of Scotch frugality that only 'a *small* bottle should have been used on this occasion.

***

The decision that in certain circumstances a railway carriage becomes a dwelling-house subject to the provisions of the Public Health Act, has, we hear, created a considerable flutter among the directors of a certain railway company whose carriages scarcely move.

***

"No child should open a book until he is seven years of age," says Dr. ALBERT WILSON. It would be humane, we think, in the case of some modern novels, to raise the age-limit to 100.

***

It is amusing to see how some youngsters give themselves airs. The Russian Duma has sent an encouraging message to the Turkish Parliament.

***

"The Newest Dresses, Gauds, and Gems," is the title of an article in *The Daily Mail*. But surely there is a certain redundancy here? So many ladies make gauds of their dresses.



"JAMES, AS I PASSED THE SERVANTS' HALL TO-DAY I SAW YOU KISS ONE OF THE MAIDS."
"YES, MY LADY—WHEN WOULD THAT HAVE BEEN, MY LADY?"
"ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK."
"OH, YES, MY LADY—THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN JANE, MY LADY."

"Mr. C——'s one recreation is hunting, and he knows of no sport or pastime more health-giving or exhilarating than pursuing pug in real earnest in the regular hunting season along the Midland pasturages with the music of the Quorn Pack at his heels."—*The British and Colonial Druggist.*

If the etiquette of pug-hunting is at all like that of fox-hunting we should greatly like to hear what the M.P.H. has to say to Mr. C.'s habit of riding in front of hounds.

Extracted from a Singapore "Price List of Newspapers":

Name of Journal.	*Classification.*
Alliance News.	Comic.
Autocar.	Scottish Humour.
Academy.	Temperance.
Church Times.	Nonconformist.
Clarion.	High Church.

THE COMING ARMAGEDDON.

[The PRIME MINISTER, having sounded from the National Liberal Club his "trumpet-call" for the campaign against the Lords (date of commencement of hostilities not yet fixed), has declared his intention of taking no cognisance of the Report of the Select Committee on the Reform of the Upper House.]

Go home and pause a little while, O Peers;
Not to indulge in festal mirth that cheers
The innocent heart and eye;
But to review your vicious past, and heave,
Like sinful soldiers on the battle's eve,
A penitential sigh.

Penance you 've done already of a sort:
Worn sackcloth (*vide* ROSEBERY's Report)
O'er vests of silken stuff;
Poured on your polls a thimbleful of ash,
And flicked your shoulders with a velvet lash
(Not on the actual buff);

But naught avails a purge so mild and bland,
Or that you volunteered to go and stand
In corners, face to wall,
Saying, "Though we have acted far from ill,
Yet at a pinch we might do better still;"
This is no use at all.

For there is one whose higher wisdom means
To smash you into little smithereens
When it shall please his whim;
Meanwhile, whatever private pains you take
To mend your naughty habits, it will make
No difference to him.

You may reform or not, let loose or curb
Your Titan passions—you will not disturb
His poised Olympian breast;
But in his own good time he 'll fix your fate,
Choosing, without consulting you, the date
That suits his book the best.

Forth from The Club his bugle-call has gone;
The charge itself will follow later on—
How soon, you mustn't know;
So to your prayers against that awful day
Whose whenabouts he can't himself foresay,
Not to a year or so.

O. S.

WHAT I WOULD LIKE FOR CHRISTMAS.

IT is often a difficult matter to know what to give one's friends in the way of presents at this season. It occurred to us that it might help our readers to solve the annual problem if we invited a number of well-known people to say what *they* personally would like to have. Here are some of the replies which have not yet come to hand:—

MR. ASQUITH.—"I should like above all things a really good model of the House of Lords with all the Unionist Peers in their places. With this and a coal-hammer I think I could spend a very happy time."

LORD LANSDOWNE.—"Christmas Bills are the best presents of all. I simply love pulling them to bits."

MR. BIRRELL [*telegram*].—"May I join ASQUITH? Will bring my own coal-hammer." (Reply paid.)

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE.—"It 's your money *I* want!"

What Society is Doing Abroad.

"Three kangaroos and two emus travelling from Australia to Athens, where they will take up their residence, stopped recently at Port Said and Alexandria for a day or two."—*The Egyptian Gazette.*

DISCURSIONS.

CASUAL CRANKS.

"IT 's a rum thing," said the pale young stockjobber, "what funny chaps you come across now and then in a train. And, what 's more, you never see 'em again—just get one talk with 'em and then they vanish away as if they 'd never been there, and leave you wondering what 's become of 'em. Some of 'em may be escaped loonies, and I daresay the keepers catch 'em after a bit, but I don't know. They look all right and they talk all right most of the time, but then something starts 'em off, and you get left.

"Now last week there was a respectable old fellow sitting where you 're sitting. He 'd got on a frock-coat which had seen some service—shiny, you know, in the cuffs and elbows—but his hat wasn't so bad, and there was a pearl pin in his black tie, and he 'd got grey whiskers and a pair of spectacles—quite a benevolent-looking old buffer. He had a whole lot of newspapers with him, and he was reading them all through in double quick time, galloping over the pages like a two-year-old. He was finished with six of 'em before I 'd been through half a page of my halfpenny rag. I guessed he must be a literary gent or some genius of that sort by the way he went on. They all dash at it like that. I 've seen 'em.

"Well, the train hadn't been going more than five minutes or so before he 'd done with his newspapers and crumpled 'em up and chucked 'em out of the window. Then he sat up very straight and beat his arms across his chest like a cabman five or six times, and at last he took his topper off his head, looked at it in a sorrowful kind of way, and before you could say 'Knife' he 'd put his old fist through the crown with a bang like a pistol. I never got such a start in my life.

"I suppose he saw I was a bit alarmed, for he smiled at me and said in a very solemn way, 'I apologise, Sir; I ought to have warned you. But you will admit that a man in my position must do something to show his quality.' I said I supposed he must, and it didn't matter so long as it was his hat and not mine. 'Ha, ha,' he laughed, 'very good, very good. Of course you know that in our line of life we do that kind of thing. The GERMAN EMPEROR, for instance: he always polishes off four hats a day, winter and summer, and the KING OF SPAIN sometimes gets as high as six. Personally I never do more than three. It 's my Tartar ancestry, I fancy.'

"I didn't quite know what to say, but I thought it best to keep joking him, so I asked him if three hats a day wasn't a shade expensive even for a man who 'd got a Tartar ancestry. 'Sir,' he said, 'you are pleased to be facetious; but a Tsar can afford to be generous.' 'A Tsar?' I said. 'Yes,' he said, 'I am the TSAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS; but I tell you this only on condition that you keep it a secret. If my poor wife heard of it she 'd never forgive me. She can't bear Russians, so you 'll easily understand why I don't want her to know. I shall have to break it to her, I suppose, when we go back to the Winter Palace, but till then, mind, it 's a dead secret.' Just then the train pulled up at Ealing and he got out. A queer old scarecrow he looked in his crumpled hat, but he gave up his ticket just like anyone else.



THE ADOPTED FATHER.

Abdul Hamid. "WELL, IF ANYONE HAD TOLD ME A YEAR AGO THAT I SHOULD COME TO THIS!"

[The new Turkish Parliament assembled on December 17.]



Visitor. "SEVENTY-EIGHT, ARE YOU? WELL, KEEP ALIVE TILL THE NEW YEAR, AND YOU'LL GET YOUR PENSION."

Mrs. O'Flanagan. "PINSION, IS IT, ME LADY? AND HWIN WILL I BE OETTING THE EIGHT YEARS *BACK-MONEY* THE ENGLISH ARE OWIN' ME, THAT'S HWAT *I* WANT TO KNOW!"

"I should have thought this was about enough, but I got another startler on Saturday, when I was going down to stay with WELSFORD for the week-end. At one of the stations a chap came rushing up the platform and tumbled himself into my carriage. He wore a brown soft hat and a brown velveteen knickerbocker suit with yellow gaiters. In fact he looked as if he 'd got gaiters all over him—you know the sort. There was a wild look in his eye, and as soon as he 'd got his breath he started talking about fifty to the dozen. I never heard such rot in my life—all about the rights of humanity and men being more valuable than pheasants, and what were we all going to do when the poor realised their power and tried to get back a bit of their own, and wouldn't it be a funny sight for us aristocrats to see our heads tumbling into the guillotine-basket, and so on. I never heard a chap in gaiters talk like that before, but he didn't seem to want me to answer him, which was lucky. He did his own answering, and took jolly good care to make himself come out all right, you bet.

"At last he seemed to run dry, and after he 'd stopped a bit he looked at me and said, 'Do you know whom you 've been talking to?' I hadn't got a word in, you know, but I didn't worry about that. I said No, I didn't know who he was. 'Ah,' he said, 'you don't know, don't you? Well, I 'm not sure if I ought to tell you. Better perhaps to leave you in ignorance. You 'll simply hate me if I tell you who I am.' I said I 'd risk it; but he wouldn't speak again for a long time, and you 'd hardly believe it, he 'd got tears trickling down his cheeks. 'It 's dreadful,' he said, 'to be hated as I am, but I can't help it. I 'm QUIRK, BASIL QUIRK.'

"I give you my sacred word of honour I 'd never heard of him before, hadn't the remotest notion who he was or what he did. Have you? Oh, a well-known M.P. and author, is he? Anyhow, I told him I really didn't mind a bit. He looked disappointed, but he pulled himself together and said I was the first person he 'd ever met in whom he hadn't inspired horror and he 'd never forget it. It would make his path in life much easier, he said. When I got out at Brinkley he shook hands with me and asked me to keep a kind thought for BASIL QUIRK.

Extract from a friendly letter in a paper with the nice quiet name of *Cage Birds*:—

"Such people in our estimation are un-educated, fanatical, spluttering rodents, gnawing at any and everything that is good and useful, and when they discover there is nothing to satisfy their avariciousness they, like hideous gorillas, laugh to think they have been able to do some fellow fancier an injury. We think that it behoves such people to gaze into the mirror of reflection and see what miserable, hideous, mean, contemptible lumps of humanity they consist of."

This just shows you how cage birds in their little nests agree.

THE FIR-TREE; REVISED VERSION.

(Too Long After Hans Andersen.)

Once upon a time there grew a fir-tree in a great Newfoundland forest.

It had a delightful life; the rain fell on it and nourished its roots; the sun shone on it and warmed its heart; now and then came a great jolly wind to wrestle with it and try its strength. The peasant children would sit at its foot and play their games and sing their little songs, and the birds roosted or sheltered in its branches. Now and then the squirrels frolicked there.

But the tree, although everything was so happy in its surroundings, was not satisfied. It longed to be something else. It longed to be, as it said, important in the world.

"Well," said the next tree to it, "you will be important; we all shall. Nothing is so important as the mast of a ship."

But the tree would not have it. "The mast of a ship!" he said. "Pooh! I hope to be something better than that."

Every year the surveyors came and marked a number of the taller trees, and then wood-cutters came and cut them down and lopped off their branches and dragged them away to the shipbuilders. The tree watched them go with disdain.

And then one day the surveyor came and made a mark on our tree.

"Ha! ha!" said a neighbour, "now you 're done for."

But the tree laughed slyly. "I know a better trick than that," he said, and he induced a squirrel to rub off the mark with his tail, so that when the wood-cutters came he was not felled after all.

"Oh," said the swallows when they came back next year, "you here still?"

"Surely," said the tree, conceitedly. "They tried to get me, but I was too clever for them."

"But don't you want to be a mast," they said, "and hold up the sails of a beautiful ship, and swim grandly all about the seas of the world, and lie in strange harbours, and hear strange voices?"

"No," said the tree, "I don't. I dislike the sea. It is monotonous. I want to assist in influencing the world. I want to be important."

"Don't be so silly," said the swallows.

And then the tree had his wish, for one day some more wood-cutters came; but, instead of picking out the tall trees, as they had been used to, they cut down hundreds just as they came to them.

"Look out," said the swallows. "You 'll be cut down now whether you want it or not."

"I want it," said the tree. "I want to begin to influence the world."

"Very well," said a wood-cutter, "you shall," and he gave the trunk a great blow with his axe, and then another and another, until down it fell.

"You won't be a mast," he added, "never fear. Nothing so useful! You 're going to make paper, my friend."

"What is paper?" asked the tree of the swallows as they darted to and fro over its branches.

"We don't know," they said, "but we 'll ask the sparrows."

The sparrows, who knew, came and told the tree. "Paper," they said, "is the white stuff that men read from. It used to be made from rags; but it 's made from trees now because it 's cheaper."

"Then will people read me?" asked the tree.

"Yes," said the sparrows.

The tree nearly fainted with rapture.

"But only for a few minutes," added the sparrows. "You 're going to be newspaper paper, not book paper."

"All the same," said the tree, "I might have something worth reading on me, mightn't I? Something beautiful or grand."

"You might," said the sparrows, "but it isn't very likely."

Then the men came to haul the tree away. Poor tree, what a time it had! It was sawed into logs, and pushed, with thousands of others, into a pulping machine, and the sap oozed out of it, and it screamed with agony; and then by a dozen different processes, all extremely painful, it was made into paper.

Oh, how it wished it was still growing on the hillside with the sun and the rain, and the children at its foot, and the birds and squirrels in its branches. "I never thought the world would be like this," it said. And the other trees in the paper all around it agreed that the world was an over-rated place.

And the tree went to sleep and dreamed it was a mast, and woke up crying.

Then it was rolled into a long roll five miles long and put down into the hold of a ship, and there it lay all forlorn and sea-sick for a week. A dreadful storm raged overhead—the same wind that had once tried its strength on the hillside—and as they heard it all the trees in the paper groaned as they thought of the life of the forest and the brave days that were gone.

The worst of it was the roll in which our tree lay was close by the foot of the mast, which came through the hold just here, and he found that they were old friends. The mast said he could think of no life so pleasant as that of a mast. "One has the sun all day," he said, "and the stars all night; one carries men and merchandise about the world; one lies in strange harbours and sees strange and entertaining sights. One is influencing the world all the time."

At these words the tree wept again. But he made an effort to be comforted. "You wouldn't suggest," he inquired timidly, "that a mast was as important, say, as a newspaper?"

The mast laughed till he shook. "Well, I like that," he said. "Why, a newspaper—a newspaper only lasts a day, and everything in it has to be corrected on the day after! A mast goes on for years. And another thing," he added, "which I forgot: sometimes the captain leans against it. The captain! Think of that."

But the tree was too miserable.

In the harbour it was taken out of the ship and flung on the wharf, and then it was carried to the warehouse below a newspaper office in London. What a difference from Newfoundland, where there was air and light. Here it was dark and stuffy, and the rolls talked to each other with tears in their voices.

And then one night the roll in which our poor tree found himself was carried to the printing-rooms and fixed in the press, and down came the heavy, messy type on it, all black and suffocating, and when the tree came to itself in the light again it was covered with words.

But, alas! the sparrows were right, for they were not beautiful words or grand words, but such words as, "Society Divorce Case," and "Double Suicide at Margate," and "Will it be fine at Christmas?" and "Bankruptcy of Peer's Cousin," and "Burglary at Potter's Bar," and "Indian Sedition."

"Oh, dear," sighed the tree as it realised what it was bearing on its surface, "how I wish I had gone to sea as I was meant to do! And he vowed that if ever he got out of this

dreadful life he would never be headstrong again. But alas!——

Then, cut and folded, it was, with others like it, carried away in the cold, grey morning to a railway-station, and put in the train and rattled off to a bookstall in the West, and a man bought it for a halfpenny and read it all through, and said there was nothing in it, and threw it under the seat, and later another man found it and read it, and blew choking tobacco over it, and then wrapped up some fish in it, and took it home to his family. All that night it lay scrunched up on the floor of a squalid house, feeling very faint from the smell of fish, and longing for Newfoundland and the sun and the rain, and the children and the birds.

And the next morning an untidy woman lit the fire with it. It was an unimportant fire, and went out directly.

"CONFESSION."

[Composed for the young lady of Munich, who recently fell down in the street, "crushed" by the weight of her hat.]

THERE 's something on my head, Father,
There 's something on my head;
It bows me down with woe, Father,
It feels like tons of lead.

It 's not a motor-car's spare tyre,
Though stretching quite as wide,
It 's not a blooming floral wreath
To deck Gargantua's bride;

It 's not the latest chimney-pot
With smoke-consuming cowl;
Nor yet Minerva's brazen casque
Surmounted by her owl;

It 's not a Dutch stork's nest, Father,
With the parent birds on top;
Nor the latest horticultural "light"
With its French intensive crop.

It 's not a straw-thatched roof, Father,
It 's heavier far than that—
It 's the newest importation,
It 's the fashionable hat!

"Lieutenant A. Trolle, of the Danish National Polar Expedition, was last night presented with the silver medal of the Royal Scottish National Anti-Suffrage League."—*The Glasgow Herald.*

This is all very well as a beginning, but the League must really think of something more startling for its next step, if it wishes to counteract successfully the influence of the Suffragettes.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE SAID TO SOMEBODY ELSE.

Confiding Youth (to the well-known novelist "Vera Vavasour," after studying the card on which is inscribed her private name, Mrs. Pulkington Smith). "DO YOU KNOW, I'M QUITE RELIEVED TO FIND YOU'RE NOT MISS VERA VAVASOUR. I HEARD SHE WAS TO BE HERE, AND I WAS SO AFRAID I MIGHT SIT NEXT TO HER AND SHE'D WANT TO TALK ABOUT HER ROTTEN NOVELS, AND I HAVEN'T READ A WORD OF 'EM."

Commercial Candour.

"DOCTOR'S FRIEND.
4 CYLINDER HUMBER CAR."
The Shields Observer.

"John Corkoran stated that he had seen a large number of skulls thrown up during an interment. He did not think that that was a proper thing. He would cry his eyes out if he saw it done to his own."—*Irish Times.*

There are reasons, which we need not go into here, why it is unlikely that Mr. CORKORAN will ever be placed in such a trying position as this.

"An excellent Piano; only wants to be seen."—Advt. in *Western Mail.*

This sounds suspicious. Why doesn't it want to be heard too?

The latest from our elementary schools:—

"A cyclone is the meaning of a poker or any straight thing when the weight is on one end, pressure on the other, and fulcrum in the middle. An isobar is an anti-cyclone which means double cyclone, a double cyclone is a pair of tongs, and there are many more."

UNGRATEFUL GUESTS.

PERSONALLY, I am all for keeping up old customs, and, ever since our marriage some eight years ago, AGATHA and I have made an annual practice of inviting our nearest relations, a few old friends, and others who might or might not come under that category, to assemble round the board of our modest flat in Fulham, and partake of our cheer on Christmas Day.

I will not pretend that these gatherings were ever pervaded by the spirit of rollicking mirth that is traditionally associated with the Festive Season. But that was no fault of *ours*. We invariably found that the sort of people we should have *liked* to get—brilliant conversationalists who could be relied upon to keep the table in a continuous ripple, if not an absolute roar, of laughter—were prevented from coming to us by some previous engagement.

Consequently we had to fall back upon those who were unlikely to be in any social demand. And I give you my word entertaining *them* was collar-work, and no mistake, from start to finish! Nothing but a strong sense of what was expected of us would have enabled me to go on with it, year after year, as I did—and really, after what occurred on the last occasion it is hardly surprising that I have decided to abandon all such hospitality for the future! Here is the list of the guests AGGIE and I received on that memorable evening: My Uncle POLKINGHORN, who in the endeavour to reconcile dyspeptic tendencies with the pleasures of the table has embittered a temper which—so at least I have been credibly informed—was originally genial, if not sunny; AGGIE'S great-aunt GRIZEL, who, as she will tell you herself, has outlived all her happiness and whose thoughts dwell chiefly on the dead past; a second cousin of mine, BEASLEY SOWERBUTTS, about as unsociable and cantankerous a beggar as you 'd come across in a day's march; Miss AUSTERBURY, who was once AGGIE'S governess, and still preserves traces of the terror she must have been in her prime; old Mr. ADDLESHAW, whom I can just remember as a chirpy and well-preserved bachelor with a never-failing flow of jest and repartee—though I can never get AGATHA to believe it; MARIANA MOTE, who is generally understood to be still brooding over a disappointment sustained in early youth; and an old schoolfellow of mine, SHRIVENHAM PAPP, who has been heavily handicapped by his increasing liability to nervous breakdown.

The above, together with the wife and self, little FREDA and FRANKIE (our two twinnies), and MAMSELL SCHLUMPFF, a young lady from Zurich who is instructing them on the mutual system in colloquial French, made up our circle of twelve at dinner last Christmas Day.

And, now I have introduced them, I should like to ask just one question: *Do* they strike you as the kind of party whose conversational resources you could trust to show no signs of exhaustion throughout a somewhat lengthy repast? If they do, all I can say is that my own previous experience of them had led me to a very different conclusion. I knew that the removal of the turkey was only too apt to plunge them into a general torpor which the pudding would rather deepen than dispel. So perhaps you may understand now how eagerly I should welcome any expedient that might serve to introduce a note of gaiety into the proceedings at this critical stage.

It seemed to me one evening in the first week of December that I had come across just the very thing for the purpose. I had left the office earlier than usual, as AGATHA had reminded me that morning to be sure to be home in time to stir our Christmas pudding, for luck. As I passed a fancy stationer's window on my way I caught sight of a card, to which was attached a variety of small silver articles, half-a-dozen in all. There were a miniature merrythought (an emblem of "good fortune"), a reduced facsimile of a threepenny-bit (signifying "riches"), a fascinating little bell (a symbol for something I have forgotten), a tiny ring, which indicated marriage within the next twelvemonth, and a Lilliputian thimble and button, implying spinster- or bachelorhood for a corresponding period.

These I found were intended for insertion in the Christmas pudding, and would obviously, when disinterred, furnish ample occasion for innocent amusement and *badinage*. They were quite a novelty, and I was told there had been an enormous sale for them. Being greatly taken with the idea, I purchased a card which, the complete set being only one-and-ninepence, I did not regard as an unjustifiable extravagance under the circumstances, though as I neared home it occurred to me that AGGIE might very possibly do so. However, as only Cook was present when I went into the kitchen to perform my part in the ceremony, I was able to stir the little symbols well into the rich mass of pudding without interference. Cook is a sensible, elderly woman of few words, and quite understood that there was no occasion to mention the matter, as I intended it to be a surprise on Christmas Day. And of course I knew that AGGIE would be the first to approve if it turned out the success I anticipated.

Well, when Christmas Day came round and we sat down to dinner I congratulated myself more than ever on my foresight, for our guests seemed in even lower spirits than on previous occasions. Most of them preferred lithia or barley-water to the champagne I had provided, and I have noticed that tongues do not become so readily loosened on non-alcoholic beverages. But I am bound to say that when Aunt GRIZEL *did* become more animated, she kept the ball rolling at my own end of the table by giving us a long description of the disgraceful manner in which some local undertaker had mismanaged her second husband's interment.

So, as she is given to resent being interrupted, it happened that the pudding had not only been brought in, but cut up and handed round before I got a chance of securing the ear of the table. And even then they appeared to think I was joking when I inquired which of them had found the merrythought—for there was no response except from little FRANKIE, who informed me that only chickens had merrythoughts, not puddings. "*This* pudding has, though, my boy!" I said. "Ask Uncle if he 's found it yet"—(for Uncle POLKINGHORN was consuming pudding with the same sombre indifference to consequences as the others). "I hope he has, I 'm sure, for it will bring him luck through the whole year!" I understood my Uncle to reply from the other end that if he had discovered any such fragment in his portion of pudding he would have taken care to mention it at once.

At this of course I explained, describing each symbol and its significance, so that they could be instantly recognised, and I saw that my words had produced an effect which surprised even myself. Those guests who had not already consumed their slices began at once to search for symbols among the fragments, and seemed really disappointed at their want of success. Uncle POLKINGHORN was keener than anybody, for he actually insisted that the remainder of the pudding should be distributed and

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.

THE ETIQUETTE OF AFTERNOON CALLS.



IF YOU ARE FEELING CHEERFUL AND TALKATIVE, DON'T BE AFRAID OF MONOPOLISING THE CONVERSATION. RETICENCE IS NOT NECESSARILY A SIGN OF GOOD BREEDING, AND A LADY SHOULD BE AT HER EASE IN ANY SOCIETY.



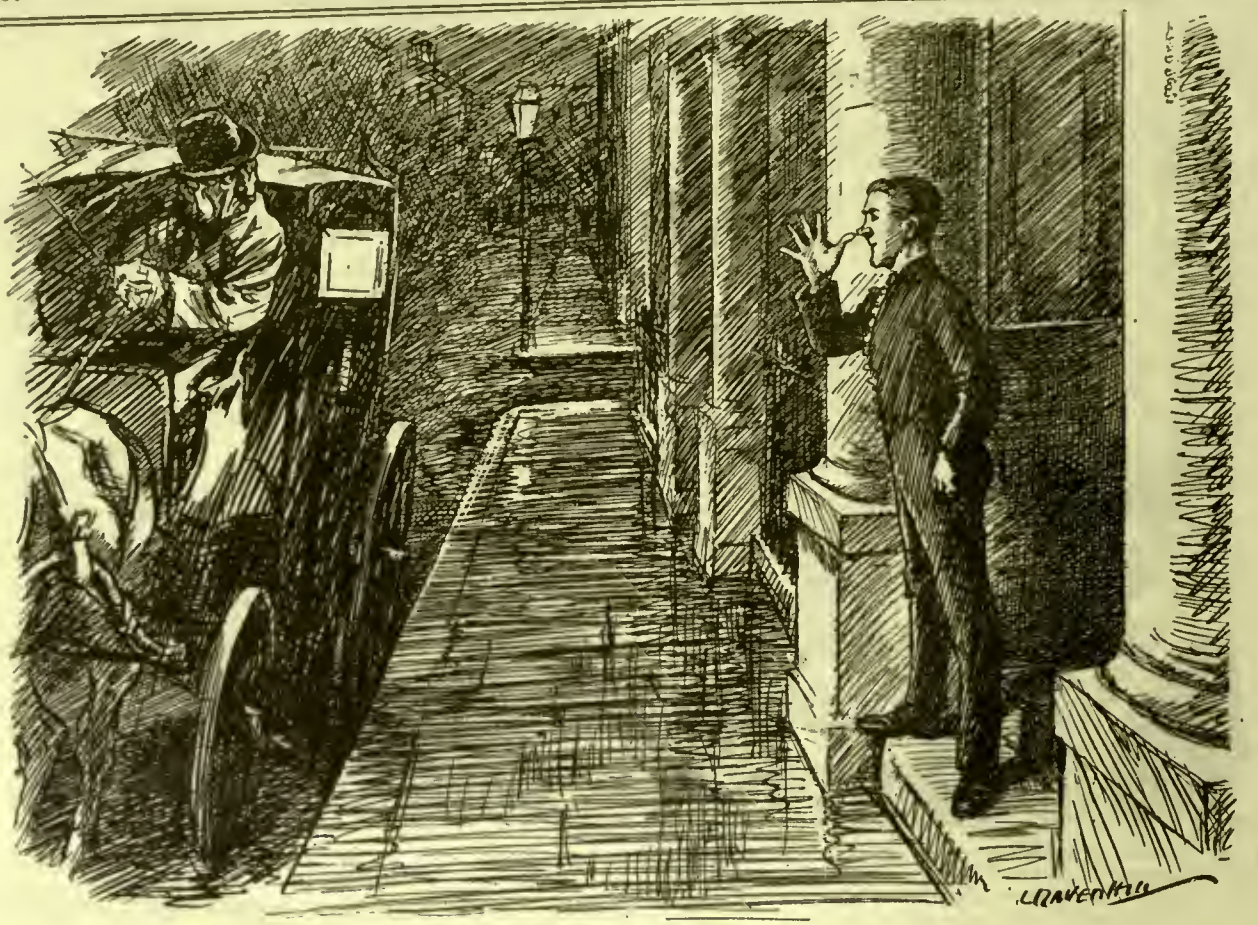
ON THE OTHER HAND, IF YOU ARE DISINCLINED FOR CONVERSATION, AND FIND NO ONE IN BUT A HOSTESS WHO BORES YOU, DON'T WASTE THE PRECIOUS HOURS OF YOUTH IN POLITE INANITIES—IMPROVE YOUR MIND.



SHOULD YOU MAKE A CALL AFTER A STRENUOUS AFTERNOON'S SHOPPING, AND ARRIVE HUNGRY, DON'T BE ASHAMED OF YOUR APPETITE—TAKE OFF YOUR COAT AND HAVE A GOOD SIT-DOWN TEA. BE NATURAL.



AND WHEN YOU HAVE EATEN ENOUGH DON'T JOIN IN A LOT OF MEANINGLESS GOSSIP WITH A NUMBER OF PEOPLE YOU DON'T CARE TWO STRAWS ABOUT; BUT IF AMONG THE CALLERS YOU FIND A *REAL FRIEND* HAVE A COMFORTABLE CONVERSATION WITH HIM.



Page. "'ERE, WHAT'S THE GOOD O' *YOU* TURNING UP? I WHISTLED ONCE"
Page. "ONCE IS FOR A TAXI, AIN'T IT?"
Page. "AN' TWICE IS FOR A 'ANSOM?"
Page. "WELL, WHEN WE WANTS *YOU*, WE'LL SEND YER A POST-CARD—SEE!"
Cabby. "WELL, I THOUGHT AS——"
Cabby. "YUS."
Cabby. "YUS."

subjected to a careful analysis, which was done accordingly. The whole party raked their second helpings with breathless suspense, I encouraging them to persevere by assurances that the tokens were bound to turn up, as I had stirred them well into the pudding with my own hand. However, not a single one of them did turn up, and I was just about to remark how odd it was, when the solution of the mystery flashed suddenly upon me. All these little silver souvenirs must have been embedded in the first helpings, in which case—well, it was only one more illustration of the disadvantages of bolting one's food! Owing to their lack of ordinary self-restraint they had missed all the opportunities for harmless fun which I had so carefully provided. The trouble and expense I had gone to were simply thrown away! Annoyed as I was, I was just debating with myself whether it would not perhaps be in better taste to say nothing more about it, when I became painfully aware that Uncle, POLKINGHORN, at all events, had realised the situation. . . . . F. A.

(To be concluded.)

"A re-shuffling of the cards appears to be necessary, but it is unthinkable that the many questions now in the melting-pot will be left to the fortuitous arbitrament of the sword."
The South African Mining Journal.

Meanwhile we can only wait to see which way the cat jumps.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

As he has taken occasion already to observe, it is no ordinary pageant at which *Mr. Punch's* friends will have the opportunity of assisting on the opening day, Saturday, January 2nd, 1909, and throughout the month, at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. Those who have not read his previous announcements on the subject will perhaps kindly read this one. *Mr. Punch* would like to add that he is just as grateful as he was last week to the many kind people who have lent him original drawings, manuscripts, letters and other precious relics of his past.

In its legal answers to correspondents *The Yorkshire Post* solves the great question as to what happens "when a man dies intestate, his widow having predeceased him." The answer is actually addressed to "Harrogate," but in case there are others interested in this obscure problem we recommend them to the columns of our contemporary.

"Buxton.—Hydro. 'Xmas Holidays. Send for prog.—Mrs. HALL."
Daily Dispatch.

Hungry guests will be glad of Mrs. HALL'S friendly warning.



KEEPING CHRISTMAS—OUT.

Butler of Modern English Home. "NOT AT 'OME. HER LADYSHIP IS AT MONTY CARLO; THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN ARE IN THE HALPS; AND SIR JOHN HAS TAKEN THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY TO THE RESTORONG."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, December 14.—If you want to make your flesh creep, YOUNG WEMYSS is the Boy for your money. Session only a few days more to run. Christmas at hand. Noble Lords anxious to wind up business, get home to their ancestral halls, burn the Yule log on immemorial grates, fill up the cup represented by the wassail bowl, and quaff it to health of the PREMIER. And here comes along YOUNG WEMYSS with a terrifying story calculated to keep the most fearless awake in their beds.

Introduced in course of speech wherein Britannia was vividly represented as "naked and unarmed." That pretty well; nothing compared with the story about the General of the so-called British Army attending foreign manœuvres. Addressing himself to distinguished officer told off as chaperon, the British General, *à propos de bottes*, asked, "Have you any plan for the invasion of England?"

Foreign officer looked him up and down with twinkle in his eye.

"Twenty," he replied.

"And which," continued the British officer, pursuing enquiry in tone and manner suggestive of being in a hosier's shop searching for a suitable necktie, "do you think is the best?"

The foreign officer (at the other side of the counter, so to speak, turning over the box of ties and holding one up), replied, "I think the best plan would be to send 300,000 men—100,000 in each army—and go for three different parts of the country, with the certainty that one of the armies would land."

"Lor' bless me!" exclaimed the British General; adding, *sotto voce*, "I must tell YOUNG WEMYSS this as soon as I get back."

After this House gratefully sailed into Port of London and took up Bill sent on from Commons.

Business done.—Port of London Bill read a second time.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—After incessant toil culminating in week of feverish anxiety, RUNCIMAN enjoying himself. Education Bill off his hands, finds himself endowed with long unaccustomed leisure. Really doesn't know what to do with his time and himself. Makes holiday after fashion of the waiter who, having a night off, went out to help a friend serve a dinner. Sits on Treasury Bench watching HERBERT GLADSTONE struggling with Eight Hours Bill, or the Infant SAMUEL skilfully piloting Children's Bill to haven of Statute Book.

Has at least the satisfaction of knowing that, though defeated, he is not discredited. On contrary found, and made most of, opportunity of developing qualities that place him, though young in years, in first rank of Ministers.

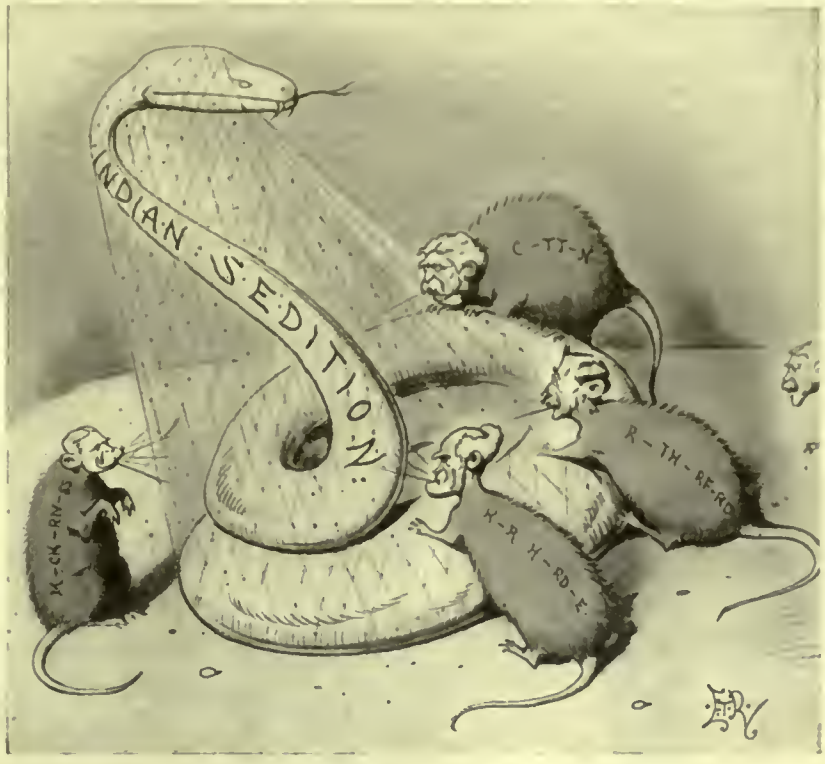
"Thank you, TOBY, dear boy," he said, when I made remark to that effect. "You are very good. I did my best and am grateful to both sides for their friendliness. Am all right now I can sleep o' nights. Couldn't manage it at first. Solomon Grundy too much for me."

"Solomon Grundy?"

"Yes. Did you never hear the story of his life? In brevity and successive stages it 's curiously akin to birth, career and death of my Education Bill.

Solomon Grundy	Worse on Friday,
Born on Monday,	Died on Saturday,
Christened on Tuesday,	Buried on Sanday.
Married on Wednesday,	That was the end of
Taken ill on Thursday,	Solomon Grundy.

You know the days when the various stages of the Bill passed, and will recognise how closely they resemble the week's history of the lamented S. G. Anyhow the jingle



IN THE SACRED CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND SELF-GOVERNMENT!

Dedicated to those dear philanthropic rodents whose hearts are wrung by every effort to put restraint upon this interesting reptile, and who nibble away daily at the meshes of the net. Thanks to Lord Morley and others they nibble in vain.



FOR A NICHE IN THE TEMPLE OF FAME.

A worthy successor to Clive, Canning, Lawrence, Outram, Havelock, and the rest.
(Viscount Morley of Blackburn.)

got into my head and I could not sleep for repeating it. Got over it now. Off for a Christmas holiday and a New Year which, between you and me, will not, I fancy, be disturbed by introduction of a fifth Education Bill."

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Children's Bill considered.

House of Lords, Wednesday.—"This place reminds me of the sea," said the Member for SARK, looking down from gallery on waste of leather benches.

Only sign of energy is displayed on Woolsack, where LORD CHANCELLOR sits wrestling with his wig as if it were a recalcitrant majority. Leader of House and Leader of Opposition face each other. Difficult to say which is the more perfect model of icy, polished equanimity. Pretty to see simultaneous expression on their countenances when, upon occasion, ROSEBERY bangs the Table.

"Why should a man smite an un-argumentative piece of furniture?" they ask each other by a turn of lifted eyebrow.

It would seem that nothing could discompose either. If once more a fire were to break forth, crumbling up the Houses of Parliament as it did seventy-four years ago, CREWE would rise, leisurely collect his papers, and walk forth with unhastening steps, LANSDOWNE with equal frigidity of manner keeping pace.

"Yes, like the sea," SARK repeated. "Only the other day it stormily wrecked the Licensing Bill, running risk of precipitating inevitable conflict with the Commons. To-day it is calm as a mill-pond; looks as if it wouldn't wreck a cockle-shell, rigged with fairy masts and spars. Certainly no one regarding it this evening would think it was doomed to early destruction, sentence of death having been passed upon it so recently as Friday."

Business done.—Second reading of Eight Hours Bill passed by 121 votes to 44.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Man and boy, have been familiar with House of Commons for thirty-eight years. Never known it free from presence of little clique of that peculiar kind of Briton who is predisposed to think evil things of his countrymen engaged upon delicate, difficult, often personally dangerous missions in foreign parts. Sometimes the scene is laid in Jamaica; sometimes in Trinidad. For many years before the Boer War it was South Africa. Most frequently it is India.

DINIZULU being played out for a time, the attention of the latest inheritors of this peculiar kind of patriotism concentrate their attention upon India. To-day, as yesterday, the UNDER SECRETARY undergoes fusillade of questions designed to show that, lo! the poor Indian is being trampled on by Agents of the Government; that elementary forms of justice are outraged; that innocent natives are seized in their houses or offices and haled to prison at the bidding of unscrupulous magistrates fortified by Coercion Acts passed at the instance of a tyrannical Secretary of State.

These things don't matter in the House of Commons. We know our COTTON, our MACKARNESS, our RUTHERFORD, our KEIR HARDIE and our one and only SWIFT MACNEILL. In far-off India, amid millions of natives whose sole source of information is a Press bent upon mischief, the case is different. To them these Solons are M.P.'s, as are Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. BALFOUR; they are the champions of a down-trodden race, unafraid in a hostile Assembly to lift up their voices in vindication of the oppressed.

It is consciousness of this fact that makes the House display flashes of angered impatience when these really amiable, well-intentioned, singularly mild-mannered gentlemen tumble over each other in their hurry to question the UNDER SECRETARY, while SWIFT MACNEILL bounds on the bench like a parched pea on a hot hob, and DON'T KEIR HARDIE hints at possession of intimate knowledge of Indian affairs which, gained in a few weeks' visit, exceeds that of the VICEROY and his Council.

Business done.—Viscount MORLEY describes in Lords proposed scheme of reform of Indian Government.

Monday, December 21.—Prorogation.



A SYMPATHETIC SUGGESTION TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Anyone who has watched the heartrending and incessant struggles of Lord Loreburn to arrive at anything like comfort inside the official wig will realise what a boon it would be to the noble sufferer if the wretched thing could be *suspended from the roof* instead of worn. The difference in effect from the spectator's point of view would be almost negligible.

Great Expectations.

Mr. ARTHUR RICHARDSON, M.P., has been advising young lads not to smoke till they are twenty-five years of age. He remarked that he had a son to whom he had given this advice. "When you reach that age," he told his son, "you can bring in your pipe and sit down at the fireside and have a smoke with your mother and me." But what about the wife of Mr. RICHARDSON, jun.?

A contemporary has offered a purse of £2,500 for a match between HACKENSCHMIDT and GOTCH. The latter is allowed to choose whether it shall be split up into

"(1) £1,000 to each, and £500 to the winner; or (2) 60 per cent. to the winner, and 40 per cent. to the loser."

If we may be allowed to make the suggestion we should say that "three-fifths for the winner and two-fifths for the loser" would be a much more equitable arrangement.



THE TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. I.

Thomas (sol.). "MASTER SAYS TO ME, 'SEE YOU TAKE CARE OF MISS MAUD ON THAT NEW PONY, THOMAS;' BUT WOT I WANT TO KNOW IS, 'OO'S TO LOOK AFTER THOMAS ON THE OLD BROUGHAM 'OSS?"

SERIALS FOR ALL.

FICTION becoming so rapidly the only form of literary nourishment that many persons sit up to take, the editors of London have realised that they must either have feuilletons or be lost. Arrangements have therefore been made by a number of what might be called unlikely papers to provide suitable novels for their readers. A few specimen chapters and synopses from these have been sent to *Mr. Punch* by way of advertisement (although he carefully omits, in the new manner, any reference to that circumstance), and he has pleasure in beginning with an extract from the serial to be expected in *The Spectator*:—

THE DOOM OF THE STOMACH-TAXERS,

A FREE FOOD ROMANCE

BY

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON AND HAROLD COX.

Principal Characters:

Sir HUGO DUMPER, M.P. Free Trade Unionist and owner of a private menagerie of highly-cultured animals.

VILLIERS COBDEN DUMPER, his son.

BASTIA DUMPER, his daughter.

BEETHOVEN, a Persian Cat.

Lord HENRY CHAPPERLIN, third son of the Duke of DOLES, and President of the Tariff Reform League.

LEONE MAXIXE, a Polish desperado and President of the Confederates.

JOHN FLAMES, M.P., an anti-Socialist Radical.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Sir HUGO DUMPER, a high-minded and prosperous Free Trade Unionist and lover of animals, has recently succeeded to a magnificent estate in the neighbourhood of Slagville, the borough for which Lord HENRY CHAPPERLIN is the Tariff Reform candidate. Lord HENRY is in love with BASTIA DUMPER, who, however, declines to encourage his addresses unless and until (1) he abandons the heresy of Protection; (2) admits the identity of Preference and Socialism; (3) joins a rifle club; (4) declares against woman suffrage; (5) promises to communicate to *The Spectator* all instances of the sagacity of her favourite Persian cat, Beethoven (so called from his indulgence in moonlight sonatas).

At this juncture Sir HUGH DUMPER gives a great garden-party to all the Free Fooders in the country, and at the height of the festivity BASTIA discovers the presence of a number of the Confederates, a dangerous Secret Society organised for the assassination of the members of the Cobden Club.

CHAPTER V.

Scarcely had BASTIA recovered from the shock of this appalling discovery when Lord HENRY, emerging from the laurel bush with his accustomed grace, exclaimed, "My dear Miss BASTIA, this is indeed a fair cop."

A happy thought occurred to the dauntless girl. "Wouldn't you like to see father's trained zebras?" she asked with a winning smile.

"Delighted, I am sure," replied the susceptible nobleman who suf-

fered himself to be led to the paddock in which the zebras were incarcerated.

Entertaining him with witty anecdotes of the extraordinary sagacity of these intelligent quadrupeds—one of which had learned to go down on its knees at the mention of the name of BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH—BASTIA engaged her formidable antagonist, while her brother, single-handed, set to work to unmask the Confederates who, disguised as Free Trade tin-plate manufacturers, were already marking down their prey. Foremost in this nefarious task was LEONE MAXIXE, notorious even at the London School of Economics for his sinister appearance and atrocious opinions. With blazing eyes, a raven moustache and a stentorian baritone voice, LEONE had long been the *bête noire* of the DUMPER household, and the knowledge that he had penetrated into the midst of their happy home filled BASTIA with ineffable dread. But the stars in their courses as well as the stripes of the zebras were fighting on her side. Scarcely had they entered the paddock when the most dangerous of these animals, overhearing Lord HENRY inadvertently refer to Mr. BONAR LAW, broke loose from its tether and, charging down on the infatuated aristocrat, hurled him senseless against the Gothic iron railings which had been imported from Belgium at great expense. BASTIA was torn in two between the generous instincts of humanity and devotion to the great cause. But in this supreme moment her noble nature triumphed, and, beating off the infuriated zebra with a costly dog-whip made in Bavaria, she hastened to render first-aid to the prostrate nobleman.

(To be continued.)

The Western Mail, in eulogising the furs at a certain Cardiff emporium, says: "A really interesting study in natural history is afforded by the tigers, leopards, zebra, and monkeys, not to mention the smaller animals, *such as the minx.*" We put these words into italics because they prove that there is something, after all, in the well-known advertisement of the fur trade: "Ladies' own skins made up."

Commercial Candour.

Advertisement of a cider merchant, under the heading

"TRIBUTES TO THE CIDER CURE."

"A customer from Bucks writes:—'Since I have been taking your Cider I have never been so free from rheumatism.'"

FOOTBALL, LIMITED.

THE recent decree of the Football Association forbidding the London Caledonians F.C. any longer to share a ground with that outcast club, The Casuals, has again roused interest in the autocratic body which from its palace at High Holborn plays so important a part in European affairs. *Mr. Punch* has lately managed to penetrate the royal residence and obtain an interview with Marquis WALL, the Foreign Secretary; and he has much pleasure in giving to the public some details of the palatial building and the great personages who rule there.



A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

The chief power appears to rest in the hands of four persons. Emperor CLEGG is at the head of affairs, with Marquis WALL as his right-hand man. In addition to them, Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY and Archbishop PICKFORD are always resident in the palace, and no important step is taken without their advice and approbation. The genial Marquis was good enough to give us some notes upon the personalities of his colleagues; and we have taken the liberty of supplementing them with a word of appreciation of the Marquis himself, specially written for us by the Archbishop.

CLEGG, EMPEROR: In his day one of the best inside-rights in the country. Though he has lost much of his pace, is even now a deadly shot and a consummate tactician. He remains as modest as ever, in spite of the exalted position to which he has attained, and the members of his Ministry are still allowed to refer to him as Comrade CLEGG. The royal prerogative of pardon rests in him, and on more than one occasion he has exercised his clemency. Details of his famous plan for defeating the Russians by suspending KUROPATKIN can be found in the archives of the royal palace at Tokio.

PICKFORD, ARCHBISHOP: Is considered by some to be even now the best goal-keeper in the United Kingdom. Affiliated clubs which want to tour on the Continent, play a match for a local charity, or present their secretary with a cigarette-case have to get a special licence from his Grace. Erring members who had rashly joined the A.F.A. are welcomed by the Archbishop on their return to the fold, and spend ten minutes alone with him in the Palace Library.

BENTLEY, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Probably the finest centre-half who has ever played for England. Being now Lord Chief Justice, it is he who grants to clubs the necessary affiliation orders. Some of his lordship's decisions are historic—notably that in which he decreed that a member of the Football Association might turn the ends of his trousers up without permission, but must not share a flat with a member of the Amateur Football Association.

WALL, Marquis, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS: The best all-round player the world has ever seen. Equally good in any position. Has been a great success as Foreign Secretary. Individual members of the F.A. who wish to spend the summer in Switzerland can always obtain a passport from his lordship.

So much for the men themselves. Now a word as to the building from which so many royal decrees and proclamations have been issued.

104, High Holborn, regarded from outside, seems an unpretentious structure—the last place in the world one would have imagined as a royal residence. But, once inside, all one's doubts vanish, as the famous marble hall and picture gallery are spread before one's gaze. This least known yet most precious of art collections has never been thrown open to the public, and I need make no apology, therefore, for noting a few of the principal treasures. Directly



Great Lady. "SO SORRY! I'M AFRAID MY FEATHERS WERE TICKLING YOU DURING THE LECTURE."
Very much lesser Lady. "OH! *DEAR* LADY HIGHBRIDGE-KNOWSLEY, WHO WOULD MIND BEING TICKLED BY *YOU*?"

opposite us, as we come in, is RODIN'S masterpiece — a life-size statue of the Emperor in his youthful and International days—*Comrade Clegg appealing for a foul.* It is flanked on either side by two superb paintings; the one by SIGISMUND GOETZE, representing the historic meeting between Marquis WALL and Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY; the other a portrait by SARGENT, entitled *Archbishop Pickford with his Favourite Shin-guard.* Turning round as we enter the building we see over the door itself an immense and realistic picture, whose existence (so little suspected by the public) has for some time past been no secret to every connoisseur and art dealer in Europe. This is *The Pursuit;* and the running figure in the foreground, with starting eyeballs and dripping brow, is Lord Chief Justice BENTLEY, who has just given a penalty against the home team. . . .

It is time, however, that we recorded what was, after all, the chief object of our visit, our interview with Marquis WALL. We found the Foreign Secretary in his private suite on the first floor, and to our extreme gratification the Emperor also was pleased to be present. After a few words of greeting, his Majesty graciously begged us to be seated and commanded Marquis WALL to give us such information as we desired.

"I have come, your lordship," began *Mr. Punch*, "to hear from your lips the latest details of the Balkan Crisis."

"Well," said the Foreign Secretary, "the situation is at present an extremely delicate one. Austria, Turkey, Servia and Bulgaria became affiliated to us some years ago, of course; and though we had to suspend Austria once for six months still none of these countries has ever questioned our authority, and they have always unhesitatingly taken their orders from headquarters. About two years back Bosnia expressed a wish to be affiliated, and this was carried out by the Lord Chief Justice. Six months ago we discovered that Bosnia was actually sharing a boundary line with Herzegovina, whom we had had to suspend indefinitely in 1905. I at once wrote to point this out to them, and—well, that is how matters stand at present."

"We *must* have implicit obedience," added the Emperor in a cold voice.

"Quite so, your Honour—I mean your Majesty," said *Mr. Punch* nervously.

"If Bosnia persists in its defiant attitude, the consequences will be very serious."

"W-what would your Cleggship—that is to say, your Grace—I mean, quite so, Emperor, your Majesty, er—how did you find out so soon that they shared a boundary line?"

"It was due to Archbishop PICKFORD'S genius," said the Marquis. "As the result of tireless enquiries, lasting over two years, the discovery was made."

"You will kindly make public to the nation the present state of affairs," commanded the Emperor. And then abruptly he added, "The audience is closed."

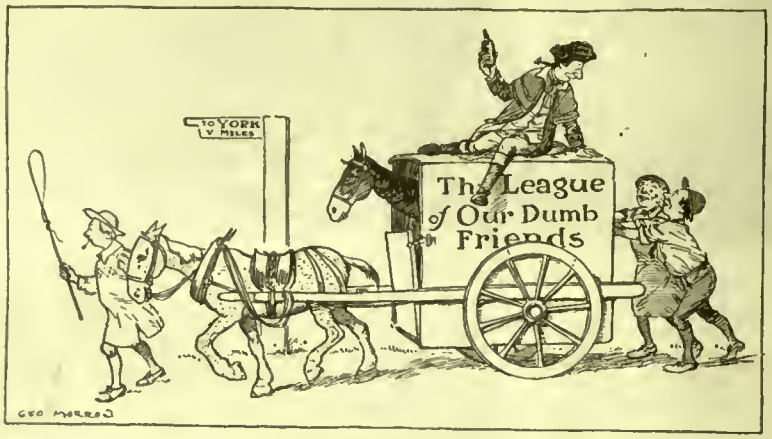
We immediately bowed and withdrew backwards, and were then conducted down again to the hall. Inadvertently raising our hat to the wonderful RODIN statue, we left the Palace, and found ourselves once more among the common people.

A. A. M.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HAD I been *Shuri*, the gipsy heroine of *Episodes in the Lives of a Shropshire Lass and Lad* (SMITH, ELDER) I think I should scarcely have taken it so to heart when the hero jilted me for town-bred *Jocosa*, because I should have felt perfectly confident that so kindly and sympathetic a writer as Lady CATHERINE MILNES-GASKELL would manage to bring everything out all right in the end. As it happens, however, I should have been wrong, for though there are wedding-bells on the last page they are not those which the susceptible reader has been led to expect. This small matter apart, however, I have nothing but gratitude for a book of singular charm, and in any case it is a romance in which the actual tale is of less importance than the setting. It is not the first time that the author has turned her knowledge and love of bygone Shropshire to delightful account, but she has done nothing better than this. It is instinct with the atmosphere of old-time country life; full of that quality of fat and comfortable beauty peculiar to rural England for which the Scotch STEVENSON has coined the word "skeltery." There is plenty of skeltery in Lady CATHERINE'S landscape—bosky glades, lush meadows, and sparkling brooks; merry-makings, too, with nut-brown ale, and fiddling on the green of summer evenings. Her word-pictures have the colouring of a Morland. For my own part, indeed, the lure of them was such that I turned straight from *Lass and Lad* to *Bradshaw*, and there, on page 98, I have found a train from which, one day next Spring, I shall alight to explore for myself all the delectable places that are here described. Much Wenlock, Longville, Rushbury—what a walk that should be! And if it rains, as it probably will, some modern representative of *Mistress Trevor* shall stay me against chills with a draught of "peppermint and rosemary," which, whatever Lady CATHERINE may say, is, I am sure, as delicious as its name.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—V.

DICK TURPIN.

The *Life of Colonel Fred Burnaby* (EVERETT) is a compilation made with painstaking industry. It is not wholly Mr. WRIGHT'S fault if it fails to realise the personality with which it deals. FRED BURNABY, with the courage of a lion and the gentle manner of a woman, was rather the theme of a poet than of a prose writer, more especially one whose style is exceedingly prosaic. A man of action, seeking adventure wherever, and in whatever form, it presented itself, he does not seem to have left behind him material for a biography. Certainly Mr. WRIGHT has not discovered it. Superb in battle, dauntless in travel by untrodden ways, BURNABY was at his worst when he meddled in politics, of which he knew nothing. To the episode of his attack on the then Radical stronghold of Birmingham Mr. WRIGHT devotes exceptional space, reproducing a number of banal illustrations from a local newspaper. BURNABY was his own biographer, telling in familiar books the principal story of his life. The two best chapters in the volume are, oddly enough, contributed by outsiders. One by Sir FRANK BURNAND vividly pictures BURNABY in his social aspect, at a dinner given by him at the Junior Carlton Club. The other is a simply-told, thrilling account of his death at Abou Klea, written by Lord BINNING, who fought by his side.

"My name is Rudolph Schnaubelt. I threw the bomb which killed eight policemen and wounded sixty in Chicago in 1886." That is how Mr. HARRIS begins his vivid story *The Bomb* (LONG); and when I had finished it I turned back to the first page in order to make sure that the beginning was not "My name is FRANK HARRIS. I threw," etc. Anyhow it might well be that the "honest reporter and eye-witness" of the closing scenes, quoted on page 299, was the present author. Mr. HARRIS is a great advocate. He carries you away in a rush of words; and, assisted by the fact that the scene is America, convinces you (for a time at any rate) that Anarchy is right and the Law wrong. In dedicating the book to a Serenity the author calls it a novel of revolt and passion. It is really a novel of revolt with the passion dragged in; but it is a fine and a moving story, which (I keep telling myself) is none the worse for its dedication, and the persistent advertisement of it in the body of Mr. HARRIS'S own paper.

We have no chance of being bored by *The House of Arden* (FISHER UNWIN), for its author, Mrs. NESBIT, whisks us down the ages with the rapidity of a cinematograph. She is assisted in her flight by magic, a witch and *The Mouldiwarp;* and I heartily recommend the book to young children and old children, including all grown-ups who remember what childhood was like, or having forgotten want to be reminded. Attractive as the heroine and hero are, *The Mouldiwarp* is the character for me, and I prophesy a very long life for this delightful creature. Even when called "Mouldie" by the hero, *The Mouldiwarp* retained its dignity. If I have a complaint to make it is that the chapters are rather too long, for I cannot imagine the child who, having begun one of them, will not want to finish it; and, after all, there is such a thing as bedtime. And when the chapter is finished there are Mr. MILLAR'S illustrations to be looked at "just for a minute." I cannot pay a higher tribute to the combined skill of author and illustrator than by saying that parents who do not wish their children to read in bed had better sleep with *The House of Arden* under their own pillows.

CHARIVARIA.

ONE of the features of the recent exhibition held at Entebbe, British East Africa, was, we are told, a Marathon race for natives. The winner was Kapere, of the Kingdom of Uganda. Very few persons over here, we believe, had spotted him as a likely man.

***

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST has been summing up the characters of the Cabinet Ministers, and describes Mr. HALDANE as the "most flippant" of them. Now that one comes to think of it, the War Minister's figure does rather suggest *Ariel*.

***

Sir JOHN HARE, *The Daily Chronicle* tells us, makes a point of reading every manuscript that is submitted to him. This confirms the rumour that Sir JOHN is thinking of retiring.

***

An ingenious doctor has discovered a use for the appendix, and those persons who have carelessly disposed of theirs are feeling rather sad.

***

A medical gentleman, writing in *Comœdia*, explains that the physical massiveness of the majority of famous singers comes mainly from abnormal development of the lungs. We must confess that we had been under the impression that it was due to a laudable effort to make Grand Opera amusing.

***

A capital use has been devised for the tiny toy dogs which are now so much the vogue. Ladies are wearing them inside their muffs, and when a footpad tries to extract a purse from the muff which has been laid aside for a moment, he gets a hearty bite.

***

A certain firm of estate agents announces that it is going to be more particular in its descriptions of the properties offered to the public. For instance, the phrase AND ALL THAT MESSUAGE will have its last four letters cut off.

***

Arrangements have been made by the Rev. A. C. DIXON, the Pastor of the late Mr. MOODY'S Church, Chicago, for the appearance there every Sunday of *raconteurs*, who will tell funny stories, Mr. DIXON holding the view that all spiritual persons laugh heartily. It is rumoured that a famous Scotch artiste will make his *début* in the pulpit under the sobriquet of "Harry Laudamus."

***

The Tobacco Weekly Journal informs us that, owing to the fact that the available supply of cedar wood is becoming scarce, all cigar boxes, except those used for the most expensive brands, will be made of paper before long. The contents, in some cases, will be of the same material.

***

Overheard at a Picture Show:—*He:* "That 's a pretty little Pastoral?" *She:* "Oh, is that a Pastoral? Do you know, I thought it was an oil-painting!"

"CONTRACTORS, Ltd.," a company formed to send an expedition to salve the sunken treasure in Lake Guatavita, near Bogota, Colombia, S. America, has, according to *The Financial Times*, received the following report from Mr. COOPER, the manager of the expedition:—

"You will be pleased to hear that neither week of the past fortnight has been blank, although the value itself is small. We have eight small pieces of gold and one gold bead, an earthenware olla (perfect) and a bird (earthenware) minus only the tail."

This must be highly satisfactory to the shareholders, and it seems quite possible, with a continuance of good luck, that the next letter may report that the tail also has been found.

"On this new ground it is proposed to lay down turf tennis courts, which are expected to be tar, macadam or asphalt."—*Montrose Standard*. What fun if they should turn out to be grass after all!



MALADIE DE SAISON.

"HOUSEMAID'S KNEE," "TENNIS-ELBOW," "WRITER'S CRAMP," &C., ARE COMMON COMPLAINTS. "MISTLETOE-MOUTH" IS THE LATEST.

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANT.

[On view January 2nd, 1909, and till the end of the month, at The Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square.]

GENTLES that come from far and near
To peep at *Mr. Punch's* Show,
And trace the route of his career
From long and very long ago;
Warm-hearted under wintry skies,
He welcomes you on one condition—
That you regard with friendly eyes
His frank, but modest, Exhibition.

From many a storehouse, see, he lays
His treasures out, the new and old;
Of types and modes, each passing phase,
Here you shall have the tale retold;
View his "Mahogany-Tree" (of deal),
His "Table Round" (the thing's elliptic),
And notice, hacked with homely steel,
His Knights' initials, plain or cryptic.

Yet you will kindly not deduce,
From hallowed relics here displayed,
The impious doubt that age and use
Can dim his eye or dull his blade:
While Folly masks and Fashion veers
He means to do his best endeavour
To make you own the mellowing years
Have left him just as young as ever. O. S.

HEADLINES AND HISTORY.

THE following monograph has been sent in by JONES Minor of the Lower Remove, in answer to a question asked in his General Paper: "What do you know of the Hastings Marathon?"

(JONES is a good boy, an ardent lover of Greek and English history, and a constant reader of *The Daily Mail*.)

"The Hastings Marathon (which must be distinguished from the Marathon Hastings) happened when WILLIAM THE PERSIAN CONQUEROR wished to invade England and claim the throne for himself. The King of England at the time was HAROLD. He was a very brave man. His other name was LONGBOAT. When HAROLD heard that the Great Armada was coming he was not afraid. He was playing bowls with MILTIADES, the Earl of Northumbria, and he said, "Shall we finish the rubber?" And MILTIADES, who was called the Last of the Barons, said, "Certainly." After that they hung a white shield on the walls of London, and called out the hoplites and crossbowmen, and all ran as fast as they could in full armour to the sea. And they arrived in this order—

1. PHEIDIPPIDES.
2. DORANDO.
3. HEREWARD THE WAKE.

But when HEREWARD saw that he was beaten he stood up and cried aloud, "I have only done my duty, as England expects every man to do," and then plunged headlong in the tide, and was washed up drowned at the feet of Hero. But DORANDO protested that PHEIDIPPIDES had been helped in the last lap by the god Pan, who gave him a bowl of Samian wine. So DORANDO got the prize, which may be seen at Battle Abbey to this day. Then WILLIAM THE PERSIAN tried to sail round into the Thames and take London by surprise. But when he heard that *The Daily Mail* had sent men to interview him he preferred to lose his ship in the Wash. So HAROLD won and England was saved."

UNGRATEFUL GUESTS.

II.

"Do you see what you have done by this idiotic tomfoolery, Sir?" said Uncle POLKINGHORN, addressing me with a quite uncalled-for asperity. "There can no longer be a doubt that several sitting round this table have been tricked into swallowing one, if not more, of these infernal tin trinkets of yours!"

I was deeply hurt by this, for, as I assured him, every article was not only solid silver, but actually hall-marked! But this did not mollify him in the least. He proceeded to enlarge on the consequences of a symbol's finding its way into anyone's appendix with an unreserve which I consider out of place at a dinner-table, while it was evidently making most of his hearers extremely uncomfortable. I tried to divert the conversation to some happier channel, but he would not accept my lead. He declared that he could feel the dashed merrythought sticking in the back of his throat at that very moment, and more than suspected that the threepenny-piece had already reached an even less accessible part of his interior. Others might please themselves, but he'd be hanged if he, for one, was going to sit there enduring tortures both of body and mind any longer! And, rising from the table, he announced his intention of driving at once to the nearest hospital, and having whatever metal objects he had within him located by the X-rays.

Following him out into the hall, I endeavoured to persuade him to wait at least till the end of the evening rather than cast a gloom over the whole party by so abrupt a departure. He might be mistaken about his symptoms, I urged, and at the worst I had every hope that if he would only permit SOWERBUTTS and myself to hold him upside down for a minute or so we should succeed in shaking the merrythought, and probably the threepenny-bit, out of him. I mentioned instances within my personal knowledge of even half-pennies having been recovered by this simple process.

But at this his fury became so ungovernable that he bounced into the lift without noticing my proffered hand; so I returned to the dining-room, fully expecting that our other guests would have sufficient good breeding to ignore what had passed. I was disappointed to find them apparently indisposed for conversation on general topics. Most of them, from their expressions, seemed too absorbed in silent speculations as to which of the company was now the unconscious receptacle of the ring or the thimble, and what not, to be amused by the antics of our little FREDA and FRANKIE, who, being both convinced that they had borne off the bell, were jumping delightedly about, declaring, with a child's vivid powers of imagination, that they could hear it tinkling inside them. Only old ADDLESHAW (whose deafness had prevented any clear comprehension of what he had been looking for in his pudding), and Mamsell SCHLUMPFF (who, in her unfamiliarity with our language and customs, was under an impression that Uncle POLKINGHORN had gone out to dress up as Santa Claus) remained unperturbed.

I could see from AGGIE'S face that, for once, even *her* social tact was unequal to the occasion, and that the party could only be saved from utter failure by my own *savoir faire*. I did all I could. I said we must not allow trifles of this sort to interfere with our enjoyment; Christmas, after all, only came once a year, so why not be as jolly as we could? And I invited Aunt GRIZEL to pull the first cracker with me. To my amaze-



CUTTING BOTH WAYS.

The Old Year. "PARDON ME, BUT DO YOU REFER TO MR. WILBUR WRIGHT OR TO THE LIBERAL PARTY?"

ment she burst into tears; and Aggie, unable any longer to repress her anxiety about the twinnies, hurried them off to the nursery howling dismally, poor little chicks, at the prospect of concluding their merry Christmas with a dose of mustard and warm water!

I would rather not dwell on the scene that followed. Aunt Grizel said that, though she had long been prepared to obey the summons when it came, the *last* thing she had expected was that it would be served in the pudding at her great-niece's husband's table! Shrivenham Papp bitterly regretted that, solely to avoid disappointing *me*, he had put off going in for his rest cure till Boxing Day, and asked what sort of rest I supposed he would enjoy *now*, with a confounded silver button pervading his system? Miss Mote said that she would have been grateful to me for relieving her of the burden of living, if only I had selected some less invidious means than a thimble of ending her existence. She *did* think that a *little* hard! Miss Austerbury reminded me that she was there that evening in a semi-professional capacity, my wife having asked her to come early in order to give her opinion of the children's French accent, and she warned me that, should she experience any ill-effects from the ring, which she now distinctly remembered noticing when too late, she should certainly take advantage of the Workmen's Compensation Act. She advised Mamsell, who had by this time gathered that the pudding had been somehow rendered unfit for human food, to follow her example.

I told them they were jumping too hastily at conclusions. It was not possible that they could *each* have swallowed a souvenir, because there were not nearly enough to go round. For all *they* knew and all *I* knew I might contain the entire collection myself. On which that brute Beasley Sowerbutts remarked that that was highly improbable, especially as he had observed I had been careful to eat as little of the pudding as possible. Which was unworthy even of *him*, for I had scarcely had a chance of getting a mouthful! However, on this they all pitched into me together. Did I imagine they came to me year after year for any pleasure it gave *them*? They had come out of sheer kindness, to avoid hurting our feelings by a refusal, and *this* was how they were repaid for their self-sacrifice! After dealing them what I must have known would be so many death-warrants, I had tried to turn it off with callous flippancy! And more to the same effect.

Well, I was so disgusted by their ingratitude that it was as much as I could do to remember that I was their host, and even as it was I told them a few home-truths. I might have said more, only, perhaps fortunately, I was interrupted by the entrance of our parlour-maid Louisa, who brought in all the six symbols, carefully cleaned and neatly set out on a silver salver, with a message from Cook to the effect that her conscience had compelled her to remove them before boiling the pudding. I learnt afterwards that, on the evening I had stirred it, she had sat up till quite late extracting them one by one with a pair of pincers. But just then I was in no humour to resent what I still consider a piece of officious interference on her part.

"Now," I said with dignified forbearance to my guests, who were looking uncommonly foolish, "*now* perhaps you will see how unnecessarily you have all been alarming yourselves!" And, as Aggie joined us just then with the kiddies, who were rejoicing at having been let off their mustard and water after all, I really thought we should settle down and enjoy ourselves at last. But however it was—whether remarks had been exchanged which could not be forgotten in a moment, or whether they suspected me of having played an elaborate practical joke upon them—the fact remains that there was a sort of constraint. I tried to get up a game of forfeits in the drawing-room, but it fell through somehow. The party broke up at a comparatively early hour, and Aggie and I both felt it had gone off with considerably less than the usual *éclat*.

Whether Uncle Polkinghorn spent a pleasanter Christmas evening under the X-rays I don't know. I sent him the complete set of symbols next day, with explanations and our love, but he never returned the slightest acknowledgment. And, as I began by intimating, we are sending out *no* invitations this year. We shall follow a practice now, I understand, prevalent in smart Society, and dine quietly *en famille* at the nearest Italian restaurant.

F. A.

THE OLD GREY MARE.

There 's a line of rails on an upland green
With a good take-off and a landing sound,
Six fences grim as were ever seen,
And it 's there I would be with fox and hound.
Oh, that was a country free and fair
For the raking stride of my old grey mare!

With her raking stride, and her head borne high,
And her ears a-prick, and her heart a-flame,
And the steady look of her deep blue eye,
I warrant the grey mare knew the game:
It was "Up to it, lass," and before I knew
We were up and over, and on we flew.

The rooks from the grass got up, and so,
With a caw and flap, away they went;
When the grey mare made up her mind to go
At the tail of the hounds on a breast-high scent,
The best of the startled rooks might fail
To match her flight over post and rail.

While some of the thrusters grew unnerved,
And looked and longed for an open gate,
And one crashed down and another swerved,
She went for it always true and straight:
She pounded the lot, for she made it good
With never a touch of splintered wood.

Full many a year has come and gone
Since last she gathered her spring for me,
And lifted me up, and so flew on
Unchecked in a country fair and free.
I 've ridden a score since then, but ne'er
Crossed one that could live with the old grey mare.

HOME HINTS.

By "Ermyntrude."

To bleach linen thoroughly (in reply to "Housewife"), take half a pint of strong sulphuric acid (H_2SO_4), add a bucketful of cold water and boil gently for fifteen minutes over a slow fire—about four miles an hour will do—stirring in six ounces of pure lampblack till no lumps are visible. Soak the linen in this as desired. Any material bleached by this process can be regarded as of good quality. Do not let the hands remain in the solution too long or a slight discoloration of the finger-nails may result; also, in dealing with sulphuric acid remember the rhyme of our schooldays:—

"Little Johnnie's dead and gone,
We 'll never see him more,
For what he took for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4."



THE TRIALS OF THOMAS.—No. 2.

Thomas (with difficulty getting within hailing distance). "MISS MAUD! MISS MAUD! WE MUST BE GOIN' 'OME NOW, IT 'S TWO O'CLOCK, AND MISTRESS SAID YOU WASN'T TO 'AVE A LONG DAY."

Miss Maud. "YOU CAN GO HOME. I MEAN TO SEE THE END OF THE HUNT—IT 'LL BE WORTH THE BIGGEST BOWING IN THE WORLD."

Don't eat a hearty meal when bathing; you cannot give undivided attention to it.

Don't eat soup with your knife. If you are in a hurry it is much quicker to drink it from the edge of the plate.

In answer to "Gussie," who queries the correctness of the statement she read yesterday, "Jam will not burn if the bottom of the pan is smeared with a little olive oil," we must confess that even without this precaution we have not found it a great success as an illuminant.

To preserve plums whole, "Angus," kill as many as you require—the most merciful way is to stand them on their heads until they get congestion—then bake each plum separately for thirty minutes. When done they turn bright pink with green spots. Bottle, cork, and eat. The syrup may be strained into a pan and placed on the fire; this is much the best way of putting it out.

"Jack" and "Jill" write to know if ERMYNTRUDE can recommend a good lively parlour game for the Christmas holidays. She can, dear J. and J. Ask the company if they have ever heard of the amusement called the Laundry Game; it will probably be new to them. Blindfold all, except yourself; seat them round the fire; enjoin silence; then take a big jug of water and walk rapidly round, pouring a pint or so down everybody's neck. On no account must the bandages be removed from the eyes of those participating. I hope you will find this quite a success. ERMYNTRUDE.

COMPETITIVE COUGHING.

AT homo an influenza cold is reigning;
With chorused coughs our fireside is accurst;
But my last wheeze I 'll squander in maintaining
That mine 's the worst.

For HERBERT'S, though ear-splitting and deep-chested,
The sort that makes the soundest lungs feel queer,
Between ourselves, is easily arrested
When no one 's near.

And MABEL'S, though continually hacking—
A cracked discordance on a broken string—
Is merely throaty, and completely lacking
The proper ring.

While mine, to their perceptible disgust, is
A hollow bark that tears me with a clank,
And, though I say it, should in common justice
Take highest rank.

But no, they seem to find my efforts wearing;
A sort of bluff to show what I can do;
But never mind: I 'm rapidly preparing
A final *coup*.

And, when they follow me in sad procession,
While into self-reproachful tears they burst,
My obsequies shall win me this confession—
Mine *was* the worst.

SERIALS FOR ALL.

II.

The second specimen is from the reserve stores of copy at *The Nation* office.

A PEERLESS PARADISE;
OR,
THE END OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS,
By J. A. Hobson.

Principal Characters:

Ibrahim Slivinski, an Egyptian Nationalist.
Lord Boodle, a dissipated nobleman.
Lady Yorick, a Socialistic Peeress.
Pikrik Assid, an Armenian Anarchist.
Portia Hampden, Joan Ironside, Semiramis Sanguinetti } *Woman Suffragists.*
John Wormwoodsworth, a realistic novelist.
Herbert Bashingham, a humanitarian publicist.
Never Neverson, explorer and philosopher.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

Ibrahim Slivinski, the son of a Polish Jew and a Turkish mother, has been deputed by the Egyptian Nationalists to study the Woman Suffrage question in England, and on his arrival in that country takes a prominent part in the campaign against the House of Lords, and becomes engaged to Portia Hampden, the leader of the militant Suffragists. While on his way to a great meeting at the Caxton Hall, he is assaulted by Lord Boodle, a profligate nobleman, and challenges the aggressor to a duel in Finsbury Park. Just as the combatants are about to engage, Portia rushes on to the scene and shoots Lord Boodle dead with a dynamite pistol. Portia is arrested, and while she is awaiting her trial in Holloway the prison is "rushed" by ten thousand members of the Humanitarian Legion, mounted on cream-coloured thoroughbreds. After rescuing Portia, they proceed to Westminster to exterminate the Peers.

Chapter IX.

Lady Yorick, closely followed by Slivinski and Assid, was the first to burst into the Gilded Chamber. The Lord Chancellor was on his feet, and the intrepid Countess was in the act of hurling a bomb at him, when Bashingham, in anguished accents, screamed out, "Spare him. It 's Loreburn, not Halsbury."

The Ministerialists, warned of their danger, fled to the lobbies, and then the grim work of slaughter began in earnest. Slivinski, armed with an Abyssinian scimitar, decapitated three viscounts with one blow. The Duke of Northumberland was transfixed by a poisoned boomerang, hurled with unerring aim by Boris Poldowski, the patriotic Member for Houndsditch.

Round the Woolsack belted earls fell in heaps before the onset of Joan Ironside and her Amazons.

It was, indeed, a luscious spectacle, and yet John Wormwoodsworth, the tender-hearted pessimist, could not restrain his tears as he witnessed the extirpation of the feudal magnates who had so often served to decorate his sombre chronicles of the countryside.

At last he could restrain himself no longer. "Stop," he cried in a voice of well-modulated but poignant anguish. "They are oppressors and reactionaries. But they are picturesque and well-groomed types." At that moment a blow from an eel-skin stuffed with sand, wielded by an infuriated Humanitarian, caught him across his well-chiselled features, and, with faultless deportment, he sank heavily to the floor.

III.

Even *The Bazaar*, better known as *The Exchange and Mart*, is catching the infection, as the following extract shows:—

THE LUCKY BARGAIN.

Principal Characters:

Lady Maud Chaffers, a penniless beauty.
Mordaunt Valdemar, a good man.
Baron Poche, an impecunious adventurer.
Wiggy Boakes, a dog thief.
Mary Mee, a wealthy spinster.

Synopsis.

Lady Maud Chaffers, a beautiful girl of noble lineage, whose father, the Marquis of Boole, lost everything in the great fire of 1903, determines bravely to turn to account her knowledge of dogs as a means of livelihood. She therefore establishes a kennel in the back-garden of her house at Notting Hill and breeds toy poms. These she advertises in *The Exchange and Mart*. It happens that Mordaunt Valdemar, wishing to give a toy pom to Mary Mee, the daughter of a rural dean, to whom as a youth he became engaged and who will not release him, answers one of Lady Maud's advertisements, and correspondence follows, leading to a visit to Notting Hill to choose a pup. Mordaunt at once falls in love with Lady Maud—real love—and Lady Maud with him. He does not, however, say so, merely contenting himself with a few burning glances and paying more than was asked for the pom. In parting with it Lady Maud sheds such tears that he resolves to give it back to her by hook or by crook. She is, however, bound to sell it as the brokers are in at Boole Hall, and the Marquis threatens suicide unless he can raise £12, the price of the pom.

Mordaunt, whose sense of honour compels him to give the pom to Mary Mee, since he had promised it to her, arranges with Wiggy Boakes, a son of one of his old butlers, to get it back again, and this Wiggy has just done.

Chapter XXXIII.

Mary Mee woke up with a start. Something was wrong, she felt sure, but what was it? She listened. There was no sound! Ah, that was it. *No sound.* For no sound meant that Darlikins, the toy pom which Mordaunt Valdemar had given her, either was not there or was—dead! His breathing was naturally so loud—almost a snore, in fact. To hear nothing was terrible.

Mary Mee's heart stood still. Then she leapt from the bed and rushed into the next room, where Darlikins' little wicker kennel, made in the shape of St. Paul's Cathedral, stood. It was empty! With a shriek of dismay Mary Mee swooned.

A man passing by heard the shriek and stopped. What was it? The man was Baron Poche, a tall, handsome, military type whose baroness any woman might be proud to be.

He was on his way home after a late night at his club. He had lost all—as usual. He was always losing all. What should he do? Should he break into the house whence the scream proceeded. It would be an adventure, anyway.

As he pondered Mary Mee came to the window and screamed "Thieves!"

The Baron replied, "What have you lost?"

"A pom," she said. "I would give ten thousand pounds rather than lose it!"

Ah, thought the Baron, she is rich. Perhaps it is what I have been looking for?

"Madam," he said, "for a tenth of that sum I will find it!"

"A bargain!" cried Mary Mee.

(*To be continued.*)

A Note on Eggs.

"Then Spain threw off the yolk of the Moors, and once again relapsed."—*Nuneaton Observer.*

Spain should have pocketed the white instead.

DON'TS FOR DÉBUTANTES.

II.—THE ETIQUETTE OF THE BALL-ROOM.



IF YOU HAPPEN TO ARRIVE EARLY AND FIND THE BALL-ROOM CHILLY, DON'T PULL A BIT OF FLIMSY CHIFFON OVER YOUR SHOULDERS—SEND FOR YOUR WRAPS AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE.



WHEN A WALTZ STARTS, SHOULD YOU SEE YOUR PARTNER ENGAGED IN CONVERSE WITH A FRIEND, DON'T SIT MEEKLY WAITING TILL IT SUITS HIS CONVENIENCE TO COME FOR YOU—GO AND FETCH HIM.



IF THE BAND IS PLAYING TOO FAST OR TOO SLOW FOR YOUR FANCY, DON'T CHANGE THE TIME OF YOUR STEP—SPEAK TO THE BAND.



AND SHOULD YOU FIND YOURSELF WITHOUT A PARTNER FOR A DANCE, DON'T MOPE—YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING AMUSING TO DO IF YOU LOOK FOR IT. REMEMBER—YOU ARE OUT TO ENJOY YOURSELF.

PINKIE'S POST BAG.

To Miss Pinkie,
c/o H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.,
His Majesty's Theatre.

DEAREST PINKIE,—Have you read my book, *Peter Pan's Post Bag?* My friend, Miss PAULINE CHASE, wrote the preface all in italics, and Mr. HEINEMANN very kindly published it for me. I expect you will soon be having a Post Bag of your own, so I send you this letter to make a start with. I want to say that I think you are simply wonderful, and that if there was any chance of my ever growing up you would be the woman for me. But *Wendy* is looking over my shoulder as I write, so I dare not say this. I should also like to send you several "thimbles," but am prevented for the reason given above.

Your loving and devoted
PETER PAN.

DEAR MADAM,—I hear that *Peter* has been writing to you; so there is no need for me to add anything, except that I should be obliged if you would give my best love to *Tommy* and say that I think him most frightfully fascinating.

Yours faithfully,
WENDY DARLING.

DEAR MISS PINKIE,—Not bad. I see that the people who made your fairy-tale have picked up several notions from the Lane. But I still think we manage these things on more legitimate lines. You didn't hustle enough; and the scenery kept much too still. And then the idea of having an actual boy for the Principal Boy! Yours kindly,
ARTHUR COLLINS.

MY DEAR PINKIE,—Do you think you could get Mr. TREE to let me understudy his *Queen of the Fairies?* I know I have not got her self-assurance and air of experience, but I would do my best to acquire these qualities. Yours hopefully,
ADELINE GENÉE.

MY DARLING PINKIE,—I do wish I could find some real children like you and *Tommy* for my *Peter Pan* annual; because poor *Michael* feels a little lonely amongst all those grown-ups. Are you doing anything in 1914? Because if not I should like you to play *Wendy*. Of course you are just a child of nature, so far; and you would have to be taught some sentiment about mothers (I notice that you haven't got a mother—a grave omission); but you would soon pick that up. Of course if Miss ELLEN TERRY goes on getting younger and younger and younger every year, I might want her for *Wendy;* and anyhow I shall try and get your *Queen of the Fairies* to do my pillow dance. I have a contract with my present *Starkey* up till 1931; otherwise your gardener should have the part; and I am always Your best friend,
J. M. BARRIE.



MR. TREE PRESENTS THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES.

MY DEAR MISS PINKIE,—This is what is called an open letter, meaning that you can show it to anybody you like, except the part where I say that I 'm older than *Molly*. You may even show it to your old gardener, though I think his fun was a little out of the picture, as they say. You see, one of the most delightful things in your play was the quiet way in which it parodied the usual pantomime; and here was a figure straight out of Drury Lane. Nearly all the rest was in such gentle undertones of humour. (I am talking as if you were grown-up, because you seem to understand things.)

I thought you were splendid, and the only thing about you I didn't like (and that wasn't your fault) was when you had to say all those clever things about the donkey's long ears just after you had got into the dark wood. You would really have been much too excited to say anything of the kind.

You were very fortunate in having such charming friends to play with—the elves especially; and your Aunts and Uncle were much more attractive than you supposed. How they managed not to see the fairies I can't make out. *I* saw them quite plainly, and I am much older than *Molly*.

I think your play was almost as delightful for what it left out as for what it had in. I am very glad, for instance, that *Cinderella's* Prince and *Molly's* young man didn't put in an appearance. I can just imagine how stuffy they 'd have been. Anyhow, they couldn't possibly have been good enough for such very attractive ladies. I am not quite sure, by the way, that *Cinderella* and *The Sleeping Beauty* ought to have stepped into real life in the Third Act. People in Fairyland don't quite do that, do they? Still, it was good to see them again, and I wouldn't have missed a moment of *The Sleeping Beauty*, who was simply superb. And she could sing too; her song in the wood was the most yawny thing I have ever heard outside the Land of Nod.

Some people think that your play was rather thin and slow in parts. Well, I hope it won't get any quicker or thicker. As it was, there were far more good things in it than the audience could take in on the night I saw it. But then not everybody has a voice as clear as yours, my dear. And your theatre is so dreadfully big for small voices.

My compliments to everybody, not forgetting Mr. TREE. I hope the *Queen of the Fairies* will bring him on before the curtain every night.

Good-bye, and don't ever grow up. And please let me be, now and always, Your adopted Uncle,
O. S.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THOUGH no official announcement has been made as to RICHARD STRAUSS's new opera, some interesting details, communicated by the composer's friend, Professor WANAMAKER, to the *Journal of Neurology*, seem to make it clear that the subject is *Medea*, and that it will be handled with all the restraint, delicacy and geniality which have marked his earlier contributions to the lyric drama.

According to Professor WANAMAKER the libretto, for which STRAUSS himself is responsible, follows closely the lines of the story as narrated by the great LEMPRIÈRE, and includes, as outstanding features of the drama, the murder by dilaniation of *Absyrtus;* the hypodermic injection of magical juices into the veins of *Æson;* the boiling alive of *Pelias;* the destruction of *Glauce* and the massacre of *Glauce's* family; and the final slaughter of *Medea's* own children, after which *Medea* triumphantly escapes from the vengeance of her infuriated consort in a chariot drawn by winged dragons.

During the greater part of the opera STRAUSS contents himself with a small orchestra of four hundred performers. But in certain scenes the executive *personnel* is largely augmented. Thus the orgies in the Temple of Hecate will be accompanied by a group of twelve soprano Schreckhorns, fourteen octoroons, and a Goliardophone, a gigantic quadruple bass tuba, which, fitted with a Parsons auxetophone, will emit stentorian snorts every ten seconds. A special feature in the third Act is the employment of a superb steam siren to simulate the hissing of the cauldron in which *Pelias* is boiled to death, the shrieks of the victim being represented by a group of twenty piccolos reinforced by ten peacocks and a live pig, who, according to Professor WANAMAKER, will be killed on the stage.

A charming effect occurs in the first Act, where *Medea* tears her brother *Absyrtus* limb from limb, the rending asunder of the unfortunate Colchian nobleman — realistically represented by a life-sized dummy stuffed with sausage-meat — synchronising with a terrific fanfare on forty-eight long Bach trumpets, while his death-rattle is gracefully suggested by a cadenza on the xylophone.



Plumber (who, having had to chastise his boy, has used a half-inch iron rod). "AND MARK 'EE, LADDIE! IT'LL BE A THREE-QUARTER-INCH ROD NEXT TIME!"

Even more charming is the scene in which *Medea* slays her children in the presence of *Jason*. Here the psycho-pathological synthesis of the orchestra reaches an altogether unprecedented pitch. Each of the characters is typified by a different group of instruments—*Medea* by twelve flutes, twelve gongs and two tenor sitz-baths, *Jason* by ten bass clarinets, and the children by sixteen saxophones ingeniously muted in token of their death by suffocation.

The scene of the last Act is laid in the Elysian Fields, where, according to the traditions mentioned by SIMONIDES, *Medea* was married to *Achilles* and made him a model wife. STRAUSS, however, with his usual refreshing originality, represents the illustrious pair as leading a life of inordinate and strepitant misery, culminating in a diabolical Apache dance in which each tears the other's head off and puts it on to the wrong body. This finale, according to Professor WANAMAKER, is not only the most sublime but the most soul-staggering achievement in the entire history of the solar or any other system.

Troubles of a Centipede.

"The fever left all sorts of ills behind it, among others the loss of the use of his legs. At twenty he fasted thirty days, and got rid of every one. *Experientia docet.*"—*"Daily Express" Correspondent.*



R.M.L.I.

Royal Marine (engaged in coaling ship). "WHEN I JOINED THE CORPS THE SERGEANT 'E SES TO ME, 'IT'S 'ARF SOLDIERIN' AN' 'ARF YACHTIN',' 'E SES. I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE BLOOMIN' YACHTIN'!"

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

SOME CHRISTMAS HAPPENINGS.

Broadlands.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—We all vote Christmas a bore and a back-number, and yet we 've given in to it once more, sending presents and cards *ad nauseam*, because none of us has the courage to stop the absurd habit. I do think that the person who could *at once and for ever* abolish Christmas cards and presents (I refer, of course, to those one has to *give!*) would deserve a front seat among the very greatest benefactors of our species; he 'd be even greater than that extraordinary creature, HARVEY, who was the first person to have his blood circulate.

People are simply most immensely mean about Christmas cards. A year ago Aunt GOLDIE sent me the card *I* 'd sent *her* the Christmas before. *C'est bien elle!* I sent it to her again this Christmas. This sort of thing is imposs. if you get your Christmas cards specially printed for you; but I consider *that* to be *encouraging* Christmas, and so don't do it. BABS always does; and has a little verse of high-flown, home-made "poetry" printed on them. I never know what she means. This year's is:—

"Glows the glowing yule-log bright,
Flings its glowing yule-tide light
On Friends afar and Friends anear;
May its radiance shine on you,
May its radiance shine athrough
Th' abysmal depths o' th' yet untrod New Year!"

Do you think it good? I don't. And RAY RIMINGTON says it won't scan, and that there 's no such word as "athrough."

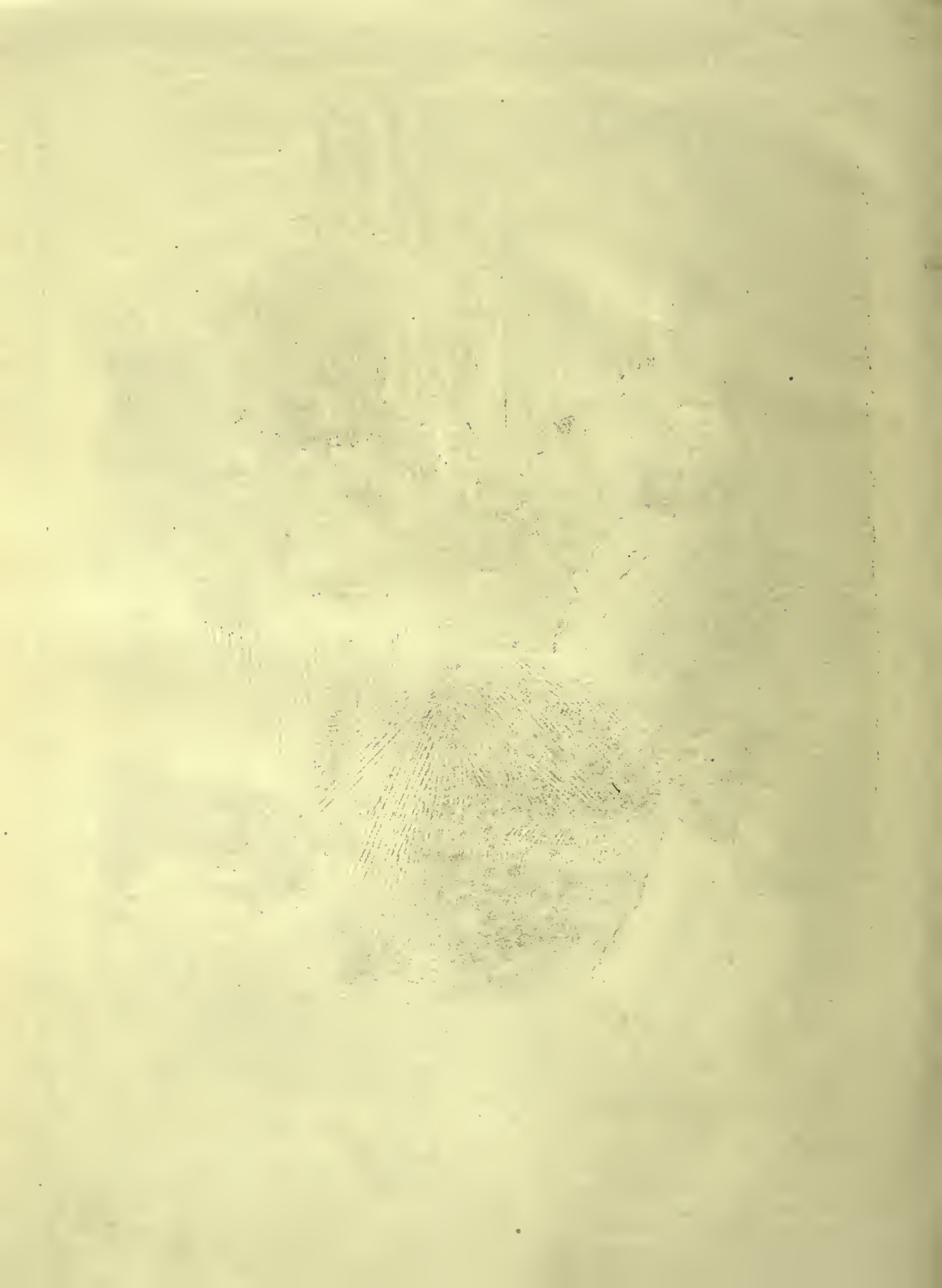
JOSIAH 's given me a most *dilly* Christmas present. One of the new motor-houses! You 've heard of them, of course? Houses, you know, with a *motor* foundation, so that you can go where you like in them. Mine 's one of the very first to be built, and is a little darling duck of a maisonette, furnished regardless. Fancy being able to go bye-bye at night among all your own pretty-pretties, and to wake up in the morning a couple of hundred miles off! (BABS and BERYL and WEE-WEE are devoured with envy. *Their* husbands couldn't spend £30,000 on Christmas presents for *them*, and wouldn't if they could.) JOSIAH certainly has his merits, and, as I 'm very far from being a *conscienceless* woman, I consider that when your husband gives you such really nice presents you ought *occasionally* to do as he wishes. So I gave in to his plan for a regular stodgy Christmassy Christmas down here, though it goes without saying that I 'd much rather have stayed in town with the Non-Christmassers, BOSH and WEE-WEE, NORTY, and a lot of others, who make a point of



EXILE DE LUXE.

EX-PRESIDENT CASTRO (*in Berlin*). "AH! HOW I AM TEMPTED TO RETURN AND FACE THE HARDSHIPS OF DUTY! BUT I MUST DENY MYSELF!"

[MR. PUNCH hopes that the Ex-President may have a satisfactory cure and soon be in a condition (physically, if not financially) to resume the regal luxury which marked the first days of his visit to Berlin.]



dining at a restaurant on Christmas Day, avoiding *all* Christmas dishes, and trying to forget they belong to families or have any blood relations. Altogether they had a much gaudier time *losing* Christmas than the stuffy people who were *keeping it*.

A little Christmas storiette about the OLDPARKS is going round. He was out in Texas, you know, as a younger son, ranching and cowboying and all that sort of thing, and he married the daughter of his "boss." She was pretty and dollarous, knew all about "rounding up" cattle, and rode about wearing a lasso and a rifle and all the other little *et-ceteras* of a Texan toilette. Since he succeeded to the title and brought her home, however, she 's completely put away Texan things, goes in furiously for pomp and circumstance, and, in the language of her former state, never comes off the roof. (It 's said that she 's been heard to speak of herself as "my ladyship"—*isn't* that lovely?) Well, and so the Texan countess meant to have a regular pompous, patriarchal Christmas at Oldpark. There was to be a kick-up in the big hall for the small tenants and the servants, and they were to have old-fashioned cakes and ale, and do moss-grown old country dances and jigs, while the OLDPARKS (she *insisted* on this part of the programme) sat on a daïs, *with their coronets on*, presiding over the revels!!

Poor dear OLDPARK was telling BOSH about it despairingly at the DAWDLERS' a day or two before Christmas, and asked what he 'd better do? BOSH advised him to get lost, and be missing till well into the New Year. I don't know whether he followed the advice.

A number of us have been going to a set of lectures at the "Fitz" lately on *what* d'you think, my dearest?—*Love!* A certain little French-woman undertook to teach *nous autres Anglaises* how to love, by telling us the stories of famous French lovers. Her cheek, unlike her subject, is pretty cool, don't you think? As if we wanted *teaching* about *love!* The idea! *Quand il s'agit des amourettes* the French *are* so conceited! They think they can give us a stone and a beating over *any* distance, from the T.Y.C. to the Gold Cup Course. Love has been quite *the* topic among us who 've been to the lectures. Discussion has simply *raged*. BOSH and WEE-WEE gave a Love Dinner; and I had a big Love Tea. But a *tête-à-tête* love-argument is the best fun. NORTY and I had a furious one when he called in Park Lane the other day. In the course of it I said the woman who loved in vain was *completely out*, and we 'd no use for her to-day; and that, if I *could* come across a specimen of her, I 'd give it a good shaking and say: "You donkey! What d'you *mean* by loving in vain? Don't you think the men are conceited enough without *that?*" And NORTY said, "Well, anyhow the woman who loved in vain was better than the woman who couldn't love at all!" And I said, "Where was the woman who couldn't love at all?" And he said, "Oh, in lots of places." And I said *I* 'd never met the woman who couldn't love—and just as the discussion was getting *enormously* amusing JOSIAH came in and began to look for something. He was so frightfully gruff and glum that I asked him if, by any chance, it was his *temper* he was looking for?

I hear that the BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE woman had a big catch-'em-alive-oh on Christmas Eve, and there was a grown-up Christmas tree with absurdly expensive things on it. BABS invited the crowd for her, and they *all* went. Most of them don't know the B.-B.'s at all—and haven't the *least* intention of knowing them! Ever thine,

BLANCHE.



STANDING FOR HIS TRADE PHOTOGRAPH (CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR SEASON, 1908-9).
(Lord L-nsd-wne.)

The Journalistic Touch.

"Not a pennyworth of jewellery had been recovered except one or two articles of little value."—*The Daily Mail.*

"I do not find any particular objection to the scheme, and I believe it is all according to football Crocker."—*Sussex Daily News.*

In this football connection "Crocker" is not at all a bad touch.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM must really take care or he will out-William the greatest of all the Williams, with his versatile industry. Only the other day his plays were performing a *pas de quatre*, and now, while I forget how many of them are still on the track, comes *The Magician* (HEINEMANN), displaying Mr. MAUGHAM'S talent in a novel and extremely lurid light. "None of your society rib-ticklers this time," says WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. "I wants to make your flesh creep. I will a tale unfold whose lightest word will harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, make each particular hair to stand erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Murder most foul, strange and unnatural." Or, in the language of the halfpenny newsvendor—"Shockin' revelations! An Old Etonian practises black magic. Creates homunculi with his wife's life-blood. Mysterious death of the Murderer!" That gives you the skeleton, so to speak, of Mr. MAUGHAM'S story. There is a human interest in it as well—the grizzly fascination by which this monster-creating monster attracts the young girl, who, loathing him like a poisonous toad, body, soul, and spirit, yet becomes his wife. In its natural as well as supernatural features the story is gruesomely clever. But for my part I don't care to sup my fill with such horrors. They give me indigestion.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—VI.

THE SIRENS.

I do wish that authoresses would be more humane. In the *House of the Crickets* (SMITH, ELDER), KATHARINE TYNAN has completely wrecked a boat-train from Paris in order to destroy an unfortunate young man who had to be got out of the way, and incidentally, of course, has brought suffering and distress into the homes of hundreds of people who had nothing to do with the plot at all. There were reasons why the heroine considered it desirable that her first lover (whom she imagined to be the betrayer of her sister) should be got out of the way; still, I think that his elimination might have been effected with less of general discomfort. For the rest, the *House of the Crickets* (there were none on the hearth, I fancy) gives a well-drawn, pathetic picture of life on an extremely distressful Irish farm, and whereas I always believed before that the grig was a merry kind of beast I shall never do so again. There is one other point besides the railway smash that I feel obliged to cavil at. On page 292 KATHERINE TYNAN says of her heroine that "she had often thought how foolish were the misunderstandings of the novelists, devised just to keep the ball rolling." Of course, as a matter of fact (if she had only known it), *Hannah* was in a novel herself all the time.

In *A Happy Half Century* (GAY AND HANCOCK), which gives the title to a little volume of essays, Miss REPPLIER reviews the literary products of the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth. The period begins with Miss BURNEY and closes with Miss FERRIER and Miss JANE PORTER. Prominent among its stars are Mrs. BARBAULD, HANNAH MORE, Mrs. CHAPONE, Mrs. MONTAGUE, Mrs. OPIE, Mrs. HEMANS, and the authoress of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. Miss REPPLIER'S lament is that she and others among us were born a hundred years too late. What a splash we might have made with these amiable persons as competitors! In succeeding chapters the masterpieces of these and sister-writers are dealt with in detail, leaving on the mind of the reader a feeling of surprise that one who has read them all through is still alive, and, as the book testifies, in high spirits. When we come to think of it, it is amazing that such dull commonplace should for half a century have held the reading world in thrall. One who in a morning newspaper is occasionally alluded to as "this present writer" heard Mr. GLADSTONE relate how he had once been in the sainted presence of HANNAH MORE, and how she gave him a book — probably one of her own. He spoke of the event as if it filled one of the proudest moments of a not uneventful life. Whilst Miss REPPLIER laments her own birth out of due season, she will recognise what splendid opportunity DICKENS and THACKERAY found in the field so carefully tilled for them.

A DIRECTOIRE FROCK.

LONG languid lines unbroken by a frill,
Superfluous festoons reduced to *nil*,
A figure like a seal reared up on end
And poking forward with a studied bend;

A shortish neck imprisoned in a ruff,
Skin-fitting sleeves that show a stint of stuff,
A waist promoted halfway up the back,
And not a shred that 's comfortably slack:

A multitude of buttons, row on row,
Not there for business—merely made for show,
A skirt whose meagre gores necessitate
The waddle of a Chinese lady's gait;

A "busby" toque extinguishing the hair
As if a giant hand had crushed it there—
Behold the latest mode! and write beneath,
"A winter blossom bursting from its 'sheath.'"

From *The Montreal Daily Star* of December 12th:—

"The Servian papers announce a general boycott against Austria-Hungary. This probably is a bluff, but should it be true it will lead to immediate action on the part of Austria-Hungary dating from January 1 next."

There 's an example for Mr. ASQUITH!



. . . . As MR. PUNCH drew nearer he saw that a Christmas Dinner Party was in progress. It was the most extraordinary Christmas Party he had ever seen, for everybody seemed to be quarrelling with everybody else.

When they observed him, which they did quite suddenly, they stopped arguing with each other, and all shouted together:

"No room! No room!"

"There is always room for me," said MR. PUNCH modestly; and he sat down in a vacant chair. On his left side was a large bird which he recognised at once as the famous Double Eagle, but the chair on his right seemed at first sight to be unoccupied.

The Double Eagle looked doubtfully at him.

"Oh, it 's you, is it?" he said at last. "Then consider yourself censored, boycotted *and* blackballed." Whereupon he resumed his occupation of pushing a small furry animal into his pocket—only pausing occasionally to scowl at his left-hand neighbour.

"Have some Turkey?" cried somebody to MR. PUNCH.

The Sage looked round the table. "I don't see any," he said.

"There isn't any," laughed another of the company. "We 've taken it all."

"No, they haven't," whispered a very small voice on MR. PUNCH's right. "There 's still a little of me left. But I 'm not the bird I was. Not at all the bird I was," he repeated in a doleful voice.

MR. PUNCH turned round hastily, and found that there was indeed a small bird on the apparently unoccupied chair.

"Dear me," he said, "I never noticed you. Now perhaps you can tell me who all these people are?"

"With pleasure," said the Turkey. "Of course you recognise the person on your left—the Double Eagle?"

"Yes," said MR. PUNCH; "but I don't quite understand what he 's doing. Who is that little animal he is pushing into his pocket?"

"That," said his neighbour in a melancholy voice, "is the Bosnigove. It used to be mine really, but that Double Eagle took it away; and all I 'm going to get instead is one of those little woolly things called Sandjaks. Well, then, further on you see the Serb. He 's very angry with the Double Eagle about it all, being a great friend of the Bosnigove's, and . . . . I don't know, but there *may* be a fight one day."

"I see," said MR. PUNCH. "And who is the person beyond you with the paper cap on?"

"It isn't a cap, it 's a crown—at least he thinks it is. That is the Bulgar Man. A *very* Bulgar Man," added the Turkey with a sigh.

At this moment the Double Eagle turned round suddenly and gazed at MR. PUNCH.

"Are you fond of riddles?" he asked abruptly.

"Very," said the Sage genially. "I always think that no Christmas dinner is complete without a few riddles And I may say that I am considered rather good at them."

"Then try this one. When is a Treaty not a Treaty?"

"When is a Treaty not a Treaty? I'm sure I shall guess that. When it's a —— When it's a ——" he began to murmur to himself; but the Double Eagle had already turned away, and was now flapping his wings violently under the nose of the Serb. MR. PUNCH was sure that there would really be a fight this time, and was about to jump up and intervene, when the Bulgar Man leant over towards him.

"Will you," he said, holding out a cracker, "pull this with me?"

"Certainly," said MR. PUNCH. "Crackers—how delightful!"

"I *do* hope," said the Bulgar Man, "I *do* hope there's a real crown in this one. Would you," he went on anxiously, "would you call this one I've got on a cap or a crown? It's just *like* a crown, isn't it?"

"I should call it a crap—I mean a cown—that is to say, decidedly a——"

Bang!

"Bother!" said the Bulgar Man. "A tin trumpet! And I *did* want a real crown so! Here, *you*, catch," and he threw it at the Serb.

"*I* can tell you the answer to that riddle," said a mild voice at MR. PUNCH's elbow. "It's 'When it's broken.'"

"Of course!" cried MR. PUNCH. "So it is. It wouldn't be a Treaty any longer when it was broken, and so—— Heavens, what's that?"

"It's only me," said the Serb, as he took the trumpet from his mouth. He had left his chair and was now standing just behind MR. PUNCH. "I'm a very warlike person, I am," he went on. "Did you see what that Double Eagle did to me? He flapped his wings in my face. I shall resent it—I shall certainly resent it most strongly. And I shan't be afraid to tell him so. I'm a Serb."

"They also Serb who only stand and wait," murmured the Turkey.

"You don't think I'm afraid, do you?" cried the Serb, turning to him indignantly. "Why, I've a good mind, a very good mind, to blow this in his ear, just to show you."

"Look here," began the Double Eagle, turning round——

"Bang!" cried the Bulgar Man, as he pulled a cracker with himself. "This *is* a crown this time, I bet you anything."

"Peace, peace," said MR. PUNCH, spreading out his hands.

They quieted down, and waited for him to speak.

"Gentlemen," he said cheerily, "this is the maddest dinner-party I have ever been at. (*Applause.*) Now one of you asked me a riddle just now, which I have succeeded in guessing vicariously. (*Ha! ha!*) In the ordinary way I should expect to receive a prize for this; but in these special circumstances I can see that it is all of you who will expect to receive a prize from me. (*Muffled 'Hear, hears' from the Bosnigore.*) I have, therefore, much pleasure in presenting you all with the first prize" (and here he placed a book upon the table), "in the hope that, whatever your differences may be, you will at least have this in common—an appreciation of my

One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Volume.





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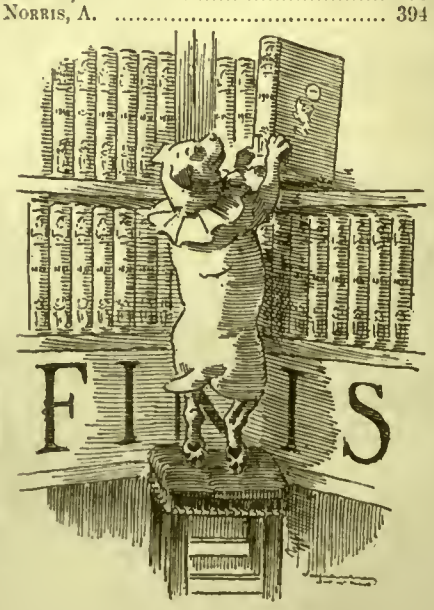
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